



**ROYAL YEAST**

Has been Canada's favorite yeast for over a quarter of a century. Bread baked with Royal Yeast will keep fresh and moist longer than that made with any other, so that a full week's supply can easily be made at one baking, and the last loaf will be just as good as the first.

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**EW. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED**  
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

## The Sound of Wedding Bells

### — OR — Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Busy! How matters stood! The words can have only one significance, she thinks. They must, they can only refer to his marriage.

Her heart beats wildly, and she presses her hand to her bosom.

"The horse is all right," Hugh continues, "and I think it will win."

"Oh, yes," responds Hartfield, confidently. "The Cricket is a good horse enough, but there is no depending upon his temper, and the course is hard enough to try the temper of the best horse living."

"I am sorry," says Hugh's grave voice, after a pause.

"Sorry?"

"Yes, I am sorry that any horse of mine should be running in the race against Archie's."

"But—man alive!"

"Yes, yes, I know," he breaks in, with a sort of weary impatience. "There are reasons which you don't understand, my dear Hartfield, why I should feel reluctant to run against Archie. No matter. It is too late, I suppose, to withdraw."

"Why, yes," is the reply, "I've got a lot of money on it, but that is nothing; it's the other people who have backed Sultan; you've got them to consider."

"Yes, yes, I understand. Well, it must be so. I would I could wish you success, but—but I cannot do so heartily. Good-night. I am going to catch the train."

"Good-night. You are a strange fellow, Hugh! Good-night. I'll wire you the result to-morrow."

"Thanks. Good-night."

Lord Hartfield goes off upon horseback, and with a start Dulcie, the spell of the voice broken, turns to go, but suddenly, before she can get into the shadow, the tall, stalwart form is before her.

He raises his hat absently, as a mute apology for startling her, but suddenly, as she does not move, simply because she cannot, he looks up and recognizes her.

In the instant he stands as if doubting the evidence of his senses.

The tall, graceful form, clad in its soft, clinging dress of cream, stand-

ing out against the dark evergreens, in the stillness of the evening, may well seem to him an ethereal vision called up by his own imagination, by the sad memory of happy days.

So overwhelmed, so startled is he that her name escapes him before he is well aware of it.

"Dulcie!"

She does not speak, but a faint shudder runs through her at the sound of his voice, at the sound of her name, spoken in the old, grave tones.

Then, at her silence, he recoils, and with a little gesture of his hand, as if imploring pardon for addressing her so familiarly, he raises his hat and moves on; but an uncontrollable impulse, as it seems—a fascination, holds him fast, and makes his step laggard, and with a sigh he pauses.

"Miss Dorrimore, will you pardon me if I say one word?"

She does not speak, but shrinks back against the laurels, toward which her hand goes as if for support, fastening round the tender stems with a nervous grasp.

"Believe me I had no idea that you were near me. I did not know that you were in the neighborhood even. If I had known I should have avoided it."

He smothered a sigh and looks down on the ground, and his attitude, the turn of his shapely head, with the close-cropped hair, touched now with streaks of silver, brings back the old days; the old days when he stood bent before her, waiting for her answer to his prayer of love, and a sudden pang shoots through her heart.

Oh, the pity and the bitterness of it! That they two, who loved so well, should meet thus, as worse than strangers, as little more than foes!

"If I distress or annoy you by addressing you," he says, after a pause, and lifting the solemn gray eyes with the modesty of a strong and noble nature, "tell me so. Say but the word and I will go."

Still she does not speak.

"Indeed, why should I stay?" he says, almost to himself. "What words can now avail for the past or the present that can be said between us? And yet, having met thus, by pure chance, I would seize it to know from your own lips whether the one desire of my life—your happiness, has been realized. Will you answer me?"

His voice sounds like a knell in her ears, like the voice of one long dead, yet remembered—and, ah, Heaven—still loved!

"What do you wish me to say?" she says, at last, and her own voice sounds hollow and unreal.

"That is a fair retort," he says, sadly. "What is there that you can say to me that would bring me any

satisfaction? And yet, tell me, are you happy?"

"Yes," she says, at last, but the single word sounds strangely mournful.

He smiles with half-concealed bitterness.

"Then I need not ask if you have learned to forget? Only those who have learned that lesson can be happy. Well, I am answered. Will you believe me when I say, that if your answer does not give me pleasure now, it will when, away from you, I have time to call upon my better self? Yes, I have wished you every happiness. Dulcie?—I beg your pardon—Miss Dorrimore! Will you believe that?"

"Yes, I believe it," she says. "Why should I not?"

And a sudden fierce rebellion at fate and at him rises within her bosom.

"Having punished me, you should be satisfied. You would not wish that I should bear that punishment through my life?"

He puts up his hand with a gesture of pain.

"Spare me!" he says, almost inaudibly. "I am at your mercy. I am the fool in the fable, who, having a pearl of great price, permitted the ape to cozen him out of it! Spare me! Do you think I do not realize, that I have not realized, what it is that I have lost, Dulcie? The knowledge of how I lost you has come to me but recently; it came too late!"

"Too late!" she echoes, in a hollow voice, and her hands grasp the shrubs behind her till the delicate skin is marked and scarred.

"Too late! Surely the saddest word in all the world," he says, almost to himself. "Well, my folly deserves punishment, and it has received it. How came you here?"

The question is put in his old commanding tone, tinged with a solemn sadness.

Dulcie puts her hand to her throat. The words she would utter calmly and unconcernedly seem to choke her.

"I am staying at this house with Lady Brookley."

He looks up quickly and down again as quickly.

"With Archie?"

She inclines her head.

"Well," he says, after a pause. "Yes, yes; with Archie. You—you are not married?"

"No," she just murmurs.

He sighs; then looks at the path he must presently take.

But it seems as if he cannot tear himself away.

Something within her goads her on to retort:

"And you?"

He starts and looks at her.

"No," he says, slowly, "I am not married." Then, after a pause: "Nor am I likely to be."

She looks up swiftly, and shrinks still closer.

"Not!" she says, in a low voice.

"Then, then—I heard that Miss Fairfax—"

He stares at her, and a bitter smile plays about his lips.

"Have you been living out of the world, that you have not heard my story?" he asks. "I thought all the world knew it by heart. Every club and drawing-room in London rings with it."

"No, no!" she gasps, a presentiment of what is coming falling upon her. "I—we heard—that you were to be married to Lucy Fairfax. Was it not true?"

"Yes," he says, "it was quite true; but—"

He pauses.

The story of the treachery, of the falsity, of the meek-faced woman whose truth and fealty he would have answered for with his latest breath, was hard to tell—but it was not to be.

"Tell me," she says, and she puts her hand to her brow, "is—she dead?"

"Dead? No," he says, bitterly. "I could almost find it possible to wish that I could answer 'Yes.' No, she is not dead; but honor, and all that makes womanhood worthy of respect and reverence, are dead in her. Is it possible that you have not heard?"

"A common story, they tell me, meaning to comfort me," he replies, almost sardonically. "On the morning of her betrothal she met the Duke of Gretnam by appointment. They were to be married; but fate was merciful, and saved him from a traitor-



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**WHY PAY MORE**

For an inferior SUIT for your boy, when you can buy one for

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**Tremendous SALE**

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**Girls' Felt Crusher Hats.**

Just received a large selection of Crusher Hats, in Lemon, Sax, Navy, Black, White, Red, Tan, Fawn, Sky, Rose, Pink, Violet and numerous other shades, with Fancy Band to match. **ALL ONE PRICE.**

**85c. each.**

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gets the regular "putt-putt" out of your engine that takes you there and back the same day, a clean, reliable fuel for gasoline-burning boats.

Dig stocks always on hand and can always make prompt deliveries.

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**A Stubborn Cough Loosens Right Up**

This home-made remedy is a wonder for quick results. Tasty and cheaply made.

The prompt and positive action of this simple, inexpensive home-made remedy in quickly healing the inflamed or swollen membranes of the throat, chest or bronchial tubes and breaking up light coughs, has caused it to be used in more homes than any other cough remedy. Under its healing, soothing influence, chest soreness ceases, phlegm loosens, breathing becomes easier, tickling in the throat stops and you get a good night's restful sleep. The usual cure for coughs and colds are conquered in 24 hours or less. Nothing better for bronchitis, hoarseness, croup, whooping cough, bronchial asthma, or winter coughs.

To make this splendid cough syrup, pour 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth) into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup and shake thoroughly. You then have 16 ounces—a family supply of a much better cough-syrup than you could buy ready-made for \$2.50. Keeps perfectly and children love its pleasant taste.

Pinex is a sweet and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract. It is known the world over for its promptness, ease and certainty in overcoming stubborn coughs and chest colds.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex" with full directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction. Money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

**Milady's Boudoir.**



**MISTAKES OF THE TOILET.**

The American woman is the exact antipode of the French woman. The ideal of American beauty is a clear complexion showing both pink and white, large eyes more often blue than dark or brown or light hair.

The French woman does not care for natural effects because, with her, natural effects are not good. She does not care for the rosy cheeks that denote health, for they only emphasize the heaviness of the skin. On the contrary she prefers a deep, artificial white that gives an even color to the face.

She again, apparently, disregards the health standard of the American woman, by deliberately blackening

the skin about the eyes in an endeavor to make the too small orbs fuller and more appealing.

The American skin needs a different treatment from the French skin. It is thinner, more delicate and more inclined to dry and take on premature wrinkles. It needs more cream to keep it in condition and cannot stand the heavy powders and liquid preparations that the French woman uses in such profusion. It is no exaggeration to say that the average American complexion would be ruined before thirty if it was subjected to the same treatment that the French woman uses to advantage.

The same is true of the figure. The only reducing method in this country is the natural, scientific one of exercise and diet.

As a token of Remembrance a Portrait of the giver is long cherished and thought more of than the usual ordinary gift. J. C. PARSONS, Bank of Montreal Building—nov17,17

**TO-NIGHT'S LECTURE.**—Dr. Robinson, P.M.C., will lecture to the Llewellyn Club this evening. The theme of his discourse is "Our returned soldiers and how to treat them."

**HINAR'S LINIMENT CURES GAB-GIT IN COWS.**

**Bazaar Closes.**

St. Joseph's Bazaar at the C. C. C. Hall will close to-night with a dance beginning at eight o'clock. Yesterday afternoon and night the affair was well attended and the booths, containing replenished stocks of plain and fancy goods, attracted a large number of purchasers. The sale is being continued to-day up to six o'clock this evening, when the remaining stock of goods on hand will be disposed of by auction.

**From the Wreck.**

The work of taking the flour cargo out of the stranded steamer Beverley, at St. Mary's, was interrupted yesterday by a rough sea that raged. However, conditions were more civil this morning and the transferring of the flour to the S. S. Erik to be brought here is being carried on.

The Beverley's cargo, we learn, comprised exactly 6,000 barrels all told. After discharging one-third of that quantity, which is expected to finish to-morrow evening, efforts will be made to refloat her.

**CITY'S HEALTH.**—Infectious disease is on the decrease in the city. Not a single case of and kind was reported to the Health Authorities within the past week.

**T. J. EDENS**

**Christmas Crackers and Stockings**

Large assortment just in

McCormick's FANCY BISCUITS and JERSEY CREAM SODAS

From P. E. Island to-day  
20 boxes Purify Butter—1/2  
50 cases Selected Eggs.  
50 bags Carrots.  
50 bags Parsnips.  
10 bags Beets.  
100 bags Black Onions.

100 brls. WAGNER APPLES  
50 brls. STARK APPLES.  
5 brls. CRANBERRIES.

GRAPE FRUIT.  
Extra large and juicy  
\$1.50 doz.

Ox Tongues in Glass.  
Fry's Cocoa, 3/2 lb. tins.  
Cadbury's Cocoa, 3/4 & 1/2 lb. tins.  
Cleansed Currants, 20c. per lb.  
Malt Vinegar, quart bl., 25c.  
Vinegar Essence, 45c. bottle.  
Will make 1 gall. vinegar.

20 Boxes  
BLUE NOSE BUTTER  
56 lbs. each.

**T. J. EDENS**  
Duckworth Street and  
Hawkins' Cross.

**War News**

**Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.**

GERMANS WILL CONFER WITH BOLSHIEVICKI.

LONDON, Nov. 28.

Sunday next has been set apart for the Germans as the date for the conference with the Bolshieviki in the purpose of negotiations for an armistice. The arrangements for the discussion followed the visit of representatives of the Bolshieviki to German military authorities on the Teuton side of the fighting in Russia. The Germans gave quick acquiescence to the proposal of the Russians for an armistice looking to ultimate peace, and a few hours intervened between the visit of the Russians to the line and the acceptance by the Germans of the proposition. The Germans are expected to embrace an armistice on all fronts of the belligerents. It is certain that the Allies will give no heed to thetures either of the Bolshieviki or the Russian radical section. The Russians, who have long desired to cease fighting, or of the Germans who for even a greater time have been endeavoring into operation negotiations for peace that would prove a success.

**REID**

**OL**

BUT SIR—J AM P  
TO YOU—THE LA  
NATION I ADM

