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**LADY IRIS' MISTAKE;**

**Hero of 'Surata'**

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

For a few minutes she was unable to speak; then she withdrew her hands gently and raised her face. Their eyes met, and he knew that he had nothing now to fear.

"My darling!" he cried; and then words failed him. He was still weak, and he trembled and grew pale. "My darling!" he repeated, "I never hoped to see you again in this world!"

"Did you not receive my letter?" she asked.

"Not until yesterday. Had I read it before, I should have come to you at once; it has been traveling about after me, and the wonder is that it has reached me at all. My darling, I have devoured every sweet word in it. What have you to say to me, Iris?"

"Welcome home, Allan," she whispered—"welcome home!"

"And those are the sweetest words I have ever heard," he said. And then he added, "Iris, you have gloves on."

"Of course I have," she returned, wondering.

"Will you let me take this one off?" he asked.

"He took the pretty hand in his and began to draw off the glove, then, as the white slender fingers came to light, he saw the ring he had given to her. He kissed it and her hand.

"Do you remember what you told me, Iris, when I placed that ring there?"

"Yes," she said, with flushed face and drooping eyes.

"If I found you without it, I should know that you had forgotten me; but if I found you wearing it, I should know that you cared for me still. Oh, my darling, is that true?"

"Yes, quite true. I have always cared for you and for no one else. It was my foolish pride that sent you away, not myself—you know that, Allan—and my pride has been cruelly punished, has it not?"

"I do not think so, Iris. If you

father the earl could love your mother so dearly, she must surely have been worthy of your love."

"It is not quite that, Allan; the blow was because all the theories of my life were upset. But we will not discuss it."

"Tell me, my darling," he said—"finding this ring on your finger, may I hope that you will keep the promise you made me when I put it on? Oh, Iris, I have loved you, have suffered for you, and have courted death for you! I was almost beside myself with delight when I found there was a chance of winning you. Oh, my beloved, say that you will be mine!"

The next moment she was in his arms, her fair head resting on his breast, and she was telling him that she was not worthy of his great love.

"I know best, my darling," he said; "and I thank Heaven that I have won you. You will be my queen, and I shall be content to be always your faithful, loyal subject."

They were married a few weeks afterwards at the beautiful old church in King's Forest, and such a wedding had never been seen there before. Lady Bardon presented the bride with a superb Indian shawl, Lady Clifarde gave her a diamond brooch, Lady Clifarde—the dowager, as she delighted to call herself—a superb suite of coral ornaments, and Sir Fulke and his wife magnificent dressing-bags. Every friend was present except John Bardon, and he went to Paris while the wedding festivities lasted. It was many years before he dared to address him; but Major Osburn forgave him at last, knowing why he had sinned.

Chandos was filled with visitors. Such guests, such real happiness, such brilliant magnificence, had never been seen there before.

On the night before the marriage Allan Osburn and Lady Iris stood before the picture of Sir Lancelot.

"I might have known," she said, "that I should love some one who resembled this picture. I have loved it always, as though it were something living."

"He said, 'She has a lovely face; God in His mercy lend her grace, The Lady of Shalott.'"

repeated Allan. "We shall both love her good-night on her wedding-

**"My Boy was Starving to Death"**

"As He Was Getting No Nourishment He Was Gradually Wasting Away."

"Here's a story which will interest every mother. Before my boy was born, I was in such delicate health that the doctor didn't think I would survive the ordeal. For weeks after he was born my life was despaired of, so I couldn't feed him and the poor little fellow was left to the care of friends. He wasn't naturally strong. No care was taken in choosing his food and his poor little stomach became so weakened that he couldn't keep anything on it. As he was getting no nourishment from his food, he was gradually wasting away. Finally, in desperation, we sent for a child specialist and he said that my boy was starving to death. He gave him some medicine and advised a certain diet. The child did improve but somehow couldn't seem to get strong. This went on for four or five years and the boy still continued weak and puny looking. He could not play like other children without having to lie down and rest. My sister who lives on a farm near the sea, said that she could fix him up. I would send him to her. While I hated being separated from him, I was ready to make any sacrifice to get him strong. He was away from me for three months and it was with feelings of great excitement that I

"We have found one who will hold our name with honor, Iris, and even add honor to it."

She kissed him lovingly for the kindly words.

Major Osburn had insisted that he himself should give his beautiful bride her wedding bouquet.

"May your life, my darling, be as bright and sweet as the flowers you carry!" he said, when he had handed it to her.

On looking at the bouquet she saw in it a spray of almond-blossoms; she pulled it out and trampled it under her feet.

"Why do you do that?" he asked, with a smile.

"The almond-blossom once held a secret of mine," she replied.

But between those two who loved each other so well there was never a secret again.

THE END.

**The Heir of Bayneham**

Lady Hutton's Ward.

CHAPTER III.

Sorrow and illness had so completely changed Lady Hutton that her foster-sister hardly knew her again. There was but little greeting between them until Lady Hutton's eyes fell upon the child; then her pale face grew whiter, and her hands trembled.

"Is that your child, Magdalen?" she asked, "is that Stephen Hurst's daughter?"

When Magdalen replied that it was, Lady Hutton led her to her own room, where hung the portrait of a lovely little girl, not unlike the one who gazed upon it.

"See," she said, "your child is like mine, Magdalen; you must give her to me; look at the violet eyes and the golden hair."

There was indeed some faint resemblance between the two fair little faces.

"You want money, Magdalen," said Lady Hutton—"money to take you to your husband—you shall have it—as much as you like to ask me for—if you will give me your child. Let her be mine."

At first Magdalen Hurst was deaf to all entreaties; she would not hear of it; then the master-passion of her life came into play. He whom she loved had sent for her, and sent again. She yielded at length, and consented that Lady Hutton should adopt her child. It was a hard struggle; how hard none knew but herself.

It was arranged at last to give little Hilda a trial; she was to visit Lady Hutton; if she appeared happy and contented her mother agreed to leave her there; if not, she would forego the great wish of her heart. But Hilda was quite contented; she liked her new and pretty dresses, the grand house, and above all, the stately lady, who was so cold to every one else, and so kind to her; for Lady Hutton loved the child with a love beyond all words, and when that little golden head rested on her heart it seemed as though her own Maud was there again. Better, a thousand times, the pattering of little feet than the hushed calm of a house where no child lives; better the musical prattle of a stranger's voice than the unbroken silence; better the clasp of those tender little arms, than the haunting memories that were never still.

So for three weeks Magdalen Hurst lived alone in her little cottage, and then consented to part with her child. The conditions Lady Hutton made were hard ones, but she would not alter them. Hilda was to be as her own daughter; never again was Magdalen Hurst to claim her, or call Hilda her child; never, let what would happen.

Lady Hutton was liberal in her own way. She did not spare gold, and Magdalen Hurst left England amply provided for, and never saw the face of her foster-sister again.

(To be continued.)

Finished at the hem with No Sew Rubber Tissue, have a neat appearance, that outwears the garment and is not affected by any kind of weather. Sufficient to hem skirt or coat for 25c. Sold only by C. M. HALL, Tailor, Bates' Hill, near The Holloway Studio.

**COATS and SKIRTS**

to learn that there are, in the archives of the Anti-Saloon League, any number of statistics tending to show that the effects of kee parties are immeasurably more deleterious than those of pie-eating contests. I would not accept the conclusions, however formidable the data, except in so far as they might tend to prove (what needs no proving) that, of the two, kee parties have been more frequent and the more frequent. That is because intelligent people who know the difference prefer beer to pie.

**Burns**

Burns are very painful and dangerous, and if not treated promptly and properly, are in danger of poisoning. They will also leave disfiguring scars if not guarded against.

**Vaseline Petroleum Jelly**

is a dependable remedy which gives quick relief to the burned skin, stops the pain, and keeps out the air, allowing the burn to heal properly.

It is also valuable in the treatment of wounds, sprains, skin diseases, chilblains, etc., and, taken internally, for coughs, colds, sore throat, etc. It should be always on hand—in every home and on every vessel—for emergencies.

Start a Medicine Chest with a liberal supply of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly and the other "Vaseline" preparations shown here on the lid of the chest.

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We are ready for your Fall Upholstering Renovations with a staff of fully competent workmen and a stock of charming and reasonably-priced Upholstering fabrics.

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Nothing "dresses" a room so well, or adds more to its homeliness than the right Upholstering. Therefore—it's up to you to see that expert knowledge is used when you freshen up your rooms for the winter.

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ALL the designs are printed in attractive colours from engraved steel dies.

THE wording will be process-embossed as well as your name if you so desire.

THE BEST DESIGNS SELL QUICKLY. IT IS WISE TO ORDER EARLY.

**Pie Versus Beer.**

The language of the Englishman is not to glutinous abuse, says the Rev. John Cole McKim in the "North American Review." Doubtless two or three quarts of beer at a sitting might have a harmful effect. So might 20 pies. But neither would be a normal dietetic use. It would not surprise me

**Telegram Fashion Plates**



The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of various patterns. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

**GIRLS' DRESS WITH OR WITHOUT FULL SLEEVE PORTION.**

4189. The panel and peasant sleeve are new features in this "little girls" dress. One may omit the peasant sleeve. Gabardine or crepe would be attractive for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. A 6 year size requires 2 1/2 yards of 40 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

**A DAINY FROCK FOR A "LITTLE TOT."**

3802. A "four year old" will ever be true to comfort and ease as shown in this charming model. It is simple in construction and lends itself well to all materials.

Soft crepes and silk, wash fabrics, flannel, challie, check and plaid suitings, gabardine and viole. The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5. A 4 year size requires 3 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

**A POPULAR, PRACTICAL GOWN.**

2314. In these days of dress training, a suit of this kind is appropriate. A skirt may be added for ordinary wear, which can be added off easily when required. Drill, khaki, gingham, gabardine and cashmere are good materials for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 12 requires 4 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.



**A NEW SET FOR MISS DOLLY.**

3061—This attractive group comprises a simple dress, good for lawn; batiste, silk or dimity, a stylish cape that may be developed in satin, flannel, velvet or silk, and a bonnet to match the cape or to be of lawn, velvet, or embroidery.

The Pattern for this set is cut in 5 Sizes for Dolls: 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24 inches in height. Size 18 will require 1/2 yard of 40 inch material for the cape and 1/2 yard of 20 inch material for the bonnet.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or 1c. and 2c. stamps.

**A SET OF TOY ANIMALS.**

2967. These toys will please the "little tots." They may be made of toweling, flannel, felt, plush, velvet, and other pile fabrics. For stuffing cork could be used if one wants a toy that will stand setting; or one could use sawdust, bran or cotton.

The Pattern is cut in one size. The Cow requires 1/2 yard of 27 inch material and the Horse, 1/2 yard of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

**A NEW DOLL SET.**

4196. The little doll mother may not only make dolly's clothes but also the doll, from the models supplied herewith. The body may be drill, unbleached muslin, oil cloth or sand-

**Trains Take Radio Without Wireless.**

Receiving messages on moving trains is not a new accomplishment, but to do so without the use of outside wires was recently announced by officials of the Pennsylvania railroad.

The most remarkable feature of the achievement, according to one of the engineers, performing the experiment, was the fact that they were able to receive messages from broadcasting stations from all over the country, even while travelling under high tension wires carrying alternating current.

The tests conclusively demonstrated that radio can be employed for transmitting and receiving messages on speeding trains.

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