

**ROYAL YEAST**  
The reason for changing the shape of Royal Yeast Cakes is that it is easier to wrap square cakes by machinery than round cakes. Each package will contain five cakes instead of six but the quality and quantity of yeast will be the same as formerly.  
**E. W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED**  
WINNIPEG TORONTO, CANADA MONTREAL

**The Heir of Rosedene**

OR,  
**The Game-Keeper's Hut**

CHAPTER XXIX.  
IN THE GAMEKEEPER'S HUT.

With an oath he sprang to his feet. Yes! there were the tiny footprints. She was out uncovered in the cold, bitter, wintry night!

"God!" he groaned, "it is death! death for her!"  
Then he shuddered and covered his face with his hands as the truth struck home to him; rather than fall into his hands she had chosen death!

It was a bitter blow, but its bitterness maddened and spurred him on.

With his head bent down, and his whole frame trembling, he tracked the traces in the snow like a sleuth-hound, reached the shrubbery, received a check at the spot where Edna had rested, took up the track a little further on, lost it again in the wood, recovered it, lost it again, and again, and again, found it in a straight line at last, and like a hound that has grown all the more eager for the obstacles in his path, sprang at the hut door, and stealthily crouched against it to recover breath and composure. The first he might regard as the latter was beyond even him. He heard voices—voices low and indistinct; whose he could not tell, and yet—ah! with an oath he recognizes Edna and waits no longer. With a passionate ferocity he dashes down the latch and springs into the fire-light.

Incautious as he had been, he had not noticed, unheard. What he saw seemed to stun, to bewilder, to madden him. There, lying in a man's arms—in the arms of one of her own servants—was the woman he loved. He thought he had gone mad for the moment, but though he could not see the man's face, there was no mistaking that golden head that nestled in the rough-clad arm.

With a hoarse cry he sprang forward, overturning the table and lamp. Cyril started to his feet, and stood holding the trembling, quivering girl to his side, confronting in the semi-darkness the maddened schemer.

Morton stood for a moment, speechless, though his lips moved spasmodically, then he gasped out with a mocking laugh:  
"Run down at last!—the mystery out! You might have spared your heroics, my lady! Poor Cyril! consoling by one of his own gamekeepers—"

Scarcely had the cruel taunt left his writhing lips before Cyril's hand had fallen upon them and dashed the

speaker to the ground.  
Morton fell before the blow like a tree leveled by the wind, and lay writhing on the floor with Cyril's six feet of mad, indignant wrath and thirst for revenge, standing over him.

With a shriek Edna clung to the still uplifted arm and strove to drag it down, for in the dim light that shone upward from the fire she saw murder written upon the face she loved so passionately.

"Cyril! Cyril!" she gasped. "Do not look at him! Look at me—at me!"

With a mighty effort and a long breath that seemed to shake him from head to foot, Cyril drew his eyes from the miserable wretch at his feet and allowed the small, weak hands to draw him away.

As he moved, the door opened and Edward More stumbled in.

Cyril motioned Edna to silence.  
"Morton! Where are you? Where is Edna? What's this?" as he stumbled against the prostrate form at the door. "Edna, are you there! What has happened? Who is this down here? What's it all mean?"

Then, by a flash of the firelight, he recognized Morton.

"What's this?" gasped Edward. "Here—help! Who did it? Morton, speak! Great Heaven! what has happened? Who is that woman there? Murder has been done here! Help! Curse you, why don't you get a light!"  
Cyril got hold of the lamp and lit it. Edward More had dropped on one knee over Morton, and looked up pale and frightened.

"What has happened? Who is that? Edna, is that you? Bring the light here, man—Ah!" he exclaimed, shrinking back as his eyes rested on Cyril's now calm and almost smiling face. "Who—is—that? Good God! Is that you, Cyril?"

"Yes," nodded Cyril. "How do you do, Edward?"

CHAPTER XXX.  
AMONG THE DEAD.

IF any doubt had entered Edward More's mind as to the identity of the man in the rough keeper's dress, that "How do you do, Edward?" spoken in the old lighthearted, almost boyish tone, would have dispelled it. The words, the manner, the voice, were Cyril More's all over.

Edward stared from one to the other with amazement that rapidly passed into miserable perplexity and chagrin.

"Why! Why—" he hesitated; "is it really you, Cyril? What—what brought you here in this fashion? And Edna! what is she here for?" he added as a wild suspicion flashed across his mind.

"Ah, just so!" said Cyril, with a smile. "Allow me to introduce you to my wife, Lady More, Edward," and he put Edna slightly forward with the hand that was round her waist.

"Edna—your wife?" gasped the discomfited younger brother. "Impossible!"  
"Impossible, but true," said Cyril, with a quiet smile and a glance of loving pride at the face that looked up to him.

"But—" hesitated Edward, "how can she be? When—when were you married?"

"Some time ago at Basle, my dear Edward; got the certificate in my pocket here. But you shall have all the particulars at the earliest opportunity."  
"Then—then I am not—the estates—Lady More!" groaned Edward, sinking into a chair and wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

"You are not Sir Edward, and the estates are not yours!" said Cyril, rather coldly. "Is that what you were going to say? No, you certainly are not, considering that I am alive, and, I hope, likely to live. Come, Edward, don't look so down about it; I dare say you have found out that the whole thing is about more trouble than it's worth, and if you haven't, you soon would have done. Come," he added, with a slight flush, "at least you are a little glad that I am not down among the dead men!" but Edward held out his hand with something like a groan.

"Of course—just so—I'm very glad to see you, Cyril. Of course, I'm rather taken aback."  
"People don't rise from the dead every day; no, and it is rather hard upon you, I'll admit. But, upon my word, I thought you wouldn't have been altogether unprepared! I had an idea that that scoundrel knew I was above ground, after all, and that he would have given you a hint. I'm rather glad," he said, with a sigh of relief, as he scanned his brother's long-drawn face keenly, "that it wasn't so."

"He—curse him!" exclaimed Edward, with a sudden malignancy. "He deceived me before; it's very likely he did it all through. Why, where is he?" he broke off suddenly, having glanced at the spot where the captain had been lying, and found it vacant.  
Cyril laughed.

"He has gone; didn't you see him sneak out? I wouldn't trouble to fetch him back," he added, coolly, as Edward started up. "He's in a hurry, no doubt, and don't you think when there's a chance of getting rid of that kind of vermin, you'd better let it go, eh?"

Edward dropped back into the chair and groaned. Let him go! If he could only have been certain that the earth had opened and swallowed Morton, never to throw him out again, how glad, how unutterably relieved he would have been.

"No, no," he said; "he'll come back—he always has. Cyril, no man could withstand him; he has the insinuating tinge and calmness of the devil himself. Cyril, I've been weak. I admit it, but when you know all—"

"Which you shall tell me some other time," said Cyril, flushing slightly, and frowning, too, as he hastened to interrupt him. He could make a pretty shrewd guess of the kind of feeling his brother had for him, and the way in which Edward had been "weak," to adopt the delinquent's mild phrase; but Cyril was too generous to hear any confession from his brother, and that before Edna, too. "Come," he said, with something of his old impetuous boyishness, "we're forgetting; it's time you got back to more suitable quarters—"

Edna interrupted him by clinging to his arm and whispering, in a sweet, timid, pleading little undertone: "Don't send me away, Cyril!"  
His face flushed.

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind sending the carriage down, Edward," he said. "We'll meet you at the corner."  
Edward started; he had not realized the change yet, and was sitting staring at the ground, and groaning half audibly:

"Eh?—the carriage for Edna—yes, yes. I'd rather go—yes, yes," and he got up.  
"Don't say anything indoors about the state of affairs," said Cyril, and he shut the door after him, and came back to where Edna sat over the fire, with a bright, happy smile on his face.

"Poor Edward!" he said. "It is rather rough on him; but he can't expect me to be sorry that I'm alive, though I might agree with him that such a useless member of society would have been better—"

Edna's soft arm round his neck and fingers upon his lips stopped him.

**LIFT OFF CORNS WITH FINGERS**

Doesn't hurt a bit and costs only a few cents



Magic! Just drop a little Freezone on that touchy corn, instantly it stops aching, then you lift the corn off with the fingers. Truly! No humbug!  
Try Freezone! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses, without one particle of pain, soreness or irritation. Freezone is the discovery of a noted Cincinnati scientist.

"Don't say that," she breathed, her eyes filling with tears; "never say that! If you knew how you hurt me! I only live in your life! Oh! Cyril! Cyril!"

He smoothed the beautiful hair on her face, and looked down at it with passionate devotion and admiration.  
"And this is my little Edna! Didn't I tell you you weren't beautiful, one day in that old pension garden? You must have grown like this to spite me. I'm half inclined to be jealous! They say that disappointment and sorrow make women plain and old and haggard; do you mean to tell me you haven't been happy, that you've missed a certain scapegrace, with this picture of a face"—and, of course he kissed it—"and your hair, too! There was a woman in Spain, with hair not half so beautiful as this, who sold it to help buy bread for Don Carlos' crack regiment! If you'd been there, and a pair of scissors, we should have had cake! Why, it weighs—what! mustn't I count over my own treasures? If you want to hide it, cover it over with my coat—so."

As she crept under the shadow of his coat and nestled against his heart, she peeped out and round the room wistfully.

"What a dear little place! You lived all alone here, Cyril! All alone! I wish—"

"I wish," she went on, softly, noticing the interruption only by a blush, "that I was going to live here with you. How happy we could be!" and she sighed. "You could be the keeper still and I—I should cook your dinner, and have your tea ready when you came in tired at night; and you would drop into the chair, and tell me all that had happened in the day, and I should sit on the chair opposite—"

"Nearer than that," murmured Cyril.  
"With my work and listen; and then I'd get your pipe, and fill it and light it, and watch you smoke it, and feel, oh! Cyril, the happiest girl in all the wide, wide world!"

"Say the word," said Cyril, with his short laugh, "and so it shall be!"  
She shook her head, and looked up into his face with proud devotion.

"No, Cyril; would my pride let me bury you again, now that you have come back to the world—your proper world, that wants and waits for you?"  
(To be Continued.)

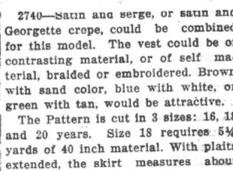
**Fashion Plates.**

A SMART FROCK.



2740—Satin and serge, or satin and Georgette crepe, could be combined for this model. The vest could be of contrasting material, or of self material, braided or embroidered. Brown with sand color, blue with white, or green with tan, would be attractive.  
The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 5 1/2 yards of 40 inch material. With platts extended, the skirt measures about 1 1/2 yards at the foot.  
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A SPLENDID COVER-ALL APRON.



2750—This style is easy to develop, easy to adjust, and easy to launder. It is comfortable and trim look. Nice for gingham, seersucker, lawn, drill, cambric, percale, alpaca and satene.  
The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium 36-38; Large 40-42; Extra Large 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium will require 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material.  
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



No. ....  
Size .....  
Address in full:—  
Name .....

**European Agency.**  
Wholesale indents promptly executed at lowest cash prices for all British and Continental goods, including: Books and Stationery, Boots, Shoes and Leather, Chemicals and Druggists' Sundries, China, Earthenware and Glassware, Cycles, Motor Cars and Accessories, Drapery, Millinery and Piece Goods, Sample Cases from \$50 upwards, Fancy Goods and Perfumery, Hardware, Machinery and Metal, Jewellery, Plate and Watches, Photographic and Optical Goods, Provisions and Oilmen's Stores, etc., etc.  
Commission 2 1/2% p.c. to 5 p.c. Trade Discounts allowed. Special Quotations on Demand. Consignments of Produce Sold on Account.  
(Established 1314.)  
25 Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.  
Cable Address: "Amnairre, Lon."

**William Wilson & Sons**

**Shirts! Shirts! Shirts!**

Special Offering in

**Men's Top Shirts.**

MEN'S GREY UNION SHIRTS. Reg. Price \$2.60. Sale Price ..... \$2.39

MEN'S FANCY STRIPE WOOL SHIRTS. Reg. Price \$2.75. Sale Price ..... \$2.49

MEN'S DARK STRIPE WOOL SHIRTS. Reg. Price \$3.25. Sale Price ..... \$2.89

MEN'S GREY FLANNEL SHIRTS. Reg. Price \$3.50. Sale Price ..... \$3.19

MEN'S KHAKI DRILL SHIRTS. Reg. Price \$1.65. Sale Price ..... \$1.49

NOTE.—The above Shirts are all well made with Sateen neckbands and detachable collars, and are specially priced for this week.

Also full range of BOYS' UNION SHIRTS, sizes 12, 12 1/2, 13, 13 1/2. Reg. Price \$1.15. Sale Price 95c. up

**HENRY BLAIR**

We are still showing a splendid selection of

**Tweeds and Serges.**

No scarcity at

**Maunder's.**

However, we beg to remind our customers these goods are selling rapidly, and cannot be replaced at the same price.

**John Maunder,**  
Tailor and Clothier, St. John's, Nfld.

**JUST ARRIVED!**

**Windsor Salt,**

all sizes. Also

**Regal,**

in Cartons.  
**T. A. Macnab & Co.,**  
Tel. 444. City Club Building.

NO MATTER HOW THE FIRE IS CAUSED  
If you're not insured, you're a loser. Take time to see about your policies. We give you the best companies and reasonable rates.  
**PERCIE JOHNSON**  
Insurance Agent.

**SERIOUS**

**Miraculous Escape  
Mr. P. Hanley  
By Street Car.**

What nearly proved a fatal accident occurred this morning opposite the premises of Bowring Bros. While Mr. Philip Hanley, painter, was endeavoring to escape from a motor car that was coming towards him, the street car was coming from the opposite direction, and Mr. Hanley was placed in an awkward predicament. As he ran from the motor to escape injury, he was struck by the

**Memorial Tablet  
at Virginia.**

The recent unveiling of a tablet in the School Chapel at Virginia, in memory of two lads who had made the supreme sacrifice in the great war—was more than usually interesting and important. The two lads whose memory has thus been perpetuated were Henry W. Cook, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Cook, Rockdale Farm; and Robert W. Heale, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. G. Heale. The donor of the marble tablet is L.-C. Arthur Heale, brother and close friend of the deceased heroes, himself a war veteran, lately returned after faithful service to his King and Country. The tablet is neatly designed, having photographs inset of the brave lads and bears the following inscription:

"Erected by 875, Lanco-Corp., Arthur Heale, in loving memory of 483 Pte. Henry W. Cook, who was killed in action at Guedes court, France, on Oct. 12th, 1915, aged 20 years; and Robert W. Heale, who died on July 3rd of wounds received at Beaumont Hamel, on July 1st, 1916, aged 20 years.—Nobly they fell while fighting for Liberty."

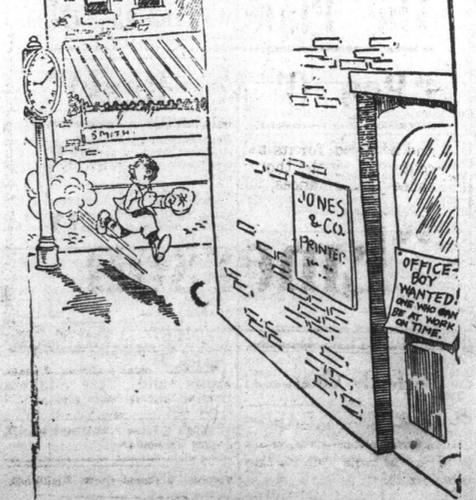
The School Chapel was filled with a keenly interested congregation which included the parents and friends of the brave lads. A special form of service was conducted by Rev. C. A. Moulton, who also delivered an address of special power and sympathy, which appealed to the hearts of all present. Then followed a short address by Mr. H. V. Mott, who dwelt upon the fact that those whose lives had been sacrificed in the war, having thereby won the admiration and love of the nation, belonged to and were mourned by the nation in scarcely less degree than by their families and immediate friends. C.B. Dicks, of "Ours," paid eloquent and forcible tribute to his erstwhile comrades and brothers in arms. He spoke from personal knowledge and observation of the fidelity to duty that had always characterized their conduct, and counted it an honour to pay homage to the memory of such defenders of the nation. Rev. Dr. Jones, Rector of St. Thomas's Parish, of which Virginia is a part, then formally unveiled the tablet, and delivered an address that will not soon be forgotten by those who heard it. He alluded to the lasting character of the marble tablet, but emphasized the fact that the names were also indelibly written on their mothers' hearts; on the nation's records; and in the Book of Life, where God's own hand had written them. Thus in the little School Chapel at Virginia has been placed a memorial to two of her brave sons through the kindly affection and thought of a brother and comrade which shall serve to remind all who follow in the years to come of sacrifices cheerfully made for the cause of justice and right, of duty well done.

**WARNER'S  
Rust-Proof**



Price from  
**Marshall**  
Sole Agents

**And the Worst is Yet to Come—**



You don't press a button any more but we still do the rest.

Expert workmen, modern methods, improved equipment & tested chemicals insure results.  
Let us finish what your Kodak began.

**TOOTON'S,**  
THE KODAK STORE.  
320 WATER ST.