

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

The quality of Royal Yeast Cakes is such that it cannot be improved, so we are improving the package. The change from a round to a square package will be made as rapidly as practical. The quality of the round and square cakes is guaranteed to be identical in every respect. Each of the square cakes are wrapped separately by machinery, in wax paper, in such a manner as to make them practically airtight, and scientifically hygienic.

ROYAL YEAST HAS BEEN THE STANDARD YEAST OF CANADA FOR NEARLY HALF A CENTURY

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WINNIPEG MONTREAL

The Old Marquis,

The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER I.

IN THE SUNLIGHT.

"I—I didn't know," he said, looking from the dog to her, and hitching the terrier into a more comfortable position.

"And I didn't know that you—that any one was here, or else—" He stopped and looked down at his muddy boots; then he flicked his whip, and started at the noise it made, looking at her apologetically; and at last, in desperation, added:

"I'd better go."

It was not for her to say "Stay," so she remained silent, looking at him with the calm, sweet serenity in her eyes.

"Good-morning," he said. "Come, Pompey," and, treading as lightly as he could on the Turkey carpet, which he had mudded without the least thought a minute or two before, he turned to go. But the pitiless fates had not done with him. In his indecision whether to bow or not, he had backed up against a small cabinet loaded with Eric's shoes, and would inevitably have brought the whole lot down with a run, if Lela had not seen the threatened danger, and, with a quick movement of her hand, exclaimed, warningly:

"Oh, please! Take care!"

Lord Edgar pulled up short, but his whip caught a Louis Quinze Sevres vase, which came down with an ominous crash that startled the terrier almost into a fit.

With a quick, yet graceful movement, Lela glided forward, and, going on her knees, began that too-often useless operation of collecting the pieces.

Staggered and overwhelmed by his awkwardness, Lord Edgar dropped the terrier and his whip and cap, and went down also.

"Don't you trouble—please don't!" he said, with a deeper earnestness and anxiety than even the destruction of a rare Sevres warranted. "I'm awfully sorry! I am indeed! I'm the clumsiest brute you ever saw! I'm always breaking something! I'm not fit to be in a place like this; in fact," with a tone of penitence conviction, "I've no right here at all! I came here to—to—I forget what I did come for! Do you think the vase is smashed up for good? Can't it be mended?"

Lela, looking at the minute fragments lying in her palm, didn't feel like answering.

"No, I suppose not! What an awful nuisance I've made of myself! And, of course, it's—it's rare, and all that!"

Lela pondered a moment.

"This is the Louis vase; yes, I'm afraid it is rare. I think grandpapa said it cost over a hundred pounds!"

"And—and it's your favorite, I suppose?" he asked, despatchfully.

"Mine?" said Lela, and her large eyes fixed themselves on him wonderingly, so that his heart leaped again at their long, steady regard. "Mine? Why, no; how should you think that?"

"I—I didn't know," looking around the room vaguely, and still on his knees beside her; "I thought perhaps that—that was your room."

She laughed. Heavens, what a laugh! His face flushed under its magic. He must, he would get her to laugh again if he died for it!

collection; it is your father's—yours," with a faint little blush at the last word.

Lord Edgar threw back his head and laughed with relief, then stopped and looked horrified, for he saw that he had made her start.

"—beg your pardon; I'm so glad! It's only ours, is it? I thought it was yours!" and he flung the fragments into the antique fire-place. Don't think about it; let me take these; they might cut your hand. Oh, yes, I've knocked it into a cocked hat! It's a wonder I didn't bring the whole complete crockery shop down! Let me take them, please."

"You are sure it can't be mended?" she said, doubtfully, holding out her hand in which the painted china lay like gems on a satin cushion.

"Quite; oh, quite!" he answered, and held out his hand—gracious Heaven, how large and coarse it seemed against her small, satiny one!

—for her to drop the pieces in. But one or two small pieces would stick, and, as she still innocently held out her hand, he, with a great thump of the heart and a dash of color in his face, timidly, fearfully picked them off the soft, pink palm.

Then he drew a long breath and sprang to his feet, looking down at her as she rose with simple, unconscious grace, and stood watching.

"I'd better go," he said, "before I do any more damage. Hello!" he broke off, as the terrier trod on his bad foot and yelped, "I remember, now! It was this little beast."

"Oh, poor little fellow!" she said, stooping over the silky morsel that lay on his back extending the injured leg stiffly, and looking as pitiable as only a small dog can look when it likes. "What is the matter with him?"

"He has got a splinter in his foot, Mr. Temple has gone for a needle; he would go. Perhaps he'd think it rude if I didn't wait until he came back," he added, with a sudden, swift joy at finding an excuse for remaining so ready to his hand. To his surprise, she turned her eyes upon him with a slow smile of pity, mingled with amazement.

"I am afraid if you wait for my grandfather to come back, you might wait till the Ides of March!"

Her grandfather! Could it be possible that he was this angel's grandfather? thought Lord Edgar. He nodded inquiringly, and a little puzzled; he had forgotten all about the Ides of March; Eton youths don't carry

away much learning from that seat of erudition.

"Why?" he asked.

She laughed, as she stood pressing the terrier against her bosom with a caressing, soothing movement of her white hand against his black skin that fascinated the young man.

"Why? Oh, I am afraid my grandfather has forgotten it. He never remembers anything like that; if it had been a book, now—but, never mind, I will go and get a needle."

"No, no," he said. "It doesn't matter; I'll carry him to the stable."

But she interrupted his deep voice with her musical one.

"I will get it," she said, "if you will hold him."

He took the dog, and, with one white hand, she drew the tapestry aside, revealing a door; then she turned upon him with just the faintest flush on her lovely face.

"I forgot it was locked; I tried it just now—that was why I stayed!"

"Thank Heaven!" he thought as he strode to the library door and opened it for her; then he stood and looked after her as the soft cream dress floated down the corridor, and looked down at his muddy boots and the terrier.

"You lucky little beast!" he remarked to the terrier. "What have you ever done that you should be in her arms and be cosseted! Got a thorn in your foot! Why, I'd break my leg, both legs, to be in your place! And what an awkward, clumsy brute I must seem to her! And I was whistling and kicking up no end of a row, and she was standing there all the time wondering why the world should contain such a wild boar! Old Temple's granddaughter! I thought she had dropped from heaven! How lovely she is! Old Temple's granddaughter! Does she live here, I wonder? Will she come back? Perhaps not. I shouldn't be surprised if she'd had enough of me and sends a servant with the needle—or her grandfather, perhaps."

This fear caused such uneasiness that he fell to pacing up and down the room, pausing at the door to stare down the corridor as if his life depended upon her return.

He knew that his heart gave a great leap as he saw the cream dress against the dimness of the stairs, and he stood watching her as she came, with an eager light in his handsome eyes.

"Here it is!" she said, holding up a needle; "I have been a long time, have I not?"

"I'm afraid," he said, after a pause, "that Mr. Temple won't forgive me for disturbing him. He was reading when I came in."

"He is always reading or writing. He is very much alone here—no one comes."

"Not my father?" asked Lord Edgar.

Lela smiled.

"My lord, the marquis! No, I do not think I have seen him since I was a very little girl."

"And you have lived here—" looking around as if the place had suddenly grown sacred.

"Since I can remember," she said, simply.

"Then—then how is it that I— we have never met?" he asked, in a kind of wonder.

She laughed.

"I think when you were here last, my lord, I was at school; grandfather said so."

Lord Edgar studied with keen pleasure; they had been talking about him, then.

"Besides," she went on, her white hands locking themselves together on the cream dress as she stood in front of him, "even if we had lived in this same house we might not have met; the Abbey is divided into two distinct parts. If you had not come in here by chance to-day, we might never have seen each other."

He said nothing, but drew a long breath. Happy chance!

"This wing is set apart for us—my grandfather and me," she said, after a minute's pause, "and we live here as if it were our own. Did you never hear of the Cloister Garden?"

"Never," he said; and he looked through the window opening out on to the terrace and the landscape gardens.

Lela followed his glance and laughed softly.

(To be Continued.)

It is said that one nasturtium seed put into each hill cucumber seed that you plant will keep them from being destroyed by bugs.

Fashion Plates.

A PRACTICAL SERVICE DRESS.



2760—Gingham, seersucker, drill, galatea, khaki, lawn, percale and flannel, are good for this style. The closing is at the side. The sleeve may be in wrist length or finished in elbow length, with a cuff.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 yards of 36 inch material. The dress measures about 2 1/4 yards at the foot.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A PRACTICAL MODEL.



2766—Drill, linen, lawn, alpaca, percale, gingham and sateen could be used for this model. The apron is fitted with deep pockets.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 3 3/4 yards of 36 inch material. The sleeve protectors require 3/4 yard.

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Egyptian Show

Sinn Fein Abandon Still Far Distant

GERMAN BOASTING.

BERLIN, March 25. The government will not surrender to the enemy one inch of German territory, either east or west," said Dr. Schliefer, Minister of Finance in the new Cabinet, in addressing a great crowd in front of the Chancellor's place on Sunday, according to the Tageszeitung.

EGYPTIAN SITUATION IMPROVED

LONDON, March 25. (Via Reuter's.)—In answer to questions in the House of Commons today, C. B. Harnsworth stated that there was every indication of a general improvement in the situation in Egypt being maintained. The acting High Commissioner had reported that the firm action of the authorities was having due effect, and Cairo and Alexandria continued quiet. In Bahara province agricultural work appeared to be proceeding normally, except in the district between Damanhour and Kafrelzayat, but possibly the Bedouins in the western district of that province might attempt further marauding expeditions.

A RECOMMENDATION.

LONDON, March 25. The miners' conference has decided to recommend to its members that they accept the Sankey report for the settlement of the miners' demands on the Government, and that a ballot will be taken on the question.

A resolution passed by the conference unanimously, calls upon the Government immediately to withdraw the British troops from Russia and to induce the Allies to do likewise. The resolution also declares for the withdrawal of the Military Service Bill before Parliament. Otherwise the resolution declares that conference will take steps in conjunction with other labor parties to compel Parliament to withdraw the bill. The men are urging on to-day contracts pending a further conference after the ballot is taken.

PLACARD WALLS OF FRANCE.

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GOOD