

ROYAL YEAST CAKES MAKE PERFECT BREAD. Bread made in the home with Royal yeast will keep fresh and moist longer than that made with any other. Food Scientists claim that there is more nourishment in a pound of good home made bread than in a pound of meat. Consider the difference in cost.

Jocelin's Penance

"Aye, he's but a weakling. Thou art not for him, girl. A man will some day hold thy woman's heart. I'll finish me this turning, and then we'll be bed, and despite Rhese's questionings, she would not speak again. So they sat in silence; the monk slept; the bride and the cat dozed at the feet of the monk and the cat dozed side by side; and Rhese, with her head on her hands, gazed into the fire trying to read her future in the glowing, crumbling fagots, while outside the wind howled and piled the snow high about the house.

CHAPTER XXIII.

In the gray twilight of the dawning Rhese was awakened by the witch, who, as they breakfasted hurriedly, explained her plans for the journey to De Cokefeld.

"The ice on the river will not bear yet, and I'd not have the monks finally race thee from my door; wishing to keep my skin uncooked for the next fifty years of life—Asmodeus had promised me; so, as thou canst not take horse this side the Ouse, thou must pass o'er it by the witch's ferry. Come, now, for one must ride early on my ferry if he would 'scape a crowd of open-mouthed lubbers. When safe across, knock at the first hut in the wood, saying, 'I come for my horse,' and one will be furnished thee. Recross the stream some miles lower down (thou'll find a roadway leading to the ford from the hut); then make straight for the highway. Turn in the first lane thou comest to—thou'll recognize it; 'tis the short way to De Cokefeld. Tarry not; speak to none; ride fast, and before even thou'll be safe in thy stronghold.

Refusing thanks for her timely aid, Dame Bernice assisted Rhese to resume her disguise, and wrapped warmly, she followed the dame out into the white stillness of the winter's morning. The town behind them was not yet astir. Only here and there a faint wreath of smoke curled up from the tall chimneys. The thin coating of ice over the river glistened like a silver sheath, and the snow was piled high along the banks, weighing down every shrub and tree. It was a fair scene. The silent town silhouetted against the whiteness; the lonely, snow-covered but in the foreground; the quaint figure of the witch plodding steadily along before the tall, dark-robed girl. Almost at the water's edge stood a sturdy gaunt tree. Rhese noted curiously that two stout ropes stretched from its branches across the river to another tree, situated nearly opposite. As they passed beneath this tree, she saw high up in the branches a great basket, such as landladies use for their linen. To her wonder and consternation, Dame Bernice directed her to climb the tree, and pushing the basket out upon the rope, to enter it. Rhese protested indignantly.

"Nay, nay, dame, I feared not the dark passage to the tower, but by my troth, I'll not venture life and limb on that mid-air cackleship!" "Odds heartlings, wench! Then thou canst ride till thy ghostly fathers come for thee. For they are on their way 'neath. Whilst thou slepest I summoned my familiar, though little enough I learned thereby, for he was as full of usefulness as a silted ox. But the Abbot, remembering thou spakest once for me, and the Advocate, knowing my nearness to thy house, hath dispatched the Prior and others hither in search of thee."

So, Rhese having no further choice, climbed to the basket and finally succeeded in scrambling therein, her perturbed face peering pitiously over the rim at the witch, who stood grinning sardonically up at her.

"Within the basket is a knife. Cut thou the rope when thou art over, and an convey the basket to the hut, for I would put my ferry out of sight."

"But mother, how can I get over the stream moved up in this basket?" "Nay, how thou grimest at that, the path? Seest thou not a second cord fastened to the basket rim? Pull on it, wrench, and get thee up!" Rhese gave a faint-hearted pull, and the basket moved a few inches along the cord on which it was sliding. The witch left defiance, and broke into three invectives, ending with "Aye, aye, little addlepate; hang thou there, like ripe fruit till the monks come and cut thee down. I've other business than to be cooling my heels here," and she gave a hop and a step and was out of sight.

Rhese, deserted, had no alternative but to go forward; so she crouched in the basket and pulled at the rope; thus propelling herself slowly across the stream some nine feet above it. She closed her eyes tightly, too frightened to look at anything, and tears of nervous fear trickled 'neath the shut lid, but as she pulled away she be-

once Rhese was away (for, like most old women, she loved a comely youth, and Jocelin's mother having once done her a good deed, she was determined to keep him from the monks' clutches). "Did they seek me, mother?" said he.

"Nay, 'twas rarer game. Thou, they told me, wert translated bodily from the Oblivette; some said to heaven; others to hell. 'Twas the maid they sought."

"Ah, Mary Mother! Did they carry her away then?" cried the monk, vainly looking about for any sign of Rhese.

"Pool!" exclaimed the dame, contemptuously; "thinkest Bernice of Ely is to be caught napping? All old women are not tabbies, boy! The maid is away and safely nearing De Cokefeld ere this time."

"And what hour is it, dame?" "Thou hast slept long, for 'tis bordering on eventide, and thou wilt have no time to reach Bury to-night, if thou be still crick brained enough to return where thou art; as those dead, whose faults are covered in the tomb and forgotten. 'In the grave there is no remembrance!' Ehue, will a witch sleep there soundly, thinkest thou?"

Jocelin having no comfort to offer one whom the church had taught him to regard as doubly damned, made her no answer, replying instead to her implied question:

"Yea, dame, I go back to the Abby. The least he can do who hath sullied the whiteness of a maid's name is to wash it clean with his blood."

"Dark will soon come down, my son," said the witch, kindly. "Bide with me again to-night, for a few hours makes no difference, now the maid is safe, and on the morrow I'll set thee on thy way."

Footsteps crunched on the snow outside the hut. "Hide thee 'hind you curtain; some village wif comes, no doubt. Yea, though they fear and hate the witch, they must needs run to her, be it blood in kine's milk or fits in the weaning. By the step, it is the Widow Margot, mother of simple Tom. No doubt he hath been at some pouterie again. These simpletons are surely degot of Satan."

Widow Margot entered; stout, portly and rosy—a woman of some forty years. She was decently dressed, as became the widow of a well-to-do Franklin, with rather comely features, though somewhat vacant of glance and expression.

"Lawks sake, now good Dame Bernice! How fares it with thee, and how bitter day? The wind from the river cuts one's chops as a cheese whittle."

been told the world was watching with him in his fight for life. My message to the public is from a far greater and better man than I am, President Garfield: "When my time comes, I am ready to go." Now that my end is near, I am ready. At the French Hospital, where I was first taken, they asked me if I cared to have a priest or minister. I said I had been a member of the church for 51 years, and if the teachings and doctrines which I have tried to follow had not prepared me for death a priest could do no good now. I am 71 years old, and at this time in a man's life one must expect death at any moment. Let me say to the young, to whom death may come any time like a lightning stroke, be prepared always as I am. Then death can have no terrors. I have a good wife and daughter and a fine son. My wife and daughter are with me. I can only pray to God to let me live until my son gets here.

Such confidence is inspiring, and in the suggestion and admonition there are materials upon which to base many sermons. But most remarkable of all is how simple and essentially personal and domestic are the wishes of the believer when the last summons comes.



Sharpbill—So the family across the street has a new phonograph, eh? Crookedbill: No; it's those pesky bees swarming again.

ALL MOTHERS NEED CONSTANT STRENGTH. Their Strength is Taxed and They Are Victims of Weakness and Suffering.

When there is a growing family to care for and the mother falls ill it is a serious matter. Many mothers who are on the go from morning to night, whose work, apparently, is never done, try to disguise their suffering and keep up an appearance of cheerfulness before their family. Only themselves know how they are distressed by backaches and headaches, dragging down pains and nervous weakness; how their nights are often sleepless; how they arise to a new day's work tired, depressed and quite unrefreshed. Such women should know that their sufferings are usually due to lack of good, nourishing blood. They should know that the one thing they need above all others to give them new health and strength is rich, red blood, and that among all medicines there is none can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for their blood-making, health-restoring qualities. Every suffering woman, every woman with a home and family to care for, should give these pills a fair trial, for they will keep her in health and strength and make her work easy. Mrs. G. Strasser, Acton West, Ont., says: "I am the mother of three children, and after each birth I became terribly run down; I had weak, thin blood, always felt tired, and unable to do my household work. After the birth of my third child I seemed to be worse, and was very badly run down. I was advised to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I found the greatest benefit from the pills and soon gained my old-time strength. Indeed, after taking them I felt as well as in my girlhood, and could take pleasure in my work. I also used Baby's Own Tablets for my little ones and have found them a splendid medicine for childhood ailments."

You can get these pills through any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

When Death Has No Terrors. (Pittsburg Gazette-Times.) In Bellevue Hospital, New York, Judge George F. Stackpole, lawyer and former school principal of River head, L. I., awaited death, a victim of anthrax. This is one of the rarest diseases known to human beings, and there is no recognized sure cure for it. It is commonly called "wool sorters' disease," and is due to a germ of unusual size which develops spores that pass through the system. The only treatment accepted is to cut out the point of infection at once, else death ensues quickly. An effort is being made to save Judge Stackpole, however, by the use of a special serum intended for animals.

On Sunday evening last it was apprehended that the patient would live 24 hours. It was then he gave a wonderful exhibition of self-control, philosophy and faith. His wife and daughter were at his bedside. To them he recited William Cullen Bryant's immortal Thanatopsis: So live, that when they summons comes to join The innumerable caravan which moves To that mysterious realm where each shall take His chamber in the silent halls of death. Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night, Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams. To his only son, who he feared might not reach him before death arrived, Judge Stackpole dictated this advice: My Boy—Live a clean, pure and upright life, so that you may meet the end as bravely as I shall.

And to a newspaper man the Judge left this message for the public, having been told the world was watching with him in his fight for life.

FRUGAL. (Houston Chronicle) The Impresario—Certainly, madam, I can supply you with a second Prima donna to sing your children to sleep. But you sing so perfectly yourself. The Prima Donna Assoluto—But my singing is worth \$2,000 a night, and I couldn't think of squandering that amount on the children. The Impresario—Cassino. Cassino ETAPII.

IT WASN'T THEIR FAULT. (Ladies' Home Journal) Alexander Greenleaf Jackson, a pillar of the colored church, was entertaining at dinner the pastor and some of the prominent members. After grace Alexander began to carve the chicken, and the pastor waxed facetious. "Brother Jackson," he asked smiling, "do the white folks around you 'keep chickens'?" Alexander pried loose the second wing, and said he removed "they does now; but dey suttinly tries had enuff to."

Appendicitis Prevented Life Lengthened Health Maintained. Doctors say if people kept their bowels in proper order there would be no such disease on record as appendicitis. It is due solely to neglect, and is therefore preventable. Ask your doctor if you have constipation, bad breath or headache you need medicine right away.

The moment you suspect your bowels are clogged, you should take Dr. Hamilton's Pills, the smoothest regulator of them all. They move the bowels and cleanse the liver so smoothly you scarcely notice the effect. But you can get the action just the same. Taken at night you wake up next morning, clear headed, hungry, rested, energetic, feeling like a different man.

Why don't you spend a quarter today and try Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They work so easy, just as nature would order, never gripe or cause headache. Finest thing for folks that are out of sorts, depressed, lacking in color and spirits.

Folks that use Dr. Hamilton's Pills are never sick, never have an ache or a pain—feel good all the time simply because their system is clean, regulated and healthy. This you can easily prove yourself.

When Tommy Has a Laugh. Although life at the front is fairly strenuous, it has lights as well as shades. The former crop up even in the most unexpected places. Thus, one would not perhaps expect to come across much humor in so grim a tribunal as a court-martial. Yet it is to be found there from time to time. As an example, on one occasion a private soldier was charged with "willfully damaging Government property by the careless discharge of a rifle." It appeared that on some of the German trains hitherto partitioned by Germans (but since the war, only used by them when travelling as prisoners) the following warning was attached to the carriage: "No se pencher au dehors!" "Nicht Hinanslehnen!" "Do not lean out of the window" and the alleged offense consisted in tearing down the latter portion of the notice.

Asked what he had to say in himself, the accused pleaded that he had acted from motives of patriotism. "Patriotism," echoed the astonished president. "What the devil do you mean?" "Well, sir," was the bland response, "I thought that if a German wanted to lean out of the window and have his napper knocked off it would be a pity to stop him."

This novel argument impressed the members of the court so much that the ultra-patriotic warrior was acquitted. Among the commonest of offenses "crimes"—every breach of military discipline, however small, is technically termed a "crime"—charged against soldiers during the campaign is that of "neglecting to salute an officer." With reference to this matter a British officer of a freshly arrived Territorial recruit at Boulogne. One day he was stopped in the street by an angry officer who demanded why the something or other he had passed him without paying the prescribed compliment. "I shall report you," he said fiercely. "What's your name?" "Private Smith."

"And what company do you belong to?" "The Westminister Gas Light and Coke Company," returned the other. As may be imagined, many of the territorialists who came out to the front, speaking generally, drawn from a somewhat higher social sphere than were the members of the average battalions of regulars. This fact was brought home to me somewhat forcibly one when I happened to enter a wayside cafe. Seated in a back room were a couple of Territorial recruits, one of whom was wearing a superior stamp, and as the partition was very thin I could hear them talking. Presently I caught this scrap of conversation: "You may believe it or not, my dear fellow, one of them observed to the other, 'but I give you my word I was intended for the Church. In fact, I was in the point of being ordained last August.'"

"What stopped you, then?" inquired his comrade sympathetically. "This—war, of course."

At a certain large base, where the commissioned ranks included a considerable sprinkling of authors and journalists, an amateur magazine was run by the members of the Army Service Corps. As this like all other literary efforts, could not live by circulation alone, an attempt was made to procure advertisements from the local tradespeople. The canvasser requested for the job was a Frenchman. To the horror of the staff he one day announced from a cafe proprietor: VERY SPECIAL NOTICE. Restaurant de Vive l'Entente. En Face la Gare. Four o'clock. Dinner (Officers only) 3 francs. Wine and Coffee included.

After this the provost-marshal stepped in, and had all advertisement proofs submitted to him before publication. Mention of the Army Service Corps was short of subalterns that commissions were given in some cases to young gentlemen who came straight out of the front-line establishments. Of one newly gazetted member of the corps the story is told that, on being asked where he was trained, he replied that he had been two years at Woolwich.

"Ah," said the colonel, delighted to think that he had at last discovered a member who would adopt the mess, "the 'Shop' (The Shop is Army slang for the Royal Military Academy)."