

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

Good home made bread is the finest food on earth, and the wife that is a good bread maker is a real helpmate to the bread winner. Bread is the one food that perfectly combines in itself all the elements that give strength to the body. Children who eat lots of good home made bread thrive the best—they never get sick from eating good bread. Bread making is a simple operation. Bread made in the home with Royal Yeast Cakes possesses a greater degree of nourishment, and will keep fresh longer than that made with any other.

Scientists highly recommend yeast as a food and as a corrective agent for certain functional disarrangements, attributed to poor blood conditions. Soak a cake of Royal Yeast for half an hour in a cup of lukewarm water with one teaspoon sugar. Then stir well and strain once or twice through muslin and drink the liquid. BETTER results will be obtained by allowing it to soak over night and drinking half an hour before breakfast. Repeat as often as desired. Send name and address for free booklet entitled "Royal Yeast for Better Health."

E. W. Gillett Company Limited
Toronto, Canada
Made in Canada.

Gettera Peasant Than a Peer.

CHAPTER XXVI. A MADDENING DISCLOSURE.

She nods, and looks straight before her with a fixed expression.

"Yes, he is staying at the villa; he is on a visit."

A mad kind of curiosity consumes Hal.

"Is—he your uncle?" she asks.

She turns her lovely face, with a surprised look in her dark eyes.

"My uncle? No."

"Any relation?" says Hal, desperately.

"No," she says; and a faint, troubled look comes into her eyes, as if she had suddenly been struck by an unwelcome fact.

"An old friend, then?" says Hal.

"He must be, for I noticed that—"

"And he pauses."

She looks at him expectantly.

"Yes."

"I—I'm very impatient and rough—I always was. I was just going to say that I noticed he kissed your hand yesterday."

"Did he?" she says, a little troubled, puzzled look coming over her face.

"Yes, he is an old friend. I am going to marry the Count Mikoff."

If she had said, "I am going to be executed to-morrow morning," Hal would not have looked more startled or horrified.

Instead of bowing, with a courteous smile, he stopped short and stared at her, his bright face turning white as death, and his eyes staring from his head.

Perhaps she is startled, for she blushes a deep crimson, which the next moment leaves her face as pale as his, and stands with her hands folded, and her eyes cast meekly down.

Hal cannot speak, which the next moment leaves her face as pale as his, and stands with her hands folded, and her eyes cast meekly down.

Hal cannot speak, which the next moment leaves her face as pale as his, and stands with her hands folded, and her eyes cast meekly down.

Hal cannot speak, which the next moment leaves her face as pale as his, and stands with her hands folded, and her eyes cast meekly down.

Hal cannot speak, which the next moment leaves her face as pale as his, and stands with her hands folded, and her eyes cast meekly down.

Hal cannot speak, which the next moment leaves her face as pale as his, and stands with her hands folded, and her eyes cast meekly down.

Hal cannot speak, which the next moment leaves her face as pale as his, and stands with her hands folded, and her eyes cast meekly down.

Hal cannot speak, which the next moment leaves her face as pale as his, and stands with her hands folded, and her eyes cast meekly down.

Hal cannot speak, which the next moment leaves her face as pale as his, and stands with her hands folded, and her eyes cast meekly down.

Hal cannot speak, which the next moment leaves her face as pale as his, and stands with her hands folded, and her eyes cast meekly down.

Hal cannot speak, which the next moment leaves her face as pale as his, and stands with her hands folded, and her eyes cast meekly down.

Hal cannot speak, which the next moment leaves her face as pale as his, and stands with her hands folded, and her eyes cast meekly down.

Hal cannot speak, which the next moment leaves her face as pale as his, and stands with her hands folded, and her eyes cast meekly down.

Hal cannot speak, which the next moment leaves her face as pale as his, and stands with her hands folded, and her eyes cast meekly down.

Hal cannot speak, which the next moment leaves her face as pale as his, and stands with her hands folded, and her eyes cast meekly down.

Hal cannot speak, which the next moment leaves her face as pale as his, and stands with her hands folded, and her eyes cast meekly down.

Hal cannot speak, which the next moment leaves her face as pale as his, and stands with her hands folded, and her eyes cast meekly down.

Hal cannot speak, which the next moment leaves her face as pale as his, and stands with her hands folded, and her eyes cast meekly down.

Hal cannot speak, which the next moment leaves her face as pale as his, and stands with her hands folded, and her eyes cast meekly down.

Hal cannot speak, which the next moment leaves her face as pale as his, and stands with her hands folded, and her eyes cast meekly down.

Hal cannot speak, which the next moment leaves her face as pale as his, and stands with her hands folded, and her eyes cast meekly down.

Hal cannot speak, which the next moment leaves her face as pale as his, and stands with her hands folded, and her eyes cast meekly down.

Hal cannot speak, which the next moment leaves her face as pale as his, and stands with her hands folded, and her eyes cast meekly down.

Hal cannot speak, which the next moment leaves her face as pale as his, and stands with her hands folded, and her eyes cast meekly down.

Hal cannot speak, which the next moment leaves her face as pale as his, and stands with her hands folded, and her eyes cast meekly down.

Hal cannot speak, which the next moment leaves her face as pale as his, and stands with her hands folded, and her eyes cast meekly down.

Hal cannot speak, which the next moment leaves her face as pale as his, and stands with her hands folded, and her eyes cast meekly down.

"Wish you—eh? Oh—oh, yes, certainly. I—I wish you happiness; that is, I mean—let us go quickly, let us have a gallop. It's very cold—I mean it's very hot. I—"

And he strikes his horse a smart blow with his light whip. Much surprised and wounded, the animal gives a bound and dashes down the hill; the princess says a word to Florida and follows. But Hal, evidently laboring under the delusion that he is riding a race, gallops recklessly down the steep path and keeps ahead, utterly oblivious of the well-known truism, that strange horses are safest at the trot, and that galloping down hill over a loose, shingly road is dangerous.

The princess is safe enough; her horse knows every inch of the way, and is as sure-footed as a Spanish mule. She sees his danger, and calls out: "Stop—take care!" but it is too late; with a sudden stumble the horse of Der Krone Hotel lurches on one side, and Hal flies over his head like a stone thrown from a catapult. With a cry, the princess throws herself from the saddle and bends over him.

"Are you hurt—are you?"

But Hal does not move, lying with his face on his arm.

With a sudden pallor and a succession of low, terrified cries she throws herself down beside him, and tries to turn him.

But Hal is stalwart and heavy, and her hands are as powerless to move him as if he were a block of marble.

With a face as white as snow, she springs to her feet and looks around for help.

Saving the two horses and Carlo, who sniffs curiously at the senseless youth, not a living creature is in sight.

"What shall I do—what shall I do?" she moans. "He is dead."

But only for the moment does weakness hold her in dread; the next, woman's art comes to her assistance.

Taking off her hat, she turns up a shallow path until she reaches a brook. Stooping down, she fills the hat with water, and, once more bending over the still figure, she bathes the bright chestnut head.

After a minute or two, Hal stirs and raises his head, to her unutterable joy.

With a low sob, she slips her arm around his neck, and lays his head on her lap.

There is an ugly cut on his forehead, from which trickles a thin stream of blood, which makes her shudder and cry as she wipes it away with her wet handkerchief; so still and peaceful is the face that one would think the boy was asleep; and perhaps, in the moment of excitement, she bends forward and presses the handsome head to her bosom, and, stooping the lovely head, lays her lips on his, kissing him passionately; not once or twice, but with a rush of sweet, womanly tenderness.

It is her soft, warm kisses that wake him, and Hal, as he opens his eyes for the moment, is under the delusion that he is asleep at the hotel and dreaming.

But, staring up hastily, he sees her face so close to his, and, raising himself on his elbow, stares about him.

"Princess!" he says.

"Yes—yes! you are better!" she answers, eagerly, a warm flush on her cheek.

"Better—what? Ah! that horse! I know! I remember—I mean, where are we?"

"On the hill!" she says, murmuring in his ear. "Do not move, do not speak—oh, am so glad—so glad!" and she began to cry silently, still holding him to her.

One tear escaping through her fingers, fell on Hal's face and roused him effectually.

With difficulty he stood upright, with reluctance, also, if the truth must be told, and then, Hal-like, laughed.

"That was a cropper!" he said, wiping the water from his face and head. "Serves me right for riding down hill at a gallop. You didn't fall, did you?" he asked, anxiously.

"I? No—no! It was only you who were hurt!" she replies, swiftly watching him with wide-open eyes, as if she expected he would fall at her feet again.

"Ah, is he not handsome?" says a girl, with a little upraised glance of her eyes. "He is like—like—oh, I know not what he is like!"

"Gretchen!" exclaims her mother, who is standing by, reprovingly, "guard thy tongue, girl; what is that young milord's fair face to thee?"

(To be continued)

"Princess!" he says.

"Yes—yes! you are better!" she answers, eagerly, a warm flush on her cheek.

"Better—what? Ah! that horse! I know! I remember—I mean, where are we?"

"On the hill!" she says, murmuring in his ear. "Do not move, do not speak—oh, am so glad—so glad!" and she began to cry silently, still holding him to her.

One tear escaping through her fingers, fell on Hal's face and roused him effectually.

With difficulty he stood upright, with reluctance, also, if the truth must be told, and then, Hal-like, laughed.

"That was a cropper!" he said, wiping the water from his face and head. "Serves me right for riding down hill at a gallop. You didn't fall, did you?" he asked, anxiously.

"I? No—no! It was only you who were hurt!" she replies, swiftly watching him with wide-open eyes, as if she expected he would fall at her feet again.

"Ah, is he not handsome?" says a girl, with a little upraised glance of her eyes. "He is like—like—oh, I know not what he is like!"

"Gretchen!" exclaims her mother, who is standing by, reprovingly, "guard thy tongue, girl; what is that young milord's fair face to thee?"

(To be continued)

"Princess!" he says.

"Yes—yes! you are better!" she answers, eagerly, a warm flush on her cheek.

"Better—what? Ah! that horse! I know! I remember—I mean, where are we?"

"On the hill!" she says, murmuring in his ear. "Do not move, do not speak—oh, am so glad—so glad!" and she began to cry silently, still holding him to her.

One tear escaping through her fingers, fell on Hal's face and roused him effectually.

With difficulty he stood upright, with reluctance, also, if the truth must be told, and then, Hal-like, laughed.

"That was a cropper!" he said, wiping the water from his face and head. "Serves me right for riding down hill at a gallop. You didn't fall, did you?" he asked, anxiously.

"I? No—no! It was only you who were hurt!" she replies, swiftly watching him with wide-open eyes, as if she expected he would fall at her feet again.

"Ah, is he not handsome?" says a girl, with a little upraised glance of her eyes. "He is like—like—oh, I know not what he is like!"

"Gretchen!" exclaims her mother, who is standing by, reprovingly, "guard thy tongue, girl; what is that young milord's fair face to thee?"

(To be continued)

"Princess!" he says.

"Yes—yes! you are better!" she answers, eagerly, a warm flush on her cheek.

"Better—what? Ah! that horse! I know! I remember—I mean, where are we?"

"On the hill!" she says, murmuring in his ear. "Do not move, do not speak—oh, am so glad—so glad!" and she began to cry silently, still holding him to her.

One tear escaping through her fingers, fell on Hal's face and roused him effectually.

With difficulty he stood upright, with reluctance, also, if the truth must be told, and then, Hal-like, laughed.

"That was a cropper!" he said, wiping the water from his face and head. "Serves me right for riding down hill at a gallop. You didn't fall, did you?" he asked, anxiously.

"I? No—no! It was only you who were hurt!" she replies, swiftly watching him with wide-open eyes, as if she expected he would fall at her feet again.

"Ah, is he not handsome?" says a girl, with a little upraised glance of her eyes. "He is like—like—oh, I know not what he is like!"

"Gretchen!" exclaims her mother, who is standing by, reprovingly, "guard thy tongue, girl; what is that young milord's fair face to thee?"

(To be continued)

"Princess!" he says.

"Yes—yes! you are better!" she answers, eagerly, a warm flush on her cheek.

"Better—what? Ah! that horse! I know! I remember—I mean, where are we?"

"On the hill!" she says, murmuring in his ear. "Do not move, do not speak—oh, am so glad—so glad!" and she began to cry silently, still holding him to her.

One tear escaping through her fingers, fell on Hal's face and roused him effectually.

For Chilblains Chapped Skin

Mentholatum brings cooling, soothing relief almost overnight. For head-colds rub Mentholatum on the nostrils, inside and out—you soon breathe freely again. Safe, gentle, thorough.

Mentholatum
Opal Tablets
Wholesale.



CHAPTER XXVII. BARRIERS BETWEEN.

Forbach, sleepy Forbach, is in a state of excitement. Its usually quiet street is almost filled with a curious, alert and merry-making crowd; the windows of Der Krone Hotel are all alive with eager faces, all turned toward the road leading from Baden-Baden. The little florist's shop-window is quite hidden by a row of white-capped, red-checked village maidens, laughing and talking and eating ripe figs, all three things at once; on the steps of the church itself are gathered sightseers, laughing and chatting. The cure is not there, simply because he has gone up to the castle to welcome the great English milord, of whom he is the valued and most esteemed friend.

Judging by the aspect of Forbach, alive and vivacious, any one would think that the emperor himself were about to pass through; and, indeed, his presence would not prove of great interest to the quiet people of Forbach than the advent of the great Marquis of Ferndale; for his presence at the castle, with a long train of servants, means a great increase of business and profit—in a word, prosperity itself. The butcher and the florist—even the little old fruit-woman—rejoice and make glad, and lay waiting in the road to greet their patron and give him a hearty welcome.

But a less interested motive has drawn the red-checked maidens and white-capped demure matrons of the village, for the story of the marquis's wedding has reached them, and they have come out to get an early glimpse of the bride. They are talking about her now, as they click their knitting-needles and glance expectantly up the road.

"Herr Graff," the steward, says that she is beautiful," says one, with a nod; "very beautiful. There is a portrait of her hanging in the great hall, which milord the marquis painted with his own hand, and sent over that it might hang there before the guests arrive. And Herr Graff says it is the face of a child—a girl—"

"Surely not!"

"So says he; a mere girl; but beautiful—oh, as beautiful as a flower, with dark eyebrows and eyes like jewels. Herr Graff is quite enamored of milady's picture."

"But is she so young?" asks another.

"A girl—a girl only," replies the first gossip, proud of her superior information; "but a few months older than the young milord, her brother, who has been staying at Der Krone."

"Ah, is he not handsome?" says a girl, with a little upraised glance of her eyes. "He is like—like—oh, I know not what he is like!"

"Gretchen!" exclaims her mother, who is standing by, reprovingly, "guard thy tongue, girl; what is that young milord's fair face to thee?"

(To be continued)

"Princess!" he says.

"Yes—yes! you are better!" she answers, eagerly, a warm flush on her cheek.

"Better—what? Ah! that horse! I know! I remember—I mean, where are we?"

"On the hill!" she says, murmuring in his ear. "Do not move, do not speak—oh, am so glad—so glad!" and she began to cry silently, still holding him to her.

One tear escaping through her fingers, fell on Hal's face and roused him effectually.

With difficulty he stood upright, with reluctance, also, if the truth must be told, and then, Hal-like, laughed.

"That was a cropper!" he said, wiping the water from his face and head. "Serves me right for riding down hill at a gallop. You didn't fall, did you?" he asked, anxiously.

"I? No—no! It was only you who were hurt!" she replies, swiftly watching him with wide-open eyes, as if she expected he would fall at her feet again.

"Ah, is he not handsome?" says a girl, with a little upraised glance of her eyes. "He is like—like—oh, I know not what he is like!"

"Gretchen!" exclaims her mother, who is standing by, reprovingly, "guard thy tongue, girl; what is that young milord's fair face to thee?"

(To be continued)

"Princess!" he says.

"Yes—yes! you are better!" she answers, eagerly, a warm flush on her cheek.

"Better—what? Ah! that horse! I know! I remember—I mean, where are we?"

"On the hill!" she says, murmuring in his ear. "Do not move, do not speak—oh, am so glad—so glad!" and she began to cry silently, still holding him to her.

One tear escaping through her fingers, fell on Hal's face and roused him effectually.

With difficulty he stood upright, with reluctance, also, if the truth must be told, and then, Hal-like, laughed.

"That was a cropper!" he said, wiping the water from his face and head. "Serves me right for riding down hill at a gallop. You didn't fall, did you?" he asked, anxiously.

"I? No—no! It was only you who were hurt!" she replies, swiftly watching him with wide-open eyes, as if she expected he would fall at her feet again.

"Ah, is he not handsome?" says a girl, with a little upraised glance of her eyes. "He is like—like—oh, I know not what he is like!"

"Gretchen!" exclaims her mother, who is standing by, reprovingly, "guard thy tongue, girl; what is that young milord's fair face to thee?"

(To be continued)

"Princess!" he says.

"Yes—yes! you are better!" she answers, eagerly, a warm flush on her cheek.

"Better—what? Ah! that horse! I know! I remember—I mean, where are we?"

"On the hill!" she says, murmuring in his ear. "Do not move, do not speak—oh, am so glad—so glad!" and she began to cry silently, still holding him to her.

One tear escaping through her fingers, fell on Hal's face and roused him effectually.

With difficulty he stood upright, with reluctance, also, if the truth must be told, and then, Hal-like, laughed.

"That was a cropper!" he said, wiping the water from his face and head. "Serves me right for riding down hill at a gallop. You didn't fall, did you?" he asked, anxiously.

"I? No—no! It was only you who were hurt!" she replies, swiftly watching him with wide-open eyes, as if she expected he would fall at her feet again.

"Ah, is he not handsome?" says a girl, with a little upraised glance of her eyes. "He is like—like—oh, I know not what he is like!"

"Gretchen!" exclaims her mother, who is standing by, reprovingly, "guard thy tongue, girl; what is that young milord's fair face to thee?"

(To be continued)

"Princess!" he says.

"Yes—yes! you are better!" she answers, eagerly, a warm flush on her cheek.

"Better—what? Ah! that horse! I know! I remember—I mean, where are we?"

"On the hill!" she says, murmuring in his ear. "Do not move, do not speak—oh, am so glad—so glad!" and she began to cry silently, still holding him to her.

One tear escaping through her fingers, fell on Hal's face and roused him effectually.

With difficulty he stood upright, with reluctance, also, if the truth must be told, and then, Hal-like, laughed.

"That was a cropper!" he said, wiping the water from his face and head. "Serves me right for riding down hill at a gallop. You didn't fall, did you?" he asked, anxiously.

"I? No—no! It was only you who were hurt!" she replies, swiftly watching him with wide-open eyes, as if she expected he would fall at her feet again.

"Ah, is he not handsome?" says a girl, with a little upraised glance of her eyes. "He is like—like—oh, I know not what he is like!"

"Gretchen!" exclaims her mother, who is standing by, reprovingly, "guard thy tongue, girl; what is that young milord's fair face to thee?"

(To be continued)

READYMADE SENSATION! Ten Days' Sale

THE BALANCE OF OUR STOCK OF
**Men's and Boys'
Winter Overcoats &
Mackinaws
AT HALF PRICE.**

MEN'S MACKINAWS.
Regular \$20.00 for \$10.00
MEN'S OVERCOATS.
All Woollen Makes.
Regular \$20.00 for \$10.00
MEN'S OVERCOATS.
All Woollen Makes.
Regular \$22.00 for \$11.00
MEN'S OVERCOATS.
All Woollen Makes.
Regular \$24.00 for \$12.00
MEN'S OVERCOATS.
All Woollen Makes.
Regular \$28.00 for \$14.00
MEN'S OVERCOATS.
All Woollen Makes.
Regular \$33.00 for \$16.50
MEN'S OVERCOATS.
All Woollen Makes.
Regular \$35.00 for \$17.50
BOYS' OVERCOATS
from \$7.75 each upwards

This tremendous reduction really does give you **GOODS AT PRE-WAR PRICES** and far cheaper than we expect to be able to offer you the same goods next year. But as we believe the Ready-made Business in Newfoundland is at the moment overdone, we have decided to reduce in this Department as regards our Business and we have taken a step that we know will reduce stock quickly.

HENRY BLAIR.

tu,th,s,tf