

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

Some women hold to the idea that bread-making is a long and difficult operation, but this is a mistake, for with Royal Yeast Cakes, light, sweet bread can be made in a few hours with but little trouble.

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TORONTO, CANADA
WINNIPEG MONTREAL

The Sound of Wedding Bells

Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Quite a dandy, I mean, mother," he explains. "His tailor must be making a fortune out of him. That's the third new coat, if I'm not mistaken, I've seen him in since last week, and I don't believe that he used to wear a new coat once a year down in Holmsheire."

Her ladyship sniffs.

"A duke can wear as many new coats as he pleases, I suppose," she says.

"Two a day, if he likes," says Hugh, carelessly. "Then he is so gorgeous in the matter of neck-ties. That was a splendid effect he wore this afternoon. But I don't think crimson becomes him; though, as you would no doubt remark, mother, any color becomes a duke."

"I am sure he is very attentive," sniffs her ladyship; "exceedingly attentive. I wish you would cultivate his friendship a little more, Hugh. I have heard him ask you down to Palace Gardens, twice this week, and you have refused."

"Yes," says Hugh; "so I have. I'm very sorry. It's very kind of him; but I can't stand that old port at Palace Gardens, and Gretnam isn't satisfied unless one drinks at least four or five glasses."

Lucy Fairfax laughs softly.

"One ought not to refuse a duke's old port, I suppose," she says. "Will you have any more tea? if not I will go and dress for dinner," and she gets up and goes out.

The door is scarcely closed, when

Lady Falconer coughs warningly, and shuffles in her chair.

"Really, Hugh," she says, "I think you are the most short-sighted person in existence."

"Am I?" said Hugh, staring. "I didn't know it. I must go to Carpenter & Westley's and get a pince-nez."

Lady Falconer sniffs.

"I beg you won't pretend to misunderstand me, Hugh," she says, in an injured tone.

"I assure you I don't misunderstand, or rather, I don't understand you, my lady," he says, sincerely. "You said I was short-sighted—"

"And so you are," repeats her ladyship, gathering her shawl round her. "You don't appear to notice the actual occurrences that go on under—under your nose. I suppose it is because you don't take any interest. I am sure I don't trouble you much with the affairs of the family, but I think I do think, as the head of the house, that the present state of affairs should at least have your attention."

Hugh rouses himself and gazes at her.

"I am very sorry," he says. "I did not mean to be indifferent or short-sighted. But don't be impatient, my lady; what is the present state of things?"

"I am alluding to the duke," says her ladyship.

"Yes, the duke?" he says, interrogatively.

"Surely," she goes on, with a deeper tone of injury, "you must have noticed how frequent his visits to us have been."

"Yes," says Hugh, with a short laugh, "I have noticed, now I come to think of it, that he is always here when I come, or drops in before I go; in fact, he almost seems to live here."

"Exactly, just so," says Lady Falconer, with a smile of satisfaction. "He is always here. Now, if you thought about the matter at all, you would come to the conclusion that he would not be here so much if he did not find an attraction."

Hugh thinks for a moment.

"I don't know what attraction there can be," he says, slowly. "Perhaps it's the tea. There's more green in our tea than one usually gets."

Lady Falconer fidgets on her chair, with an impatient irritability.

"Really, Hugh, you are most provoking. As if the duke would care for a wretched cup of tea."

"Then what on earth is it?" demands Hugh, almost impatient himself.

"Of what nature is the attraction likely to be when an unmarried man is a constant visitor in the house where there are unmarried daughters?" her ladyship.

Hugh stares.

"You don't mean to say—"

"But I do!" retorts her ladyship. "I am not short-sighted, Hugh. A mother's eyes are always keen where her daughter's happiness is at stake, and I have noticed the constant attention that the duke has paid to Maud!"

Hugh springs out of his chair and stands erect, his grim face grimmer

To Stop a Persistent Hacking Cough

The best remedy is one you can easily make at home. Cheap, but very effective.

Thousands of people normally healthy in every other respect, are annoyed with a persistent hacking-on bronchial cough year after year, disturbing their sleep and making life disagreeable. It's so needless—there's an old home-made remedy that will end such a cough easily and quickly.

Get from any druggist 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth), pour it into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Begin taking it at once. Gradually but surely you will notice the phlegm thin out and then disappear altogether, thus ending a cough that you never thought would end. It also promptly loosens a dry or tight cough, stops the troublesome throat tickle, soothes the irritated membranes that line the throat and bronchial tubes, and relief comes almost immediately. A day's use will usually break up an ordinary throat or chest cold, and for bronchitis, croup, whooping cough and bronchial asthma there is nothing better. It tastes pleasant and keeps perfectly.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract and is used by millions of people every year for throat and chest colds with splendid results.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions and don't accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

than ever, with the heavy frown of surprise and displeasure.

"Maud!" he exclaims at last. "Why, he is old enough to be her grandfather. You must be mistaken!"

Lady Falconer sniffs.

"A mother is never mistaken," she says, solemnly. "And pray, my dear Hugh, do not indulge in exaggerated statements. The duke is not old enough to be Maud's grandfather."

"Her father, then."

"Nor is he old enough to be her father!" retorts her ladyship, impatiently. "The duke—is an admirably preserved man. He is much younger than he looks!"

"Then he can't be so well preserved," says Hugh, with some reason.

Lady Falconer puts her hand to her brow.

"Pray don't argue with me, Hugh," she moans, plaintively, "my poor head is not equal to it."

"I beg your pardon, mother," he says, but sternly; "then you think Gretnam is paying attentions to Maud. They must be stopped."

"Stopped," almost shrieks her ladyship.

"Yes," says Hugh, grimly. "Maud is too good a girl to be married to a man as old as Gretnam, well or ill preserved, as he may be."

Lady Falconer confronts him, alarmed and angry.

"Pray, pray don't indulge in any romantic nonsense, Hugh," she says. "I thought you had suffered enough already from your romantic love."

Hugh colors hotly at this reference to his ruined love affair with Dulcie, but he keeps his temper.

"If you will do nothing to assist your sister, pray do nothing to thwart her happiness."

"Her happiness! Do you mean to say, mother, that Maud has any inkling—"

"Maud is a good girl, and very tender-hearted, and has known the duke for a long time," says the anxious mother; "and if, as I think may be likely, her young affections have been won by him, I for one should not stand between them."

Hugh emits a groan, and sinks into his chair.

Maud's young affections have been won so often, and to so little purpose, that he rather doubts their having been lost at the present, but he feels powerless.

"Let me see," he says, thinking, "the duke is—if he is a day—he must be say—"

"Now, Hugh," interrupts her ladyship, "you don't know anything about the duke's age. And it does not matter, your father was considerably older than I was, and I am sure I was happy enough!"

Hugh does not reply. Looking back down the long vista of years, he might have retorted that though she was happy, his father was not the merriest of men; but he refrains, and instead he says:

"And if this should be as you think, what am I to do?"

"Do!" retorts her ladyship. "Well, there are many things you could do. At any rate, you might go and dine with the duke, even if you have to drink port!"—Hugh groans—"and show him that he would be welcome in the family."

"Oh," says Hugh, not meaning to be sarcastic. "You'll do that, mother."

Then Lady Falconer gathered her shawl about her, and retires with a plaintive sigh; and Hugh leans back and tries to remember the duke's age.

While he is still thinking, the door opens, and Lucy Fairfax enters.

"Has Lady Falconer gone?" she asks, pausing.

"Yes, come in, I want to speak to you, Lucy," he says, calling her by her Christian name for the first time since Dulcie appeared on the scene.

"Yes," she says, coming and standing beside him. "What is it?"

He looks up at her. [She is looking particularly gentle and sweet this afternoon, and as he looks at her he notices a crimson camellia which glows in her soft gray dress.

"That is a beautiful camellia," he says. "Where did you get it?"

He must be short-sighted or he would have remembered that it glowed in direct accord with the crimson neck-tie in the duke's coat.

"Do you like it?" she asks, with a smile, and evading his question. "Well, what do you want to say to me?"

"Oh!" he says. "Only this—but won't you sit down? You always seem in a hurry. My mother can spare you out of her sight for a minute or two."

She takes the chair beside his and rests her arm on the arm of his.

"There," she said, softly, "I am all attention. What is it?"

"My mother has been startling me," he says, his eyes still dwelling on the soft gray dress and the crimson flower which lights it up so pleasantly.

"It is about the duke—Gretnam."

She does not start, but she moves her arm and lets it fall into her lap.

"Yes," she says.

"You've noticed that he comes here pretty often?" he goes on. "Almost seems to live here; indeed, I don't think a day passes but I find him here."

She meets his gaze with a gentle, attentive smile.

"Poor fellow! he feels lonely in that big place in Palace Gardens. It is a big place, isn't it?"

"Big? Yes. But that's nonsense! He has got his clubs, and I daresay his card-basket is loaded with invitations. There is no necessity for this hanging around here, unless there was a reason for it."

"A reason?" she murmurs.

"Yes. My mother insists that there is a reason, and there is an attraction."

Her pale face grows a little paler, but she still smiles.

"What do you mean?" she asks.

"What attraction can there be here beyond a cup of tea or a chat?"

"That's just what I say," assents simple-minded Hugh. "But my mother says it isn't the tea; and it can't be the chat, because the duke generally monopolizes that. No, she insinuates that there is a fairer metal."

The green eyes drop for a moment, then they lift themselves with a smile.

"I don't understand even yet," she says. "Why do you speak in riddles?"

"To come to the point, then," he says, "my mother thinks Gretnam is smitten by—Maud."

For a moment she is silent, then she draws a long breath, and laughs softly.

"By Maud! Dear Maud! I am so glad!"

(To be Continued.)

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

has come, we have him with our Christmas Crackers. Any one can have Charlie in the home for Christmas. We are sure all the kiddies want him to make things go good during the holidays.

Just opened a large assortment of
Crackers AND Stockings,
Bright and attractive stock.
Make your purchases quickly, these goods go very rapidly.



Take Notice!

This week we draw your attention to the Special Value in our
Ladies' FELT HATS,
Assorted Colours,
Price, \$1.50 to \$2.50.

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Grown in the Sun-Lit Fields of California.

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A welcome change from the eternal bread & butter.

Be Sure to Get "ORO" The Better Kind.

Everyday Etiquette.—How may the ushers at a church wedding tell which guests are to sit above the white ribbons? asked Jack. "As a rule the guests who are to sit above the ribbons have cards to present to the ushers. If cards are not used you may ask each guest if he or she is a member of the family," said his father.

WEED CHAINS.—Keep your car from skidding by using the famous Weed Chains. All sizes in stock. BOWRING BROTHERS, LTD., Hardware Department.—oct18,ed,tif

AMBULANCE CALL.—A man named Simon Nolan, of Salmonier, was removed to the General Hospital last evening to be operated on for appendicitis.

LOW TEMPERATURE.—The lowest temperature for this season was registered at Quarry last night when the glass dropped to 18. above.

And the Worst is Yet to Come—



War News

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

WAR REVIEW.

The German submarine campaign is waning as a result of the measures that have been taken to combat it by British and Allied naval forces. Only six British merchantmen were sunk, and only three German ships exceeded 1,600 tons a week.

This is the smallest tonnage bottom any week during the entire warfare, the lowest previous ones having been thirteen million tons, eight of them in the case of 1,600 tons and over.

While the Italians continue tenaciously to most of the day along the Piave River from the attic to the region of Feltrina, the northern hills west from Lake Garda, they again have been compelled to give ground in battles on the shoulders of the Italian, for several days must rest the city of the Piave line and of the Venetia, for information has been vouchsafed by Major-General (Chief Director of Military Operations) at the War Office, that it will be days yet, before British and Allied fighting forces can be placed in the field to reinforce the Italian, while the enemy is striving especially to force a passage of the Piave at various places and again has been successful on the southern reach, crossing the stream at Grisolan, miles distant from its mouth some twenty miles northeast of ice. Here, however, in swampy regions the Teutons are being held by the defending forces from the gains. To the north around where the stream was negotiated the Austro-Germans on the fighting is still in progress, with the Italians holding the upper hand, not yet having been able to drive back the invaders to the eastern bank of the stream. Still further west attempts to gain a foothold on the western bank of the Piave by the Quero and Fener, were repulsed heavy losses.

REPULSE AUSTRIAN ATTACK

ROME, Nov. 14. A violent attack by the Austro-Germans on the Trentino front, west of the Garda, was defeated completely, official statement says that the short but intense artillery and machine gun battle, which began at dawn yesterday, the enemy attempted a violent surprise attack against positions from Lake Lodra to the Garda. Thanks to the effective resistance offered by our troops, the attack failed completely and the enemy was compelled to retire. On the night our troops on Slago, which were occupying advanced positions on Monte Largara, after being repulsed a fourth and most successful attack, were withdrawn to the line of resistance further to the west.

NO COMMUNICATION WITH PETROGRAD.

STOCKHOLM, Nov. 14. Telegraphic communication with Petrograd has been interrupted Tuesday afternoon. The communication at Hoptad, Finland, repeated no answer could be obtained from Petrograd to its signals. It is possible that the Petrograd station is being used by military forces.

HINDENBURG FAILS.

Canadian Headquarters in Petrograd, Nov. 14. (By W. A. Wilson.)—Hindenburg has failed in the battle which was to have swept the troops off Passchendaele ridge. It was launched late yesterday afternoon from Vindictive Cross and Vocation Farm. The enemy advanced in force only to be met by terrific fire of our artillery, which inflicted heavy losses every step of advance. Those of the enemy who survived our barrage were captured.

