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

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TORONTO, CANADA  
WINNIPEG MONTREAL

**The Heir of Rosedene**

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

CHAPTER XXII.  
THE CARLIST UPRISING.  
"We shall be murdered, I am sure of it!" she wailed.  
And the captain, in despair, induced the young officer to dispatch their passports to the commandant.  
"Meanwhile," he said, "we had all better get out and take some refreshment. You must be exhausted," he added, going round to Edna's side of the rickety chaise, and addressing her in his soft, low murmur.  
"No," said Edna, "I am only filled with remorse for being the cause of so much discomfort—and danger."  
"Danger!" the captain laughed; "there is no danger."  
"You may all do as you like, but I won't move until we get the commandant's reply. Once we get out, this horrible man will take the horses away, and we shall not be able to get into the town at all. You, my dear Mrs. Weston, and Edna, can go; but as for me—oh, do not mind me!"  
"I will stay with you!" said Edna, quietly. "Perhaps Capt. Morton will be so kind as to make it comfortable inside for auntie. You will get out, Edna—I insist upon it!" and as Aunt Martha was really too exhausted to combat the willful beauty, she yielded,

and allowed the captain to escort her into the inn. Rooms had been prepared, for the landlord had guessed at the result of the conference, and the olla podrida was cooling for supper if milords and ladies would but make up their minds to honor the "Golden Bull" with their presence for one night.  
But Mrs. Edward was inexorable, and Edna would not leave her, and they sat in the carriage, the one silent and preoccupied, the other all moans and nervousness. Edward More got a cigar and a glass of sherry wine, and stood about drinking it, cursing his fate inaudibly, and growling at the small mob of peasants that crowded round the carriage to stare at the "mad English."

The night fell, and occasionally there came upon the now cool air a distant rumbling like thunder. The crowd, satisfied at last, walked away, lights flickered to and fro, and every now and then a sentry stalked towards them, paused, grounded his musket, and disappeared. The captain came out after some little time, with a message from Aunt Martha, imploring the other two to leave the carriage; but Mrs. More stood, or rather, sat firm, and the captain, yielding to Edna's solicitations, returned to the inn.

Edward More brought two of the rugs from under the box seat, and wrapped them round Edna and his obstinate spouse, and indulged in another glass of wine and another spasm of swearing.

Then there came the galloping of a horse and the clatter and clash of accoutrements. It was the messenger returned to say that the English might pass the barrier and enter the town.

"What did I tell you? I knew they would never dare to keep us out!" exclaimed Mrs. More, with miserable triumph. "Wake up, Edna—oh, how can you sleep! Do, Capt. Morton, fetch Mrs. Weston. Now, Edward, not a moment is to be lost," and so on without a moment's intermission, until the driver had clacked his whip and they were once more rattling and clattering on their way.

There was a delay at the barrier for an examination of passports, and they had barely passed the outposts and got within sight of the gate of the fortifications, when a sudden uproar seemed to spring up on all sides of them; lights flashed in the air, followed by the roar of small artillery, and there arose a great shout: "The Carlists! the Carlists!"

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It was so sudden that one and all seemed paralyzed, and stared at each other amazed and dumbfounded; then the captain snatched the reins and whip from the shaking hands of the driver, and standing up lashed the horses into a gallop. But it was too late! He came on the drawbridge in time to see the great crash down, and to hear the sentry ground his musket and cry "Back!" Then, quick to see the best course, he, utterly regardless of the shriek which rose from Mrs. More, turned the horses' heads and flogged them into a tear.

Edward, standing up in the carriage, made his voice heard above the din which was every moment growing more dreadful.

"What are you going to do, Morton?" he shouted.  
"Get back to the inn," shouted the captain, his face pale and set. "We must, or we shall be in the thick of it! They will be close at hand in another quarter of an hour!"  
Sooner than that, Capt. Morton, they are close at hand now.

For scarcely had they reached the barrier than there came the quick, heavy tread of a mass of men, and in an instant the air was black with smoke and terrible with the roar of battle. The Carlists had come!

CHAPTER XXIII.  
ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

EDWARD MORE, holding on by the side of the carriage, leaned forward, eagerly straining his eyes to catch a glimpse of the inn. He saw at once that it was their only chance to reach it and get out of the line of fire; but how to do it without interception? Luckily, the outposts were too much engaged to notice very particularly anything out of the direct line of fire, for the advance of the Carlists had been so sudden and so concentrated, that it almost seemed as if they had dropped in the dense mass of smoke which blew right across their path, but the captain fancied that he could remember the route from the inn, and kept on his way from sheer despair.

Presently, amid the flashing of lights and the gleaming of the volleys of musketry, they saw before them the lights of the inn, and the captain threw a word of encouragement over his shoulder.

"Keep up! we are almost there." Almost, but not quite, for suddenly the horses were brought to a standstill and thrown upon their haunches, and two or three dusky forms shouting to the captain to stop, sprang at the harness and began to unfasten it.

There was no time for expostulation or explanation; the horses were taken out and away, and they were brought to a complete standstill.

It was dangerous work now, so dangerous that Mrs. More did not scream, but hid her head in her wrap and crouched at the bottom of the carriage. Aunt Martha clung to her corner, sobbing; and Edna? Edna stood upright, her face shining forth pale and lovely above her dark cloak, drawn closely round her graceful form—she stood, one hand grasping the side of the carriage, as firm as a rock, her eyes all ablaze, her lips half parted with excitement.

What a sweet picture she made!—and what an excellent mark!

"For God's sake! sit down," exclaimed the captain, darting to her side and clutching her arm. "Sit down! you will be shot. You are a mark for a hundred eyes!"

Edna turned her eyes down upon him, and her lips parted with a strange smile.

"Is there so much danger? This is a real battle—quite a real one!"

"Danger—battis! It is a sharp

skirmish! Do you doubt it?—look there! But, for God's sake, sit down first!"

Edna drew a little on one side, so that she was shielded by the box, and looked in the direction to which the captain had pointed.

The struggle was concentrated there, and as she looked she had no reason to repeat the question, for amid the fire that belched forth from the guns, amid the clouds of smoke, she saw dusky forms dashing at each other, like demons; with swords gleaming like tongues of fire about their heads, and then a great hoarse shout and a succession of shrieks and groans as man after man on either side fell, under shot, or cut down, but always trodden under foot.

She grew paler, and the scene seemed to swim before her eyes and fade away. Was she going to faint?

With an effort she mastered the weakness, and stooping down to whisper some words of comfort and reassurance to poor, weeping Aunt Martha, saw that the captain had drawn Edward More aside, and was talking and urging some step vehemently.

Presently Edward shouted in her ear:

"Morton wants me to go to the inn, and beg them to open the door. What's the use of my going? I can't speak a word of the language! I want him to go!"

"Yes—yes!" said Edna, looking at him eagerly. "Why does he not—oh, why does he hesitate?"

The captain bent forward and looked at her with significant meaning. "I do not care to go and leave you—all," he said, and even at that supreme moment Edna noticed the emphasis, and felt a strange thrill, half of alarm, half of surprise.

"Do you not understand?" he said, so close to her ears that he was inaudible to the others. "Can I leave you—at such a time?"

"Go!" said Edna, almost imperiously, her lips trembling. "What could you do for us single-handed? Could one man save us?"

"He could save you!" he retorted, grasping her arm. Edna shrank back.

"Go—go!" she said; and after a moment's hesitation, while he kept his eyes fixed on hers with a passionate entreaty, he turned and ran toward the inn.

It seemed as if his departure had almost been the signal for some fresh movement on the part of the combatants, for suddenly the point of conflict seemed to lean her way, and the struggle for the barrier was taking place so near to her that Edna could see the details quite plainly.

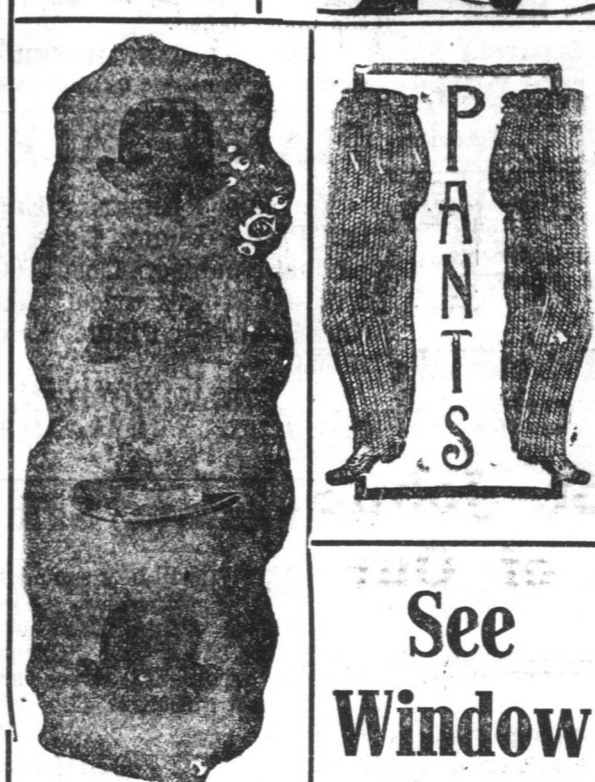
She saw that the sides were pretty equally matched, and that there was not much to choose between them in the matter of courage; it was a hand-to-hand fight, all in a small space, in which every blow told. So engrossed was she by the exciting spectacle that she lost all sense of her own danger, forgot everything save the struggle that was going on under her eyes. Presently she saw that the Carlists were, for some reason or other, losing ground, the reason being that a reinforcement had reached the government troops, and roars of ferocious delight rose from the other side; but suddenly a thrill ran through Edna's fast-beating heart for from the midst of the Carlists ranks there suddenly rode a tall, stalwart-looking officer, who, waving his sword above his head, rode straight at the line of bayonets made ready to receive him, as if he were going at a five-barred gate.

Edna saw the gleam of his waving sword, and then shut her eyes, expecting, if she still looked, to see him cut down, but the next instant she heard a loud roar of defiance, and, opening her eyes, saw the officer, still mounted, slashing right and left with awful effect, and bearing all down before him.

Close at his back his men pressed, firing volley after volley; then came a volley from the barrier, and great clouds of smoke and the hero—for he was a hero in Edna's sight—was hid from her view. Her heart beat fast; her blood ran like fire through her veins, and she sobbed aloud in her excitement. Was he down? Was he dead? No! for as the smoke cleared, she saw his stalwart, broad-shouldered form, not on horseback now, still in the front, still cleaving his way with that awful sword.

(To be Continued.)

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**Medical**

SOME weeks ago registered medical the city of St. John's vitation a meeting a Dr. Macpherson to vation Army propo ternity hospital as representative of the Staff-Captain W. H.

The subject was from the standpoint this point there was ment of opinion and solution was carri "That the establishi ity hospital in the is desirable and nec with the approval a medical profession

The meeting con tion of the attitude as medical practiti position that the build and adminis ity institution. Th discussed, the meet the experiences of itioners in connect vation Army insti ated here. These commended the me vation Army in th claimed that the o their patients the sional service and trusted to adminis every standpoint t

**SIGNED:—**

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