



ROYAL YEAST CAKES
 THE INCREASED NUTRITIOUS VALUE OF BREAD MADE IN THE HOME WITH ROYAL YEAST CAKES SHOULD BE SUFFICIENT INCENTIVE TO THE CAREFUL HOUSEWIFE TO GIVE THIS IMPORTANT FOOD ITEM THE ATTENTION TO WHICH IT IS JUSTLY ENTITLED.
 HOME BREAD BAKING REDUCES THE HIGH COST OF LIVING BY LESSENING THE AMOUNT OF EXPENSIVE MEATS REQUIRED TO SUPPLY THE NECESSARY NOURISHMENT TO THE BODY.
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 TORONTO, ONT. WINNIPEG MONTREAL

Aubrey's Revenge.

CHAPTER XXI.
 "Oh, you see, dining and going to theatre parties, and all the rest of it, get to be dreadfully stupid in time, and I'm certain Mrs. van Cortlandt's wonderful daughter will turn out a bore on my hands; but there seems to be nothing for it but to face the music."
 "Well," said Kelpie, with charming serenity, "I wish you an extremely pleasant time. But what I want you to promise me is this: that you won't allude to what has happened this evening in any way—in a word, if I should chance to cross your path, which is doubtful, you are not to recognize me or lead anybody to suppose you ever heard of me before."
 "All right, I'll promise," said the young man, with evident relief. "I'll abide by your wishes to the letter, but I shall require you to make me a promise in return."
 "Very well," said Kelpie. "What is it?"
 "That our pleasant old friendship shan't be broken off, if you see Mrs. van Cortlandt's companion. Now that Fate, or Providence, or whatever you please to call it, has restored us to each other again, I don't intend to give you up any more."
 Kelpie laughed softly, but when the young man attempted to possess himself of the soft hand that had rested for an instant on his arm, it promptly disappeared in the depths of the wide sleeve.
 The vehicle came to a standstill at this moment.
 "Van Cortlandt Place," called the driver, and threw open the door.
 "Don't move, don't show your face," said Kelpie, giving her companion a vigorous push as he sprang to his feet. "I wouldn't have them know you brought me home for the world. Good-by. You'd better hurry or you'll be late for the dinner, and I'm certain Mrs. van Cortlandt's daughter won't like it if you keep her waiting."

Dry Irritating Hack Of Bronchitis Instantly Relieved By "Catarrhzone"

No Failure, Cure In Every Case Treated by Catarrhzone.
 Catarrhzone can't fail to cure Bronchitis; its so healing, soothing and balsamic that every trace of the disease flies before it. When you inhale the pure piney vapor of Catarrhzone, you send healing medication to the spots that are diseased and sore.
 Isn't it rational to apply medicine where the disease exists? Certainly! and that's why Catarrhzone is so successful; it goes where the trouble really is, gets where a spray or ointment can't penetrate. For the relief and complete cure of bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, throat trouble, we guarantee Catarrhzone in every case. You don't take medicine—you don't take drowsy drugs—just breathe the balsamic estences of Catarrhzone; it

"Kelpie, my darling, you're not going to leave me like this?" whispered the young man, catching hold of her sleeve. "Wait one moment. Tell me when and where we shall meet again. My darling, don't leave me in suspense."
 But Kelpie jerked her sleeve free of his grasp.
 "Good-by. I'll see you later," she said, with a subdued laugh; then she gave her hand to the driver, who stood waiting at the door, made an airy little spring, and vanished, like a phantom, in the whirling snow.
 CHAPTER XXII.
 The blizzard outside was nothing to speak of compared to the storm that raged within the stately walls of the Van Cortlandt mansion.
 At half-past five the dressing bell rang, and Kitty, who had been skylarking with her lover, a burly policeman, on the area steps, ran promptly upstairs, and, having donned a clean apron, tapped for admittance at her young lady's door.
 Receiving no response, she tapped a second time, and a third, and, then, putting her mouth to the keyhole, called respectfully:
 "I beg pardon, miss, but it's five o'clock, and time to dress."
 There was still no response, so she tiptoed in and made her way to the dressing room, with no better success.
 Miss van Cortlandt must have gone downstairs," she said to herself, and went in search of her.
 But the young lady could not be found, which fact becoming apparent, threw the stately mansion into a sudden hubbub.
 "She's wandered out into the street and can't find her way home! She's run away and will perish in the storm! My darling, my beautiful Kelpie, she will never come back to me again!"
 Mrs. van Cortlandt went into hysterics, and wrung her jeweled hands and laughed and cried by turns, and would have torn her fine gray hair, no doubt, if Snappdragon had not promptly prevented it.
 "You'll not mend matters by spoiling your own beauty, ma'am," she said, seizing the lady's hands and seating her with impatient force, in an armchair. "Besides, I'm not going to allow it. Sit right down while I mix a composing draft. You forget that the Vancoverns dine with you this evening, and it is already five o'clock. If Miss van Cortlandt has been fool enough to run away, let her keep going, that's what I say. There's no reason you should make yourself a fright about it."
 Mrs. van Cortlandt had great respect for her waiting woman's opinion, so she simmered down at once and swallowed the composing draft obediently.
 "But the dear child knows nothing about the city, and there's no telling what will become of her. She will wander off, Heaven knows where, and perish in the storm."
 "She perish in a bit of a blow like this!" said Snappdragon scornfully. "You forget, ma'am, she was cradled in the sea. But I'll send out somebody in search of her."
 "Do, my good Snappdragon. Send two or three vehicles, and instruct the men to go in different directions. If we only knew when she left the house, and which way she went."
 "I can tell you," said Aubrey, appearing at this moment. "I saw her when she left the house."
 Mrs. van Cortlandt arose from the cushions with a belligerent air.

"You saw her when she left the house?" she repeated shrilly. "Why didn't you tell us before? Don't you know that every moment is precious? If Kelpie perishes in the storm, you will be to blame. But I haven't a doubt but you would be glad of it."
 "I shouldn't be sorry," replied Aubrey promptly.
 She was rather a noticeable young woman, this so-called niece of Mrs. van Cortlandt. Not pretty by any means, her features were irregular and her thin lips, while they were vividly scarlet, suggested both cunning and cruelty; but her eyes, large and luminous, held a curious sort of fascination in their sombre depths.
 She was the daughter of a dead brother of Mrs. van Cortlandt, it was said, and had, from her early childhood, been dependent on her aunt's generous kindness for her very bread.
 Until her sixteenth year she had lived abroad, a French convent being her home; then she was brought to Van Cortlandt Place, to reign and rule as sole daughter of her wealthy relative's house and heart, as she supposed.
 But in this world so many of us are doomed to see our best hopes fall and wither beneath our very eyes.
 Aubrey had never heard of Kelpie, and did not even know that such a person existed; so it was in the nature of things a tremendous shock and surprise to her when the former young lady appeared on the scene and was introduced to the household, as she would later on be presented to the fashionable world as the wealthy Mrs. van Cortlandt's daughter, and the expectant heiress, in her own right, of three millions. It was an enviable outlook. No wonder Aubrey felt aggrieved and disappointed.
 "I shouldn't be sorry," replied Aubrey, in response to Mrs. van Cortlandt's somewhat ill-natured remark, and she really meant what she said. She would not have experienced the faintest feeling of regret if news of Kelpie's untimely death had been announced to her at that moment.
 Mrs. van Cortlandt looked her disapproval.
 "Go to your room, Aubrey," she said gravely. "I had no idea that you had such a bad heart. You need not appear at dinner this evening," she added.
 "Why not?" the girl demanded.
 "Because I forbid you," the lady answered. "Isn't that a sufficient reason?"
 "Oh, I dare say; but it all depends on whether I make up my mind to be a wishy-washy, goody-goody, meek little angel or not."
 "Aubrey, leave the room—leave the room instantly, do you hear?" commanded Mrs. van Cortlandt, losing her temper.
 The girl made a curtsy, and, gathering up the long train of her old-fashioned dressing gown, disappeared.
 With her next breath, however, Mrs. van Cortlandt called her back.
 "Aubrey, Aubrey! come back! You haven't told me when my daughter left the house, and which way she went. Follow her, Snappdragon, and find out."
 Snappdragon obeyed.
 "Miss Aubrey, wait a minute,

please. My mistress wants to know when Miss van Cortlandt left the house."
 "Let your mistress find out, then," snapped the young lady, and, hastily entering her dressing room, she slammed the door in the woman's face.
 Aubrey was in a temper, and swept up and down the room for a moment or two, her scarlet lips shut closely, and a flashing light in her peculiar eyes.
 "If that woman goes on insulting me and ordering me about as if I were a servant much longer, there will be trouble," she said aloud, her white teeth flashing for an instant between her scarlet lips. "Even a worm turns when trampled under-foot."
 A roll of carriage wheels below attracted her attention at this moment, and, turning to the window, she looked out.
 There was a great blaze of electric light below, and the carriage as well as its occupants were distinctly visible. Kelpie, clad in her storm coat, the rare beauty of her delicately tinted face made doubly striking by the dark fur hood she wore, was in the act of springing out, while Carroll Fitzhugh, his eager face eager with passionate entreaty, leaned forward, in spite of her remonstrance, to whisper a last word in her ear.
 Aubrey saw all this in a flash, as one catches the fleeting vision of a dream, and a swift exclamation burst from her lips:
 "There she is, and Carroll Fitzhugh is bringing her home."
 Before the wonder-stricken girl could recover her senses or catch the mad tumult in her bosom, the carriage was gone and Kelpie had entered the house and was going to her own room, hoping to gain it without exciting observation.
 But Snappdragon's sharp eyes spied her, and her ready tongue gave the alarm.
 "Here comes Miss van Cortlandt now," she cried out, "and not looking one bit the worse for wear, either."
 Mrs. van Cortlandt appeared on the scene in a twinkling.
 "Oh, my dear, my dear!" she cried, catching the girl in her arms, "where in the world have you been? You've given me a scare it will take me months to get over. I'm sure I shall look a fright to-night. How could you be so thoughtless as to leave the house without letting me know?"
 "Why, I was dying for a breath of fresh air, and I was sure you would not let me go out if I asked you, so I just ran away, and you don't know how I enjoyed it!" exclaimed Kelpie, laughing with the glee of a child.
 (To be Continued.)

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How To Get Rid of a Bad Cough

A Home-Made Remedy that Will Do It Quickly, Cheap and Easily Made

If you have a bad cough or chest cold which refuses to yield to ordinary remedies, get from any druggist 2½ ounces of Pinex (30 cents worth), pour into a 16-ounce bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Start taking a teaspoonful every hour or two. In 24 hours your cough will be conquered or very nearly so. Even whooping cough is greatly relieved in this way.
 The above mixture makes 16 ounces—a family supply—of the finest cough syrup that money could buy—at a cost of only 54 cents. Easily prepared in 5 minutes. Full directions with Pinex.
 This Pinex and Sugar Syrup preparation takes right hold of a cough and gives almost immediate relief. It loosens the dry, hoarse or tight cough in a way that is really remarkable. It also quickly heals the inflamed membranes which accompany a painful cough, and stops the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes, thus ending the persistent loose cough. Excellent for bronchitis, spasmodic croup and winter coughs. Keeps perfectly and tastes good—children like it.
 Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, rich in quercetin, which is so healing to the membranes.
 To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex,"—do not accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

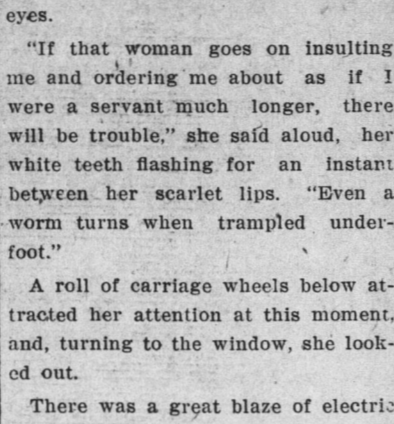
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Why not invest your money in the country when you can realize good dividends on local investments, besides having the added advantage of a personal oversight of your property and a vote in the management of the Company?
 The ranch of the Company is situated at Murray's Pond. It is fully equipped and is under the personal management of competent men who have made a success of the breeding and raising of foxes.
 These animals have been carefully selected from numbers submitted for inspection. They are
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 The Silver Black Fox industry has made Prince Edward Island prosperous. The opportunity is now offered to local investors to obtain shares in a local Company.
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