

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

Canadian Made

A fresh, rosy complexion indicates perfect health. To secure this in most cases all that is necessary is to take one to three Royal Yeast Cakes a day for a few weeks.

Royal Yeast is a food. It supplies the water soluble vitamins which the diet may lack. Scientists tell us that this vitamin is essential to good health. Royal Yeast is highly beneficial in many cases in which the system seems to be run down. The yeast cakes simply add to the diet. It is a food - not a medicine.

Dissolve a Royal Yeast Cake in fruit juices or mix it with cereal and milk, and take it at meal time. The chances are in a few weeks the complexion will be clear. For children reduce the amount to one-half or one-quarter of a cake with each meal.

Send name and address for free booklet "Royal Yeast Cakes for Better Health."

E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED
WOMAN TOWERS, CANADA, TORONTO

Sweet Eva!

CHAPTER XL

"I leave England in a fortnight. I am sorry to have to ask anything of you, but it would be kind, for my mother's sake, if you will come down to Apsley until I go. I am staying to-night in town, and will call round in the morning. There is a train down at eleven. As far as I am concerned you will be as free at the Highway House as you have been during the last ten days." PHILIP WINTERDICK.

Eva laughed. She had laughed before she was aware of it, and she looked round the silent room with frightened eyes, almost as if she suspected that the discordant laughter had not been her own.

She tore the note into tiny pieces and threw them into the grate. As free down there as she had been here! He had been thinking of Calligan when he wrote that, she supposed.

She began to undress. She felt curiously detached and uninterested. She wondered where Philip was, and if Faulkner had known all along that though her husband was staying in London, she had not seen him.

She left her pretty frock lying on the floor where it had fallen from her shoulders and crept into bed. She lay awake, staring into the darkness. Did she mean to go? She hardly knew. She felt as if she stood between two forces—one commanding and the other prodding, between Philip, in whose brief words she had read a command, and Calligan, who had pleaded with her and made her promise.

Did she mean to go? She moistened her dry lips. "If I do, it will be only because I promised you," she said aloud, as if in answer to some spoken question. It was for Calligan's sake that she would go, if she went; not for her husband's.

How she had changed! Once she would have followed Philip to the ends of the earth and thought it happiness; now it would be not for his sake at all if she went down to Highway House to spend his last few days in England.

At breakfast next morning Peter was silent, Eva wondered what had happened; if Philip had said anything, or if Peter had!

Presently she asked:—
"Did you have a row with Philip last night?"

The cold tone of her voice surprised her. She tried to shake herself rid of the feeling that it was not she at all who spoke. What was the matter with her? She wondered helplessly.

Peter raised his eyes and dropped them immediately.

"No. He asked where you were, that is all."

"And what did you say?"
"I said I didn't know."
"But you did know," she answered. Peter did not reply. "Didn't you?" she insisted.

He looked up.
"It's not likely I was going to tell him—I am too ashamed of you for that," he said bitterly.

"Ashamed!" The blood flew to her face. "How dare you—Peter..." His name was a cry, but she checked it. After all, what did it matter? What was the use of explanations? Besides, there was nothing to explain; he would not understand.

She left him to finish his breakfast and went to her room, where Manders was packing her clothes.

She put on her hat and sat down to wait for Philip; while she was waiting the telephone rang; she called to Peter to answer it—she heard his voice in the hall, and knew that it must be Philip who had rung up, but she did not even try to listen; it was of no interest to her what they said, or what arrangements they made for her disposal. Her heart and soul felt dead—she was just a mechanical body that could still move and speak, and count the days automatically that must pass before the fortnight ended.

Presently Peter came to the door.
"Philip has had to go down by an earlier train—he says that he will send the car to meet you at Apsley, if you will catch the eleven o'clock."

So he had counted on her coming; counted on her obedience to that curt note.

"Very well."
Peter went away, and she heard him speaking again at the phone.

He went with her to the station; he hardly spoke at all, but once or twice she knew that he looked at her distastefully.

"I am bringing Kitty home on Saturday," he said. "I shall see you then. May I stay at the flat till Saturday?"
"Of course."

There was only a moment before the train went; she wondered what she could say to him; she wished he would go; it was uphill work to-day to talk to Peter.

The guard's whistle had just sounded when suddenly Peter caught her hand—
"Kiss me, Bonnie!" It was a long time since he had called her by her old pet name, and for a moment her face worked as if she were going to cry.

only she knew there were no tears to come.

She kissed him apathetically.
"Why are you ashamed of me?" she asked dully.

But there was no time for him to answer; the train had started.

She sat in the corner, hardly moving till she reached Apsley. Would Philip be at the station to meet her? It seemed improbable; she did not even trouble to look for him as she left the platform.

But he was there, at the wheel of the little two-seater looking towards her.

His eyes, hard and accusing, met hers, and she felt an insane desire to laugh.

"She had actually thought she could make this man jealous—this cold, indifferent man who was her husband!"
"You were very sure I should come," she said.

There was no attempt at any other greeting. She got in beside him and he started away.

It was the same car in which he had driven her the night of the dinner party, the night when she had kissed him—the night she had her one golden hour.

The words of the song slipped again into her memory—
"Though all the skies are clouded,
Though all the portents lour,
Somewhere, to someone, this is the golden hour."

Unconsciously she found herself saying them aloud. Philip stared at her.
"What did you say?" he asked. She started violently.

"I didn't say anything—I was just thinking."
"Thinking about?" he asked cynically.

She did not answer. He kept his eyes fixed on her. Suddenly, "What's the matter?" he asked, abruptly. "Are you ill?"

Her eyes had closed, and she swayed a little.

She forced herself to look at him; she had the feeling of having been roughly roused from sleep.

"No—I'm quite well. Tired, that's all."
"Too many late nights," he said, unemotionally.

They went some way in silence.
"I suppose I ought to tell you," Philip said then, "that people have been talking down here—about us! Otherwise I should not have asked you to come until I had gone. But my mother—"

She broke in wildly.
"You need not blame your mother—I don't imagine it's her fault that you married me."

Philip bit his lip.
"Very well—we won't argue about it. I shall be gone in a fortnight, and then, of course, you will be free to do as you like."
"Thank you." It was difficult to keep her thoughts from wandering; sometimes his voice seemed such a long way off, and then suddenly it would almost seem as if he were shouting in her ear.

(To be continued)

A Stitch in Time

Quick action is the only hope when kidney disease appears.

There is a whole train of dreadfully painful and fatal ailments which soon follow any neglect to get the kidneys right. Among others are rheumatism, lumbago, Bright's disease, hardening of the arteries and high blood pressure.

In Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills you will find a treatment which is both quick and thorough.

Mr. C. E. Rayms, Lindale, Alta., writes:—
"I was a great sufferer from kidney disease and lame back for more than a year. A friend of mine one day said to me of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and seeing some in a box I tried them. After I had taken one box I felt better, so I continued until I had used five boxes. By this time I felt as well and strong as ever, and am glad to recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to anyone suffering as I did."

Distributor:
GERALD S. DOYLE
At All Dealers.

Burns

Burns are very painful and dangerous, and if not treated promptly and properly, are in danger of poisoning. They will also leave disfiguring scars if not guarded against.

Vaseline Petroleum Jelly

is a dependable remedy which gives quick relief to the burned skin, stops the pain, and keeps out the air, allowing the burn to heal properly.

It is also valuable in the treatment of wounds, sprains, skin diseases, chilblains, etc., and taken internally, for coughs, colds, sore throat, etc. It should be always on hand—in every home and on every vessel—for emergencies.

Start a Medicine Chest with a liberal supply of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly and the other "Vaseline" preparations shown here on the lid of the chest.

Sold at all drug and general stores.

Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, New York City.
W. G. M. Shepard, Distributor,
137 McGill St., Montreal, Canada.

From Wealth to Penury.

On February 28, 1730, there died in a small private nunnery in Dublin one who had been mistress of Dublin Castle, where she had received a monarch as her guest. This was the lady once celebrated as "La Belle Jennings," and latterly the wife of the Duke of Tyrconnel, who so nearly recovered Ireland for King James II. Soon after the Restoration she appeared as maid of honour to the then Duchess of York—mother of Queen Mary II, and Anne—while in that position was noted for a propriety of demeanour absolutely unique at that period. As the wife of the Duke of Tyrconnel during his reign at Dublin 1689-90, she was as notable for her dignified conduct as she had formerly been for her puritanical behaviour while surrounded by the gaities of Charles's court. After the memorable and fatal battle of the Boyne, when the king and the duke fled to Dublin, she ministered all her household in state and welcomed the travel-stained and mud-bespattered fugitives with all the splendour of royal etiquette. Advancing to the king as he entered the Great Hall, she fell on her knees, and after congratulating him upon his safety, begged him to attend the banquet she had prepared. The unhappy James answered sadly that he had but little stomach for supper considering the sorry breakfast he had made that morning. The duchess persisted in forcing them to eat, and in spite of her anxiety, showed such spirit and courage that the fugitives were roused to emulation. After her husband's death the duchess was left almost penniless, and being also friendless she was forced to seek refuge with a band of noble Irishwomen, where she died in an obscure and miserable manner—a very bitter contrast to the brilliancy of her early days.

Who Lives Highest?

What is the greatest height at which people live on the earth?

There is, it seems, a shepherd living with his family in the Andes at a height of 17,000 feet, and this has been claimed to be a record, that is, for permanent habitation.

When it comes to a question of a temporary abode, however, this altitude, great as it is, is easily beaten, for on one of the Himalayan passes, 18,400 feet high, a small band of hardy men live during the summer.

The men, numbering less than half a dozen, are Tibetan Custom House officers, and are specially selected for their powers of endurance, as one would expect them to be, in order to exist even for a few weeks in air which must contain so very much less oxygen than there is at sea-level.

From such an elevated pass these men must have a magnificent view of the great Tibetan plateau, the inhabitants of which themselves seem to live constantly at heights of 15,000 or more feet.

It would be interesting to know at what height human beings could accustom themselves to live. There is no reason to suppose that 18,400 feet is the limit.

Echo of Halifax Disaster.

The report of the loss of the Norwegian steamer "Guvernoren," formerly the "Imo," recalls to mind the terrible disaster which overtook the city of Halifax, N.S., on 6th December, 1917, for it was caused by the collision between the French munition ship "Mont Blanc," and the Norwegian "Imo." The latter vessel has had a very varied career, having been built by Harland and Wolff at Belfast, in 1899, as the "Runic" for the White

Didn't Want to Spoil Vacation.

Thomson came back to the office looking very brown. He had taken two weeks' vacation directly after Easter and he had been able to add several days to his rest period. To the amazement of his boss, however, he asked for a few extra days off. "Why, you've only just had your vacation!" ejaculated the amazed employer. "What do you want the extra days for?" "I want to get married." "Why didn't you get married during your vacation?" the boss inquired. "I didn't want to spoil my vacation," that way," replied Thomson.

Wall Street Watching John Bull.

The Wall Street Journal, in an article dealing with the rise in the value of the pound sterling says that the opinion is held among New York bankers that foreign exchange is pronounced judgment on the foreign policies adopted by this country. They prophesy that Britain will obtain, before many months have passed, a predominant hold on international trade. According to the Wall Street Journal these bankers believe that Britain will not only pay her debts, but cancel those due from her Allies, and also forego her 22 per cent. of Ger-

Nearly Lost Her Life Nursing Dying Mother.

"For six months I had to devote all my spare time to nursing my mother who was slowly dying of an incurable disease. Not being well-off we couldn't afford the services of a nurse, so I had to be with her day and night.

She was a large woman and it took all my strength to lift her. Realizing that she had not long to live, she naturally wanted me with her all the time and any spare time which I could snatch from my household I gave to her. Four months ago she died and an hour after the funeral I went into a dead faint. The loss of sleep, the worry and the extra day and night work had finally been more than I could stand. They put me to bed. I contracted a high fever and was delirious for some days. Nor a while my doctor gave up all hopes of saving my life. However, I did succeed in pulling through but the strain and the illness had shattered my nerves. Worry and trouble had left me a physical wreck. I was so weak I couldn't lift my hands to my mouth. For two weeks I had to be fed. I gradually got a little stronger but not strong enough to get out of bed. I was determined that I would not give up. Finally one day a friend suggested trying Carnal. I was so anxious to get strong that I was willing to try anything. I never would have believed that any preparation would have made such a change in so short a time as Carnal did with me. To-day, thanks to Carnal, I feel fine—in fact I never felt better."

Mrs. S. of Hamilton.

Carnal is sold by your druggist, and if you can conscientiously say, after you have tried it, that it hasn't done you any good, return the empty bottle to him and he will refund your money. 9-122

Fashion Plates.

A NEW STRAIGHT LINE FROCK.

3837. There are no boundaries to smart versions of this popular style. In this instance the model simulates attractive redingote lines. The effect is becoming to slender as well as mature figures. Tricotine and satin could be here combined, or velvet and satin. Velvet with braiding would be nice, or broad cloth, with hands of kimmer.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The width at the foot is about 2 yards. To make the dress for a 38 inch bust measure, will require 4 1/2 yards of 40 inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A PRACTICAL WORK APRON.

3831. For anything that spells service or occupation, this model will

prove convenient and comfortable as a protector for the dress over which it may be worn. Gingham, percale, sateen, rubberized cloth, canvas, drill, repp, lawn, crash, bretonne and calico are all good materials for this style. The underarm closing simplifies laundering.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

No.
Size
Name
Address in full:

NOTE:—Owing to the continual advance in price of paper, wages, etc., we are compelled to advance the price of patterns to 15c. each.

3811. For anything that spells service or occupation, this model will

prove convenient and comfortable as a protector for the dress over which it may be worn. Gingham, percale, sateen, rubberized cloth, canvas, drill, repp, lawn, crash, bretonne and calico are all good materials for this style. The underarm closing simplifies laundering.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material.

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NOTE:—Owing to the continual advance in price of paper, wages, etc., we are compelled to advance the price of patterns to 15c. each.

BIG Underwear Bargains.

Men's Woolen Underwear,

Sizes: 32 and 34 inch,
Green, Red, Blue and
Black Label.

Special Price to Clear,
\$1.00
per garment.

STEER Brothers.

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Why not use it as well in your own home?

T. J. DULEY & Co., Ltd.,
The Reliable Jewellers and Opticians.

COKE

CHEAP FUEL FOR EVERYBODY.

Coke may be obtained at the Gas Works sacks at seventy cents per sack throughout Winter.

Sacks may be returned for refilling at 25 cents each.

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