

**MADE IN CANADA**  
**ROYAL**  
**YEAST**  
**CAKES**



**Best Yeast**  
**in the World**  
**Sold and**  
**Used**  
**Everywhere**  
E. W. Gillett Co., Ltd.  
Toronto, Ont.

if she were comforting an impatient child. Miss Durand realized all at once that Patty was sorry for her. The idea was amusing, of course, and yet—

She thought of the child very often,

**When the**  
**Stomach Stops**

**Working Properly, Because There Is**  
**Wind In It, Use Stuart's Dyspepsia**  
**Tablets to Set It**  
**Going Again.**

**A Trial Package Free.**

The doctors call it flatulency, but unprofessional folks know it as "wind on the stomach," and a most distressing state of things it is. It is a serious condition of this great motor organ. Always annoying and painful in the extreme, at times often leading to bad and fatal results. The stomach embarrassed and hampered with wind, cannot take care of its food properly and indigestion follows, and this has a train too appalling to enumerate. The entire system is implicated—made an active or passive factor in this trouble and life soon becomes a questionable boon.

All this is explained in doctor books: how undigested food causes gases by fermentation and fomentation in which process some essential fluids are destroyed, burnt up, wasted by chemical action, followed by defective nutrition and the distribution through the alimentary tract of chemically wrong elements and as a consequence the stomach and entire system is starved. Plenty of food, you see, but spoilt in preparation and worse than worthless.

A deranged stomach is the epitome of evil; nothing too bad to emanate from it, but the gas it generates is probably its worst primary effect and the only way to do away with this is to remove the cause. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets go to the root of this trouble. They attack the gas-making foods and render them harmless. Flatulency or wind on the stomach simply

in the days that followed. Sometimes that winsome face came unaccountably between her and the pages of some favourite author. There were times when the stillness of the house seemed almost oppressive. Miss Durand decided that her nerves were a little out of order, and that she would be the better for a sea voyage.

One Saturday Eliza came into the library wearing an expression of annoyance. "Miss Durand, the sewing woman's little girl is here again, and she says—"

Miss Durand did not wait to hear what the little girl had said. She dropped her volume of poems with a haste that was almost discourteous. Then she hurried down the stairs. Eliza followed more slowly, her face showing her perplexity.

Patty stood in the hall, the tomato can in which the red geranium was growing, hugged to her breast. She broke into a smile at the sight of Miss Durand. "Isn't it beautiful?" she asked proudly. "And I've come for the other one. To-morrow's Children's Day."

Miss Durand accompanied her to the garden, and cut a white carnation from its stalk. Meanwhile Patty's tongue was flying. She was on her

cannot exist where these powerful and wonderworking little tablets are in evidence.

They were made for this very purpose to attack gas making foods and convert them into proper nutriment. This is their province and office. A whole book could be written about them and then not all told that might be told with profit to sufferers from this painful disease, dyspepsia. It would mention the years of patient and expensive experiment in effort to arrive at this result—of failures innumerable and at last success. It would make mention of the different stomach correctives that enter into this tablet and make it faithfully represent all.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are not alone intended for the sick, but well folks as well; for the person who craves hearty foods and wants to eat heartily and run no risk of bad effects, they act like a charm and make eating and digestion a delight and pleasure. They keep the stomach active and energetic and able and willing to do extra work without special labor or effort. Don't forget this. Well people are often neglected, but the Stuart Dyspepsia Tablets have them in mind.

A free trial package will be sent any one who wants to know just what they are, how they look and taste, before beginning treatment with them. After this go to the drug store for them; everywhere, here or at home, they are 50 cents a box and by getting them at home you will save time and postage. Your doctor will prescribe them; they say there are 40,000 doctors using them, but when you know what is the matter with yourself, why go to the expense of a prescription? For free trial package address F. A. Stuart Co., 311 Stuart Building, Marshall, Michigan.

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**HEADACHE WAFERS**

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way to the church to help the minister's wife in the decorating. "All the other girls are going to help, too," Patty explained. "Don't you want to come and see how lovely it's going to look?"

Strange to say, Miss Durand was willing. Eliza could only stare when she came into the house for her hat and gloves. She stood peering through the screen as the two went down the walk together. But when she saw Patty lift a confiding little hand, and realized that Miss Durand had taken it in her own, the bewildered Eliza for a moment doubted the evidence of her senses. "My gracious!" gasped that sorely puzzled woman. "Whatever's come over her?"

The minister's wife was already in the church, a pale tired little woman, whose face seemed illuminated by some inner light. She met Miss Durand with the simple cordiality she would have showed Patty's mother. That was the minister's wife's way. Some of her husband's parishioners found it irritating that she never seemed to make any distinction between the man who could pay off the church debt, and never know the difference, and another who was always behind with his pew rent.

"You have a great many helpers," said Miss Durand. "I wonder that you are able to accomplish anything with so much assistance." The age of the helpers ranged from three years to twelve. They were all talking at once and every face was shining. Miss Durand noticed that most of them carried anemic plants, which seemed to be slowly recovering from the withering effects of a hard winter.

Miss Durand cast a discreet glance about her. Such a shabby little church. One of the children caught her foot in a hole in the carpet and fell flat. If it had not been so close to Children's Day, the chances are that she would have cried. A discoloured spot on the ceiling told that the roof needed attention. Poor dingy little church! Poor, tired little minister's wife! Almost for the first time since she could remember, Miss Durand did an impulsive thing.

"Perhaps I could help you," she said. "My garden has done so well this spring, and I understand the season is backward generally. Patty, do you want to go to the house with me, while we find the gardener and tell him we want some more flowers?"

It would have been an easy way out of it to have sent Michael over with his fragrant burden and to have gone back to her books. But she was not in the mood to enjoy them. She wanted the children. As she sat in their midst that bright June day, listening to their chatter, she found herself growing humble. She was no longer sorry for the minister's wife, for all her look of weariness and the circles

under her eyes. Her own past life, given up to selfish culture, shutting out the needs and the joys of the great world was the pitiful thing, not the life of this woman whose every moment overflowed with ministration. Miss Durand watched her moving about among the little ones, and was sorry for herself. When the work of preparation was completed, and she turned homeward, she felt for the first time in many years the pang of loneliness, the beneficent loneliness which

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tells us how closely humanity is akin.

The Children's Day audience was a large one. Rumours of something unusual had spread abroad. People whispered behind their hymn-books and looked from the wealth of flowers to the pew where Miss Durand sat, a smiling little girl beside her. The minister's prayer overflowed with the spirit of thanksgiving. How it had come about he did not know, but it was plain that the wealthy woman of the town, who so long had been indifferent to her opportunities for helping others, was awake at last. The minister's voice faltered as he thanked God.

Miss Durand sitting with Patty beside her did not notice the appreciative glances levelled in her direction. She had no idea that she was responsible for the unsteadiness of the minister's voice. She only realized that

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she had been making a lifelong mistake. She had shut herself away from her kind. She had tried to find in books and music and travel that which humanity alone could give her. She had wasted her resources on herself, when she might have known the blessedness of sparing, helping, comforting. She faced the truth bravely. The only thing left was for her to begin again, and perhaps it would not be so hard, with Patty to help her.

And so on the first Children's Day in which she had ever shared, Miss Durand, the woman of whose wide culture the townspeople stood almost in awe, began to learn how to live with a little child as a teacher.—Harriett Luramis Smith.

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