

Is Your Loaf Like This?



If your loaf is of the right quality, it ought to produce uniformly good bread. When the loaf comes out of the oven it ought to be appetizing and inviting in appearance. The crust should be crisp, tender and sweet as a nut. The pores of the bread should be regular and uniform expansion by the yeast and every loaf should be light, plump and should expand over the top of the pan. Bread made from Ogilvie's **Royal Household Flour** always comes up to the highest standard of excellence when made right. It is always uniform and good to look at as well as good to eat.

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FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE

THE EVIL OF CIVIL WAR
By Henry John Temple. (Lord Palmerston)

From a speech in the English house of commons on the Roman Catholic relief bill, March 18, 1829.

WHEN come we to the last remedy—civil war. Some gentlemen say that, sooner or later, we must fight for it, and the sword must decide. They tell us that, if blood were shed in Ireland, Catholic emancipation might be avoided. Sir, when honorable members shall be a little deeper read in the history of Ireland, they will find that in Ireland blood has been shed—that in Ireland leaders have been seized, trials have been had, and punishments have been inflicted. They will find, indeed, almost every page of the history of Ireland darkened by bloodshed, by seizures, by trials, and by punishments. But what has been the effect of those measures? They have, indeed, been successful in quelling the disturbances of the moment; but they never have gone to their cause, and have only fixed deeper the poisoned barb that rankles in the heart of Ireland. Can one believe one's ears, when one hears respectable men talk so lightly—may almost so wishfully—of civil war? Do they reflect that a countless multitude of ills those three short syllables contain? It is well, indeed, for the gentlemen of England, who live secure under the protecting shadow of the law, whose slumbers have never been broken by the clashing of angry swords, whose harvests have never been trodden down by the conflict of hostile feet—it is well for them to talk of civil war, as if it were some holiday pastime, or some sport of children.

They jest at scars who never felt a wound.

But, that gentlemen from unfortunate and ill-starred Ireland, who have never seen with their own eyes, and heard with their own ears, the miseries which civil war produces—who have never known, by their own experience the barbarism, ay, the barbarity, which it engenders—that such persons should look upon civil war as anything short of the last and greatest of national calamities—it is to me a matter of the deepest and most unmixt astonishment. I will grant, if you will, that the success of such a war with Ireland would be as signal and complete as would be its injustice. I will grant, if you will, that resistance would soon be extinguished with the lives of those who resisted; I will grant, if you will, that the crimson banner of England would soon wave, in undisputed supremacy, over the smoking ashes of their towns, and the blood-stained solitude of their fields. But I will tell you that England herself never would permit the achievement of such a conquest; England would reject, with disgust, laurels that were dyed in fraternal blood; England would recoil, with loathing abhorrence, from the bare contemplation of so devilish a triumph!

SHIPPING

ALMANAC FOR ST. JOHN, AUG. 31.

High Tide, 8:40 Low Tide, 3:08

THE time used is Atlantic standard.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Arrived Yesterday.

Star Cabin Austin, 2833, Pike, from Boston and sailed to return.

Star Governor Dingley, 2836, Mitchell, from Boston via Eastport, W. G. Lee, Pass and mde.

Star Astarte, 717, Young, from Sydney, C. B., 1800 tons, R. P. & W. F. Starr, and cleared for Port Hood, N. S.

Cleared Yesterday.

Schr Salie E. Ludlam (Am), 199, Ward, for City Island for orders, 34,574 ft pine boards, 1,131,200 spruce laths, Cushing & Co., Ltd.

Schr St. Maurice, 372, Saban, for Apple River, N. S., to load lumber for New York.

Sailed Yesterday.

Star Whitefield, 150, John for Brown Head for orders, deals.

Star Porter (Am), Spragg, Vine, or orders.

CANADIAN PORTS.

Halifax, Aug 30—Sld, str Florizel, St John's (Nfld); Borna, New York.

BRITISH PORTS.

Greenock, Aug 29—And, str Tabasco, Halifax.

Fastnet, Aug 30—Passed, str Coleby, St John for orders.

Glasgow, Aug 30—Sld, str Indrani, St John.

FOREIGN PORTS.

Boston, Aug 30—And, schs Emma R Potter, Clementsport; Abana, Point Wolfe for Salem.

Vineyard Haven, Aug 30—And, schs H H Kitchener, for LaHave; Mina German, South Anboy for Grand Manan; Ionis, Musquodoboit (for orders).

City Island, Aug 30—Bound south, str Nanna, Hillsboro for New York; schs Clavola, Albert; Anne J Trimmer, Hantsport; Rosalie Bellevue, Windsor.

The St. John branch of the local Council of Women yesterday afternoon made final plans for their share of the Dominion exhibition work. They will have afternoon tea commencing Tuesday at 5 p. m., until the close of the exhibition. The members of the nineteen affiliated societies will assist in the work. The King's Daughters' Guild will have charge of the rest room, and Mrs. George West Jones, representing the Women's Canadian Club, will have supervision of the arts and handicraft departments.

THE ALBERT GATE MYSTERY

BY LOUIS TRACY Copyright 1904 by H. F. Fennell & Co.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Hall-Porter's Doubt.

When one o'clock came and Edith had not arrived, the three men waiting in the hotel made no further effort to conceal their anxiety. The impetuous Fairholme was eager to search for Edith, but Brett steadily adhered to his resolution not to stir from their sitting-room until either Miss Talbot came back in person or it became quite certain that she was detained by some other influence than her own untimely arrival.

"It may be," he argued, "that she will require some action on our part the moment we see her, and nothing could be more stupid than for the three of us to be wandering about this great city helplessly inquiring for a missing English lady, whilst she was impatiently awaiting our return in the knowledge that valuable time was being wasted to no purpose. What is there to fear? Miss Talbot is absolutely unknown to all the parties concerned in the affair. Even if she attracted their attention, which is improbable, it is almost inconceivable that they should connect her with the search being made for them. The only risk she runs is that of being mistaken for some semi-intoxicated reveler, and even in a rowdy city like this, it must indeed be a strange locality in which she would be denied some protection. Of course I will be much relieved when Miss Talbot returns and we can present to her a reasonable excuse on our part. Indeed, we ought to congratulate ourselves on the fact that she does not intend to leave us for such a long time. The probability is that she is making highly important discoveries which might materially reduce the area of inquiry."

With this view Talbot could not help concurring, so Fairholme had to content himself by smoking many cigarettes and walking uneasily about the room. Sit down he could not, whilst any casual ring at the hotel door found him leaning over the balustrade of the inner court and listening intently for the first words of the new arrival.

But the Englishmen were not the only persons in the hotel that night whose composure was disturbed. Their extraordinary behavior caused uneasiness to the manager and those members of the staff who remained on duty. The facts disclosed by the hall porter were certainly remarkable. Only one member of the party had behaved in a normal manner. Sir Hubert Fitzgibbon, soon after his arrival, went quietly to bed, but the hall-porter's report as to the conduct of the others was passing strange.

One of them to his surprise, had rung up the prefecture of police in Paris on the telephone. The others were standing at the hotel door, gazing quietly enough at the passers-by, when suddenly about midnight much excitement rose amongst them. They conversed eagerly in their own tongue for a few minutes, and the lady had rushed off down the street by herself, whilst her two companions ran with equal precipitancy to join the third in the sitting-room they had engaged, and there they were still seated in mood of expectancy, apparently watching for some dramatic event to happen.

It was time that all good people were in bed. But it was hopeless to approach such lunatic questions, for they were English, and no decent Frenchman could possibly hope to understand their actions or motives. It was satisfactory that they could speak French well, therefore the manager counselled the hall-porter to exhibit patience and prudence. Moreover, miradors upstairs would be sure to recog-

destination, and the best chance we have of discovering it is to seize the immediate opportunity of this hour of drats arrest of her father. Possibly the morning some document may be found on him which will reveal his daughter's destination. It occurs to me that she will expect to arrive by a late train. Again, when the fishing-smack puts into port, the girl will probably elope some method of communication with him, and that communication must come into our hands, not into his. So I have telephoned the police officials in Paris to raid the Cabaret Noir forthwith, if it is possible that they may report developments within the next two or three hours."

"Is there no chance of your discovering the whereabouts of that fishing-smack?" said Fairholme.

"Well, this is a big port, you know, and there are always tugs knocking about with steam up, on the off-chance of their services being required. Isn't it possible to charter a steamboat and set off after the smack?"

"I do not think so," said Brett. "I imagine it would be wasted effort. By his time the Belle Sauvage would be out to sea. She can go in a dozen different directions. She may beat along the coast towards Corsica, towards the Balearic Islands, Spain, or the mouth of the Rhone. She will certainly not show any lights, and I personally feel that although there is, perhaps a thousand to one chance we might fall in with her, it will be far better for our purpose to remain quietly here and await developments in Paris."

"The Frenchman," remarked Fairholme, convinced that his proposal was impracticable, "it will be an easy matter for the authorities to ascertain the port that she arrives at."

Brett shook his head dubiously.

"I have my doubts on that point," he said. "The man who has thus far kept himself so easily ahead of all pursuers, and exhibited such a wealth of resources in his methods, may well be trusted to cover up his tracks, effectually. There is even a possibility that that her number will long remain veiled on the shipping registers of Marseilles. However, we shall see."

"Then, Mr. Brett," put in Edith quietly, with a tired smile, "I suppose we may go to bed?"

"Most certainly, Miss Talbot. You have earned your rest more than any of us tonight," he answered.

He held out his hand to wish her good-night, but she demanded with some surprise, "What are you going to do? Surely you want some sleep?"

"I will remain here," he said. "I have bribed the hall-porter to keep awake, and he may be wanted on the telephone at any moment."

"Then I will stop with you," cried Fairholme.

"And I too," chimed in Talbot.

"You will do nothing of the sort," he answered with pleasant insistence. "You will just be off both of you, and get some hours of sound sleep. You may need all your energy tomorrow. Do not be afraid. I will remain here, if anything should happen."

Left to himself, Brett again interviewed the hall-porter and returned to the sitting room, where he disposed himself for a nap on the sofa. Like all men who possess the faculty of concentrated thought, he also cultivated the power of dismissing a perplexing problem from his mind until it became necessary to consider it afresh in the light of further knowledge.

Within five minutes he was sound asleep. At length he woke with a start. He was stiff with cold, for the fire had gone out, and the tiny gas jet he had left burning was not sufficient to warm the room. He sprang to his feet and looked at his watch. It was half-past six.

"Surely," he cried, "there must have been a message from Paris long before this!"

He ran downstairs, encountering on his way some of the hotel servants, who even thus early had commenced work for the morning. Going to the hall-porter's office he found that functionary snoring peacefully. The poor fellow was tired out, and twenty telephone bells might have jangled in his ears without waking him.

So, for the third time, Brett rang up the exchange to get in touch with Paris. As he had anticipated, he quickly learnt that the Prefecture had endeavored to get through to him about 4:30 a. m., but the operators were unable to obtain any answer.

(To be continued.)

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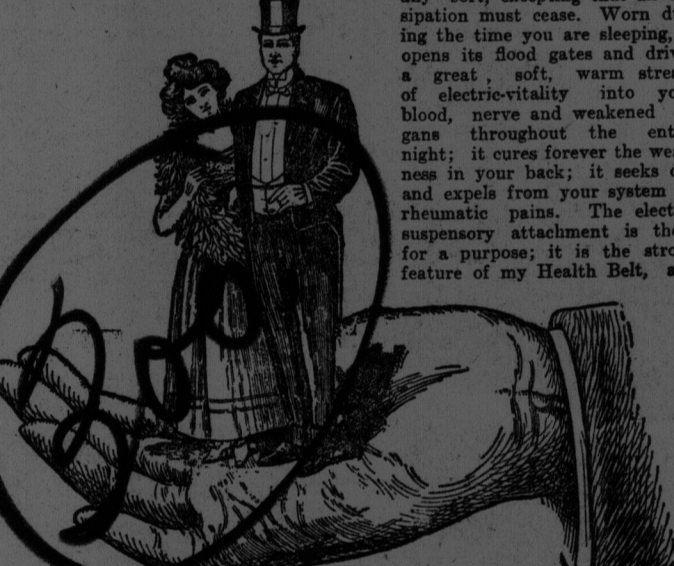
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So I've since been told,
When I proposed to May,
Who gave it to me cold.

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Inside down, nose under man's elbow.

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Find her father.

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Inside down, nose under man's elbow.