

BAKE YOUR OWN BREAD
ROYAL YEAST CAKES
 STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR OVER 50 YEARS.
HOME-BAKED BREAD IS BEST OF ALL



Maddolena's Story
 AND
The Cameo Bracelet.

CHAPTER III.

The old man laughed cynically. "She's selfish, like the rest of her sex—selfish and silly. Send her away! I don't speak before her lest she should take advantage of me. Take her to her own room, Hannah, and lock her in before she does more mischief."

But against this command the girl rebelled.

"I will not be locked in without food or candle! I will not, I say!" and she stamped her foot, and boldly confronted the fierce old man. "Beat me, scold me, if you like; I'd rather bear your worst blows than to be shut up in that dreary attic."

But Hannah, muttering something in her ear, and giving her a rough but not ill-natured shake, dragged her away; and Mr. Goldryng, who was faint with exhaustion, with difficulty extricating a key from his pocket, pointed to a closet beside the fireplace.

"May I trouble you, Sir George, to give me a glass of wine from the bottle you'll find in there? You are a gentleman, and will not make bad use of any secrets of mine that you may discover. I've no one about me that I dare trust—no one. Eh, dear! It's hard to be old and helpless—old and helpless!"

Half-scolding, half-pleading the miserly old man, Sir George brought him the wine, and stood by while he slowly sipped it.

"A bad girl—an incessant anxiety to me!" he ejaculated the while. "Ever since the time I was so incautious as to make her acquainted with the terms of my brother's will, I have not known a moment's peace. She'll betray it to some fortune-hunter. I shall have her snatched up before my eyes; as all the good, red gold it took so many years to amass will be wrested from my keeping. I don't go out and leave her at large—I don't go to sleep at night till I have assured myself that she is in her bed and safe. Oh, it's a horrible life; it wears me out—it wears me out!"

"If it is such a trying life for you, what must it be for the poor girl herself?" Sir George could not resist inquiring. "Are you not afraid that the cruelty with which you treat her will drive her into such a marriage as you dread?"

Mr. Goldryng frowned, but did not reply, and his visitor rose to leave him, observing:

"We have not come to any definite arrangement; but, as you are too unwell to enter upon business now, I will come and see you another day." The miser nodded.

"Ay, you can do so, if you like, for my head is dizzy; but, remember, I must have the money, Sir George. I can't give up so large a sum—no, no; but come again—come again and—and what is it you said about your son? That he is dying?"

"I fear so," and the proud father related the gallant deed that had reduced Charlie Ormsby to his present state. But Mr. Goldryng, though he seemed to listen, made no comment upon the tale, and soon after Sir George left him.

He was lying one afternoon, revolving these perplexities, and heartily wishing that he could gain sufficient strength to visit the usurer himself, when a servant peeped cautiously in at the door, and, seeing no one but the invalid, was retreating again, but Mr. Ormsby, made irritable by constant suffering, sharply recalled him to know what he wanted.

"Beg pardon, sir; thought my lady was here."

"She has gone to lie down with a headache. What is it?"

"Only a person, sir, has called, who asks for Sir George, and don't seem

disposed to go without seeing him. Says his business is too important to be delayed."

"Well!"

"Sir George is out, sir; gone with Miss Ormsby and Lord Edingham to Lord's cricket ground, and so, sir, I thought perhaps my lady would see this old gentleman."

Charlie extended his hand for the card the servant was holding.

Lucas Goldryng!

He raised himself on his elbow, his thin cheek flushing with excitement, and bade the surprised footman usher the visitor into his chamber.

"Bring him here, and take care that no one disturbs us—not even my mother—until I ring."

This was precisely what Charlie had been yearning to compass—an interview with the miserly wretch who held his father's good name in his clutch. He had no faith in Sir George's business qualifications; he felt pretty sure that the baronet had shown all the weak points in his case to his wily adversary, and that Lucas Goldryng fancied he would be able to make his own terms. It was his turn to come to the van; and if he could not extricate Sir George from the toils, he would, at all events, have the satisfaction of excreting the covetous, heartless usurer as fiercely as he deserved.

And yet when Mr. Goldryng entered the room a sense of the ludicrous, as well as the pitiful, assailed him. The contest was not between able men, but a falling octogenarian and a youth whose days were said to be numbered. If the former were successful, what would it advantage him? For a few—very few years, or perhaps months, he would finger the sums extorted from Sir George's dread of open shame, but he could not take them with him; or if Charlie contrived to obtain a promise of silence, and better terms, it was not he who would benefit by them.

Leaning on his crutch-stick, Mr. Goldryng came slowly forward, taking in every detail of the luxuriantly-furnished chamber, as he moved toward the chair the footman placed for him. But his gaze rested longest on Mr. Ormsby, who, with closed eyes, and the pale hand that lay on the counterpane, firmly clinched, was endeavoring to steady his nerves for the interview. When he did look up it was to meet the keen, steady gaze of the usurer with a look equally searching and to wait with forced patience till Lucas Goldryng chose to commence the battle by stating what new piece of rascality had induced him to quit his den and seek Sir George in his own house.

CHAPTER IV.

With more civility than Charlie had supposed him capable of, Mr. Goldryng asked him if he felt equal to acting as his father's substitute, and, scarcely waiting for a reply, he went on to observe:

"I suppose, from two or three remarks Sir George made when he called upon me, that he has no secrets from you."

"If you mean as regards the letter he received from you, no. He has acquainted me with the demand it contained."

"And you, as his heir, agree to assist him in meeting it?"

"In contesting it, you mean," Charlie quietly replied, and Mr. Goldryng's thin lips expanded into a cynical smile.

"Not a very sensible process that, my dear young friend."

"More so, I think, than submitting to be stripped, in order to enrich you. My good Mr. Goldryng, you have nothing to work upon but my father's horror of a public disgrace."

"To a gentleman, and man of reputed honor, that ought to be sufficient," the usurer dryly observed; "but if it is not, and Sir George would rather that I referred the matter to the law—"

He paused, and glanced furtively at Charlie, whose compressed lips betrayed that he did not hear this suggestion without wincing.

(To be continued)

Just Folks.
 By EDGAR A. GUEST

MOTHER CARES.

Never a button to sew,
 Never a stocking to mend,
 Free to come and to go
 From dawn to the long day's end;
 Never a hurt to dread
 Whenever they're out of sight,
 Never a little bed
 Drawn up at your own at night.

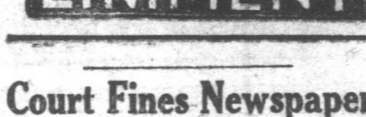
Never a brow to feel,
 Searching a fever sign,
 Never a hurt to heal,
 Never a shoe to shine,
 Never a dress to make—
 Only yourself to please—
 Surely your heart must ache
 Missing such cares as these.

Oh, there is much to do,
 And heavy the weight of care
 Tolling the long day through,
 And oh! there is much to bear,
 Anguish and grief and tears;
 Dread of the bitterest blow
 Are part of a mother's years,
 And yet they are sweet to know.

Better the hurt and pain,
 Better to work and sew,
 To have and to lose again
 Than never their love to know.
 There is calm at the long day's end,
 And sweet is a mother's care,
 So give me the dress to mend,
 And give me the pain to bear.

HOARSE

Gargle several times a day with Minard's in water. It cuts the fungus and gives relief.



COURT FINES NEWSPAPER

FOR GIVING COST OF EGGS.

BERLIN, Dec. 25.—(A.P.)—Market reporting is a dangerous calling in these days of high living costs in Berlin. Erich Dombrowski, the editor on the Berlin Tageblatt, who is held responsible by the courts for everything published in that paper, was charged recently with "attempting to raise prices artificially."

The case presented against him was that the Tageblatt quoted eggs at 150 billion marks each, when the official price fixed by the Government was 20 billion marks less.

Dombrowski testified that he and his representatives had tried to buy eggs at 150 billion marks, but that dealers would not sell them for less than 150 billion each. Consequently in their opinion, that was the market price.

The court was inexorable. It held that since the government fixed the price of an egg at 130 billion marks that was the price, and the publication of a higher price was a crime against the government for which the editor was fined 30 billion marks.

Cuticura Soap
 IS IDEAL
For the Hands

Step-Mother Helped Prince's Return

LONDON, Dec. 7. (A. P.)—It now appears that the Princess Hermine, the ex-Kaiser's wife, was the guiding star behind the hurried return of her step-son, the ex-crown prince, to Germany, according to the Dutch correspondent of the London Daily Mail. It was, in fact, due largely to her energy and tact when she last visited Germany that the German government consented to issue the necessary passports to him and his suite.

Immediately on her return to Doorn the prince hurriedly left his island of exile and hastened to his father's house. He then spent much time in conversation with his step-mother, walking in the grounds with her while his father was out walking with the Princess's children.

It is reported that after last visiting her own estates the Princess Hermine travelled to Berlin in a closed compartment and left the train heavily veiled and muffled. She later visited several of the state officials. She is commonly accredited with being as clever as she is energetic, and for some time she has left no stone unturned to get the Hohenzollerns back to Germany.

Try and win the Pig on Monday or get a consolation prize of a Turkey at the G.W.V.A. Raffle Monday night, 50c. a ticket, for sale now from Dooley and McKinlay.—Dec 27, 21

A very popular feature of the afternoon mode is the apron tunic gathered in front.

Brilliantly beaded or embroidered mottled fabrics are used for new Russian blouses.

Murphy's Good Things!

FAREWELL, 1923

Farewell to 1923 Profits. We are not looking for profits now. We are going to clean off all our 1923 stock to make room for New Goods. Come in and get your share of "Murphy's Good Things" at greatly reduced prices.

English Melton Cloth
 40 inches wide, superior quality; shades of Heathers, Brown and Greys.
 Per yard, 90c.

Children's Black Rib Hose
 Per pair, 12c.

Ladies' Sweaters
 Pure Wool, Tuxedo style collar, Vestee effect; assorted colors.
 Each, \$6.49

Ladies' Slipper Sweaters
 Long sleeves, round neck.
 Each, \$1.98

Ladies' Tie Back Sweaters
 Brushed Wool trimming, short sleeves.
 Each, \$1.98

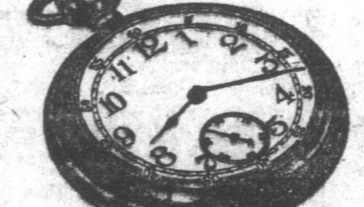
Strong Fibre Suit Cases
 Round corners, strong lock and grip, reinforced handle; some with double strap.
 Each, \$1.98 to \$3.98

Umbrellas
 American Taffeta, 7 rib Paragon frame; bone, leather or cord wrist strap; taped edge.
 Each, \$1.98 to \$4.98

Men's Wool Gloves
 Bound wrists, good serviceable Winter Glove.
 Per pair, 98c.

Ladies' 12-Button Spats
 Leather ankle strap; shades of Brown, Black and Fawn.
 Per pair, \$1.75—\$1.98

Babies' Velvet Bonnets
 Each, 29c.



Watches
 Open face, Nickel case, small model, plain back, stem wind and set.
 Each, \$1.98



Men's Suits
 Men who like style will be pleased with our Suits this season. But equally important is the fact that every suit will meet the test of active service. Superior goods, good workmanship, excellent values.
 Each, \$9.98 to \$24.98

Boys' Winter Overcoats
 At final Reductions, there are not many of them, but every one of them is splendidly made of good heavy wearing material.
 Each, \$4.98

Men's Winter Overcoats
 Heavy Tweed, full lined, storm collar, all round or half belt styles.
 Each, \$12.98 to \$24.98

Men's Flette Shirts
 With collar, nice light patterns, would make a nice wear-around shirt.
 Each, \$1.25

Wool Scarfs
 With heavy Brushed Wool finish, fringed ends; very pretty shades.
 Each, 98c. to \$1.98

Men's Wool Drawers
 Slightly soiled; all sizes in the lot.
 Per pair, \$1.49

Wool Blankets
 Sturdy Blankets of a good soft quality, double bed size, shown with Pink or Blue border.
 Per pair, \$5.98 to \$9.98

Table Oil Cloth
 Good quality, pretty patterns.
 Per yard, 39c.

Girls' Wool Caps
 Assorted colors and shapes.
 Each, 49c. 79c.

Hosiery
 Ladies' English Wool rib Hose.
 Per pair, 1.25

Ladies' All-Wool Cashmere Hose
 Assorted shades.
 Per pair, 98c.

Ladies' Brown & Black Hose
 Per pair, 19c.

Ladies' Underskirts
 Black and Coloured Mofrette, 9 inch self flounce, draw string at waist.
 Each, \$1.49, \$2.49

Nightdresses
 Of solid color stripe Flette, full gathered skirt, long sleeve, silk worked yoke.
 Each, \$1.98

Boys' Pure Wool Slipper Sweaters
 Buttoned front and shoulder styles; assorted shades.
 Each, \$1.49, \$1.98

10-Only Light Stripe Denim Overall Coats
 Each, 69c.

White Shirting
 In large light pieces.
 Per pound, \$1.00

Ladies', Children's & Misses' Overpants
 Colors of Brown, Grey and Navy; elastic at waist and knee.
 Per pair, 98c. \$1.35

Camisoles
 In Pink and White, lace top and shoulder strap; elastic at waist.
 Each, 49c.

Dress Shirts
 Of Stripe-Percale, soft cuffs, tunic style.
 Each, \$1.19

Silk Stripe Percale Shirts
 Soft cuffs; all sizes.
 Each, \$2.98

PHIL MURPHY

317 Water Street
 Store open every Night

Among the Cannibals

Appalling Story From "White Man's Grave"—Disappearance of Sailor and Girl Companion.

That cannibalism in its worst form still exists in certain parts of the Dark Continent is abundantly clear from a story, unfolded at Tabou, on the Ivory Coast, more familiarly known as the "White Man's Grave." Four negroes stood their trial there for murder, and were sentenced to death. The terrible nature of the crime would be more in keeping with the primordial practices of the Dark Ages than the environment of a West Coast settlement within a few hundred miles of London. Suspicious of a revival in cannibalism had exercised the minds of English merchants trading on the route for some time, and the climax was reached by the discovery of human remains in circumstances which left no doubt as to foul play. Investigations produced many startling revelations, and at the same time solved the mystery of the disappearance from the coastal zone of a sailor who had deserted his ship to join a hunting expedition. Talkative natives supplied evidence for the police to work upon, and this led to the arrest of the four culprits. It was shown that the sailor who was accompanied into the interior by an attractive young woman was ambushed, and then made the victim of a terrible ritual. He was dragged, his throat cut, part of his internal organs deposited in a vase for religious purposes, and the rest of the body handed over to a medicine man. Amid the vociferous approval of the tribesmen the medicine man proceeded to dissect the body for distribution among the favoured warriors. The woman's fate was no less terrifying. Blooded to death, her corpse was removed to a dense forest, where the "braves" indulged in another carnivorous orgy. The body was first dismembered while the tribesmen, in martial array, kept up a dirge-like chant. After the "feast," a witch-doctor boiled part of the remains, and filled a number of bottles with the concoction for sale to women who were barren. Eye-witnesses of the ghastly ceremonies, including the witch-doctor, gave evidence at the trial. The witch-doctor and his three confederates heard the death sentence unmovable, and maintained throughout the proceedings that stoicism which is characteristic of these coastal tribes.

PARTRIDGE BERRIES. — 500 gallons nice Ripe Berries, 40c. gallon, at W. E. BEARN'S 2 Stores, Haymarket and Rawlins' Cross.—Dec 15, 11

Friend: "My, 'ot a rotten cigar you gift me." Storekeeper: "You should worry. You got 'em, I got five hundred."

Grapefruit halves are particularly delicious when sweetened with maple syrup.

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR CORNS.

Roast the CHRISTMAS TURKEY in a new ROAST PAN.



We have them— all kinds.
 There's nothing more important than good HOME-MADE COOKING at CHRISTMAS, but you need good tools to be successful. We can provide you with the right KITCHEN UTENSILS to achieve SUCCESS. AGOOD PRICES RIGHT!

John Clouston
 140-142 DUCKWORTH STREET,
 P.O. Box 1243. Phone 406.

Straps trim a coat of black kid lined with civet. Scotch plaid dresses are having great popularity.

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