



ROYAL YEAST
Has been Canada's favorite yeast for over a quarter of a century. Breads baked with Royal Yeast will keep fresh and moist longer than that made with any other, so that a full week's supply can easily be made at one baking; and the loaf will be just as good as the first.
MADE IN CANADA
E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER XIII. The Pleader.

"Why do you not go?" she repeated, impatiently, "or do you wish me to?"

He held up his hands as if to stay her; then, not even lifting his hat, turned and left her.

Out in the park, out of her sight, he stood and looked round him like a man who has received an overwhelming shock, which, for the time, has bereft him of his senses; then he went toward his horse, which was quietly nibbling at the boughs.

As he did so he heard a sound behind him, a sob such as one hears from the woman whose heart is breaking.

He dropped the bridle, and a shudder ran through him as he stood for a moment awestruck; then he sprang back. She was lying full length on the ground, her arms extended, her face lying upon the grass, her hands clinching the bracken; a picture of a living soul writhing in an agony of shame and wounded love.

He was beside her in an instant, his strong arms around her, his voice, full of passionate love and self-reproach, calling on her name.

"Olivia! Olivia! my love! my love! Olivia!"

Weakened, exhausted, she was powerless to resist him, and he held her in his arms, her supple form pressed against his breast, his eyes looking down into hers with a mad, wild hunger, an infinite sadness.

A moment—ah, but it was a lifetime!—passed, then suddenly a cold wave seemed to sweep over him, and, still holding her, he rose to his feet.

She felt the change, he it that it may, and drew back from him, leaning against a tree, panting and quivering.

And he stood and looked at her in silence—a terrible silence.

At last his voice came hoarsely, as if with difficulty.


"Olivia—Miss Vanley! Forgive me! Forgive me! I—I was mad! I forgot—I forgot! Forgive me and forget every mad word!"

He hung his head. She looked at him, a look of terrible questioning. He had called her his love, had held her in his arms, and now he asked her to forget.

She drew herself up, white and trembling, but strong in her woman's pride.

"Forget! Yes!" she said. "But not forgive! You—you should have waited until—I told you that I have promised to be Bartley Bradstone's wife, Mr. Faradane!"

Then, drawing her skirts close, as if to avoid touching him, she swept by him, and left him standing with bowed head and heaving chest.



KEEPS BABY'S SKIN HEALTHY
ECZEMA
Results from neglected chafing and skin irritation. As a preventive and cure there is no treatment to compare with Dr. Chase's Ointment. Use it after the bath.
60 Cents a Box, all Dealers, or Edmansn, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample free.
Dr. Chase's Ointment

CHAPTER XIV. The Future Son-in-Law.

It was the first great agony in Olivia's life. White to the lips, quivering with the shame which only a pure-hearted girl whose love has been repulsed can feel, she made her way homeward.

It was easy enough to carry her head erect, and to assume a proud and haughty mien while she was within Faradane's sight; but as she neared the Grange she felt herself drooping, and she was quivering and trembling in every limb as she entered the hall.

She was ascending the great staircase on her way to her room, to give vent to her pent-up feelings in secure solitude, when a footman came up to her.

"Mr. Bradstone, miss," he said, handing her a card on a salver. "He is in the drawing-room with Mr. Vanley."

Olivia hesitated, but only for a moment; then, in a voice that sounded strained and unnatural, she said:

"Very well, I will see him in a minute or two."

Then she went upstairs to her room, and flung herself on the bed, and for a few minutes lay motionless, struggling for calm and self-possession.

She had passed the Rubicon; she had declared herself engaged to Bartley Bradstone, and she would carry out her resolution; but how gladly would she have died rather than go down and tell him so!

She rose after a few minutes and bathed her face, then went slowly downstairs.

The squire had left the room, and Bartley Bradstone was walking to and fro over the thick Persian carpet, biting his nails, and looking like a man waiting for the verdict of a court trying him for a capital offence, and as the door opened he turned with a start that was very much like that of a culprit.

Olivia did not offer him her hand, but stood before him with pale face and downcast eyes.

"You wished to see me," she said, and the words sounded like those spoken by a cleverly-constructed automaton.

"Yes," he said, nervously, raising his restless eyes to her beautiful face.

"Yes, I—I could not wait any longer. I—I was anxious and—upset. I meant to give you more time, but—I haven't slept a wink since last night. Miss Vanley—Olivia—you can't guess how I love you," and he moistened his dry lips.

"You love me?" said Olivia, as if to herself.

"Yes," he responded. "Is there anything strange in that? Why shouldn't I love you? All—all the men I know, all the men who know you, do, and why shouldn't I? I'm not made of wood or stone. I do love you!"

"And you want me to be your wife?" he asked, almost like a statue.

He winced at the matter-of-fact words.

"Of course. Yes, Miss Vanley—Olivia."

"It is so strange," she murmured, again as if to herself.

"Strange! how strange?" he echoed, fidgeting with his handkerchief.

"Strange that you should want me, while I—"

She stopped and eyed him with a look in her dreamy, tear-dimmed eyes, that ought to have stricken him to stone.

"You—you mean that you don't love me?" he asked, eagerly. "Miss Vanley—Olivia—I don't ask you to, I don't expect it. Why should I? I know I'm not fit, that I'm not worthy, that there are many men better fitted—I mean—I don't want you—that is, I don't count on that. Not at present. I'm content to wait."

"To wait until I care for you?" she

said, in the tone of a person who is making a bargain, a hard bargain. "That's it," he assented, with feverish eagerness. "I'm content if you'll only promise to—try and think of me as your husband. I know you won't go from your word."

"No, I shall not go from my word," she said, slowly.

"No, I know that, I know I can trust you, and that is the reason I am so anxious to get you to say that you will be my wife."

"I see," she said, her lovely eyes looking beyond him into vacancy. "You are easily satisfied, Mr. Bradstone."

"Am I?" he retorted, nervously. "I don't think I am."

"Yes," she said, dreamily, pushing the hair from her forehead as if it were a heavy burden; "there are so many girls who would be so glad to hear what—you have said to me; so many! Better, prettier girls than I am."

"I don't know any better or prettier," he said, curtly. "There is no one in all the world that I have ever thought of speaking to—"

"You are very rich," she said, breaking in upon his protestations with calm self-possession.

"Rich? Yes, I'm rich. I told you so—I didn't exaggerate. If it is money you want—"

"I do want money!" she said, calmly. "You promised, offered me, how much?"

"You shall have all you want," he replied, promptly. "I'm not a mean man; no one has ever called me that. I'll settle forty, fifty thousand pounds—"

"Settle," she said; "what does that mean?"

"It means for your own use; tied to you—"

She thought a moment. "How much is it that—that my father owes?" she asked.

Her lips twitched. "Forty thousand, or thereabouts."

"You know, of course you know?" she asked, and her eyes dwelt upon his with a dull questioning.

His face reddened. "I—I happen to know," he answered. "Fifty thousand would clear him."

"It is a large sum of money," she said; and she murmured, "Poor papa!"

"It is," he assented. "It's a big sum, look at it as you will; but I'm ready—"

"You will give it to me—give it to me unconditionally," she interrupted in a low, clear voice.

"Yes, I'll give it to you the day we are married, and unconditionally. You can do what you like with it. Fling it in the gutter, or—hand it over to the squire. It's a large sum of money,—slowly, reluctantly,—but it's nothing to me. You don't know—nobody knows—how rich I am. I've made money by the handful; I'm making it now. You shall have everything you want; every wish, however extravagant, shall be gratified. I'll make a settlement on you in addition to that—"

She shook her head. "I want that sum, and no other," she said, slowly. "I want that money to do what I like with."

"You shall have it!" he responded, eagerly.

"And you are content?" she asked, her eyes resting on his face with a calm wonder that was more terrible than contempt. "You are satisfied with your bargain, content to buy me—"

Will You Take Two At Our Risk?

So many customers who suffer from run down nervous condition with its consequent fits of insomnia, indigestion and general debility are being greatly helped by Zambuk—the nerve tonic that we wish to have every sitting person in this town try this really famous remedy. It is all that a tonic should be and more than any other tonic is. It combines the most precious of health-building substances. Glycer Phosphates are the actual element of the human body in most assimilable form. You know the value of Cod Liver Oil and the invigorating effects of tonic wine. In Zambuk these are combined into an exceedingly pleasant tonic which in two weeks will work quiet wonders in your health. If at the end of two weeks' honest trial you cannot report real progress toward health we will refund the purchase price. Doesn't this convince you that you should start trying it to-day? Sold by T. McMurdo & Co., Sole Distributing Agents for Newfoundland.

DOES THIS MEAN YOU?

Are you one of the many who are suffering with eczema, obstinate sores, ulcers or any other skin trouble? If so, lose no time in trying Zambuk, and you will be amazed at its curative powers.

The healing power of any ointment is in proportion to its medicinal ingredients. Ordinary ointments being composed chiefly of animal fats, with only a small percentage of medicinal ingredients, have not sufficient healing power to overcome a bad case of skin trouble. Zambuk, on the contrary, is purely herbal, and is all medicine, which explains its superiority over other ointments, and its many marvellous cures.

Besides being best for eczema, ulcers, and skin diseases of all kinds, it is equally good for blood-poisoning, piles, burns, cuts, heat rashes, sore and blistered feet, insect bites and sunburn. 50c. box all druggists, or Zambuk Co., Toronto. Send 1c. stamp for postage on free trial box.

ZAMBUK

"Oh, Miss Olivia!" he cried, deprecatingly.

"But you have bought me," she said, in a low voice, "and you know it. You do not expect me to love you. You only wish me to be your wife, and you ask no questions—"

He reddened; then turned pale. "I—I ask no questions," he said, and his voice came huskily and heavily.

"No, I am content. I—I don't suppose I am the first man who's made love to you. You're too beautiful—"

Olivia glanced at the glass curiously, as if at some other face—"too—too good a match for me to hope for that. But—I'll chance all that."

"You will take the risk?" she said, in a low voice.

Her words seemed to affect him strangely. He changed color, and darted a look of distrust and suspicion at her from his restless eyes.

"What do you mean? What risk?" he said, nervously.

"Risk of the future," she said. "Does anything but unhappiness and misery spring from such a marriage as this would be?"

He drew a breath—it almost seemed of relief.

"Oh, as to that," he said, "I am not uneasy. Why should we be unhappy with everything we want, everything that money can buy? It's the people who are poor who are miserable and discontented. They have to pinch and screw and stick in one place; while we—you shall do as you like, go as you like. I'm fond of the Maples—because it's near the Grange, and—and you; but if you don't like it, I'll buy another place for you anywhere. I think I told you that the other night; I know if I didn't, I meant it. I spend all my time thinking how I can please you, and I will do it! What do you say? Let me have an answer. It isn't fair, it isn't like you, who are so kind and thoughtful always—to—other people, to keep me in suspense."

"No," she said, as if to herself, "it is not fair. And I have made up my mind. I had made it up before I came into the room."

"You had?" he breathed, evidently in an agony of conflicting hope and fear.

"Yes, Mr. Bradstone, I mean to accept your proposal if—if you would promise me the money."

He came forward with a half-fearful promptitude, and an inarticulate cry of satisfaction.

"You say 'Yes,' Olivia! If I will promise you! Why, I'd lay every penny I possess at your feet this moment, if you wished it." And he really quite believed his capacity for such a sacrifice. "Every penny. Oh, how happy you have made me!"

He drew nearer, and timidly took her hand in both his, and fondled it with humble eagerness.

And as she let her hand remain, there flashed through her mind, her heart, the passionate face of Harold Faradane; there had been no timid ity, no servility in his fierce caresses for the few short moments they lasted.

(To be Continued.)

GIANT JUNIOR SAFETY RAZOR.

—Be sure and get 7 blades with your Giant Junior Safety when you buy it. Price 50 cents with 7 blades—In 24, it

Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

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

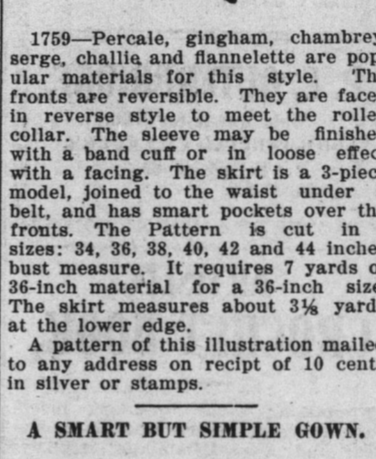
A PRACTICAL HOUSE DRESS.



1759—Percale, gingham, chambray, serge, challis and flannelette are popular materials for this style. The fronts are reversible. They are faced in reverse style to meet the rolled collar. The sleeve may be finished with a hand cuff or in loose effect with a facing. The skirt is a 2-piece model, joined to the waist under a belt, and has smart pockets over the fronts. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 7 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3 1/2 yards at the lower edge.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A SMART BUT SIMPLE GOWN.



1774—This attractive model would be nice for taffeta in a solid color, in stripes or checks. It is also good for linen, batiste, crepe, chambray, gingham and other wash materials. The sleeve and neck frills could be of net, tulle or lace. Contrasting material could be used for the skirt and waist trimming. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length, or in elbow length with a pointed cuff. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 7 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3 1/2 yards at the foot.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Before You Build Your New Church

Give some consideration to BEAVER BOARD for the walls and ceilings. The Architectural Dept. of the BEAVER CO. will design panel arrangements and will submit blue prints showing exact appearance of the finished interior of your proposed building; all this

Without Cost to You.

Avail of this FREE SERVICE, it eliminates all possibility of errors. A handy man with a hammer and saw can build a palace with BEAVER BOARD. Every sample and panel is branded for your protection, see what you get.

LOOK FOR THE BEAVER BRAND.
COLIN CAMPBELL, Distributor.

Keep the Home Fires Burning Every Day!

But in the nights, and when you are away from home, you can

Use one of our Alcohol HEATERS, at 50c. each.

It's a wonder. Boiler is complete with handle and cover, there is a tripod and a tin holder of solid alcohol (nothing to spill). Everything is compact. Tripod folds up and so does boiler handle, and the boiler will contain tripod and alcohol holder and a cup and saucer. Alcohol refills cost 15c. each. These Heaters are useful at all times, but especially for

Infants and sick people at night.
Anyone who hates laying fires in hot weather.
Picnicers, trouters and owners of motor cars, motor cycles side-cars and motor boats.
Travellers on the railway or elsewhere.

Henry Blair

Spring Suitings!



Have just opened our new Spring Suitings. We were fortunate in securing a splendid range of

English Worsteds and Irish and Scotch Tweeds.

Notwithstanding the scarcity of the woollens and the drawbacks in freights, we are able to show as good a selection as before the war. The latest in cut, the best in make. Write for samples and self-measuring cards.

John Maundel
TAILOR & CLOTHIER
281 and 283 Duckworth Street, St. John's, Nfld.

Hoisting Cargo are now GINE CO. save you money. If interested, call on Head Office, Main A.C.A. aug 3, 81, p. 11

War Messages Received

Previous

NO PEACE OVER THE OCEAN

LONDON. "No peace over the ocean made to Britain," declared in the Commons. statement was made in question by Sir James Liberal, in regard to the and the situation in the overtures have been said Lord Cecil. "The way in which they could that is from an enemy's country. If any were made, the first do would be to consult lies, but no comman received." Referring Lord Cecil said the factor consisted in from Salonika which

BRITISH AMBASSADOR

LONDON. A further advance in a British official is in a British official is ing, which says that man trenches were Silencing German ar points is also of

THE ORDER-IN-COUNCIL

LONDON. The United States have a Council issued last week the entrance to Ireland ish Government, has that the Order is not Irish-Americans, but to exclude those persons disturb the peace. The powers the Government from entering Ireland as not a British subject, British subject, has come may come hereafter to Kingdom from Overseas

BERLIN CLAIM OF

LONDON. An official from Berlin the claim that a British was struck by a torpedo Sea fight, has met with denial. The British adm the following: There is of truth in this fantasy a ship was struck, exc ham and Falmouth, who ready been officially an

GERMAN BATTLESHIP

LONDON. That the German battle fallen was hit and slight Saturday by a British admitted by a semi-official from Berlin to-day, acco ter's Amsterdam corres

SLA
We are in a
Denims
A Splendid
bes
All
W.
Slattery's
P. O. Box 236.