

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

Canada Made

As a health builder, Royal Yeast is gaining in popularity every day. It is a food - not a medicine. It supplies the vitamins which the diet may lack. Royal Yeast is highly beneficial in cases where the system seems "run down". Royal Yeast is the richest known source of vitamins, and when taken into the system acts as a corrective agent. Royal Yeast Cakes are recommended for their purity and wholesomeness. It is the purest, the most convenient and economical yeast on the market.

Two to four Royal Yeast Cakes a day will work wonders. A full day's supply can easily be prepared at one time by using one glass lukewarm water and teaspoon sugar to each yeast cake. Allow to stand over night in moderately warm room. In the morning stir well and pour off liquid. Place in refrigerator or other cool place and drink at intervals as desired throughout the day.

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

E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED
WINDSOR, TORONTO, CANADA

LADY LAURA'S RELEASE

—OR—
THE STORY OF A SPOILED BEAUTY.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Her misery will begin soon enough," she thought, "it all is true that I hear." Doris Newsham had not spent several hours with Gladys Rane's maid in vain.

A faint wonder lingered in the heart of Lady Laura as to whether the captain would offer to remain at home with her, as it was his violence to her which prevented her from going out. She waited and watched, but he did not come. Would he not even seek her to say how sorry he was?

When the door of her boudoir opened at last, she turned round eagerly. But it was Angela who entered and came to her.

"I am not going out, mamma," she said. "How could I? I should be miserable, knowing that I had left you in pain."

"Has the captain gone?" asked her ladyship. In spite of all that had happened, in spite of his cold neglect of her, her whole heart was with him; she had no other thought, no other interest.

"Yes; he drove off half an hour ago, bearing your excuses and mine," Angela replied.

Then he had not cared or remembered even that he had hurt her; he had not looked in to say that he was sorry, or to give her one kind word. He had ignored her altogether.

The next morning she read in the fashionable gossip that Miss Rane had been one of the beauties present at Mrs. Hardcastle's reception, and also that she had favored Lady Bland with her presence. Captain Wynyard's name was also among the list of visitors. Lady Laura's heart was torn with anguish; she could imagine what an evening they had enjoyed together, how he had gone with her rival from one place to another; and her heart grew faint as she brooded over it.

Though her arm was painful for some time, and kept her indoors for

"My Boy was Starving to Death"

"As He Was Getting No Nourishment He Was Gradually Wasting Away."

"Here's a story which will interest every mother. Before my boy was born, I was in such delicate health that the doctor didn't think I would survive the ordeal. For weeks after he was born my life was despaired of, so I couldn't feed him and the poor little fellow was left to the care of friends. He wasn't naturally strong. No care was taken in choosing his food and his poor little stomach became so weakened that he couldn't keep anything on it. As he was getting no nourishment from his food, he was gradually wasting away. Finally, in desperation, we sent for a child specialist and he said that my boy was starving to death. He gave him some medicine and advised a certain diet. The child did improve but somehow couldn't seem to get strong. This went on for four or five years and the boy still continued to waste and my life was a misery. He could not play like other children without leaving to lie down and rest. My sister who lives on a farm near the sea, said that she could fix him up. I would send him to her. While I hated being separated from him, I was ready to make any sacrifice to get him strong. He was away from me for three months and it was with feelings of great excitement that I

awaited his return as my sister had written me that I would be surprised when I saw my boy. When my sister got off the train, I could not believe that it was my own boy that she was leading by the hand. I never saw such a change in any child. He was fat and rosy and full of life with a happy smile! "What on earth have you done to him," I said. "Why," she replied, "I simply made him live out of doors, gave him good food—and here's the real secret, I gave him three bottles of Carnol! Before he had taken half a bottle his whole appearance had changed. He got heavier, his face took on a colour and he would run round for hours at a time. The change in my boy is the most wonderful event in my life. I am a regular fan for Carnol and never lose a chance to boost it. As I write I am looking out of the window and when I see that rosy, active, healthy child running round, I cannot believe that he was once a puny, delicate boy."

Carnol 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.

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present. And Gladys seemed not unwilling to encourage him. She took little notice of the men who entered the box, but bestowed all her smiles and conversation upon the handsome captain, and visitors, feeling themselves de trop, went away.

Lady Kinloch was exceedingly angry; but, beyond a few sharp words to the captain, she gave no sign of it. Gladys understood pretty well what would await her on her return home; and therefore, regardless of consequences, she decided to enjoy the present. Her dark eyes filled with triumph, as she regarded the lovely but forlorn-looking lady in the opposite box. The wife of the man by her side, though beautiful as a dream, the fairest, the most refined, the most graceful in the whole of that brilliant circle, could not win a smile from him who had vowed to love and cherish her.

"It is one of our last few evenings together, Gladys," he said; "I shall not leave you."

When Lady Laura had borne this spectacle of her husband's devotion to another as long as she could, she turned to Lord Eastham, who was vainly worshipping at her shrine.

"I have forgotten to give the captain a message with which I was entrusted for him," she said. "Will you tell him I should like to see him for a few minutes? Please, said that I will not detain him."

Lord Eastham was a man of the world; he took in the position at a glance, and though he did not like his commission, he executed it with a high hand and a good grace.

He made his way to Lady Kinloch's box, and, after speaking for a few minutes to the ladies, delivered Lady Laura's message. The captain frowned when he heard it, and his wife saw the frown.

"I must go, I suppose," he said.

And Gladys whispered to him as he went:

"Do not stay long, Vance."

"You may be sure of that," he answered.

"I am compelled to go," said the handsome captain to himself, as he proceeded to his wife's box; "but I am inclined to think that my wife will never send for me again in such circumstances as these."

His face was pale with anger when he rejoined Lady Laura; but for appearance sake he smiled, for appearance sake he leaned over the back of her chair, thus giving the idea that they were on the most friendly terms. Then he hissed into her ear:

"Why did you send for me?"

She did not turn to answer him, but looked straight at the stage.

"I wanted to ask you if you are not making your devotion to Miss Rane too apparent? You are attracting public attention, and that is bad for her, if not for you. You have been in that box the whole evening."

"Is that what you wanted to say—all you have to say?"

"Yes," she replied.

"I am going back then; and I am going home to supper with Lady Kinloch. Do not send for me again."

The brightest of smiles was on his face as he left the box. He knew that the arrow had gone straight home, that it had struck the gentle, loving heart.

He went back to Gladys Rane; but when he looked in triumph at his wife's box, she had left it.

For one minute Lady Laura sat stunned by the cruelty of her husband's words; then she rose from her seat, her face pale, her manner agitated, but I must go home."

When Angela saw the look of despair on the pale face, she knew that her mother must return home. She bent toward her ladyship and whispered:

"Mamma darling, take care—so many people are looking at us; do not let them perceive the pain you feel."

"Take me home, Angeli!" said the despairing woman.

An hour later Laura Wynyard sat in her dressing-room, surely the most miserable woman in London! She had torn the pearls from her hair and her breast, her golden tresses lay in disheveled masses over her shoulders. She beat her breast, and gave vent to wailing sobs; she was frantic with her passionate jealousy and keen misery.

(To be continued.)

EXCRUCIATING PAINS, CRAMPS

Entirely Remedied by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Essex, Ont.—"I started with cramps and bearing-down pains at the age of eleven years, and I would get so nervous I could hardly stay in bed, and I had such pains that I would scream, and my mother would call the doctor to give me something to take. At eighteen I married, and I have four healthy children, but I still have pains in my right side. I am a farmer's wife with more work than I am able to do. I have taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I feel that it is helping me every day. My sister-in-law who has been taking your medicine for some time and uses your Sanative Wash, told me about it. And I soon began to feel as if I had received great relief from it. —Mrs. NELSON YOTT, R. R. 1, Essex, Ont.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a medicine for ailments common to women. It has been used for such troubles for nearly fifty years, and thousands of women have found relief, as did Mrs. Yott, by taking this splendid medicine.

If you are suffering from irregularity, painful times, nervousness, headache, backache or melancholia, you should at once begin to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is excellent to strengthen the system and help to perform its functions with ease and regularity.

Traitor in 1914.

HONOR NOW VINDICATED.

Guy de Maupassant in his most powerful tales of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 does not attain in the height of simple tragedy of the pitiful story of Jules Stimelle, the village blacksmith of Boussois, who was wrongly shot as a spy on the ramparts of Maubeuge in 1914, and whose innocence was proclaimed last week after eight long years of sorrow by his widow.

It was September 14th, on the very eve of the fall of the fortress, that Stimelle fell from the bullets of his own countrymen, who believed he was a traitor to France.

Stimelle's smithy was situated in the little village of Boussois, on the outskirts of Maubeuge, close to the fort bearing the same name. On Sept. 1, the village was bombarded by the enemy. All the men of military age were gone excepting Stimelle, who, because of his utility to the military, was kept working at his forge. Women, old men and children were hiding in cellars. Suddenly the soldiers from the fort saw amidst the bursting shells two pigeons rise from the smithy.

That was enough for them. A few moments later three soldiers, rushed the smithy and seized Stimelle and dragged him before the military officers. Stimelle was a spy. They had seen the pigeons released from his house while he was the only living being above the ground. Only one conclusion was possible. He must die the ignominious death of a traitor.

MORDED BY POPULACE.

While Stimelle was being dragged through the streets of Maubeuge by the excited soldiers—three territorials who had lost their heads completely under the strain of events—the furious populace fell upon Stimelle, and when he reached the military headquarters it was as a shattered man-handled wreck, bleeding from countless wounds, hardly able to stand up and with one of his eyes gouged out.

Stunned and hardly conscious of what was happening, Stimelle was unable to say a word in his own defence, even to deny the accusation brought against him. His silence was considered an admission of guilt, and three days later, on the eve of the fall of Maubeuge, the unfortunate smith fell, riddled with bullets of the firing squad.

But the truth he was unable to tell them is being told to-day by his widow, who has opened proceedings to

have her husband's name freed from the shameful verdict and proclaimed an innocent victim of those terrible days.

Stimelle, like many other blacksmiths, was a great big, simple fellow. He loved his two children passionately, but in his big warm heart there was room for other affections including favorite pets, two pigeons, which he kept close beside him in a special cage in the forge. A German shell was burst on that fateful morning just outside the smithy and hurried the cage to the ground and the frightened pigeons escaped and fluttered through the open door. The soldiers saw them and that was enough to condemn the poor man.

AFTER THE STUFF.

I often think of Bill Jones, who lives three doors south of me. This guy has clucked by hook or crook, a vast supply of cash, but never read a soulful book—he thinks all novels trash; he never hired a skillful cook, but lived on corn beef hash. He never knew the keen delight that comes from money spent; he never chased through town by night on spendthrift errands bent; he never bought all junk in sight that was not worth a cent. The helping hand to luckless guys he's never known to show; he never carried wholesome pies to widows in their woes; and when he hears the orphan's cries no tears of pity flow. To make his bulging bag increase we see him toll and pant; he'd make that bundle, piece by piece, and Susan H., my aunt. I see him on his grand drift, on bent and shaky knees; he's old and frail but he can lift a package of baboozes; and there is something wrong with thrift when it is a disease.

QUIT TOBACCO

So easy to drop Cigarette, Cigar, or Chewing habit

No-To-Bac has helped thousands to break the costly, nerve-rattling tobacco habit. Whenever you have a longing for a smoke or chew, just place a harmless No-To-Bac tablet in your mouth instead. All desire stops. Shortly the habit is completely broken, and you are better off mentally, physically, financially. It's so easy, so simple. Get a box of No-To-Bac and if it doesn't relieve you from all craving for tobacco in any form, your druggist will refund your money without question.

Just Folks.

By EDGAR A. GUEST.

LET HER CRY IT OUT.

"Let her cry it out," they say, "But I wasn't built that way, wasn't fashioned to remain dead to every call of pain; it may be I ought to sit here indifferent to it. Ought to take her mother's word. That such conduct is absurd. But it takes more nerve than I own, to let a baby cry."

Six months old, and learned to know up to her, her Dad will go. If she whoops it up and screams, Babies soon grow wise, it seems. Soon discover who of us cannot stand to hear them fuss. Who'll be first to cave right in, Breaking all the discipline. Who will run to see what's wrong. If their cry is loud and strong.

CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers

They can tell me she's been fed And if safely put to bed, They can say it's very plain By her cry she's not in pain; They can argue as they may That it's temper on display And beyond the slightest doubt We should let her cry it out, And with them I will agree, But I want to go and see.

I'll admit the babe is wise And has found that when she cries One of us will surely go Up to her and want to know What the trouble's all about. Maybe we should fight it out And should force that babe to learn Who is boss of this concern. But when she begins to cry, I've just got to find out why.

Household Notes.

Serve sliced oranges with a soft custard.

Thinly sliced ripe olives are nice in potato salad.

Mincéd veal makes a nice stuffing for baked green peppers.

Boiled raisins and thin slices of raw green pepper make a good salad.

The grated rind of lemon peel makes a good seasoning for chopped meat.

If tomato soup is vigorously stirred after the milk is added it will not curdle.

Cream of raisin soup is delicious



For Every Part of the Home

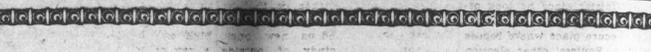
There is no part of the home where a Westinghouse Electrical Appliance may not be used with more convenience, comfort and satisfaction.

There is the Cozy Glow for chilly weather; the Warming Pad to replace the inconvenient water bottle; the Curling Iron for the Boudoir, the Percolator, Toaster, Chafing Dish and Waffle Iron for the table; the Iron for the laundry.

All these are made with the characteristic Westinghouse genius for dependable and economical operation.

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LUX

Lux is a wonderful Soap product in flakes, in which is concentrated the greatest possible cleansing value and which will dissolve dirt immediately without rubbing.

Lux possesses superior merit in the realms of laundry soaps, it is perfectly pure Soap in flake form, warranted free from injurious chemicals and adulterants.

Lux is invaluable for washing Blouses, Laces, Silks, Satins, Curtains, Blankets, Sweaters, Woolens, Muslins, Stockings, Crêpe de Chine, Gloves, etc.

Your baby will benefit if you wash his garments with Lux.

LUX WON'T SHRINK WOOLENS.

Your silk stockings cannot rot if you wash them each night in Lux lather made by putting a few spoonfuls of Lux into a bowl of boiling water.

READ THE DIRECTIONS ON EACH PACKAGE OF LUX.

Remember, Lux is made and guaranteed by Lever Brothers, Ltd., Soapmakers to His Majesty the King.

LUX DISSOLVES DIRT WITHOUT RUBBING

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POUND REMNANTS
Wholesale Only

P. O. Box 236 Phone 522
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and very wholesome. Flavor with lemon.

Creamed oysters are nice served with French dressing and saltines.

Tomato and mushroom sauce is delicious served with broiled sirloin of steak.

Some of your small light rugs may be nicely washed in the washing machine.

Creamed oysters are nice served in toast boxes for the children's party luncheon.

Beans should be soaked for eight or twelve hours in water before they are cooked.

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