

ROYAL Yeast Cakes

**BEST YEAST IN THE WORLD.
DECLINE THE NUMEROUS INFERIOR
IMITATIONS THAT ARE BEING OFFERED
AWARDED HIGHEST HONORS AT ALL EXPOSITIONS
E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED.
WINNIPEG TORONTO ONT. MONTREAL**

Grand Alliance;

Love That Knew No Bounds.

CHAPTER VIII.

The earl, schooled to phlegmatic calm by serving in a permanent government post under half a dozen different administrations, took the approaching reception very coolly, but the countess's feminine nerves appreciated the complexities of the situation, and were most actively on the alert to prevent the slightest flaw in her fete.

As four o'clock approached she summoned her sons and daughters about her in the first reception-room, and favored them with final instructions assisted by a farewell peep at her visiting list. "Now, my dears, there's the first ring. Do, pray, put plenty of spirit into the next three hours, and as we've undertaken this 'thing' let it be a success!"

And a success it assuredly was from the arrival of the first carriage freight to the departure of the last a meeting that well earned Oakleigh Place a character for hospitality, an marked an era for more than one of its guests.

For a long hour the roll of wheels sounded unceasingly up the lime avenue. From the yellow-bodied landeau of the Erplings, their many-quartered shield upon its doors to the roughest of country roundabouts, did gayly robed figures debouch under the wide north portico. A radius of twenty miles supplied the throng. Squires, squires, squires, professional people few and well selected, parsons innumerable—rectors, vicars, curates—but there the line was drawn. My lady said they must stop somewhere, so they stayed their biddings at curates. An occupier of one of the largest farms, who by virtue of eminent respectability, and a good balance at his bankers, had ventured once upon a time to lift his eyes to Leonora Villiers, drove by the Comynghams' gate as Mrs. Alwyn turned in at the same and this practical exposition of her superiority made her pulses beat all exultant, revived the glories of her Guywick reign, and by a hundred-fold increased the moment's proud delight. If Leonora—Ah! on the wings of that "if" Mrs. Alwyn's imagination took flight, and sent her in so radiant, so dignified, that, as she failed not to note, eyes and lips were questioning who she was the whole afternoon through.

Sydney, willingly released by Mrs. Alwyn, found her way with Mary Dacie among the wide south stretch of flower-parterres, and through the doomed conservatories, fragrant with waxen stephanotis, so completely charmed with the novel scene, her face so full of bright enjoyment, and her graceful young figure so perfectly at ease in, perhaps, the simplest

toilet present, that a battery of admiring, approving glances followed wherever she went, to her companion's excessive satisfaction. ("I declare, mother, her eyes were as blue as sapphires!" Mary Dacie reported at home. "I do wish you could have seen her! People kept wanting to wile her away from me, but the foolish child wouldn't leave me once!")

The rector of St. Clair's was standing at the edge of Lady Comyngham's circle; he had just made his bows apologizing for having brought with him a friend, a guest of two days only, whom the countess had most cordially welcomed. Now both men leaned on the gray terrace-wall watching the moving, many-colored throng.

"A sight worth looking at," said the stranger, "and people, too. Who are those?" as a pair of figures approached across the grass. "A lady in a blue gown, who smiles as if she didn't know what ill-temper meant and one in white, much younger, un commonly good-looking, but of totally different mettle."

The rector laughed as he followed his friend's glance.

"Much travelling sharpens one's skill in observation, I suppose, Drayton," he said, "for you are right about those two. The elder is our doctor's only daughter, and a good one she is; so good, I always wonder she's not been stolen away long before now. The other—well, I call her a child, but she's that no longer, though she brings me her Latin exercise twice a week still—she's a young lady now, I suppose, and, I confess a marvellous favorite of mine. I'm not mistaken, there's stay and spirit in her for more than the likely possibilities of life."

"Well, she's out of the way of unlikely ones down here," returned Mr. Drayton (which showed him less a philosopher than observer); "but it looks make one's fortune she ought to secure a good one."

"Then we'll wish her a safer road to prosperity," said the rector, half-jocose, half grave, "for her step-sister has not achieved any grand coup at present, though she is years older, and, most people say, far handsomer."

"And is this last beauty present?"

"Come this way, and I'll introduce you."

And moving on a few yards, the rector made known to Mrs. Alwyn and Miss Villiers.

"Mr. Richard Drayton, an old pupil of mine, though with a gleam of sedate mischief—"no credit to me." And then he had to break off his friendly slanders, to shake hands and talk the regulation two minutes with the earl.

"Quite unfair of Mr. Vaughan, I protest, to take away your reputation among strangers!" said Mrs. Alwyn, amiably. No other gentleman was in attendance on Leonora and herself just then, Major Villiers having found in the senior officer of the Fifty-first, whose band was delighting the company, an old comrade, with whom he was recalling Madras ex-

periences. "I really consider such a slur demands explanation."

"Which is easy enough, luckily. It merely means that, having head for neither classics nor mathematics, I bade Oxford good-bye in my first year, and took myself out to find a fortune in foreign parts."

"Abroad? Oh, really!" ("Which accounts," thought the lady, "for your just a little unkempt, un-English look, sir.") "And may I ask in what quarter of the world you have been?"

"South America. Chiefly Brazil."

"Most interesting. I am sure the superb trees and plants here make any one long for the flora of the equator. Leonora, dear Mr. Drayton has been actually fortune-telling, as he says, in the land of humming-birds!"

Leonora had taken the gentleman's introduction with rather too obvious indifference. A badly clad, middle-aged man was scarcely a desirable cavalier even for a few minutes. Now, however, her mother's tone warned her to be gracious. So she donned an ever-ready smile, of which an inexhaustible stock as even and expressive as a row of steel buttons

was always in reserve, and repeated, "In the land of humming-birds. How most sweet! And did you find it?"

"Find—er—oh, I see! The fortune Not I!" Leonora's gleam of liveliness died out instantly. "No, I came back after fifteen years, rich in experience, but very little else. Luckily, a nest was provided for me here in the old country, or I might have had to go on knocking about to the end of my days."

"A nest? You mean a home?" asked Mrs. Alwyn, while Leonora yawned behind her sunshade.

"Exactly so. A little property down in Dorsetshire. Nothing grand, but more than I ever expected from an old uncle. At a place called Granbyde. Do you know it?"

A shadow of some disturbance passed over the lady's countenance but she hastened to answer,

"Not the least. I never was near such a place that I'm aware of. You intend to live there?"

"Perhaps—or sell it. I've come down to consult my old tutor. He's always ready to help his men through any problem. There never was a kinder, wiser head than Rober Vaughan's."

"Undoubtedly. Just so," murmured Mrs. Alwyn; but her attention was all astray. The next moment she rose and swept down all a-sparkle in sat in and jet, on a gentleman just passing.

"Oh, Mr. Duvesne, can you tell us is that exquisite tree yonder a Cryptomeria japonica? You don't know. Oh, but you can see by the little cones. My daughter does admire it so. I have been wanting her to go down and examine it closely, but my foot is a trifle sprained, and I have to spare it."

"Then will Miss Villiers go botanizing with me?" said the handsome young divine, and with a satisfied blush, and a shake of her delicate grenadine plume, the young lady stepped daintily off beside him, over the complete stretch of lawn, vastly envied by the female observers.

Afraid of exhibiting her triumph in this manoeuvre by too long gazing, Mrs. Alwyn turned to swell the group of matrons about Lady Avena Massy's chair, thinking placidly, "One is best quietly rid of that Mr. Drayton" (an opinion she lived to repeat), while this gentleman, deserted, after watching what he privately dubbed "that extraordinarily elegant pink-and-white piece of empty-headedness," took a couple of steps backward, and was within an ace of knocking Mary Dacie down the terrace slope.

"Ten thousand pardons!" he exclaimed, hat in hand. "What a dot I was not to look where I was going! I do hope you'll forgive me!"

"Quite easily," replied Mary Dacie, her balance restored, her good-humor never ruffled; "all the more so because I think you are our rector's friend. Here he comes."

And Mr. Vaughan joining them, they all fell talking together, and presently, with peals of mirth floating by, Mary made the very original remark that it was hard to remember, in such festivities as this, there was such a thing as trouble in the world.

"Now, don't say that, Miss Dacie," begged Richard Drayton. "It makes

me feel what a selfish brute I am for enjoying myself, when an old chum of my young days is in a most confounded plight. I've been doggedly keeping the notion at arm's length all the afternoon. Now you've brought it to the front again. Our friend here," signifying Mr. Vaughan, "knows all about it. It's one of his old Greek class—like me."

"But he has lighted on worse times than you, poor fellow!" said the old tutor, sadly. "It's desperately hard, to be sure, in the very prime of life, to be stranded well-nigh helpless and hopeless. How utterly impossible it is for us to fathom the why and wherefore of such things."

"Helpless! hopeless!" said Sydney, softly, to Mr. Drayton—a very tender, womanly pity darkening her eyes and trembling upon her parted lips. "Is your friend's troubles so very heavy? Can not any one ease him or bear it for him?"

Richard Drayton looked kindly down on the young questioner. "It I were ten years younger I'd fall in love with this girl!" he said to himself; but aloud, "No, I'm afraid even time can't mend this matter. As he

used to say in our old school-days, 'He's in a muddle now, and no mistake!' But we need not worry you with the tale, Miss Alwyn, for you can not help him any more than ourselves."

"I wish I could," she repeated, wistfully. And—what—what chord of memory had been touched? The band was playing "Auld Lang Syne," her father's old song that he never wearied of having her sing to him in the twilight; but it was not that, or not altogether—rather a something very dim, a sound out of a long, long ago past, a ghost of some pain that flitted by and made her turn aside to hide the wave of inexplicable sadness passing over her. The next moment it had to be dispersed. Up came Major Villiers.

"Now, Miss Sydney, I'm commissioned to fetch you. Miss Dacie, are you ready? Mrs. Alwyn is leaving," and with hand-shakings and farewells, they separated—Richard Drayton muttering as they left,

"Alwyn, Alwyn! I know I've seen that name somewhere lately. Where can it be?"

A tide of adieu followed. In another hour Lady Comyngham was resting from her labors with,

"What a blessed relief that the thing is over! I do trust we've contented everyone!" And the memorable day was done.

(To be Continued.)

PAINTED WALLS
Cleaned Like Magic

Cold Dutch Cleanser

IF YOU WANT INSURANCE

Insure with the
CALEDONIAN INSURANCE COMPANY
(the Oldest Scottish Fire Office).

Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

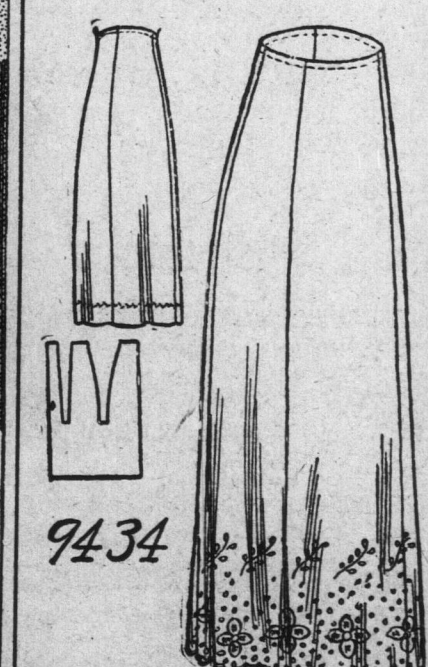
The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

9367. — A COMFORTABLE HOUSE DRESS.



Ladies' House or Home Dress.
Dainty and serviceable is this model. The revers and band trimming, to gather with the cuffs and belt are of contrasting material. The skirt is of five gore model. Dotted percale was used to make this simple design. The Pattern, suitable for any of this season's dress fabrics, is cut in 6 sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 5 1/4 yards of 4 inch material for a 36 inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

9434.—A PRACTICAL MODEL FOR A PETTICOAT.



Ladies' One Piece Gored Petticoat, with Straight Lower Edge, in Raised or Normal Waistline.
Suitable for flouncing, for flannel, flannelette, silk, cambric, nainsook, crossbar muslin or crepe. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 3 yards of 36 inch material for a medium size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

No.
Size
Address in full:—
Name

N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern can not reach you in less than 15 days. Price 10c. each, in cash, postal note, or stamps. Address: Telegram Pattern Department.

Matting Time

is now here and in full swing in many homes, but if you have not yet started, or if you wish another Pretty Stamped Mat, it will certainly please us to be able to show you our large range of sizes and patterns.

We are also showing a large assortment of Matting Pieces in 5c. and 10c. bundles, and also by the pound.

We also have a very large stock of Dyes on hand, and can supply you with any color you desire.

Give us a call and let us show you our goods.

G. T. HUDSON,

367 and 148 Duckworth Streets
Where Goods and Prices are both right.

BOWRING BROTHERS, Ltd. Grocery.

'Phone—332.

'Phone—332.

ENGLISH MEATS AND SOUPS, in 1 and 2 lb. tins. Helm Tomato, Cream of Celery and Green Pea Soups. Soup Squares.	MOIR Cakes, Sultana, Plain, Pound, Bourville Chocolate Biscuits, Manhu Diabetic Biscuits, APPLE BUTTER (Jars), 4c. Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate. Makes a cup of Chocolate instantly.
VEGETABLES in Tins. Carrots, Parsnips, Turnips, Beet, Asparagus, Corn, Early June Peas, Tomatoes, String Beans. In Glass: Macedonies, Mushrooms, Haricot Verts, Petit Pois.	California Pears, California Oranges, Grape Fruit, Grapes, Table Apples, Tomatoes, Pineapple.
BUTTER. Irish in 28lb. boxes. New Zealand in 28 lb. boxes. Enniskean in 1 lb. slabs. Sussex in 2 lb. slabs.	FRESH EGGS. Gorgonzola Cheese, Real Irish Ham. English Bacon, English Cheddar Cheese.

Just to Remind You

that if you are trying to make the old OVERCOAT do for the winter, you may have a long time of it yet. Why not try a

"MAUNDER MAKE?"

We can show you something snappy in Overcating and Suitings and can give style with ease and comfort.

John Maunder
TAILOR & CLOTHIER
St. John's, N.F.

YOU MUST NOT THINK

this illustrates the style of our New Spring Hats. It's a back number, but if it will serve to draw your attention to the fact that we are offering Special Value in

Mill Ends of Fine Nainsook,

36 inches wide, Price 10 cents, worth in ordinary way 15 to 22c. yard, it will have done you a good turn; and if you allow good judgment to guide you, our Mill Ends will soon be all sold.

Robert Templeton

The Plumbing

A good plumbing number of orders to believe that we are all sizes, and can import at the price.
PITT
Phone 401.

This is the Maritime Telegram year. This year the director indications that for some time to the Common Stock.

We have in Common Stock and one half per

F. B.
Hullfax, St. John's, Charlottetown.
C. A. C.

A Canada
NET CASH
W. J. Robertson,
Agent CANADA
Port

Dear Sir:—
When acknowledging my natured Endeavor of the opportunity of my investment. The policy was \$45.00 each. The sum was divided.

Total of
Rebate

That I should years and now turned to me in a by congratulating

C. A. C.

FARM

CLOUST

We can supply

CLASS (A)—
CLASS (B)—
CLASS (C)—

CLASS (D)—

Price \$2
Circular g
plication to

Tel. 406.

Potatoes

Due

300 Bags

50 Cases

50 Cases

GE

Advertis