

MADE IN CANADA

Royal Yeast Cakes reach the user in sealed air-tight waxed paper wrappers, each cake being wrapped by machinery—not by hand so that even after package has been opened, the cakes are protected from dust and other harmful contamination.

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

RICH IN VITAMINS

Under False Colors

OR

Lord Somerton's Ally.

CHAPTER XVII.

"My darling! my darling! the only rock upon which I can lean now! I appear to be surrounded by people who hint at nothing but future mis-ery."

Colin's letter was not satisfactory, and poor Elsie felt a sense of keen disappointment when she had finished reading it. This is what Ernscliffe wrote:

MY DEAR LITTLE WOMAN,—I received your letter to-day, together with the copy of the Blairwood local newspaper you so thoughtfully sent to me. The letter should have reached me three days since, but I have been unable to get to my chambers—I should say, rather, Noel Campbell's chambers—until this morning. I am glad to see that the ridiculous suspicion you foreshadowed concerning myself has ended in vapor. What possible connection can I have with the burglary at the rectory has annoyed me more than anything else; and, my darling, no matter what is said of me, I know that I have your confidence and trust. I am extremely busy, and I shall have no peace until I have cleared away the shadows that envelop me like a cloud. In my next letter I will make an appointment to meet my dear love, and I hope that I shall have many pleasant things to say to her. When Sir John returns, our engagement shall be formally announced, and we will look with confidence toward a future which shall be spread before us like a garden—all loveliness and perfume. By registered post I shall send my darling an engagement ring to-morrow, and in future letters can be sent to my studio, No. 28 St. John's Wood, N.W. I am writing this in Noel Campbell's chambers; I am using his ink and paper, but from this day our friendship ends. An enemy of Sir John Sterne is my enemy also. Good-bye, my precious love, and always believe me to be yours in life and death, joy and grief.

COLIN ERNSCLIFFE.

It was not a happy letter, and though Elsie treasured it as one of her most valued possessions, she had to confess to herself that it was vague and unsatisfying. Her lover made no excuse for not writing sooner, no soft excuse, and he did not renew his promise to write often. Even his reference to their next meeting was vague. Then she thought of the engagement ring, and a blush crept into her cheeks.

She spent the remainder of the morning in replying to her lover, but when it was finished she felt far from satisfied with it. Like Colin's, it was not a happy letter, though she had been careful not to mention several matters which had occurred to her as being unpleasant.

She took it to the post herself, and called at the rectory to inquire after Mr. Vallance. Her reception by Mrs. Groff was not at all a cordial one.

"He's real sick," that lady said, shaking the crown of gaudy ribbons which ornamented her head, "and it's all about troubles that he ought not to be bothered with; yours, Miss Sterne, beggin' your pardon, an' other

Corns

Just Say **Blue-jay**

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. Stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in clear liquid and in thin plasters. The action is the same.

At your druggist

Clay Ships

FROM CORNISH PORTS TO ALL PARTS OF THE GLOBE, LET THE VESSELS CARRY THE PRECIOUS CHINA CLAY.

There is a business carried on to-day from the small ports of the south coast of Cornwall, about which the general public has very little knowledge. It is the "China-Clay" trade.

This trade is in itself a curiosity in many ways to people living outside the bounds of the Delectable Duchy. The way in which the product is transported to all parts of the world, in small vessels which one would scarcely expect to be able to weather strong gales round our own coast, is something bordering on marvellous.

Cornwall is truly peculiar among English counties in possessing these valuable deposits of white clay which has long gone by the name of China Clay. Hundreds of people are engaged in digging this clay, especially in the districts between Par and Fal-mouth, where it is commonly found.

The clay, after being dug, has to be washed, dressed and made into blocks or lumps, for easier carriage and transport. As you go along on the railway from one end of Cornwall to the other, you see many of these clay-mining and clay-washing works, and very frequently, at stations where the train stops, you can observe the various processes being carried out.

Sea-Dogs of the Grand Old Days.

Better still, if you have time and the opportunity, get permission, usually readily given, to look round one of the China Clay establishments at your leisure. It is an interesting experience.

The business at Cornish ports such as Par, Pewsey, and especially Fal-mouth, is very extensive, owing to the enormous trade in China Clay. On visiting these ports you will often find vessels of anything between three hundred to three thousand tons lying in large numbers along the quays, waiting to receive cargoes of the clay, which they carry to the most distant parts of the world.

It is simply amazing to think that the Saucy Sarah, Little Wonder, Sea Rover, etc., which look as though they would have hard work even to get safely round Land's End, are soon to set off across the ocean on the immense journey to Japan, China, and the South Sea Islands, all of which are enormous users and big buyers of this Cornish product.

But those who man these little ships think little of the risks which loom so large in the eyes of the land-man. True British sea-dogs of the old school, they accept the dangers of their calling as a matter of course. Their adventurous defiance of the elements is, to them, all part of the day's work.

The clay is modelled by the clever fingers of Japanese and Chinese work-into cups and saucers, ornaments and decorative work, beautified with most fascinating designs, frequently in colors of all kinds. It is then re-exported back to Great Britain and other European countries, and always finds a big and ready sale in the London market.

It seems strange, of course, that the China Clay cannot be used in our own country, thus saving the long voyage either way, and giving employment to

CHAPTER XVIII.

Elsie was so startled by the game-keeper's news that she found it impossible to conceal her agitation.

"Are you sure that you made no mistake, Stretton?" she asked. "The pipe is certainly very much like the one I have seen Mr. Ernscliffe use, but there may be thousands of the same pattern."

"No, madam, I am not mistaken," the gamekeeper replied, doggedly. "This pipe has been carved by hand, and I doubt if there is another like it anywhere. It has cost a pile of money," he added, with the air of a connoisseur, "and it has taken weeks of care to color it so nice as this."

Elsie held out her hand for it, continuing:

"You have not mentioned the matter to any one, Stretton?"

"No, Miss Sterne, I know better than that. I am not forgetful of what you have promised me, and your confidence shan't be misplaced."

Elsie flushed with mortification, as she turned to an escritoire to put the tell tale pipe in a place of safety.

"Thank you, Stretton," she said. "It may mean much, and it may mean little. At present I cannot understand it. I may have an explanation from Mr. Ernscliffe to-day or to-morrow."

She made a gesture of dismissal, but the young gamekeeper stammered out:

"If I may be so bold, Miss Sterne, how would it be a good time to reward me, Jones, the head keeper, has not been fit for a long time, and he only hangs on so that Sir John won't forget his pension. He's nearly doubled up with rheumatism. He wants to live with a married son at Deal, thinks that the sea air will cure him."

"Then he may go at once, Stretton?" Elsie replied, promptly. "His pension papers shall be made out and signed. I will call upon him to-day, and you may consider yourself head keeper and take possession of Jones' cottage as soon as he has gone."

Stretton was delighted. He at once saw visions of a pretty little home, with Annette installed as queen!

"But I cannot spare my maid yet, Stretton," Elsie added, smiling at his pleasure. "You may tell her of your good fortune, but Annette must remain with me until Sir John returns to England."

"I am sure, madam, that he can never repay your kindness," the young keeper replied. "A life of devotion won't repay the debt."

"I can trust you, Stretton," was all that Elsie said, and the young fellow went away, feeling that he was trading on air.

As he closed the library door behind him he saw Lord Somerton strolling across the hall, a cigar between his lips, and there was a look in his evil eyes that the young keeper never forgot.

(To be continued.)

people's. He ain't spoke for a whole day; an', regardless of the doctor's orders, I won't stand it much longer. I'm his only friend."

"I hope that there is nothing serious the matter," Elsie said, in alarm. "If I can do anything, Mrs. Groff, pray let me know."

"What with his murtherin', Miss Sterne, an' groanin' about your business, I should say, without meanin' to be disrespectful to you, that the best thing that you can do for the poor rector is to keep from worryin' him! Oh, he's told me a good deal since he's been ill, miss, an' it's pretty sure that that fine lover of yours stole his papers, Mr. Vallance was out at the time, but I see a man just his description hanging about the rectory. I went out an' spoke to him, an' he merely put me off with his fine talk about admirin' the beauty of the moonlight."

Mrs. Groff was growing excited now, and her eyes shone redly.

"Yes, an' I'd have told all about it, only the rector asked me not to. If he died, it's your fault, and that lover of yours; and I'll have him locked up, as sure as I live!" Elsie had grown very white during this tirade, but she eyed the angry woman with contempt.

"Mrs. Groff," she said, laughingly, "you forget yourself. I have no wish to hear anything more. I shall call upon Dr. Denver, and—"

"You can call just where you please!" snorted Mrs. Groff. "I'm going to send for a London doctor, an' I shan't admit anybody. The rector's my property—poor, dear wum-an—I'll protect him from everybody till he's well again."

Elsie withdrew, grieved and pained. Even the ignorant woman despised her, and the mystery that enveloped her.

She met Dr. Denver in the village, and he spoke gravely of the rector's condition.

"He is suffering with a weak heart," he said; "and his nervous system is completely prostrated. It is a pity that he has no one who can be put in immediate authority at the rectory, and that jade of a woman sent away—Mrs. Groff, I mean. I have small hopes of Vallance's recovery otherwise."

He seemed very much agitated, and continued:

"I have made it my business to select half-a-dozen ladies to call at the rectory and teach the woman her place, I am led to understand that she has extracted some promise of marriage from the rector within the last day or so, and it is my belief that he would rather die than recover, to be forced to make that woman his wife."

The doctor went on his way, and Elsie returned to the Park.

The next morning Lord George Somerton arrived, but his conduct toward Miss Sterne was studiously polite. Not an action or even a glance betrayed the fire that was burning within him. He professed to have much work to do in the neighborhood, and announced his intention to Lady Helms of purchasing considerable property in an adjacent village.

In the afternoon Annette announced that Stretton, the gamekeeper, wished to see Miss Sterne privately.

He was shown into the library, and Elsie noticed that he was very much excited.

"It may be that I have had news for you, miss," he said, "and I should have come sooner, only I have been thinkin' over whether I ought to tell you or not."

Elsie felt that she was growing sick and faint.

FOR "THE BEST" TONIC you can't beat

STAFFORD'S QUININE and IRON TONIC

It is the proper thing to build up the system. Great appetite enlivener.

If you're run down and your appetite is poor, a treatment of this will put you on your feet in a "jiffy."

Price: 40c. Per Bottle, at

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You Can Get Strong and Well Just as I Did by Using

Dr. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

At all Dealers. GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

Easy on hands and fabrics

this new, pure laundry soap

We've done two things to make wash-day easier for you. By perfecting a fine, pure laundry soap—without harmful "fillers."

It washes clothes to beautiful, snowy whiteness—easily, quickly, with the least effort in rubbing.

And because there are no "fillers" to rot the fabric, even the daintiest clothing, the most delicate fabrics aren't harmed in laundering.

That's one big thing. Then there's another important way in which this new soap makes wash-day easier: It's kind to sensitive, water-softened skin. Doesn't burn and chafe your hands, as so many soaps do. Saves them that ugly reddening.

The name is MOTHER HUBBARD Pure Laundry Soap. And it's economical. One of the big bars—being just solid, pure soap—lasts for a surprisingly long time. Use it next time you wash. Your dealer has it in stock now.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited
Toronto, Ontario

MOTHER HUBBARD PURE LAUNDRY SOAP

Mother Hubbard SOAP THE HANDS

British workmen. But perhaps we do not really lose by the present system. For it gives employment, which might not otherwise be available, to the hardy seamen of Cornwall.

Cloth From Trees

In tropical Africa grows a tree the bark of which serves the natives a variety of purposes. It is used for making bark cloth, although the introduction of cotton cloth will eventually destroy the industry.

In the making of the cloth the tree is stripped to a height of about ten feet. This bark stripping can be done at twelve-month intervals, the third or fourth bark making the finest cloth. The inner bark is used for the cloth, and strips from four to eight feet in length are beaten with a mallet to the thickness of heavy brown paper. It is then sun-dried, when it takes on a terra-cotta shade. Holes and flaws are patched and the cloth is made up into sheets about eight feet square. Strips of fibre from the dry stem are used as thread and the work of stitching is always undertaken by men.

Bark cloth is also used for making water baskets. For this purpose the tree is ringed in two places four to five feet apart, a slit being made between the rings and the whole sheet removed intact. The incurved sides are kept apart by skewers, the ends being doubled up and sewn at the corners and the cross ends sewn to their nearest skewer.

In addition, the bark is used for door hinges, drinking vessels, grain drums, cradles, beehives, nets, game traps, blankets, fishing lines, rope, cord, and thread.

Lowest Prices on Rubbers

ONLY \$3.75- RED BALL

MEN'S LONG RUBBERS, English Only \$3.75
MEN'S LONG RUBBERS, Sea Only \$5.50
(The Rubber with the White Sole)

MEN'S STORMKING LONG RUBBERS Only \$6.75
(The Rubber with the White Sole)

BOYS' LONG RUBBERS, English Only \$3.00
YOUTHS' LONG RUBBERS, English Only \$2.50
BOYS' LONG RUBBERS, Sea Price \$5.00
(The Rubber with the White Sole)

BOYS' STORMKING LONG RUBBERS \$5.70
(The Rubber with the White Sole)

Killed by Molten Slag

Six Victims of Disaster in Steelworks

Brief evidence by a doctor, and one other witness concluded the inquest at Middlebrough on the six victims of an accident at the steelworks. When holding a great ladle containing about 12 tons of molten slag and metal the wire rope snapped, and from the falling ladle there was sent a fountain of scorching, searing metal which resulted in six deaths. One man, the doctor stated, was burnt over the whole of the body. Another was driven mad with pain and ran wildly through the works.—Mr. Laurence Ellis, general manager of Dorman, Long and Co., attributed the accident to the metal boiling over and burning through the wire rope. The firm were prepared to adopt any safeguards, but on this point they had not come to any conclusion. The wire rope was examined daily.—The coroner pointed out that a new rope would not have prevented the accident.—A verdict of "Accidental death" was returned, and it was added that no one was to blame for the accident.

F. SMALLWOOD,
The Home of Good Shoes - 218 & 220 Water St.

Weird Coffee Recipe

French coffee, Turkish coffee, Russian coffee, all have had their vogue among those who are constantly seeking the bizarre; but in "All About Coffee" we find a recipe which should be weird enough to satisfy anyone's taste. It is "Judge" Walter Rumsey's "new and superior way of making coffee" as given in 1857.

You must "take equal quantity of Butter and Sallee-Cole, melt them well together, but not boyle them. Then stirre them well that they may incorporate together. Then melt therewith three times as much Honey, and stirre it well together. Add therunto powder of Turkish Copiah to make it Electuary."

Butter, salad oil, honey, and coffee mixed together.

£10

Name

Get your FIRST PRIZE SECOND PRIZE FIVE PRIZE

One of Bo

You may wish to see the wrapper COCOA. For one entry and from a

J. S.

T. A. MASH

What would Shall it be

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