



ROYAL YEAST

MOST PERFECT MADE

MAKES LIGHT WHOLESOME BREAD.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

MADE IN CANADA

Winsome Winnie

"Oh, no, I did not," answered Stephen Tredennick, smiling. "I came down after you, I don't know your father, but I know you; you must introduce me when we go up, if you please."

He seated himself on a stone beside her, half amused and half admiring the shy flush on Winnie's demure little face, the evident fluttered girlish embarrassment—poor Winnie was expecting the interruption of Sarah Matilda and Caroline, with their pinafores full of wet seaweed and live crabs, every moment—drinking with a certain gentle, old-fashioned, sweet little womanliness that seemed habitual to her, as she carefully spread her old shawl and placed thereon the baby that was so alarmingly quiet, gravely stooping to give her a soothing pat, or supply her with playthings in the shape of colored pebbles and shells, while she conversed with Captain Tredennick, delighting him with her girlish simplicity of intelligence, without a fear or an arriere-pensée that might have disturbed the communications of a worldly-wise woman.

Gravely and unaffectedly, in her ignorance of the sneered-at existence of blue-stockings, she gave him statistics—quite correctly too—concerning some of the things which surrounded her daily life—the depth of water in the offing, the height of the cliffs and prevalence of the winds, and the whereabouts of sunken reefs and rocks and dangerous bittings.

"I hear my father and the men talking, you know," she explained; "and then I remember things very well."

Earnestly, in her glowing enthusiasm and pleasure at having found one whose thoughts were responsive to her own, and in her innocence of false sentimentality, the little girl in a shabby frock gingham dress looked up to Captain Tredennick, with her dark gray eyes sparkling, the color deepening on her thin, pale cheek, and her nervous slender fingers clasping and unclasping in eager impulsiveness.

She spoke as she felt, and Stephen Tredennick listened with pleased surprise and with deepening respect. Winnie's simple speech was more than her words—whilst Winnie Caerlyon talked to him of the beauty of the sea, of the glories of silvery moon risings across the dark, rippling ocean breast, of the more solemn glories of the sleeping dawn, lying in the rosy flush of the brightening east; of summer days, when the waters lay spread out to the purple horizon in a gleaming, blinding, dazzling mirror of pellucid blue, darkened here and there into great shadowed patches of olive green from some fish shoal gliding beneath the unruffled surface, of dark winter days, when the sea was a dreary leaden hue, expanded all flecked with foam crests and streamers of froth, and the magic of its touch had turned the master key and unlocked the garnered treasure—at once—for ever.

The passionate, girlish heart, in its wild, strong faith, its quick impulses, its unreasoning instinct, had sprung towards him with the kindling flame of passionate grateful liking, that first hour of their meeting, when his kindly thoughts of the forlorn little stranger's comfort, kindly troubled himself concerning her, smiled on her as she thought none other ever had, tenderly touched her hand, warmly praised her one gift of rare beauty, in shy, warm regard and tremulous admiration when they next met, and he was kinder, pleasanter, more thoughtful and courteous even than before—when the strange light of his presence bewitchingly charmed away all the cold and loneliness and dreariness of that cold, dreary walk in the wild March morning—that walk that had seemed in her remembrance since to lie through an enchanted land, until the rude interruption came and she trembled in fear—the new strange fear—of her month-long lover's jealousy.

The pursuer had often hinted before, to her burning disgust and vexation, that the real reason of her exceeding desire to spend so much of her time at Roseworthy was that she might "set her cap at Madam's nephew"; and this before she had much more than heard of the probable return of that stranger relative of her patroness, Tredennick of Tregarthen.

The terror of the coarse words, of the coarser insinuations that might follow any avowal of acquaintanceship with Captain Tredennick, had haunted her from the first moment—poor, sensitive, untried girl—and mingled distrustfully with the timid, reverential regard and admiration that had taken deep root in her fond, faithful heart—such deep root that, all unknown to herself (for such knowledge is apt to linger unexpressed for fair and strong, and its tenderness and purity and sweetness had blossomed into love, in the agony of being humbled and mortified before Stephen Tredennick, poor Winnie became conscious of the birth of her love.

If she had seen him no more, the one short glimpse into the Eden of youth

What's at the Bottom of Kidney Trouble

There are some causes at the bottom of an attack of kidney trouble—over-eating, over-drinking, heavy colds—these and other causes often cause illness such as kidney trouble, gall-stones, kidney stones, gravel, lumbago. But no matter what is at the bottom of the disease, there is now a sure and safe cure, one that acts quickly and without fail. That remedy is SANOL, which is already well-known to the medical profession of Canada, as well as to thousands of sufferers from the disease named above. One Winnipeg lady who is well and widely known, was cured of gall-stones by SANOL after suffering for 12 years. So grateful was she that she sent to us a large number of people to be relieved of similar complaints. We do not care where the reader of this paragraph resides, we can give him or her names and addresses of people in his own town and locality who have been cured by SANOL. We will also give the name and address of the lady referred to, whose complaint had troubled her for such a long period, and who is now completely cured.

SANOL is manufactured only by the Sanol Manufacturing Company of Canada, Ltd., 977 Main Street, Winnipeg. For sale by most leading druggists, or direct from the manufacturers at \$1.50 per bottle.

POULTRY NOTES

THERE'S MONEY IN POULTRY.

This is the time of year when many will start raising poultry. Probably no live stock has the following of poultry. Few have not had, at some time in life, hen fever, and wished to possess a few chickens—many from purely a utility standpoint, wishing to enjoy fresh eggs and meat, and others as fanciers who enjoyed looking at the beautiful. The majority have started wrong, and consequently many have failed. Others have profited by their early mistakes and made a success, whether for eggs and meat, or the fancier, or the combination of all, which is now possible by proper breeding. So many have failed just at the point of success, due to discouragement, lack of funds and many other conditions. A large percentage is avoidable is but known.

To the old-time raiser of poultry he looks at the present conditions and advantages, and harks back ten or more years at the crude methods then used, and yet with a fair measure of success. It is surprising to hear of many failures to make good in these enlightened days, with the present advanced knowledge of poultry raising. The beginner to-day has the advantage of the past. Breeders who have made good a day-by-day writing of their methods. The experiment stations are solving problems and handing them out free to the public. The poultry journals and the daily press have engaged men who are experts in their line. No industry obtains the free advice from experts in their line that the poultry raiser of to-day enjoys. No industry is getting more publicity.

By no means have the problems of poultry been solved. In fact from what there is to be seen, as did the poultry raiser of 10 or 15 years ago. So great has been the improvements in poultry culture over the past, however, that the beginner of to-day has a greater chance to succeed. For instance, the poultry house construction has really provided a healthy place for fowls to live in, with their open-front ventilation. This is the first essential in successful poultry raising, for without health, feed or breeding would be of little use. It is known that fowls should be allowed at least three square feet floor space—more is better, especially for the beginner. In feeding, the successful breeder and the experiment stations give the amount of mash, grains, etc., that really do produce results, based on experience as shown by their tests.

Why, then, the failures? Why the failures in any line of business, and you have the answer in a measure. Human nature is the same all over. A great many we know start out after becoming interested in poultry and have a fixed plan theory, a hobby they try to ride. It is as a rule, so different that they are generally thrown after riding it a while. Some recover and come back to earth again, and succeed, and others do not.

The first essential in poultry for profit is common sense. The second, a willingness to work, and the third, grit in face of discouragement. And are they not the qualifications of any line of business? Then, if the poultry beginner is willing to work, study the conditions, obtain good advice, purchase the best stock that he can afford, house, feed and manage properly, there will be no failure. He should always remember that within himself lies success or failure. Poultry will, and is, making money for thousands, but they ride no pet hobbies. They started first in a practical way, and each year gained experience.

Avoid spending too much money the first year. Start well, but slow. Build practical poultry houses. Any old thing will not do, and is costly in the long run. Avoid cheap stock, for sooner or later if one stays in the business they will purchase better stock. It costs no more to feed good stock and the results are better.

Again, after having been in the business several years, one can dispose of the surplus breeders at a fair price, and by advertising sell hatching eggs and day-old chicks. But the stock must be good to obtain a fair price and satisfy the purchaser. There is no good reason why anyone should fail in making poultry pay if properly managed. One quick hour of failures. They are proclaimed from the houseposts. Not so with the successes. In all cases the failure has been due to lack of management. Start now and carefully plan for the coming season. If the poultry house is completed buy the fowls now and when they are cheapest. Order the incubator and brooder so that it may be ready without delay when you wish to place the eggs in it. It is not too early to place your order for hatching eggs or day-old chicks. With the brooder it is first come, first served, and those promises to be a large business. Some fowls are day-old chicks and hatching eggs. Plan ahead for a good start at the proper time. It means much toward a successful poultry season.

SANOL IS SAFE AND SURE

one after the other into a basket, by way of emphasizing his final clause. "Not this evening, thank you, Mrs. Caerlyon," said Captain Tredennick, pleasantly; "I may come in some other afternoon, when I have given Madam notice that she is not to expect me home at six."

Lieutenant Caerlyon responded: "Very well, Captain Tredennick—I shall all be most happy to see you, I am sure."

Mrs. Caerlyon said nothing, but patted the stockings harder if possible, arching her light eye-brows, and pursing her mouth with an air of what she considered to be cold hauteur.

"You had better see after the kettle, Winnie, and cut the bread-and-butter for the children; the maid can't be back from Thomas' yet this half hour," she said at length in an elaborate manner, ignoring Captain Tredennick's presence, and giving him at the same time a broad hint to hasten his departure.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Caerlyon," he said with a slight bow.

"Oh," she cried, turning round from the cupboard—"oh good evening, Captain Tredennick."

She was ignorant enough, in spite of her cold hauteur, to expect that her strange male visitor would offer her, his lady-love's hand, to be shaken in farewell, after the custom of Mr. Thomas Pascoe, Mr. John Williams, Mr. Edward Johns, and the other gentlemen of her former acquaintance. The slight bow and cold smile—very slight, very cold, it must be confessed—although no breaches of etiquette, were to Mrs. Caerlyon nothing less than a flagrant insult.

"And John Caerlyon to stand by and see his wife slighted in her own house in that manner? Wait until she talked to him! Bringing his grand, stunk-up visitors in and inviting them to tea; and Miss Winnie, with her airs and her impudence, making light of her father's house and her father's table before her fine Madam Vivian's nephew! It was nothing from morning till night with that gababout of a maid, but Madam Vivian and Madam Vivian's style and splendor. Never mind, but she would put an end to the 'snooze'! Making the girl as empty-headed and idle and stuck-up as she could be!"

The narrow-minded woman's petty jealousy against her step-daughter's strivings and longings after some of the beauty and grace of existence had not half exhausted itself, as she stood there angrily muttering her re-against "stuck-up" people into the sugar-bowl and tea-tray in the cupboard, while Captain Tredennick and her husband stood talking on the doorstep outside, when she heard a familiar voice speaking close at hand, and looking up into the doorway, she saw and "Hi! Elizabeth!" announced Mr. Thomas Pascoe's hungry neighbor man.

He was not to be hungry after his one o'clock dinner of "peas" or "pork pie" and rolled with an exasperated appetite towards the door, and the slight bow and cold smile—very slight, very cold, it must be confessed—although no breaches of etiquette, were to Mrs. Caerlyon nothing less than a flagrant insult.

It was understood, however, amongst the honorable ones of the earth that Mr. Pascoe had no intention of merely living upon his cousin's substance as he would have expressed it, of this deceiving "Sousin" Elizabeth," her belongings, and "Sousin" and "Elizabeth" of the people, the fluid which she designated "tea," without intending to make for some return. Away with such a base idea! Mr. Pascoe would have indignantly scented it. His "Sousin" Elizabeth" understood him and he understood her, and they had settled it quite pleasantly and conveniently between them.

In returning thanks for past favors he had informed "Sousin" Elizabeth" of his generous resolve for the future, possibly, continuing the tradesman's smile, hoping to merit a continuance of the "Sousin" talking off her hands, out of the overcrowded home, and away from the charges on the overcrowded income, too burdened—two months to be fed, two bottles to be clothed and housed at his expense and not hers, from the moment he took possession of them. "Surely, no wonder that 'Sousin' Elizabeth" with this hope and intention to grovel, before her, battered by Mr. Thomas Pascoe the best and hottest barley-corn on the dish, did not more than half fill his cup with water when she poured out tea, and cut such thick wedges of "heavy cake" for his refreshment.

(To be Continued.)

WOMEN

Should Keep Their Blood Supply Rich, Red and Pure.

On every hand you see women and growing girls in the deadly clutches of anaemia. Slowly but surely a pallor as of death, settles on their cheeks; their eyes grow dull; their appetite flinches; their steps languid. Daily they are being robbed of all vitality and brightness. The trouble, it is neglected, becomes more acute until the signs of early consumption become apparent. What women and young girls in this condition need is new, rich, red blood, and there is no other medicine can do the work of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in making this new, good blood. These Pills make girls and women well and bring back the charm and brightness of perfect, regular health. Here is a bit of proof. Miss Lillie O'Carroll, Norwood, Ont., says: "About two years ago my health began to fail. I was weak, run down and had no ambition for anything. I had frequent headaches, would be completely tired out after the least exertion, and had little or no appetite. A doctor who was giving me medicine finally told me he feared I was going into consumption, which, of course, made me very much downhearted. As the medicine I was taking was not doing me any good, I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I shall ever feel grateful that I did so. My vitality may be summed up in the words 'nine months of the Pills fully restored my health—perhaps saved my life, and I am now as strong and healthy as any girl.'"

Every anaemic sufferer can obtain equally good results through a fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

perience the beginner will not lay the blame on the breeder's shoulders unless there is just cause for it.

The Orpingtons still enjoy a popular boom all over the country. Possibly no breed ever had so many rich fanciers to the hold of and boom them as the Orpingtons. Printers' ink and good all-around breed have put them where they are to-day, among the leaders and oftentimes the heaviest class in the show pen.

If picking out the cockerels that are intended to be used as breeders in the future, above all select those that have the best type of the breed. The day is coming, may it be, when feathers (while desirable) will be secondary. Shape makes the breed and the judge of international reputation are aware of that. Those who do not, should.

The late-hatched chicks on well-regulated plants seem to be making a fine growth, while the early hatches were poor, not one-half the number being hatched. The good poultry raiser, the one who has the practical experience, has succeeded in picking the fowls that are along in good shape, and they will come into profit in the late winter and early spring. It is different with the beginner, who, as a rule, unless he carefully looks after the late-hatched chicks, will have a lot of under-sized birds that will not mature until late in the spring. It requires extra attention and experience to properly rear late-hatched chicks.

Overcrowding has caused more than one failure. These are the times of big things, and the poultry raiser, too, has caught the fever in trying for large numbers instead of times of smaller flocks and better quality. The poultry raiser should not lose sight of the fact that quality is what will count when the ledger is balanced.

Purchase now the stock needed for the winter. Each month the price will be higher. It is well to obtain the fowls needed now, so they can become used to their new quarters and different methods of handling.

Now is the time to advertise stock. The beginner is looking for birds to enter over for egg production or future breeders. They are also on the lookout for prospective prize winners for the early winter shows. The steady advertiser is the one who always reaps the benefit in the long run.

GOOD FOR ALL BABIES

Baby's Own Tablets are good for all babies. They are good for the new-born babe or the growing child—the babe who suffers from constipation, the one whose digestion is difficult, worms or any of the other baby ailments. The Tablets banish all these troubles—they are perfectly safe; being guaranteed by a Government analyst to contain no opiates or harmful drugs. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HARVESTING AND STORING POTATOES.

I dig potatoes when the tubers are thoroughly ripe—usually in October, following bright sunny weather. For this work, every second row is dug first, the tuber being left a short time on the ground to dry. I sort out the small potatoes and bag up those which are fit for seed and put the rest. A sand bank with slight incline to the south is chosen for the pits. This is an ideal place, being always dry. The dimensions of the pits are four feet wide by three feet deep. A space of six inches is allowed on top with sufficient length to hold 100 bags, pieces of wood across the pit six feet apart, leaving between a covering of poles lengthways. These are overlaid with six inches of marsh hay, which is covered in turn with a foot of sawdust. A space is left for ventilation at each end of the pit up to about November 15th, when all the tubers have followed this method of curing for twenty-five years, and never rotted and any loss. The potatoes remain good with no sprouting, and always ready to use. I have sold in the spring of 1912, seven hundred bags. I always had a good market for them at good prices. My average yield is two hundred and twenty bags per acre—Wm. Naismith, in Canadian Farm.

WRIST WATCH FREE

A beautiful small size LADIES' WATCH in handsome LEATHER BRACELET given FREE for sending only \$1.50 worth of the lovely "LITTLE GIRL" and "LITTLE BOY" BOOKS as a force. These are the very latest and most exclusive designs. Embossed and engraved in the natural colors. Appropriate mottoes and verses.

You just show them and take the money. Many of our agents sell these packages in your home. Don't miss this wonderful chance. Write to-day. You may not see this advertisement again. COBALT GIFT BOX CO., Dept. 200, Toronto, Ont.

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Traveler's Kit, containing everything you need for a successful trip. Includes a map, a compass, a pocket knife, a first aid kit, and a travel guide. Only \$1.50.

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