



Do you take
least for your
health?

It so, use
ROYAL YEAST CAKES
the standard of quality
for over 50 years.
Soak a cake of Royal
Yeast, with a little sugar,
in tepid water over night.
Stir well, strain and drink
the liquid. Flavor is im-
proved by adding the juice
of an orange.

**ROYAL
YEAST
CAKES**

Just Folks.

By EDGAR GUEST.
THE HOME.

The roof is humble and the walls are plain.
A few bright roses in the garden
away.
"A little house or pretty," strangers
say.
Shelter against wind and snow and rain.
The every house, a prey to grief and pain.
And all the hurts love cannot keep away.
Death has it marked to visit some sad day.
The love and skill and prayer shall be in vain.
In this our home, holds all that life can give.
Both good and bad are judged within this door.
The things we seek and strive for while we live
are good if home glows brighter than before.
The love shuts out the world, defying all.
For God, not from ourselves, must sorrows fall.

**Claims Russians
Killed Kitchener**

AUTHOR INTIMATES SPIES SENT
HAMPSHIRE TO BOTTOM OF
SEA.

LONDON, May 15.—Another examination of the mysterious death of Lord Kitchener during the war has been put before the public in W. V. Dumas' new book, "The Truth About Kitchener."
The author publishes a cryptic letter from General Landoult which says that Kitchener died "because of his ability."
It was not a German mine nor a German torpedo that sank the Hampshire on which Kitchener was making a secret trip to Russia, according to this letter, but the "power" which would not permit the Russian army to proceed.
Dumas concludes from this that Bolshevik spies, working in connection with the German military intelligence service, sent the Hampshire to the bottom.
Kitchener's fate is the greatest mystery of the war in British eyes, and is pondered on as is the disappearance of the American navy colonel Cyclops in America. Kitchener landed the Hampshire and not even the crew, so the story goes, knew he was aboard her. Somewhere in the misty wastes of the North Sea, the Hampshire went down. There was no battle and no U-boat ever bragged of doing the job.



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TALCUM POWDER

Use Mavis Talcum Powder
freely after your bath—it gives
a luxurious sense of perfect
comfort. Its sweet perfume
adds to the effect.

V. VIVAUDOU, INC.
Paris New York

With the Food Inspector in England

(By R. MONTGOMERY in Answers.)

The following shows how Food Inspectors were a ceaseless war on dirt and deception, and may serve as a suggestion to local officials.

I have been round with a food inspector, and before I set down my experiences I should like to say that if there were means of recognizing food inspectors on duty or off then, whenever I met one, I should raise my hat and say: "Thank you!"
Why? Because he who safeguards my health and saves my pocket deserves to be thanked. He works at all hours of the day and night. To-morrow morning, before it is light, he may be at a railway terminus, taking samples of milk from this or that churn. That's to see that our milk—and that includes baby's milk—is O. K.

In the middle of the night he may pay a surprise visit to an underground bakery. The law requires that every utensil, from the smallest tin upwards, shall be maintained in a state of scrupulous cleanliness, and it is the inspector's job to see that the law is obeyed.

Sampling the Supplies.
It would be useless for a dishonest milkman to think that his earliest deliveries of milk could be of any quality. From out of the morning mist might emerge Mr. Inspector—or, if not he, one of his agents.

The latter may be regular assistants or persons specially and temporarily engaged. Willness has to be countered, and if I had not promised that nothing should appear in this article that might assist a dishonest, adulterating trader I could say much that would make such people quake in their shoes.

But you who read this may be assured that the food purchased for test and analysis is that supplied to the general public.

With an agent following discreetly behind, the inspector and I went forth to sample. Fifty yards from a milk-shop the agent went ahead, jug in hand. His job was to buy a pint of milk and half a pound of butter. These obtained, he came to the door of the shop—no further. There we joined him, and the three of us went to the counter.

The Retailer's Third.
Then the inspector stated who he was and for what purpose the milk and butter had been purchased. From a capacious bag came three bottles, and into them equal quantities of the milk were poured. They were then corked, sealed with wax—a little lamp is carried to melt the wax—and stamped. On each was affixed a label giving date and place of purchase, etc.
One of the bottles was now given to the proprietor of the shop, so that he could, if he wished, have the contents analysed independently. The other bottles we took away, one for the borough analyst to get to work on forthwith and the other to be held in reserve in case, if prosecution followed, the analysis differed. Then the third sample would go to the Government analyst.

The butter was treated like the milk—divided into three parts, put into specially made tins, and duly sealed. The same routine would be followed in this case as with the milk samples.

What Matters in Margarine.
Here I might say that the inspector anticipated that the milk and butter would be up to standard. The latter for milk is low—far too low, in my friend's opinion. Three per cent. of fat suffices, and that permits rich milk to be discreetly watered down. The butter may contain up to sixteen per cent. of water.

From the first shop we went to another, where we took a sample of margarine. The analyst in that case must see that there is no ingredient injurious to health. Adulteration as such may be absent, but injurious ingredients would mean an immediate prosecution.

Do you know that food inspectors see to it that you get your breakfast sausages pure? I have a feeling, though I may be wrong, that the sausage merchant to whom we paid a visit looked a bit green as he watched a sausage being divided into three parts. His "Good-morning," too, was not exactly cordial.

And the pork merchant, who sold our agent a pound of American pickled tripe, looked at his third of the stuff dubiously. If the preservative in it is injurious he'll be in trouble.

No Standard For Bread.

Our next visit was to an underground bakery—one of the survivors. Only those that have been in existence some years are tolerated nowadays—no new underground bakeries can be built—and the old ones must be kept as clean as a new pin. The inspector noted that a coal-cellar door was not closed, that certain baking-tins were not quite up to the required standard of cleanliness, and—well, there were other points.

Take it from me that it is not the fault of our food inspectors if our bread and pastry are not made under absolutely clean conditions.

By the way, do you know that there

is no bread standard? If a loaf contains nothing injurious to health—potatoes, for instance, are not injurious—it passes.

From the bakery we went to a chemist's shop. Inspectors deal with food and drugs, please note. We bought, by arrangement, cod-liver oil and camphorated oil. I hope they were pure. If not—trouble.

Protecting the Panel Patient.
And a prescription, apparently from a panel doctor, that Mr. Chemist made up, hummings, that also was divided into those significant three portions. Panel patients may be glad to know that they are specially looked after.

Next, to a dairy. Bottled milk is obviously cleaner milk, but what of the bottles? If they are not properly cleansed after use, what's the gain? So the inspector slipped very quietly into that dairy to inspect things. All was well, and all would be kept well, for he might look in again in an hour and again after that.

Please don't think that food inspectors are sleuths. Their motto is that "Prevention is better than conviction," and it is in that spirit they do their work.

"Accidents Will Happen."
The lighter side of their work is in such humorous happenings as the following. A certain milkman, caught selling milk greatly watered, pleaded that he hadn't really watered it. All he had done, the weather being hot, was to put a piece of ice in the churn, and somehow or other it had melted.

Another milkman, spotting the inspector, promptly got rid of trouble by getting rid of his milk. Quite accidentally, of course, he tipped the churn over.

Yet another, discovered with water in the cans hung round his barrow, could not account for its presence until, after hard thinking, he came to the conclusion that "someone must have put it there."

A Word to Women

A hundred and twenty-one thousand women would comprise a vast army. Yet a canvass was recently made among more than that number of women who had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for feminine ailments. The result proved that ninety-eight out of every hundred reported benefit from its use. This is most remarkable evidence of the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound over the ills of womanhood, and should influence every sick and ailing woman to try it.

England, My England

What have I done for you,
England, my England,
What is there I would not do,
England, my own?
With your glorious eyes anstere,
As the Lord were walking near,
Whispering terrible things and dear
As the song on your bugles blown,
England—
Round the world on your bugles blown!

Where shall the watchful sun,
England, my England,
Match the master-work you've done,
England, my own?
When shall he rejoice again
Such a breed of mighty men
As come forward, one to ten,
To the song on your bugles blown,
England—
Down the years on your bugles blown!

They call you proud and hard,
England, my England;
You with worlds to watch and ward,
England, my own!
You whose mail'd hand keeps the keys
Of such teeming destinies,
You could know nor dread nor ease
Were the Song on your bugles
blown, England,
Round the Pit on your bugles blown!

Mother of Ships whose might,
England, my England,
Is the fierce old Sea's delight,
England, my own,
Chosen daughter of the Lord,
Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient Sword,
There's the menace of the Word
In the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Out of heaven on your bugles blown!
—WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

**Smaller Cheques Will
Now Be Free of Tax**

OTTAWA—Commencing on July 1, 1925, issuers of cheques and similar instruments for the transfer of money of a value not exceeding \$5 will not have to pay the stamp tax heretofore demanded by the government.

Such is the effect of one of a group of supplementary budget resolutions introduced by Hon. J. A. Robb.

SNOODLES

Spurs Spur Slewfoot To Spurious Speculation

By CY HUNGERFORD

Hi' Boy! Look me over!

ME UNCLE USTA BE IN DE CALVARY AN' HE LEMME HIS HAT 'N' SPURS!

SPURS?! WHAT FOR?

YA POOR FEESH!

NO TELLIN' WHEN I MIGHT MEET A HORSE!

There is a daring, exotic trend to the patterns of materials.

A frock of satin is trimmed with bands of the dull side.

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TO-DAY AT THE MAJESTIC

NOT since "The Miracle Man" and "Humoresque" has there been a picture that tugs at your heart like "Big Brother." It's a story of the real underworld as it has never been told.

"PROMISE me you'll bring him up decent," were the gangster's last words. And Jimmy Donovan, boss of New York's underworld, fought his greatest fight—to be a real "Big Brother" to a homeless kid. See this film and know how good a picture really can be!

Adolph Zukor presents An
ALLAN DWAN
PRODUCTION OF
REX BEACH'S
"BIG BROTHER"
WITH
TOM MOORE
RAYMOND HATTON
EDITH ROBERTS
A Paramount Picture

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HEART RENDING
MELODRAMA**

'BIG BROTHER'

A STORY THAT WON THE WORLD

A GIGANTIC HOLIDAY BILL.

Adams & Cheney

The Musical Marvels

PROGRAMME for TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY

MISERERE—From Travatore.

"TOO TIRED"—Popular Ballad

"MINUET in G"—Paderewski.

"RULE BRITANNIA," BRITISH GRENADIERS

and other Patriotic Selections.

MATINEE : 2.30 p.m.

EVENING : 7.15 p.m.

Wall Papers
Well Worth Seeing
AT
Templeton's
321 Water Street

CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION

Head Office Building, Toronto, Canada.
ERNEST FOX, Manager for Nfld.
WALTER F. RENDELL, Special Representative.

Britons Resent Incident at Fair

Disapprove of Strangers Forcing
Selves Into King's Presence.

LONDON, May 18.—(C.P.)—In connection with the action of two Englishmen who broke through a cheering crowd at the British Empire Exhibition Saturday night and shook hands with the King while the Royal party were making a tour of the grounds and the unmistakably instant disapproval which the throng displayed towards the Majesty's two impulsive subjects will probably prevent a repetition of such incidents in the future.

The great crowd of Londoners which witnessed the incident of Thursday when an American visitor from Iowa, presumably a stranger in the country, thrust himself forward and grasped the hand of the King who was visiting the fair, were disposed to be tolerant, but they are likely to be otherwise when their own countrymen overstep conventions.

Despite the hard things which are sometimes said about their manners by folk who came here from a distance, Londoners are always careful to maintain their self-possession and dignity in the mass when in the presence of members of the Royal House, or indeed, of eminent people of any rank. One commentator said:

"If democracy is to command respect it must make possible the reign of courtesy and universal recognition of human dignity. Every man is to be treated as an equal for no other reason than his possession of a personality. To suppose that a King is to be approached with a display of familiarity, which we should blush to bestow upon a stranger of whatever station in life, is to make a travesty of an ennobled principle of human conduct."

"Democracy was more truly revealed by the little girl who accompanied the King on the miniature railway at Wembley. She did not stare at him en route, her own remarks afterwards about His Majesty being that he was 'a very nice man.'"

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IN COTTAGE and CAMP.

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\$15.00 \$20.00 \$25.00

TO ARRIVE

The Portable Pixie

THE WEMBLEY WONDER—\$22.50

UKULELES

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Swanee Whistles

50c. 70c. \$2.25 \$5.00

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TO THE TRADE!

Local Canned Rabbit.

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