

ROYAL Yeast Cakes

BEST YEAST IN THE WORLD.
DECLINE THE NUMEROUS INFERIOR
IMITATIONS THAT ARE BEING OFFERED
AWARDED HIGHEST HONORS AT ALL EXPOSITIONS
E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED.
WINNIPEG TORONTO ONT. MONTREAL

The Earl's Son;

TWO HEARTS UNITED

CHAPTER XXVI.

All the county was in a state of excitement over the "Lynne Court Murder," but Ralph, in his prison cell, was calm enough. How could he be otherwise with Veronica's example before him and with the consciousness of his innocence to uphold him?

Mr. Saintsbury had engaged Mr. Selby, the sharpest lawyer in the district, and he had an interview with Ralph a few minutes before the examination.

"I may as well say at once that I am sure you are not guilty, Mr. Farrington," he said; "but I ought to point out to you that the evidence is very strong. It was most unfortunate that you should have dropped your knife on that particular night, and more unfortunate still that you should have been seen with deceased and been heard quarrelling with him."

"Not quarrelling," said Ralph. "Besides, one does not stab the man one happens to have a few words with; and if I had done so I should scarcely have been such an idiot as to bury him! I could have said that he was poisoning and that I killed him in a fair fight!"

The door opened as he was speaking and Mr. Whetstone and Burchett entered. Ralph turned swiftly to meet the latter and held out his hand, then paused and drew it back. Mr. Burchett seized it and rung it, resigning it to Mr. Whetstone reluctantly. Mr. Selby looked on keenly.

"You two evidently share my belief in his innocence," he said.

"Yes, Mr. Selby," said Whetstone, with quiet confidence; while Burchett did not think it necessary to speak. "I came to see if I could do anything; but you are here, and all that can be done will be, I know."

Mr. Selby nodded.

"Burchett, whom do you suspect?" he said, sharply.

Burchett shook his head.

Rheumatism Goes Quickly its Virus Forever Destroyed.

EVERY CASE IS CURABLE.

Good-bye to Rheumatism! Your aching joints, your stiff, sore muscles, those sleepless nights and suffering days—good-bye forever—your day is gone.

Sufferer, cheer up, and read the good news below.

"A man met me a month ago, and said, 'don't stay crippled, quit complaining, limber up.' My answer was, 'I'm rheumatic, I can't do it.' He looked me over in a pitying sort of way and told me to go to the nearest drug store for Nerviline and Ferrozone. The combination had cured him. I was convinced of his sincerity and followed his instructions. I rubbed on Nerviline three times every day—rubbed it right into my aching joints. The pain quickly lessened, and I became more limber and active. To draw the virus of the disease from my blood I took two Ferrozone Tablets with every meal. I am well to-day, not an ache, not a pain and no sign of stiffness at all."

What Nerviline can do in a case like this it can do for you too. For nearly forty years Nerviline has been recommended for Rheumatism, Lumbago and Sciatica and Lame Back. It is the one remedy that never disappoints.

"I don't know, sir; I know nothing of the man."

"He must have had an enemy," said Mr. Selby. "One of his own class, no doubt; and a bitter enemy, too, for we Englishmen don't use the knife readily. We must find out who his associates were. Meanwhile, you friends of Mr. Farrington's must cheer him up!"

He said "Mr." Farrington, for Ralph in the dark serge suit which he had had made—his old clothes had been ruined in the fire—looked "ridiculously like a gentleman," as Mr. Selby remarked afterwards; and it was difficult for him to remember that his client was only a gamekeeper.

"We will do our best, Mr. Selby," said Whetstone. "I was prepossessed in his favor the first time I saw him—"

Mr. Selby nodded and glanced at the handsome face, rendered still more refined and aristocratic by his illness.

"Not only that," said Mr. Whetstone, who understood the glance, "but because of a likeness to—to one who was very dear to me."

He drew a miniature from his breast pocket, looked at it and sighed, and handed it to Mr. Selby.

The lawyer took it and examined it. "A sweet face," he remarked, then passed it to Ralph.

Ralph looked at it, then startled the others by a sudden cry.

"It is my mother."

Whetstone's hand went to his heart and he caught his breath.

"I was right!" he murmured, in great agitation.

Burchett went pale.

"Your mother!" exclaimed Mr. Selby, sharply. "Let me see!" He took it from Ralph's reluctant hand and looked from him to the miniature keenly. "Yes! I see the likeness. Who was she? Ah, I remember! Janet Burchett!"

Ralph uttered a cry and stood gazing from one to the other.

Whetstone groaned and went to him, but Ralph put out a hand to keep him off. "At such moments the soul craves for solitude, not sympathy."

"Leave him to me. I'll take care of this portrait," whispered Mr. Selby, and Whetstone and Burchett stole out.

"Now, Farrington, be a man!" said the lawyer, gravely. "I remember your mother—she was more sinned against than sinning—"

To his amazement Ralph turned on him with anger and indignation.

"What do you mean?" he said. "Do you dare to cast a doubt to hint—? He fought with the passion of resentment and went on more gently. "Mr. Selby, there is some mistake. Burchett—told me the story of my mother's flight—if she was Janet Burchett—but she was married. I am her lawful son."

Mr. Selby looked at him keenly.

"You have proofs—certificates—"

Now, who is this?" he broke off, irritably.

The turnkey admitted Mr. Saintsbury and Veronica: the governor had given the accused permission to receive any visitors.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Saintsbury! Good-morning, Miss Gresham," Mr. Selby continued more amiably. "I am glad you have come. We have made a discovery which may be of some importance." He waited until the two young people had exchanged greetings: Veronica, with the love that maketh not ashamed, had gone up to Ralph and kissed him. "Now, Mr. Farrington, time presses: the proofs, the certificate of the marriage and your birth, you have them, of course,"

Ralph shook his head.

"No," he said, quietly. "They were lost."

In a few words he told the story of his mother's death and the absence of the certificates.

Mr. Selby listened intently, but before he could say anything, Mr. Saintsbury, who had been looking at the miniature which Selby had handed him, broke in agitatedly:

"Hahn't—hahn't we better leave them alone?—the time is short—I—I want a word with you, Mr. Selby."

They went outside, and Mr. Saintsbury, still struggling with his agitation, caught the lawyer by the arm, and, drawing him down the corridor, addressed him in a hurried whisper.

"Great Heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Selby, for once startled out of his professional calm. "It isn't possible!"

"It is! I am not mistaken, I cannot be! I noticed the likeness, though I did not trace it at the time; but this miniature—What is to be done?"

"Go to the earl!" replied Mr. Selby, sharply. "Go at once! There is just time. My dog-cart is just outside. I will wait and go to the court-house with Mr. Farrington! Heaven and earth, if it should be true! I cannot realize it!"

"Give me the portrait!" exclaimed Mr. Saintsbury, and, snatching it from Mr. Selby's hand, he ran down the stairs.

The earl was just starting for the court-house when the dog-cart drove up. He changed color as Mr. Saintsbury was admitted.

"George!" he cried, and held out his hand. "You back in England! But what is the matter?"

"I've—I've terrible news! And yet—sit down, Lynborough, and for God's sake, keep calm!"

"You do not set me a very good example!" retorted the earl. "Now, what is it?"

Mr. Saintsbury sank into a chair and wiped his forehead.

"I can't break—it to you—there is no time," he said, painfully. "Lynborough, you remember your marriage?"

"Am I likely to forget it?" was the stern rejoinder.

"Your wife—that sweet girl—why did she leave you?"

"Because I soon grew tired of her, and a little ashamed—and she discovered it," was the calm reply.

"Where—where did she go?"

"To Australia, I believe. It does not matter. She died."

"Died!"

"Yes; I received news of her death three months later. I have suffered remorse every month, every day since. She died because she had found out that I was ashamed of having married her. She was a good woman and—"

and sacrificed herself for me. She had kept the secret of our marriage—not even to her own people, to Burchett, to Whetstone, did she disclose the fact that—that she was—the Countess of Lynborough. Can you wonder at my remorse?"

"She was alive; she did not die!" said Saintsbury.

"I cannot think that is true," said the earl, hoarsely.

"It is. I saw her. Out there in Australia. She thought you dead and had married again. She must have read the announcement of Lynborough of Haven's death and mistaken it for yours."

"You—you saw her? When—how long?" gasped the earl.

"Five years after the marriage. Her husband, the second one, had deserted her, but she was not alone."

"Not alone? Who—who—what do you mean? A—child?"

Saintsbury's lips moved for a moment inaudibly, then he said, huskily:

"Yes—a boy. Your son!"

The earl sprang to his feet, his face livid.

"My—my son! My son!" he echoed, as if he were choking. "Where—where is he? Ah, I see! You are going to tell me he is dead, Saintsbury!"

"No, he is alive! I have seen him."

The earl strode forward with the step of a young man and caught Saintsbury's arm.

"Take me to him—bring him to me!" he cried, almost fiercely.

"I—I cannot—at present," stammered Saintsbury.

A knock came at the door and the butler entered.

"The carriage, my lord—I beg your lordship's pardon, but I fear your lordship will be late."

The earl passed his hand across his brow with a bewildered gaze. Talbot stood in the doorway, and the earl looked at him with a strange expression.

"I—I would like a glass of wine," said Mr. Saintsbury; but it was of the stricken old man he was thinking, and he poured out a glass for him.

The earl understood and, with a slight inclination of his head, drank the wine.

"We must go now; I cannot wait!" he said, hoarsely. "After the examination—you must tell me all!"

Saintsbury did not know what to do, and could only stand and watch the old man as, leaning on Talbot's arm, he went out to the carriage.

The court was crammed, but the earl got in by the magistrate's entrance and took his place on the bench. As he did so he looked towards the dock, and his and the prisoner's eyes met. The old man started and gazed long and steadily at Ralph's pale but calm face. Then his eyes dropped to Veronica, who sat just beneath the dock. She met the glance sadly, and the tears rose to her eyes, but she turned them to Ralph swiftly and kept them there while Grey gave his evidence. A murmur ran round the Court as he unfolded as much of the case as was necessary. Already it seemed as if the prisoner's guilt were proven. The knife, the quarrel, his unexplained flight that night! They turned to Mr. Selby eagerly, but almost pityingly, for what defense had he?

(To be Continued.)



SCIENTIFIC DENTISTRY!

We have all the latest appliances for doing the best Dental work, and experts in all our offices to do it. At St. John's:—

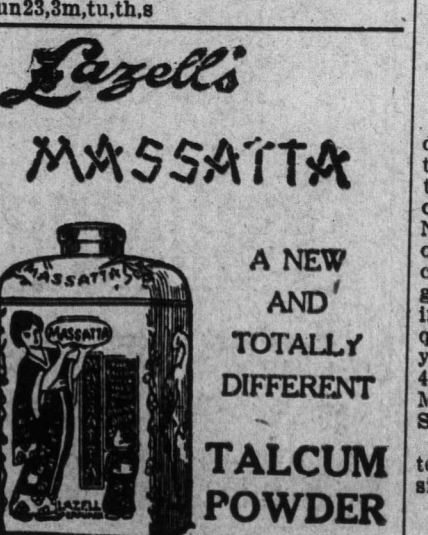
DR. J. W. SILLIKER, Specialist for extracting teeth and on crown and bridge work.

DR. M. S. POWER, Specialist at gold inlays, gold fillings.

ALBERT PACK, Mechanical Assistant.

MISS H. SIMMS, Lady Attendant.

Maritime Dental Parlors, 176 Water Street. 176. Examination Free. Jun 23, 3m, tu, th, s



Not only softer, smoother, more satisfying than any other, but distinguished by the "True Oriental Odor," a fragrance inimitable in its subtlety and charm.

In addition to Massatta, we carry a complete line of Lazzell's Famous Specialties, including the most exquisite Perfumes, delightful Toilet Waters, super Creams, and Powders of unquestionable excellence.

At all Drugstores, St. John's, Nfld.

Butter!

Ex "Morwenna."

New Grass Butter.

Finest Cheese—Twins.

All Reduced Prices.

JAS. R. KNIGHT

111 WATER STREET.

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.

1000-9999.—A GOOD DRESS FOR BUSINESS OR GENERAL WEAR.



This illustrates a charming Blouse style, combined with a good serviceable skirt model, both equally desirable in gown effect, or made for separate wear. As here shown white drill was employed, with a finish of simple stitching. The blouse may be finished with long or short sleeve. The yoke and sleeve is combined. The skirt has a narrow front panel or insert, and is plaited over the front panel and back. The Waist (or Blouse) Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The Skirt in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 6 yards of 40 inch material for a 36 inch size, for the entire dress. The Skirt measures 1 1/3 yards at the lower edge. This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. for each pattern in silver or stamps.

1017.—A GROUP OF STYLISH COLLARS.



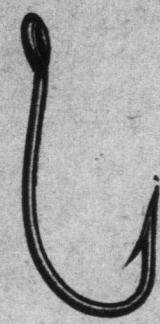
These models are smart and up-to-date. They are suitable for any of the prevailing dress or lingerie materials. No. 1, would be pretty in cool, dotted net or in batiste or lawn. No. 2 is very appropriate for pique, or linen. No. 3 could be made of cloth, silk or velvet. No. 4 is also good for such fabrics. The Pattern includes all styles illustrated, and requires for No. 1, 1/4 yard, for No. 2, 3/4 yard, for No. 3, 1/2 yard and for No. 4, 3/4 yard of 24 inch material for a Medium size. It is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

NE.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern can not reach you in less than 15 days. Price 10c. each, in cash, postal note, or stamps. Address: Telegram Pattern Department.

An Intelligent Person may earn \$100 monthly corresponding for newspapers. No canvassing. Send for particulars. Press Syndicate #2712. Lockport, N.Y.

WINARD'S LINIMENT CURES

BURNS, Etc.



THE CELEBRATED

Arthur James'

Fish Hooks

"Extra Double Tinned."

BOWRING BROS., Ltd.,

Agents.

HARDWARE DEPARTMENT.

New Suitings

New Spring Coatings

Now is the time for your Spring Order. Latest designs in fabrics, a distinctiveness in style and a pleased customer—all in the "Mauder" make.

Samples and measuring cards on application.



John Mauder
TAILOR & CLOTHIER
ST. JOHN'S, N.I.

"STEPHANO"

To-day, July 23rd.

NEW YORK CORNED BEEF.
NEW YORK CHICKEN.
TOMATOES.
WATER MELONS.
GRAPE FRUIT.
20 crates BANANAS.
20 brls. NEW TURNIPS.
25 crates CABBAGE.
10 brls. NEW POTATOES.

And in store
200 bundles No. 1 HAY.

W. E. BEARNS