

GILLETT'S PURE FLAKE LYE

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There are numerous uses in every household for Gillett's Pure Flake Lye. It costs very little but gives valuable service in cleaning and disinfecting sinks, closets and drains; softening water, and making laundry soap; destroying vermin; cleaning dirty floors, greasy pots and pans, etc.; removing old paint, and for scores of other purposes. Avoid inferior substitutes. Ask your grocer for the genuine.

An Indispensible Favorite
OR
Wealth and Beauty at Stake!

CHAPTER XXX.

"Yes," Mrs. Sarjent rejoins, in a hollow voice, pressing her lips together as if she never meant to open them again—"to a masked ball. What a place for a respectable matron to go to! A masked ball!"

The good woman knows no difference between a fancy ball and the wildest rout of the carnival.

"Can't I go up and see uncle?" Yolande asks, hurriedly. "Is the doctor with him now? What does he think? Mightn't I go up, aunt?"

"Of course you can if you please, child," Mrs. Sarjent answers, with gloomy assurance. "He won't know you from Adam! He's quite unconscious, you know—an epileptic seizure, Dr. Corder says."

And then they go into the quiet room, with the shaded lights showing the lividly-pale, disfigured face lying on the snowy pillows. Grief and dread at the awful unlikeliness to the familiar face she has known—kind as a father's—from her baby days oppresses Yolande's heart with a weight too heavy to allow tears to flow.

With sad, fixed eyes she gazes at him, unable even to speak, and conscious only of a dull longing to be left alone with him, to nurse him, and lay those lead bandages on his head, and try to relieve that terrible, labored breathing. But there is a grave, businesslike nurse already at her uncle's bedside, and Yolande has no place there.

She goes away to her own room, changes her dress for a warm, cashmere loose gown and a thick vicuña shawl, and about twelve o'clock quietly comes downstairs once more.

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Send for Free St. Charles Recipe Book.

The Borden Co. Limited MONTREAL

Borden's ST. CHARLES MILK

The hall lamps are burning brightly, as are the lamps on the staircase—all else is darkness.

From the dining-room, the door of which stands ajar, comes the sound of voices in low, earnest conversation—her Cousin Wilmot is speaking, Yolande can tell. She fancies she hears her own name uttered, but does not heed it, as she pauses under the hall lamp to read again the letter she has just written to her husband.

She has repented of her first resolution, unable to deny herself the happiness and comfort of even telling him her troubles on paper, knowing, too, that, now he is so near, he will surely come at once to see her, if but for a short visit, and she thirats and hungers for a sight of his face. "She has not asked him to come, or even hinted a wish that he may come unless his inclinations bring him. It is only a letter of love, or tender recital of poor Uncle Silas' sudden seizure."

"I know you will feel for me, dear-est," concludes this gentle little letter from a wife to a husband whose conduct has been far from faultless, containing not one word of reproach, expressed or implied—"you know, dear, uncle was like a father to me. Your loving wife,

"YOLANDE."

She slips it back into the envelope, kisses the place his fingers will touch in drawing it out, and fastens down the flap before dropping it into the post bag which it is the footman's first duty each morning to carry to the pillar-post; and then quite suddenly the memory of that other letter starts up before her vividly—the first letter she ever wrote to her husband—just as wifely and tender, just as loving and submissive as this one, pleading humbly, too, for his love and his protection, which he utters disregarded.

A sigh which is almost a sob rises from the depths of her heart; she draws back her letter irresolutely, and puts it into her pocket.

"I will wait until to-morrow," she says.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Things might have been worse, bad as they are," Mrs. Sarjent is saying in those self-satisfied tones of hers, as Yolande softly enters the room. "It's a good thing now that she hasn't a drag on her in the shape of a good-for-nothing, fine gentleman—Oh, my goodness, Yolande, what a fright you've given me! I thought you were in bed asleep long ago, child!"

"What reason had you to think so, Aunt Sarjent?" Yolande asks, gravely.

And Mrs. Sarjent's eyelids, with their scanty lashes, blink nervously beneath the cold light of the dark, clear eyes.

"Well, my dear, I'm only afraid you'll knock yourself up," she answers, in a conciliating tone, fidgeting a little; "and—and—you may have a good deal to try you yet, dear."

The tone is curiously pitying, and Mrs. Sarjent's broad face is full of good nature and sympathy; but Yolande is too resentful of her words and her sympathy to care even to look at her just now. She hears Wilmot

Sarjent sigh as his mother speaks, and she grows angrier.

"Get your cousin a glass of wine, Wilmot," Mrs. Sarjent says, in a compassionate tone.

"No, thank you," Yolande declines, curtly. "My maid brought me a cup of tea a little while since."

Mrs. Sarjent is coughing little dry coughs, and nodding with the jet fringe of her dress, and looking about at the walls and pictures and furniture as if she had never seen them before.

"Your poor uncle has had a great deal of trouble and worry and bother of one kind or another lately, I'm afraid, Yolande, my dear," she begins, hesitatingly. Of course there's blame to be laid at some one's door—and great blame, too—there's no use in saying there isn't; it isn't as if people got no advice, nor warnings, nor anything."

"Well, never mind that now, mother," Wilmot interposes, in a low tone, wriggling uneasily and glancing at Yolande. "It's too late to blame any one now."

"Of course it is," Mrs. Sarjent retorts, in a sharper tone, tossing her head; "you needn't tell me, Wilmot, to be careful to avoid hurting people's feelings! That's a thing I never do; and it's hardly likely, with sickness and sorrow and maybe death in the house," Mrs. Sarjent says, with a gloomy relish, "that I'm going to speak against any one! Poor Yolande's got enough worry of her own to bear; only 't's an ill wind that blows no good," they say, and maybe it's just as well you've not hampered with a husband and a baby just at this time, my dear!"

Compassion, sympathy and curiosity are shining out of Mrs. Sarjent's broad, fat countenance as she looks at Yolande with a little pitying smile; but the girl's pale cheeks grow scarlet with rage and then pale with disgust and annoyance.

"What on earth are you talking about, Aunt Sarjent?" she demands, with frigid contempt. "I have a husband, I am happy to say—this with her head held very high and proudly, and her eyes shining like stars—"and I have not a baby, I am also happy to say, but I really do not see how that concerns any one else."

"Well, my dear," Mrs. Sarjent says, curtly, "if you're going to show temper about it, I won't mention your husband's name to you—never fear! I know it's a sore secret with you." The good lady can never resist what she calls "giving a cut" when she is provoked. "Ah, I'm going to say that, though you're left alone—neither wife nor widow, neither married nor single—and that's a bad way for any young woman to be—maybe it's just as well now, since you'll have others to look after and others to depend on you, and you couldn't do that if you had a husband and a child, or maybe two," Mrs. Sarjent says, warming with her subject, "hauling about you!"

Yolande tries very hard to be indignant at this speech, but, in spite of herself, her eyes fill with hidden smiles, her cheeks grow warm, her lips grow tender. Her own little children—the children of her beloved—the golden-haired baby sons and daughters who would call Dallas "father!"

"Your poor Aunt Keren'll want you, Yolande," she hears Mrs. Sarjent going on in rather a severe argumentative tone. She's growing very feeble; and at her time of life, too, she's not fit to meet trouble. You must think of her, you know, more than of yourself; and your poor uncle, too, if ever he rises off his bed again, or isn't paralyzed, or a regular invalid for the rest of his days—"

(to be continued.)

Raccoon, badger, wolf and opossum are used for the collars of the new sports coats.

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KINDLY REMEMBER

W. R. GOOBIE is just opposite the Post Office

When Photographs Look Funny.

HOW YOU CAN AVOID DISTORTED PICTURES.

Distorted photographs are familiar to most readers. To the man who knows how to do it the trick is easy enough, and sometimes he does it for fun. He produces a picture of a horse with a head three times the size it should be, or a portrait of a friend apparently wearing boots fifty times too large.

Usually such effects are produced by people who do not want them, and they are puzzled to know how the accidents happened. It may be useful to explain how they occur, so that "Tilt" Bits readers may avoid them in future.

The commonest cause are due to one mistake. The snapshotter would like the object to appear as large as possible on the plate or film, and he approaches as near as he possibly can. Unfortunately in doing so he goes beyond the capacity of the lens.

CAMERA AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

There is a certain point past which it is unwise to approach. Go any nearer and the lens will give an image which is distorted or twisted out of its proper shape, and therefore untrue to life. The objects nearest to the lens are rendered larger than they should be, and the objects farther away are reduced out of all proportion to those in front.

Thus, if we ask a friend to lie on the ground with his feet towards the camera, and then take a snapshot of him at short range, the soles of the boots will take up the greater portion of the picture and the body and head

The Secret of Good Health

When Nature requires assistance, she will not be slow in conveying to you an intimation of the fact. Decline of energy, inability to sleep well, headache, biliousness, constipation, a general sluggishness of mind and body and any sign of digestive "unrest" should impel you to seek the aid of a reliable medicine without delay. There is no better—no surer—no safer—than this proven remedy.

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MARKET REPORT

indicate that there is no plus of Anthracite Coal in the U.S. The shortage caused by the strike of Anthracite Miners last year has been made up, in all probability, by hard coal will, in all probability, be hard to get and expensive. Coke is an excellent substitute for hard coal, and we have on hand a stock same that will soon be disposed of, because a shortage of hard coal invariably creates an increased demand for our product.

We advise our customers to book their requirements as soon as possible.

ST. JOHN'S GAS LIGHT COMPANY
PHONE 81.

Advertisers Please Note.

Mr. Calvin Coolidge, the new U. S. President, was an intimate friend of Mark Twain, and many are the stories he tells of the famous humorist. One that he is never tired of relating concerns an episode in Mark's early life, when he was editor of a small country paper.

He found on his desk one morning a letter from a superstitious subscriber, saying he had found a spider in his paper and asking whether that was a sign of good luck or bad. The humorist printed the following answer:

"Finding the spider in the newspaper was neither good luck nor bad luck for you. The spider was merely looking over the page to see which shopkeeper is not advertising in our paper, so that he can go to that shop, spin his web across the door, and lead a life of undisturbed peace ever afterward."

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