

**ROYAL**  
MADE IN CANADA  
**ROYAL YEAST**  
MAKES PERFECT BREAD

**THE HEIR OF Lancewood**

CHAPTER L.

He kissed her fair face; it seemed strange even to himself, but this sin of his wife's made him love her more dearly than ever; there was something of pity mingled now with his affection.

So it was settled that they should leave London during the week following and go to King's Rest. Lord St. Just arranged that they should go together to Hammersmith and, with Dr. Lester's consent, invite the boy to pass his summer vacation with them.

"I shall not give Dr. Lester the faintest idea of the truth at present," he said. "When the time comes for making young Sir Oswald known, then I shall give him an outline of the story, and bind him to secrecy. We cannot prevent him from knowing something of it, but he is a gentleman, and will never betray us."

They did as Lord St. Just suggested. "Henry Dorman" was delighted beyond measure at the invitation. "Will you let me ride?" he asked Lord St. Just. "My uncle taught me when I was in America."

"Yes, you shall have a horse of your own," replied the peer, kindly, "and more than that, Harry."

Perhaps the lad was more surprised at finding his friend "Mrs. Smith" Lady St. Just than at anything. He looked up into her face with a frank, manly laugh.

"I never thought you looked like a Mrs. Smith," he said, "but I did not think you were Lady St. Just. If I had, perhaps I should have been afraid of you."

Dr. Lester bade him farewell, and, full of delight at the prospect of a glorious holiday, the boy went down with them to King's Rest.

It was a singular thing—and Lord and Lady St. Just talked of it often in after years—but from the very first the young visitor evinced an almost passionate love for little Arthur. He never wearied of taking the child out, of talking to him, playing with him, telling him tales. He would rather romp for an hour with him than do anything else. Once, Lady St. Just said to him—

"Do you not like Francis, Harry?"  
"Yes," he replied; "but I like this little fellow better—better, indeed, than all the world. If ever I grow to be a rich man, I shall leave little Arthur all my money."  
Husband and wife looked at each

other, struck with the words. The great affection of the child for the grown boy, and of the boy for the child, became at last almost tireless; they could not be separated.

It was lovely weather, and King's Rest looked its fairest. The woods were filled with deep green foliage, the flowers wore their brightest colors, and young Oswald was unwontedly happy. One day he heard Lord St. Just call his wife by her Christian name, and he looked up in wonder.

"Vivien," he repeated—"Vivien!"  
Why, I have heard that name; it is like the other word, 'Lancewood.' It seems to sound from afar off. 'Vivien'—I have called some one by that name." He looked with a long earnest look into the face of Lady St. Just. "Do you know," he continued, "that I could fancy that I had called you Vivien. My Vivien, if ever I had one, had just such a face."

"Rely upon one thing," said Lord St. Just to his wife after that, "if we had not decided on doing full justice to that boy, he himself, in time, would have demanded it. I am quite certain that his memory would gradually have returned."

He asked him one day if the name "Oswald" was common in America, and the boy turned eagerly to him.

"How strange," he said, "that you should ask me that question, Lord St. Just! My uncle and I quarreled about that very name."

"Why did you quarrel?" asked his lordship.

"I am quite sure that once—I do not know when or where—I used to be called Oswald," he replied. "I often hear voices calling me Oswald even in my sleep. I have dreamed of that ever since I have dreamed of all; but Uncle Dorman said that it was all nonsense, that I imagined such things and then took them to be true. I know, however, that at some time or other I was called Oswald."

Again Lord St. Just looked at his wife, and they agreed that he must be told all soon. Evidently memory was awakening fast within him. He had been with them some time, and both were pleased with him. He seemed to have outgrown the faults of his childhood, he was no longer insincere, but rather blunt and frank; his temper, though not perfect, was good. Vivien could see now that his faults resulted rather from training than from anything else. He would not after all make so bad a master for Lancewood. Her husband agreed with her.

"He is a high-spirited boy," said Lord St. Just; "he is brave and courageous; he does not know fear; he is not over-ambitious, and glories in an act of daring—but he will be easily managed through his affections, and that is why, before telling him the truth, I wanted him to love us. Now he is so devoted to you, Vivien, and to me, that we shall be able to influence him; he will not love his own mother so much, and we can prevent her from gaining an evil ascendancy over him. I am quite sure, for instance, that we can make him see the need for absolutely refusing to allow her to live at Lancewood; and I shall advise him to travel—to do anything, in fact, rather than submit to her guidance."

"That will be wise," said Vivien. The thought of Valerie reigning at the Abbey had almost driven her mad. "I foresee better days for Lancewood, Vivien," said Lord St. Just. "Oswald will develop into a good man; I am quite sure of it. We must advise him to marry young; and, if he

marries well and wisely, there will be good times for the Abbey, depend upon it."

She looked up with a brighter smile on her face than he had seen there for some time. "Adrian," she said, "if that should come to pass—if I should gain peace of mind, peace of soul, and see brighter days dawn for Lancewood—I shall be happy." And to herself she thought "I am escaping the punishment of my sin."  
(To be Continued.)

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**MOIR'S CHOCOLATES**  
MADE IN CANADA

There were very few men on the Liberal benches, for the Tories were so strong that the opposition, badly beaten at the polls, had scarcely strength enough to show fight; and most of them were scattered about the House; in the smoking-room, the library, the lobbies; and only the liberal leader, Mr. Graham, sat in his place, his lips compressed, his arms folded, the heavy lids drooping over his eyes which, when those lids were raised, had the keenness and something of the ferocity of the eagle.

The House—perhaps the worst venal building in Europe—was warm and muggy, the air seemed to hang in heavy folds; a great many of the members slept, and some snored. Even those who were awake appeared to take no interest in the proceedings; and yet one would have thought that the subject of the debate would have been one to rouse the interest of even the most lethargic; for the Commons were discussing the bill dealing with the housing of the poor.

**"ECHOES of the Past;**

**OR, The Recompense of Love!"**

CHAPTER I.

The season was at its height. London, the gay and the gruesome, was throbbing with life; the fashionable streets were crowded with carriages, the parks were thronged by day, the theatres and the ballrooms were thronged by night; weary but statuesque policemen controlled a traffic which threatened to engulf them at every crossing; and in the sunlight that set the mottoes dancing in the warm June air, and in the beams of the electric light that flooded the streets and rendered the jewellers' shops dazzling, the women of rank and fashion seemed to fit, in the soft air, like tropical butterflies, attended by men as gay and frivolous as themselves.

To the eye that goes no deeper than the surface, it would have appeared a City of Love, Laughter, and Luxury; but just beneath the surface, so close indeed, that every now and then it cropped up like an ugly stain in the crimson splendor, lay the poverty which has made London a byword among her sister cities. But "that splendid force," the well-drilled and tactful police, kept the pauper and the criminal well in hand; and the pageantry of rank and riches rolled on unashamed and unafraid, though of necessity it came in such close contact with Lazarus in all his rags, that sometimes the flutter of those same rags, as he shivered in his hunger and his cold, stirred and mingled with the perfumed atmosphere which, like a halo, surrounded my lords and my ladies as, laughing and chatting, they drove to reception or concert, to dinner or to dance.

Above St. Stephen's tower was burning the light which proclaimed the important—and, alas! the often unimportant—fact that the House was sitting, and that the legislators, representatives of the people, were passing laws—or squabbling over some personality which should make the morning papers interesting.

The Tories were in by a large majority; and on the ministerial side of the House they lounged and lolled in indolent indifference, too secure to be exultant—just as the Liberals would have lolled if they had been the vic-

torious party.

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It was a measure which the Tories had promised at the recent election. Promises of a similar kind had also been made by the Liberals; and, no doubt, both parties honestly intended, according to their lights, to fulfil their pledges.

The galleries, as well as the floor of the House, were only thinly occupied, and one figure, that of a tall and distinguished looking man, could be plainly seen in the space allotted to the peers. He was sitting close up to the rail, his chin resting on his hand, his eyes, under their heavy brows, bent absently on the speaker. He

was none other than the famous statesman, Lord Chesterleigh, the late foreign minister; and no doubt he was recalling old times, the days when he had been a prominent figure on the floor beneath him, rather than listening to the monotonous singsong with which the home secretary was discussing the bill which was intended to ameliorate the condition of the many thousands, who, not so fortunate as the foxes in the parable, have no place in which to lay their heads.

The home secretary reached his peroration—of course amid the cheers of his party—and sat down with the sigh of a man whose task is over. Mr. Graham, who had already spoken, raised his lids and glanced around his sparse following in search of a speaker; and his eye fell on a young man who, a few benches behind him, was leaning forward, as if to attract his attention. Mr. Graham nodded, the young man rose, caught the Speaker's eye, and began to address the House.

Now this young man was one of those who, when they speak, rarely fail to arouse attention. For one thing, he was an extremely good-looking man; tall and strong of frame with a clear-cut, close-shaven face, and dark-gray eyes, which slowly moved over the recumbent figures of his fellow members with a calm and somewhat masterful gaze, and, aided by his voice, low but perfectly clear in tone, seemed to hypnotize the House; for they who were awake regarded him with interest; and not a few of the sleepers stirred uneasily and opened their eyes to gaze also.

For a sentence or two the young man spoke slowly, but presently the words came more quickly; something he said in that low, deeply musical voice struck the lolling, indolent crowd like the flick of a whip, and cheers rose from the members of his own party behind him, cheers led by Mr. Graham, his leader. Lord Chesterleigh dropped his hand from his chin and leaned forward, roused from his reverie. Some one stepped up behind him—a fellow peer, who, like himself, had looked in at "the old shop" for half an hour.

"Who is it, Stanford?" he asked, scarcely turning his head.

Lord Stanford put up his eye-glasses. "I don't know—yes; I do! That's Clive Harvey—member for Brimfield, Gad, the young fellow can speak! He's woke up the other side! Look at Devereux's face!" Mr. Devereux, the leader of the House and of the Conservative party, was leaning forward with a smile on his face, a scornful smile; but his lips were tightly compressed, and there was an alert look in his usually sleepy eyes.

(To be Continued.)

**Fads and Fashions.**

Gauntlet gloves appear again. Little girls' coats must have a belt. Long-waisted coats have straight lines.

New neckwear shows touches of black. Extremely full plain skirts are in favor. The tiered skirt is still in good fashion. Fashion has given black boots first place.

There are charming grays among the new colors. Yellow is a favorite shade for evening gowns.

Hats of pale tinted felt are chic for autumn wear. Velvet is the fashionable material for the winter hat.

Deep border hems of cloth to silk skirts are in favor. Dainty waists are made of soft, transparent fabrics.

The longer coat is here, for winter comfort and fashion. Children's dresses are finished with cavalier slashes.

Fashion loves fur this winter even more than she did last. Some of the new tailored suits have full circular skirts.

Some of the new sleeves show very full puffs above the elbow. There will be a great deal of chiffon and crepe material used.

New skirts are in soft plaids, faint stripes and plain colors. Young girls' frocks frequently have a betelle-fashion waist.

It is hinted that the train will return to favor for evening wear. Combine plaids with plain material if you would be fashionable.

Dark blue and green are among the favored autumn combinations. Among the new tweeds, subdued plaids and checks are most in favor.

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(Signed) JOHN SULLIVAN,  
Inspector General Constabulary,  
W. H. RENNIE,  
Captain (in charge of Musketry Instruction).

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Minister of Agriculture & Mines,  
Dept. Agriculture & Mines,  
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