

ALLOW ME TO PRESENT  
MY BEST FRIEND  
**ROYAL**  
YEAST  
CAKES



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ROYAL YEAST CAKES  
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GILLET COMPANY LIMITED  
TORONTO, ONTARIO

## Grand Alliance; Love That Knew No Bounds.

### CHAPTER XIII.

"Oh, he be here or hereabouts, miss," answered the woman, "though where he's dwellin' I can't rightly point you. We're naught but fresh ourselves, and I'm not much of a one to get the news. We only took this place last Lammas."

"Tha-n-k you," said Sydney, beginning to turn away ruefully. The cottage interior was not inviting now. With no one who cared to see her, there would be no sense in stopping about it.

But the woman lingered, latch in hand, so she explained to her.

"I used to come here often when I was younger. And I made a journey this morning on purpose to look at it all again. I suppose I foolishly calculated on seeing the people in it just as when I last left."

"Which, askin' your pardon, was like reckonin' of your chickens afore they were hatched, miss," returned Mrs. Davis, taking the proverb of her calling, apparently, for matrimonial heus with numerous progeny were now scraping about the once tidy garden.

"True enough," Sydney agreed; "and you can not even tell me, then, which way I must go to find Lewis's house. I did so wish to see some of them."

"Oh, if you'd like to see 'em—or leastways see the man, miss," said Mrs. Davis, the young lady's desires put finding their way to her slow brain; "why, you can do that easy without trackin' after where they live. I know him jest by sight; an' I see him go by not half an hour ago, an' he turned in at you gate—the place there where they be cuttin' green stuff for the cows."

This sounded better. With a cheerfuller "Thank you," Sydney took the route indicated. A running stream on one side she had dipped her toes in many a time, a bank with huge primrose leaves drooping in the

heat on the other, greeted her like some long-laid-by picture. Nothing lacked but the saluting "Miss Sydney, dear." Wanting that, a chill of loneliness crept over her, rebuked, as she passed the stile she had often climbed, by a swift thought of that other so far greater loneliness, which had crossed her road, as it were, a moment that same day, and then gone by, lost in a sightless solitude.

"While I have everything!" she chid herself, half aloud, and, with the abundant measure of those good gifts upon her mind, turned in at the green gate to which she had been directed.

Two men at the extreme end were reaping fodder. One a lad; the other a burly figure well into years, working with a will, not in the easy-going one-and-eighteenth a day style of the ordinary laborer. That looked like Lewis, she fancied. He had always been the very soul of industry. Probably he had prospered. Had got a fair way besides his market-garden. Yes, certainly, that must be Lewis, but she would wait to claim him till she drove his nearly laden cart up to the gate by which she stood. Then she would stop him; puzzle him at first; afterward tell him, who she was. Perhaps he would take her off proudly to some finer home than his old one. And it was just within the range of possibility the "Taffy" of old times might yet be there with a "Who is it? My child, little Sydney! Has she come again, bless her?"

Meantime while her youth was thus making light of Mrs. Davis's wise saw the sun was beating down strong upon her; the air was getting sultry, vibrating now and again with sounds as of a distant storm.

Castling about for shade she found it beneath a wide-spreading elm whose mossy trunk offered a pleasant resting-place, whereon she gladly seated herself, a pretty enough picture as of typical June, spring lingering in the bright anticipation of her eyes and on her smiling lips, while the soft sweeping lines of her form spoke the early summer of her sex.

A few yards from her sat some one else; a man terribly bent by toil or sickness. Very poor, evidently; for as he raised himself with difficulty, and leaning hard on his ash stick came toward her, she saw his threadbare fustian was darned and pierced like veritable patchwork. A stubby

casting about for shade she found it beneath a wide-spreading elm whose mossy trunk offered a pleasant resting-place, whereon she gladly seated herself, a pretty enough picture as of typical June, spring lingering in the bright anticipation of her eyes and on her smiling lips, while the soft sweeping lines of her form spoke the early summer of her sex.

## AGONY ON OPERATING TABLE

Did Not Remove Stone In Bladder  
GIN PILLS Passed it.

JOLLETTE, P. Q. CANADA.  
"During August last, I went to Montreal to consult a specialist as I had been suffering terribly with Stone in the Bladder. He decided on an operation and was assisted by another doctor. They said the calculus was larger than a bean and too hard to crush and they could not take it out."

I returned home suffering greatly and did not know what to do but was recommended by a friend to try GIN PILLS. I bought a box and found relief from the pain at once. I took a second and third box of GIN PILLS after which I went back to the specialist. He told me the calculus was reduced in size, still he could not relieve me of it although he tried for two and a half hours.

I returned home again and continued to take GIN PILLS as they reduced the pain very much, but I did not expect that they would relieve me of the stone but to my great joy, I passed the stone on October 2nd, and am now a well man and very happy.

I am sending the stone in to you so that you can see for yourself what a great work GIN PILLS did for me. GIN PILLS are the best medicine in the world and because they did so much for me, I will recommend them all the rest of my life."

J. ALBERT LESSARD.  
What glorious news to those who are almost going insane from the pain of Stone in the Bladder! Here is ease and comfort! Here is relief! Here is a safe means of getting rid of the stone without being cut to pieces by the knives of surgeons. GIN PILLS dissolve Stone or Gravel in Kidneys or Bladder. GIN PILLS are the greatest solvent for uric acid the world has ever known.

Your trouble is like Mr. Lessard's, follow his example and take GIN Money refunded if they fail to give relief. At all dealers, or a box—6 Sample free if you write us, mentioning this paper. J. Drug and Chemical Co., of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

owels are constipated and liver torpid, take National Lazy Liver Pills

growth of half about his face, very sunken cheeks, and an aspect of suffering appeal, made him a painful, pitiable object, and Sydney's hand naturally sought her purse as he drew near.

But he was not begging. He only asked her civilly if she were wanting to speak to the master yonder, and should he go and fetch him.

"No, I thank you," Sydney answered. "I can stop for him here, or go across myself. I am afraid moving about hurts you."

He looked such an appropriate object for a shilling, she opened the way thus intentionally to his asking for it.

"Hurts! You're right, miss. I get crippled and cripple every day. My aches and pains have come atop of one another till they've nigh bent me double, and—with a nasty rough cough that seemed to rack him—"this winter's bout was worst of all."

"What was it—rheumatism?" questioned Sydney, used enough to this, "the cottager's arch enemy." "Don't keep standing," she added; "I wish you had not disturbed yourself for me."

"Thank you, miss, kindly. No—overing himself cautiously on the bank at a respectful distance—"I weren't that this time. It were rheumatitis. That kept a hold of me from Michaelmas till May. And it has set me as weak as water. I haven't done a day's work not for nine months. And I durstn't look to do no more as long as I've got to live."

"But this warm weather ought to do you good," suggested Sydney, hopefully. "Perhaps you will get stronger before next winter."

He shook his head. "Taint likely, let brownchitis foller!" after three seasons of rheumatism such as twist man's joints about like wax, and set 'em out of shape like mine, why, you can't pick up strength in a hurry."

"No, indeed. It must be dreadful to your pains and troubles began with that?"  
"My pains begun so—in my joints, miss; but my troubles—good heart live, they begun different enough, no times before!"  
(The workers yonder had cut another strip of rye. Sydney knew full well what delight it is to the poor to old converse on their own woes, so she spent her few minutes leisure to gratify this ailing laborer.)

"Ah! if you have had other troubles they make you less able to bear 'em, do they not?"

"Right again, miss—right. Give us an a good stout drink, and he can old his own 'gainst wind and weather, and physic and worrits. But on take that away, and everything seems to rub him on the raw. There's nothin' can make up for a good stout eat—nothin'. I lost mine whistles go, and my labor have been nothin' at heaviness ever since."

"Poor fellow!" (He touched his worn old hat to her compassionate one.) "How came it all about?"  
"Could she spare half a sovereign if it tale seemed as truthful as sad?"  
"Why, the same way, miss, as many as met their downfall. I worked no worked from the hour I could old a rake or plant a spade; and I tored and saved where others lived ree and spent; and I was as thrifty as an ant, as far as I knew how; and got a bit of property like together: a solid pound; and then I took and rusted the whole, the scrapin's and crewin's of fifty years, to one man, and he lost 'em for me! 'All!"

"Oh, how hard! How hard!"  
"Ay, hard it was. I took him for sure as the bank itself—that man. I wouldn't believe my own ears when word first came to me of what he'd done. But I'd got to believe it, and I'd got to bear it. And that's what look the heart out of me. And this here's what it have brought me to."

"But had you no friend, no son, nor any one to help you then?"  
"I never had a son. I'd girls. And I'd trusted this man so sort of stupid-like—for I'd worked for him close on forty years—I'd even given him my lasses' few shillings as they'd earned then along of mine. And another body's too—older than me by a score. Hers went with the rest. And, thank the Lord, she soon went after it. And she's slept herself out of her sorrows. I know jest where she lays, poor old soul, though we hadn't enough among us to put a head-stone over her."

As yet Sydney had not recognized, not dreamed of putting together these scattered links. But now a monitor, shadow ran through her.

A Cube to a Cup  
Oxo Cubes are instantly ready and instantly assimilated by the digestion—you cannot get the goodness of beef in any more convenient form.



OXO CUBES

not dreamed of putting together these scattered links. But now a monitor, shadow ran through her.

Was it the tempest, drawing near in splendid masses of leaden and silver cloud, that set her trembling? And was the fate tender or harsh, which impelled her to draw the story out to its cruel end?

"Was there no one belonging to your debtor who could give you bail anything? You, only a poor man!"

"No. None that would."

"Now that does seem a shame."

"Ay. We all said so. I didn't stand alone. There was others lost the same as me. And though their jus oleugin's was gone, why, for ver fikin' of the man that lost 'em they' have said "Thank you" for a few pounds back, and they'd ha' set to and made another start—such as could just my rent would ha' put spirit in me. A little of what was gone would ha' set a many on their feet again. But none of us got it. There some the shame. For yook ye, miss Sydney leaned forward, listening intently, with parted lips. No mirth in her eyes now—"him that ruined us vent clear away—clean out of sight and nobody here set eyes on him no more. Word come round among us, he had took ill and never held his head up till he died. The thoughts of hat shut my mouth up many a time, I'd have curse—"

"No, no! Don't say it! Don't say it! For—for—his dead, you know!" cried Sydney, covering strangely.

"But let him be? Well, so I may, or he can't make me nor mar me no more. But now, you think of this, miss; see if I mayn't feel angered. His fine lady-wife goes off at the first clap of rain, as proud as any necu, and takes her money—hers, but her husband give her when they wedded—thousands on thousands, and never casts a farthing back to lift up them her husband's pulled down. And she takes a whole power of fine things he's bought her, and goes over to the other side of the land, and lives among the high people and never knows the meanin' of the word want! And she's got daughters—Sydney brought pale—and dimes like herself, brought up so dainty, the very wind have to take care how it blow on 'em. And she've got fine soft clothing heap'd up, that she never knows a need for—(I lay cold in the long winter!)—and she gives away her delicate things where they ain't wantin', and never misses 'em. And yet, yet—that with his weakness and wrongs he man was almost sobbin'—"yet when my wife writes—unknown to

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me—I've asked naught of no man—and when my wife tells her on'y our girls' earnin's keep us from the house and I'm with one foot in the grave like, and the wolf's always at our door, she makes answer, this lady with her chiny and her diamonds and her laces, that any more such begin' letters 'll be burned, and on'y just for once she sends us—half a crown!"

(She knew it was coming. Link had seen clasping link as the tale went on. Her white face turned now away; a sense of almost stupor spread over her heart end head.)


"Half a crown! While she and hers can live in wicked waste, me and mine may lay and starve or rot, or all she cares! That makes a man forget he's called a Christian, miss. 'll as the turn he did me. I'll never bring myself to believe John Alwyn would have served me so, if he'd had a finger in the way I was treated. But there's a God above as notes such lohn's as this great lady's. From Him she'll get her due for 'em, this world or the next—sure, ay, sure as my name's Lewis!"

He left off at last, pausing; lifted his battered hat to wipe the drops of moisture from his lined forehead. Sydney was shivering in every nerve. Not a word could she utter. Lost in a whirl of bitterest emotions, she leaned upon her hands, cold now as ice, struggling to hide the agitation which possessed her. Far sorer than that his listener, Lewis said recently, in his old, slow, muel-induring tone.

"I ask your pardon, miss. I've worn you out with all my talk. 'Taint often I let loose like that nowadays, but you seemin' to listen so real kind like, why, I ran on as I didn't ought to. Here comes Mr. Earnet, side of his cart at last. Shall I fetch him up to you?"

(To be Continued.)

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cannot change his spots, but the removal of spots and blemishes from clothes is assured if SUNLIGHT SOAP is used. As the LEOPARD'S eyes gleam in the darkness of the night, so clothes washed with

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BUY IT.

## Divorced Life

By Helen Hessong Fuesle

She Hears an Announcement

Bert blew a mouthful of cigarette smoke reflectively toward the ornate ceiling, and said "Marion do you remember the day we took that long stroll one Saturday with the class in botany? Precious little botany we learned on that excursion," he smiled. "Marion remembered. She had thought of it a thousand times. Bert had kissed her that day for the first time."

"It was a perfect day," she answered with a blush. "And a perfect pair of fools were we."

"Oh, I don't know," he replied with the blase air of a man who indulges in complacent recollections of trivial adventures of bygone days. "Why regret these boy and girl affairs?"

"I don't regret them," she returned. "I'm merely amused."

"Amused? It was a very serious matter with me, Marion. More serious than I realized at the time. I cared for you more deeply than I was aware of. It made a big dent in my life when I heard that you were married."

"Really?" smiled Marion. "How flattering! And after nothing more than a boy and girl affair," she added, repeating his phraseology.

"I know you'll forgive me if I speak frankly—now," he answered. "I wanted your love—needed it. But my hands were tied. I couldn't speak of marriage in those days. I had my way to make. I knew it would take a long time. I've barely got started yet. But when I saw that you married that other chap, I understood all of a sudden that you had never really cared."

"I had to marry then," answered Marion, looking down. "My affairs were in such shape that I had to do something quick. There was no other way. At least, I saw no other way then." She paused for a moment, flung at her companion frankly: "I didn't know as much then as I know now. Anyhow," she made haste to add, "that's all past and gone. Let's

forget it. Tell me about yourself," she continued abruptly, lightly. "How many rich mothers are trying to marry you to their daughters?"

"None."

"What you've had no love affairs of your hands?"

"One—a tragedy," he answered soberly. "It's impossible for me to marry her. She's a divorced woman."

"I hope you love her. Accept my congratulations," said Marion.

The statement hit Marion like a cold hand. "Oh!" she said. "He went on: 'I'm going to break into politics. Such a marriage would rise like an obstacle in every direction. Society is the slave of prejudice. A candidate for public office must inevitably bow to certain of these prejudices no matter how absurd they may be. His record is dug up from beginning to end. He must play to public opinion first, last, and always. I have therefore decided to marry the daughter of one of the oldest and most respected judges of the Cincinnati bench.'"

"I hope you love her. Accept my congratulations," said Marion.

"I'm very fond of her," he smiled, and the smile held a hint of sadness.

To be continued.

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