

**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.

FREE: Our new Royal Yeast Baking Book will be sent free upon request. It contains full instructions for making bread and rolls with Royal Yeast Cakes. Send name and address plainly written and this valuable little book will be mailed promptly.

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TORONTO, CANADA  
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**A Terrible Disclosure;  
OR,  
What Fools Men Are!**

"An invitation," he repeats, looking at both of them in turn. "My friend General Rothsay—you know him?—has started a four-in-hand. It is late in the season, but you know that is his peculiarity—he always begins when other people leave off! And having started a four-in-hand, of course he wants passengers. I think that a man ought to be satisfied with risking his own and his servants' necks; but men who go in for coaching think otherwise, and so the general has decided to give a picnic to-morrow, and he and I are looking up passengers. It will be rather hard work, because every one has left town—but I came to you first, my dear Miss Drayton. I throw myself upon your mercy and well known character for good nature! Will you permit yourself to be driven by the general in his new coach?"

Mrs. Drayton looks at Edith, as usual.

"When and where?" asks Edith, calmly.

"The day is to-morrow, the place is Pangley. Do you know it? No? A little river-side gem. A Thames paradise. You really must not miss it! I assure you it is a most lovely spot. Just the place for a picnic."

"I hate picnics," says Edith, calmly.

Lord Combermere smiles, and gives an extra polish to his hat.

"So do I, as a rule; but this is not within the rule. It is not an ordinary picnic. We are not to sit upon the damp grass with our plates in our laps, and eat cold pigeon pie, into which the vinegar and the sugar have entered unasked; oh, no! The general has mercifully ordered a lunch which we are to eat comfortably at a decent—indeed a pretty little inn called 'The Moorhen.' It is not very grand or extensive; but we will answer for a table and chairs. I need scarcely say that we take our own wine down. Come, Mrs. Drayton, be good-natured and say 'yes.'"

But though he addresses the mother, he looks at the daughter.

"It will be a long drive!" says Edith.

Lord Combermere shrugs his shoulders.

"Not too long. If Mrs. Drayton pleases she can go inside. Very comfortable inside, you know."

"Oh, don't think of me!" says the patient lady. "I shall enjoy it!"

"Then shall we say 'done'?" asks Lord Combermere, smiling.

"Yes, we will come," replies Edith, languidly. "What time?"

"The general will call for you at eleven," says Lord Combermere. "Horribly early, I'm afraid, but if we are to get back by eight, we must start in time."

"We shall be ready," says Edith, gazing out at the square.

"Thanks. I am awfully grateful," remarks his lordship. "I had doubts of the success of the thing, but I am confident now. I shall tell the rest of the people I mean to ask that you are coming, and shall meet with very few refusals."

He takes up his cane, and looks around with that expression of inane relief which men assume when they are about to take leave; but Edith Drayton brings him to a pause.

"Nearly everybody is out of town, I suppose?"

"Seeing that you are still in it," he commences, gallantly, but she interrupts him.

"Have you," she says, turning the rings on her finger, and speaking in the most languid of tones—"have you seen Lord Fane lately?"

"Lord Fane?" he says, thoughtfully. "No. By the way, I heard—"

Then he stops short, as if he had been on the point of committing himself.

"You heard?" she says, calmly.

You wonder why,  
**H.P. sauce**  
is so delicious.

If you could see the choice oriental fruits and spices being blended with Pure Malt Vinegar to make H.P. you would know.

Just a few drops of H.P.—it makes the meal so enjoyable.

her dark eyes fixed upon him with languid interest.

Lord Combermere stretches on the left glove with delicate care.

"Oh, mere hearsay," he says, apologetically; "but I heard that he was in Spain."

Her face blanches for a moment, then resumes its ordinary color.

"In Spain! This is not the season in Spain—it is too early."

"Yes," he says, staring at his boots—"yes, I know; but that is what I heard."

He shuffles—actually shuffles—with his patent-leather-clad feet, and holds out his hand.

"To-morrow, then, at eleven," he says cheerily. "And don't be nervous. Although the general can't drive, you'll be quite safe. The horses are as quiet as cows."

"What did he mean by Lord Edgar being in Spain?" demands Mrs. Drayton, as soon as the door had closed on their visitor.

"I do not know. You heard him."

"Yes, and saw him. Edith, mark my words—there is something wrong about Lord Fane."

The crimson flushes the girl's face for a moment, then she says, coldly: "Very likely. At any rate it is no business of ours, mother."

On the morrow the general arrives in the square with the four-in-hand. It is a nice coach, and the horses look quiet, is not quite as quiet as cows. Lady Debenham is outside, in a pretty autumn costume, which has a touch of the sporting character in its double-caped dust protector. There are one or two other women, all known to Edith; Lord Combermere, and a young marquis who is just fresh from college, and who regards the expedition as an elaborate spree spoiled by the presence of ladies, of whom he is immensely afraid. The two grooms drop down and adjust the ladder, and Lord Combermere gallantly assists Mrs. Drayton to ascend, but not until she has feebly suggested that she should be allowed to travel as an inside passenger.

"Impossible, my dear Mrs. Drayton, full of hampers and wine boxes, to say nothing of a collection of waterproofs and umbrellas that would set up a second-hand clothes shop. Claxtone, will you make room? I knew you'd like to sit where you could see the horses, Miss Drayton."

The bashful young marquis, smitten dumb and crimson by the apparition of Edith's loveliness, scrambles out of the way, and after some few minutes of shuffling they are all packed, as Lord Combermere calls it; one of the grooms blow a horn, with some difficulty, and they start.

It is a lovely morning; the general doesn't manage the horses so badly when he gets them off the stones; and Edith would enjoy herself but for the haunting care, the demon of unrest and jealousy that forever reigns her bosom lord.

"If he—Lord Edgar is always 'he' in her thoughts—were but by her side, and that other girl whom he loves was at the other end of the world or dead—yes, dead!—she, Edith, could be happy."

But as it is, she plays her part; her sweet lips are set in a peaceful smile, her dark eyes flash now on Lord Combermere, and now on the boy marquis, with every sign of pleasant enjoyment, and when she speaks there is no touch in her tuneful voice of the never-ceasing ache which fills her heart.

"Going along first rate, eh, Comby?" says the general, inwardly delighted that he has been able to bring them thus far without a direful accident.

"Pretty good pace, too? Do you like going fast, Miss Drayton?" he asks,

without turning his head, because he dare not take his eyes off the horses.

"Very much. But isn't this fast enough? What time shall we get to—what is the name of the place?"

"Pangley. About half-past two. Almost as fast as the train, don't you know, because the line wanders about so, and we are going nearly as the crow flies. Pretty place, Pangley, eh, Claxtone?"

"Oh, yes, awfully jolly," stammers the lad, then he summons up courage to address Edith for the first time. "Hope you are comfortable, Miss Drayton?"

"Yes, thanks," she says, turning her eyes upon him, so that he wishes he hadn't spoken, so completely has the serene glance overcome him. "I am ashamed to have turned you out of your seat."

"Don't, don't mention it. I like sitting behind the driver; always used to sit there on Fane's coach."

"On whose?" she says, quietly; she cannot hear the name without a thrill and tremor.

"On Fane's, young Farintosh, you know. He used to keep a four-in-hand at college. First-rate whip he is too. But he's first-rate all around. Never saw such a fellow to ride; take anything, good or bad, stick on or fall!"

"Claxtone's got on his favorite topic," said Lord Combermere, with a laugh. "He'll talk about young Fane all day, if you'll let him, Miss Drayton."

Lord Claxtone blushed, and would have retreated into a silence lasting for the remainder of the drive, but Edith smiled encouragingly at him, and said, softly:

"It is pleasant to hear one friend speak so admiringly of another. Besides, Lord Fane is a friend of mine."

"Is he?" said the lad, delightedly. "I'm glad of that. We used to be great chums at college—at least, he used to be good to me, as an old hand to a freshman. I called upon him, yesterday, but he's out of town."

Edith's heart beat fast; perhaps she would not hear where he was.

"Yes," she said, encouragingly. "Gone abroad, I suppose?"

Lord Claxtone shook his head.

"I don't know. His name didn't seem to know either. Neither did Clifford Revel, whom I met and—asked. He said he thought Fane was yachting, but wasn't sure. At any rate, he—Lord Fane, I mean—must be in town in a fortnight, because he is entered for the gentleman's race at Badmore."

"Oh!" said Lord Combermere, leaning forward with an interested look. "Going to ride in the steeplechase, eh? How do you know that, Claxtone?"

"Saw it in the lists a week ago," answered the lad, proud of his knowledge.

"Strange," said Lord Combermere. "I fancied Fane had decided to out the turf."

"So he had," said the general, without turning his head. "But Clifford persuaded him to enter for this. I heard him at the club. Fane stood out for a time, but gave in eventually—Revel can always persuade him into anything if he sticks to him long enough—and he consented."

Edith listened with the same smile on her face, but a troubled perplexity in her heart. She never saw Clifford Revel, never heard his name mentioned but she experienced a sudden chill of fear. She fancied she saw a motive in everything he said and did; she fancied that nothing he did but had some subtle scheme in it to advance him nearer to his coveted prize. Why should he be so anxious for Lord Edgar to ride in this race? She listened, her face slightly sheltered by the sunshade.

"Hem!" said Lord Combermere, thoughtfully. "I wonder what horse Fane means to ride. I'd back him for a hundred or two if I knew the horse; Claxtone is quite right, Fane can ride."

"Well, I can tell you," said Lord Claxtone, with a little air of gratified importance. "He's going to ride Assassin."


"Assassin!" said Edith, flashing her eyes upon him with a faint shudder. "What a fearful name!"

Lord Combermere laughed.

"Isn't it? Fact is, almost all the names are getting used up, and men are at their wits' end for a good name."

"I don't call Assassin over good!" said Lady Debenham, languidly.

(To be Continued.)



**Public Notice**

I am directed by His Excellency the Governor in Council to issue the following notice under Authority of Minute in Council passed 28th February, 1918.

**Augmentation of the Pay of Royal Naval Reservists Newfoundland.**

The Government of Newfoundland have decided to augment the pay of Newfoundland Royal Naval Reservists so as to place them on the same footing as men of the Newfoundland Regiment.

Under the provision of the War Measure Act, authority is given to the Minister of Militia to deal with the matter of augmentation of pay of the Royal Naval Reservists, Nfld., in consultation with the Senior Naval Officer, St. John's.

It is ordered that a sum of 33c. per day be placed to the credit of each Naval Reservist from the time of commencement of the war, in cases where men were then serving, or otherwise, from the time when their services began up to the time of discharge, or of death, or to the 30th of September, 1917, inclusive.

As the rate of pay of Naval Reservists was increased from October 1st, 1917, and as the difference between the amount they receive and that allowed the members of The Royal Newfoundland Regiment is 17c. per day, this difference will also be credited them from that date.

The foregoing amounts will not in any case be made a payment from Admiralty sources. The Minister of Militia, St. John's, Nfld., is solely responsible for the issue of any sums due.

Newfoundland Royal Naval Reserve men serving in any of H. M. Ships, including all members of the Trawler Reserve and those in Defensively Armed Merchant Ships etc., are eligible for the pay, as set forth, and should be informed of the following alternatives as regards the method of payment:—

- (a) Payment will be made on personal application to the Minister of Militia, St. John's.
- (b) Payment will be made to the nominee of any Reserve man, on written application duly witnessed, to the Minister of Militia, St. John's.
- (c) Sums due will be placed to the credit of Reserve men who do not desire to avail themselves of the foregoing and can be drawn by them at the expiration of their service.

The following form is to be compiled and forwarded direct to the Minister of Militia, St. John's, Newfoundland, at the earliest possible date:—

NAME AND OFFICIAL NO.	WHAT IS DESIRED DISPOSAL OF AMOUNT DUE UNDER ORDER 1, 2, OR 3, (IN CASE OF 2, FULL NAME AND ADDRESS MUST BE GIVEN.)	SIGNATURE AUTHORIZING DISPOSAL.

All communications of any description with regard to these payments are to be made to the Minister of Militia, St. John's, direct.

Payment will commence on 1st May, 1918.


In cases where members of the Royal Naval Reserve (Newfoundland) have been killed in action or died of wounds or sickness, or through any other cause, the amount due as Augmentation Pay will go to the Estate of the deceased. The authority to obtain the Estate of the deceased is, in case of a Will, Letters of Probate; and in case there is not a Will, Letters of Administration. Such letters are issued by the Supreme Court of Newfoundland on the Petition and Proofs of Executor of the Will, or the next of kin. If the Estate does not exceed \$500.00, after the proof of the facts has been obtained the petition can be applied for by the Minister of Justice.

With reference to the foregoing, it is suggested that the next of kin of Reservists who are now serving should communicate with them and request them to send their instructions to the Militia Department. No action can be taken until such instructions are received.

Next of kin of deceased Reservists will be communicated with in due course when their claims have been proved.

J. R. BENNETT,  
Minister of Militia.

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The universal military service gum—

A Soldier's offering to his sweetheart is naturally the sweetmeat that gave him most refreshment and greatest enjoyment when on duty.

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**EARLY ME**

U. S. ARMY IN FRANCE.

WASHINGTON, May 8.

More than half a million soldiers have been sent to France, Secretary of War Baker, stated to-day.

GERMAN INFANTRY ATTACK.

BRITISH HEADQUARTERS IN FRANCE, May 8. (Via Reuter's Ottawa Agency.)—Following a heavy and continuous bombardment along a wide front in Flanders, German infantry this morning attacked south of Dikobusch, apparently being only in big affair, apparently being only in strength of a division. The enemy penetrated our front between the lake and ridge of wood. Some enemy parties are reported in the eastern fringe of the wood, the great part of which we held, and it is likely to prove most costly to the enemy if he attempts to push on. We also hold Kleinveerbaasch. The fighting continues. In fine weather with good visibility, the airmen on both sides are most active. Ours are splendidly serving the artillery and are swooping down and engaging hostile infantry. The tactical objective of the operation is apparently an attempt to clear the way for a thrust in the direction of Scherpenberg from the northeast, and may prove to be the beginning of further force fighting in this region.

SINKING OF ENEMY SUBS.

LONDON, May 8.

The sinking of enemy submarines has increased steadily and the sinking of merchant ships has fallen steadily, declared T. G. McNamara, M.P., for North Camberwell, and Parliamentary Secretary of the Admiralty in a speech at Bristol last night. The output of tonnage month by month is well ahead of last year. Large plans have been laid by America and Great Britain for the output of new tonnage, but the plans must take time to mature. Meanwhile, he added, the onus of immediate output was on the United Kingdom.

GERMAN ONRUSH STOPPED.

LONDON, May 8.

(Via Reuter's Ottawa Agency.)—Reuter's correspondent on the Italian front on his return from France, said he had found all the military chiefs convinced that the German onrush had been stopped. The Germans could neither reach the Channel ports on the north nor separate the British and French armies. "General Foch is a master at the game," he said. The Premier emphasized that Italy had associated herself intimately with the military and political union between the Entente nations. The Abbeville Conference had recognized unity of front from the North Sea to the Adriatic as a concrete reality.

TROUBLE IN AUSTRIAN FLEET.


WASHINGTON, May 8.

Serious disturbances in the Austro-Hungarian fleet has caused changes in the high command. A despatch to-day from Switzerland says the crews composed largely of Slavs and men of Italian descent, have made a great deal of trouble, and the disturbances were put down with difficulty.

BOHEMIAN REGIMENT MUTINY.

ROME, May 8.

A Bohemian regiment has mutinied at Lebach, according to news reaching here. Fifty officers who refused to order their men to refrain, were tried by court martial and sentenced to death and shot within twenty-four hours. Their men were present at



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