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TORONTO, ONT.  
WINNIPEG MONTREAL

MADE IN CANADA

**Jocelin's Penance**

CHAPTER XXXII.

While the ransomed King, attended by his fellow-prisoner, in company with Abbot Samson, set foot on his native land to King coming to his own again, in far-off Godstowe a poor maid fought a losing fight; fluttering ineffectually in the net closing about her.

A few hours after the advent of John and Geoffrey at the Nunnery, Rose was awakened by a light within her chamber, and started up in alarm to find the Princess Rosamund standing beside her couch with a white robe over her shoulders and a small open casket of jewels in her hand. She was smiling, though behind her smile lurked a menace.

"Awake," she cried, in gay accents, as she held up the gems that Rose might not see their sparkle. "Come, Lady de Colckfeld, the chapel is all light and warm, as even is thy waiting bacheleroom."

"Bacheleroom?" queried Rose wonderingly, not yet fully awake. "Yes, a poppet, and thou must haste to robe thyself, for he says he'll give thee half an hour by the glass, and if thou art not come to him then, he swears by all the saints in heaven to drag thee to the altar in the night rail, and marry thee so-willa-willa. So rise, Rose, and by my troth, I'll cut thine maid into my daughter that soon will be."

"Thy daughter, madam? What meanest thou, de Clifford here?" and Rose sprang from her couch in anger. "I told thee I'd not wed thy son!" and she stamped her bare foot as she pushed away the hand holding the bridal array.

"And I told thee, thou fool, that Geoffrey was to be the lord," answered the Princess, in no way moved by Rose's emotion, setting the jewels upon the girl's dressing table, and arranging her toilet utensils with a skillful hand. "Come, garb thee, for thoult be a eald."

"If thou saidst some thinge thou dost repent thy pressing of this suit," stammered Rose, standing staring at her with wide eyes. "I said, Mary Mother! Thou poor unfledged bird! And at thy age, wench, I'd requered Henry so he'd tremble at my frown. What matter had I said? Now I say thy bridgroom waits, and Father Simon's at the shrine to make two one, so haste thee, hussy, haste; for though Geoffrey's mother is patient as a Greek, he'll not wait, and he's been thinking deep this hour, so do not cross him, girl, I warn thee!"

Rose did not move. She stood, her eyes like those of some accusing angel, turned on Rosamund de Clifford. "And dost thou think to cozen me into such a marriage? Dost thou think to cross the eagle with the kite, to foul the blood which for centuries de Colckfeld's knights have died to keep from stain? Nay, madam, I'll not do thy bridal gown. 'Tis good of thee to bring me what thou dispensed with when getting thy son? Go to, thou false and wicked thing; thou wanton of many men. I'll not wed thy son, Rosamund de Clifford; go thou and tell him so. Rosamund bit her nails and two livid spots showed beside each curling nostril. Whosoever saw those finger prints of Satan on her face had ample cause to rue he brought them there.

"Art thou, thou essence of pure-bloodedness? Then listen, my son stands now in need of gold; so know ye, noble maid, that 'tis not for the glitter of thine empty head he wishes thee; and there is not another way by which he can raise a halfling, save by espousing thee, so wed him thou surely shalt! Thou art here with me, remember, wench, and thy churchish Abbot is in Germany. Why, now, little shrew, be thou wise, Richard's purely dead ere this, and not but two penny Hys stand between by Geoffrey and the throne. Come, make thee ready for the nuptials, girl, and I'll forgive thy spitefulness. 'Tis but the sourness of an unripe fruit. Haste thee, for the moments run."

"Thou hearest my decision, madam, so vex me not with importunities. Why, I'd take the veil and bend beneath thy reign my whole life long, and empty all my fortune at thy feet ere I would soil my hands by touching such a villain as thy son. 'Tis son of such a mother."

The gold-flecked eyes of the Princess narrowed; straighter and straighter drew the line of her scarlet mouth. "Thy velling or thy death would benefit me not, else would I never have plucked out such a fiendish shrew to sit beside my son upon a throne! Hast thou ambition, fool? Why, thou gawky country wench, thou shalt be Queen of England in a year."

Rose laughed scornfully. "Nay, lady, wed me to an ape and crown me with a rowan bough. Even should thy plottings win; King Richard die by murderous hand, and John and Arthur follow him; there are still brave hearts in England who will not trust her sceptre to a pander's padding hand. Weary me no more, woman; I'll have none of thee or thine."

Rosamund sprang forward like a tigress, furious with rage, and shook the girl violently. "Thou adder tongue, I could strangle thee where thou standest. But, no, there is a better end for thee. By all fair means I have urged along our suit, and now, sweet virgin piece of purity, thou shalt pay most dearly for all thy faults and naughty airs. John sits with Geoffrey and a buffoon drinking and singing the songs of London's streets. As thou hast so coquetted and hummed back, we'll let them brush off some of this bloom, and see if by the morrow's sun thou wilt not beg for any child to marry thee. Come enter, Sister Isopel."

Thus called, the burly virgin came through the door; her red face all aarin, leaning upon the horrified girl, while the Princess continued, smiling. "Now, Isopel, we'll take this pretty habit to the lions." Rose's white lips parted. "Great God," she panted, "art thou a woman, art thou a maid, with such a monstrous? Thou wouldst not spare me, but the wedding ring is a malignant face to the other, and fully realizing their determination, she cried for help. "Yes, cry the louder, that they may come to thee more surely, O thy maid," answered Rosamund. "O, Isopel, save me, Isopel!" entreated the girl. "Thou wilt not let such infamy be! Hate me, torture me; I'll not complain, but for the love of God's pure motherhood, let this not be done for the sake of womanhood. O think ye what ye do! O thou, mine bitter enemy, forgive my bitter words. I'll wed thy son, and I'll bow to thy decree. Come, put the wedding ring upon me; see, we'll deck the bride in bright array, and the poor maid began to arrange the bridal dress. Isopel stepped aside with an ailing look at the Princess, who she frowned with a hateful shake of her head and the two stood grimly by until Rose had finished. "Now, I am ready for the bridal, lady," said she with a frightened glance. Rosamund spoke: "Thou shalt dispense with it, as I, madam, for a season at least. They have tried me too far. Come, Isopel, and despite the frantic efforts of the maid, the elder woman easily carried her down the dimly lit corridors and the apartments where the drunken men caroused, and thrust her late Geoffrey's bedchamber. As they turned away, Isopel laid her hand on the slender arm of the Princess— "Madam, she said in a strained voice, "I have served thee well these many years, but this I cannot stomach. Let me go back to Suffolk and take the wench, I'll soon dispose of her. A sip of wine, a bit of wassel-cake. 'Tis easy done. By God's true eyes, this is too damned a deed for me. Let us remove the maid ere they're aware of her. Thy carouse in the larger room, and the bedchamber is unlit." Rosamund laughed. She was in high good humor. "Get thee to bed, gossip; thou art old, and the night growth late. Tell our chaplain that he need not wait; the lady is not yet quite ready for the bridal. By thy rood, but thou art an ancient light of mine, to preach virtue to thy superior! Good-night, my hen-son on thee, sister, dear, and Rosamund paused to watch the nun go slowly away; then entering her own chamber, she made ready for bed, humming a gay French chanson.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

John, Geoffrey and Jocelin had just supped in the red tapestried room which opened on the Favorite's bedchamber. The Prince leaned upon the table at one end, with Geoffrey across from him, and Jocelin, lute in hand, sat on a low stool by his side. The table was covered with food and flagons of wine, which Geoffrey and John had been endeavoring to empty, each trying to out-drink the other. John was becoming stupefied and sat huddled in his chair, a vacant smile on his face. His bloodshot eyes roving aimlessly about the room, his rich garments stained with the drippings of food and wine, Geoffrey was silent and morose. Wine never reddened his face or thickened his tongue. Jocelin sat quiet and watchful, his strained ear catching every sound. No rustle of the tapestry, no squeak of rat in the wainscot escaped him; for, whether he were asleep or awake, the keenness of the corridor, had heard the Princess promise to come, Rose would speedily, and like Geoffrey, he sat waiting her coming. The Prince babbed and forgot the songs he tried to sing, but he still

retained consciousness until Geoffrey pressed on him a cup of drugged wine which set at his place, and when John sank across the table oblivious to everything, the Favorite said: "And now, Sir Fool, that he is well disposed of—God wot I wish the drug so potent that he should never wake! And if when I leave this chamber he were spirited away, and with Brother Simon's friendly aid thrown into a certain pit (thou monk knows of), a Duke's waiting on it, arrah!" Jocelin took up his lute and drew his hand lightly across its strings, making discordant sounds. "The hour grows late," continued the bastard; "God's blood, these women are long in coming. Sing, thou fool, somewhat to pass the tedious time away. I'm all a-fire; it seems as if I should doze, and Geoffrey rose and loosened his doublet, as he threw open one of the long, low windows. Jocelin's minor chords thrilled through the room. The arras swayed in the April breeze; the silver-bowed moon low-anchored in the sky gleamed through the giant elms outside; the tapers flared in the draught, sending fleeting shadows across the musician, who, cap and bells doffed, bent his grotesquely painted face over the lute, softly singing.

The afternoon of night! And my white whimpering haund Crouches at my feet in fear,— For in the thicket and in the fen, And with the blood of murdered men, The sickly pallid corpse-lights gleam Across the foamy mere.

Not by faint star eye blinks Above the dark, black earth; The bare branches creak in the breeze That's heavy with mist, like tears late shed, For the missing lover, the murdered dead, And the wind wails by with shudder and shriek As if it knew what lay under the trees.

I know, and my white whimpering haund; I know, and the dank earth knows as well, For the sere grass reeks with thy traitor blood, All puffed from the soil by thy clutching hands— Ah now, what availeth thee title and lands? For thou hast out there all stiff and stark, And I shall stand where thou late hast stood.

Geoffrey called out roughly, with an impressive sludder—"Odds bodkins, fool, thou chooseth an horrid strain. Bah, the night grows chill!" and he turned to close the lattice. As he did so, a door beyond opened and a doer's eye came from his bedchamber. Geoffrey turned to Jocelin, now get thee gone, fool. Dost not cry, wench, as in yonder room?" "The fool's a very eel. He slipped away as still as a shadow," exclaimed the Favorite, staring about him heavily. "Well, well, the sooner gone the better, for I am all a-fire to teach a haughty wench to know her master."

"Art thou, Rose? Come forth! and sit upon my knee; there's wine left set out plenty, and the Prince sleeps, so he cannot witness our endearments."

"What, dost thou, lady?" he continued, tauntingly; "or art thou bashful? Nay, my kisses shall ease thee of all shamefacedness, and thou shalt cool thy blushes in my rapturous tears. Come forth, sweet, and I'll reveal to thee all the joys of love. There was silence save for the breathing of the sleeping Prince.

"Alack-a-day!" cried Geoffrey, in feigned contrition. "See, now, how I've hung back, not chivalrously, mefears. By the rood, thou white-breasted swan, I'm not inclined to dally long, or play the suitor, so, madam, if thou'lt not come forth to feast mine eyes, I'll come and soon strip thee of thy covering. Kisses are but the sweeter in the dark," and Geoffrey walked toward the dark doorway.

When Rose was thrust into Geoffrey's chamber, she saw through the half-open door the sleeping Prince, the bulky form of Geoffrey at the easement, and a slender, motley-clad figure slipping silently toward her. On it came quickly, warily through the half-closed door, without stirring it, a hair-breadth, and he caught a hand was on her arm; a well-known voice breathed in her ear—"Rose!" and her heart gave a hopeful throb as she recognized Jocelin.

"Quick," he whispered, "hence, hence behind the door." As she obeyed, he stole silently to the couch, and wrapped himself in its coverings, just as Geoffrey came striding in, pushing the door back impatiently. Little light from the low burning tapers.

"Ah, minion!" cried he, "Come now, no more feigned modesty; unwrap thyself, sweet, and come forth," so saying, he bent over the bed to remove its covering. Jocelin, lying waiting there in the darkness, for a moment had the smell of fresh blood in his nostrils, a red mist swam before his eyes, while his heart sang within him, "I shall kill him, I shall kill him." The bastard bent lower, impatiently twitching the coverlet aside. Then Jocelin sprang upward, clutched his throat and drove the dagger home, and Geoffrey, with a strange cry, fell across him—dead.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"He is dead, quite dead," Rose said, Jocelin, composedly. His felt no compunction or horror at what he had done. The past months had been a time of apprenticeship to his deed. From the hour when, in Bradfield's hall, the bastard had been proffered Rosamund, with time and favorable circumstances, it culminated. As he passed in the doorway to look back into the room where his enemy lay, he murmured as one who breathes a perfect prayer—"Jubilate! The world is quit of thee, through me!"

Rose sank into a chair, sobbing convulsively. Jocelin soothing gently brought wine from the disordered table; and when she was calmed again, said: "Dear lady, we are in God's hands, to whom we praise that He had brought low our enemy. So if it be His will, we shall walk safely from

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**CHARACTER IN THE TEETH**

Dr. Harry A. Foster, prominent dentist of Omaha and for several terms member of the Nebraska Legislature, has worked out a new system of identification which he says will be a valuable addition to the Bertillon system. He has discovered by long study and many experiments that the rugae in the upper gums of all persons have characteristic appearances, and that no two persons have rugae alike or even nearly alike.

The rugae of the gums are the folds, grooves and ridges that occur in the hard part of the upper gum just back of the teeth. "No matter how long a man lives," says Dr. Foster, "and no matter how many teeth he has pulled or how many he has inserted by means of gold and silver bridges, he cannot change the characteristic rugae of that gum. Thumb prints are unsatisfactory as a means of identification, because thumbs may be peeled off or the skin can be worn smooth as was recently done in some notable cases, so that the identifying lines are lost, but this cannot be done in the case of the mouth."

Plaster casts of the gums can be readily made at practically no expense. All dentists have to make such casts when preparing to make a set of teeth for a patient. A modeling wax is used. It is pressed against the gum until an impression is taken. It can then be cooled and hardened in a minute by applying cold water. When this is removed plaster of paris is poured into the mould. A plaster cast, the exact likeness of the individual's upper jaw, results.

Dr. Foster says these could be readily made at police headquarters and filed away as a means of identifying noted rogues. He points out that they could be used to great advantage by insurance companies, as casts could be readily made of all persons insured. In many cases costly suits have been fought on account of lack of proper identity of an insured man who lost his life. Notably has this been so in cases of great fires in which insured persons were burned beyond identification.

"The thumbs would burn readily," says Dr. Foster. "The face is soon burned beyond recognition. Teeth have often been the means of identifying persons after a great fire. There are many cases on record in which dentists have identified persons after great fires by referring to records and finding that they had put certain bridges and certain teeth into a mouth. But even this is never a dependable source of recognition. Why? Because in two months the teeth may change so that they can never be recognized. In two months, or two days for that matter, a man may have his teeth pulled, or he may have others set in. But never can he change the rugae in his mouth."

"Now then, the crowning feature is that this rugae would be the last to burn besides the teeth. The mouth would be closed, and it would be necessary for the entire body to be consumed by flames before the rugae would be destroyed in the mouth."

"For these reasons I believe a systematic taking of cast of individual rugae would be a great thing for insurance companies, for police work, for the army and navy to detect deserters and ex-certs, and men, and perhaps for a great many other lines."

"No, this invention is nothing to me," said the doctor. "I can't make any money on it. It can't be copyrighted, I give it to the world and henceforth any one can use it. I have no way of getting a royalty on the idea. But it has been a pleasure to work it out. It has been a pleasure to make the various casts and study them with this system of identification in view from a scientific standpoint, certainly not from a financial standpoint for myself."

**HOW IT GOES.**  
(Lougville Leader)  
Patriotic Belligerent—How are you, young to describe and comment on this affair?  
Patriotic Writer—I am going to tell all important facts and put the blame where it belongs.  
Patriotic Belligerent—There; I knew all the time that you were utterly prejudiced against us!

**NOT FAIR TO LOOK UPON.**  
(Judge)  
Traveler—Porter, have I time to kiss my wife good-by?  
Porter—The lady in gray over there, sir?  
Traveler—Yes.  
Porter—You have time enough, all right.

"His music is so violent," complained the critic with a shudder. "Well, I suppose it is possible for even violent music to be composed," replied the jokesmith, making a note on his out.

**BODIES, NOT SPIRITS.**  
(London Advertiser)  
Temperance firm was convicted of packing bottles of whiskey in coffins and shipping them without proper labels into coffins for bodies, not spirits.

Blobs—Did you ever see such a dainty looking couple as that bride and groom? I wonder who they were prompted them to get married. Blobs—Maybe they are imbued with the idea that misery loves company.

**LOOKING OLD TOO SOON**

The Condition of Too Many Women and Too Many Girls.

Too many women and too many girls look old long before they should. Their faces become pale and drawn; wrinkles appear and their eyes lack brightness. Can this be wondered at when they so frequently have headaches, backaches and a general feeling of wretchedness and weakness? In most cases it is the blood that is to blame. From one cause or another the blood has become thin and watery and is a fact that anemia (bloodlessness) gives women this prematurely aged appearance. It is important that the blood supply of girls and women be regularly replenished—important not only on the score of looks, but to restore robust health, which is of great value. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood and restore the system shattered by overwork or worry. These pills give a glow of health to pale faces and make tired, weary women and girls feel bright and happy.

With Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at hand there is no need for any woman to be any girl to look ill. Mrs. J. McDonald, Jun., Hay, Ont., says: "I honestly believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life. Some years ago I had anaemia, and as I did not realize the seriousness of the trouble I soon became a complete wreck. I got so weak I could hardly walk. I neither ate nor slept well, and could not go upstairs without stopping to rest. At times I had an almost unbearable pain in my back and would have to remain in bed. I suffered almost constantly from a dull headache, and when sweeping if I would stoop to pick up anything I would get so dizzy that I would have to catch hold of something to keep from falling. At times my heart would beat so fast that I would have a smothering sensation. My eyes were sunken and my hands and limbs would be swollen in the mornings. I tried several kinds of medicine without benefit and my friends thought I would not recover. Then I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and before long could see and feel that they were helping me. I gladly continued the use of the pills until I was completely cured and I cannot say enough in their praise, and I strongly recommend them to all run-down girls and women."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any dealer in medicines or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**Napoleon's Temper.**

A story is told of a sudden rage into which Napoleon I. fell one day as he was at dinner. He had scarcely partaken of a mouthful when apparently some inopportune thought or recollection stung his brain to madness, and, receding from the table without rising from his chair—his small stature permitted that—he uplifted his foot—slashed the table, crashed upon the dinner, and the emperor sprang up, intending to pace the room. Quick as a flash his waiter scratched a few magic symbols on a bit of paper, and the emperor's cheek had grown more than double. Napoleon appreciated the delicacy of his attendant and said, "Thank you, my dear Dunand," with one of his limbo-like smiles. The hurricane had blown over.

**JUST HER STYLE.**  
(Trio-Bits)

"So you think Katharine made a very suitable dress?"  
"Yes, indeed; you know what a nervous excitable girl she was. Well, she married a composer."

CHAPTER XXXV.

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