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.

MADE IN CANADA

E.W.GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

IN THE TOILS;

But Happiness Comes at Last.

CHAPTER XXI.

PATERNAL WRATH.

"Lady Florence married the Marquis of Ellinton before Charles' marriage was announced, my lord."

"Yes, driven to it by the fool's insanity," snarled the earl. "Florence would have had—the idiot—any day in the week. Poor girl! she escaped marrying a lunatic."

"Did you read Lord Heatherdene's speech at the dinner of the Italian embassy, my lord? It is thought very highly of."

"No, sir!" shouted the old man, crimson with passion; "I did not." (But that was a story.) "I say my son is an idiot—a madman, who ought to be in a strait waistcoat, and I ought to know, sir, and, what is more, I pay you to cure me, not contradict me. You can't do the one; curse it! Don't attempt the other, sir!"

And the doctor, shrugging his shoulders, dropped the subject.

This was all very well for a while; it was very well to swear strong oaths and forbid the mention of his son's name, but the old earl was desperately fond of that same son, and as the weeks and months rolled on, and the dates came round at which Charlie used to run down to spend a few days at the castle, and no Charlie now appeared, and no tidings were heard of him, excepting those which the Morning Post and other fashionable chronicles gave of him, the earl's spirit waxed faint and low.

It was remarkable with what eagerness, sly, covert eagerness, he conned over the columns of the daily papers until he came to his son's name.

And the papers at this time were pretty full of Viscount Heatherdene, and the lovely and charming viscountess.

"Lovely, accomplished, fascinating, charming;" these were the adjectives they dealt out to her, and the earl read week after week of the doings and journeys of this wondrous creature whom his son had married, but whom he, the earl, had forbidden his house.

The old, despotic, self-willed man grew curious, uneasy and irritable.

What had come to the world, the one old exclusive world, that a play-acting woman should be able to gain entree—more—make a favorable impression in the first salons of the day.

"By gad," he growled, "England has had its day, doctor. A shepherd is as good as a yeoman, and a yeoman is hail fellow well met with the lord of the manor. This comes of your cursed republicanism and workingman franchise. Do you suppose, sir, that Lady Blessington would have suffered a play actress to enter her drawing-room and hobnob with her guests——"

"You are alluding to the Viscountess Heatherdene, my lord," said the doctor, taking snuff, with a smile; "not to Miss Adrienne Haldine; the actress is lost in the peeress, my lord."

"Nonsense, utter rubbish; you don't comprehend it, doctor! You are a red-hot radical yourself. By gad, it was her beauty that made a fool of Charlie, eh? Beauty! They're all beautiful while they're for the rouge pot and the pearl powder. Don't I know what an actress is?"

"The stage has altered wonderfully since your time, my lord. The profession has risen in position and status. We have a great and goodly number of ladies—ladies by birth and education—in the ranks."

"Stuff!" snarled the earl. "Rubbish! Stick to medicine, doctor. I see what it is; the boys made a fool of you, or else," with a grin that was like the smile of a bear, "you're infatuated yourself!"

The doctor smiled, and nodded once or twice with a sigh. "I should not be the only one, my lord. Adrienne Haldine might have had her choice of two or three coronets had she pleased; and there are men who deem Lord Heatherdene's young wife his most precious possession."

"Hold your tongue, you old fool!" shouted the earl wrathfully. "You are in league with him. But hark ye, sir. You can kill me with your infernal nostrums, but you can't convince me that an actress is the proper mate for the future Earl of Livermore."

The old doctor shrugged his shoulders as usual, and as usual that gesture ended the conversation.

But a few days after, the earl fell ill in sober earnest, and in a broken voice said, without raising his eyes: "Doctor, tell Charlie I should like to see him."

The doctor telegraphed to Lord Heatherdene.

Back came the answer without the loss of a quarter of an hour: "Was the earl dangerously ill?"

The doctor could not in truth say that he was.

"Then," telegraphed my Lord Heatherdene, "he was sorry that he could not leave Lady Heatherdene."

"You see, my lord," said Doctor Prynne, "Lord Heatherdene very properly, I think, refuses to come where his wife is not welcome, unless you are dangerously ill."

"Oh, he does, does he?" said the earl, with an oath. "Well ,then——" but he paused and looked hard at the doctor for a minute or two, and turned away with a groan. Then Doctor Prynne, who was the only man, bar Charlie, who did not fear the old earl, with whom he had been schoolfellow and playmate, and was now companion, confidant, and friend—then the old doctor telegraphed a line to the young man whom he had ushered into the world, that the earl would be happy to receive Lord and Lady Heatherdene as soon as they could conveniently arrive.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE DREADED VISIT.

CHARLIE carried the telegram to Olive's dressing-room—they were staying at their mansion in Grosvenor Square—with a smile of gratified triumph.

"Look here, Addy," he said, going up to her as she lay on a couch—there was a great ball in the evening, one in a long succession, and Olive was taking a little rest at his imperative command—going up to her, and waving the teelgram, gayly, as a kind of flag, "here is something for you, my queen!"

Olive raised herself, and stretched out her hand to take it, and in doing so, her white, perfectly rounded arm gleamed out from the loose sleeve of the dressing-gown.

Lord Charles seized it and kissed, it, like a lover, and Olive's face went red as the telegram.

They had been married six months, and he could not see her arm without kissing it, and she could not receive the caress without blushing. Love is not an extinct sensation even in this phenomenal and extraordinary progressive age, when most good things have gone out of fashion, and many bad ones have come to take their place.

He stood looking down at her with a quiet, dreamy, contented admiration, and as she looked up, he turned aside, as if he almost feared that even she should see how much he idolized her.

"From the earl, Addy," he said.

Olive looked up into his handsome face, that looked doubly handsome for the slight smile of pleased triumph in it and the suppressed sigh. If the truth must be told, she rather dreaded the terrible earl; she had been and was perfectly happy, and she feared, shrank back as one does from cold water in hard weather, from the slightest chance of an interruption to the life they were leading.

Olive's happiness was so complete that, knowing that all joy has but a butterfly's life, she was looking forward to the first cloud on the at present spotless horizon.

But she suppressed the sigh, and held up her hand to take the telegram with a smile responsive to his own.

She knew how great, though unproclaimed, was the affection between the father and son. She knew how, even in the first blush of their honeymoon, under some soft Italian sky, or upon the side of a Swiss mountain, Charlie Heatherdene had spoken of his father, and of the time when he, Charlie, would take her to the home of his ancestors.

She had not seen the furious letter which the old earl had sent; Charlie had kept that bitterness to himself, but she knew there had been some hitch—a hitch which she had every reason to expect; how was it possible that one of the mightiest peers of the kingdom should welcome the unknown—a worse than unknown!—bride of his son and heir. Once she spoke to Katrine—dear, loving Katrine—who she saw every day, and whom she would have kept continually at her side if Katrine would have consented to leave the old life, which she absolutely refused to do: she had spoken to Katrine, and Katrine had recommended patience.

"Be patient, dear," she had said, "and all will come right in time. I do not think the earl, terrible as he is, will prove very dreadful after he has seen my little girl!"

Olive was still Katrine Haldine's little girl, notwithstanding that the little girl was only a few years younger than herself, and was now a peeress.

Olive was quite content to be patient, would have been patient for years if Charlie had willed it so.

What more did she want than that which she already had? If the Earl of Livermore refused to recognize her, the rest of the world was only too eager to do so.

When she entered a ballroom with her husband by her side, tall, stalwart, handsome, and noble, there was wont to be a little flutter of interest and excitement.

Every day a small pack of cards, bearing the names of the elite of haut ton, were left at the house; there were more invitations than the most ubiquitous individual could accept and fulfill.

Everywhere she went people made much of her. Her beauty and her position as Lord Heatherdene's wife, the future Countess of Livermore and Marquis of Frith, went a great way toward gaining her this popularity; but her fame as the greatest tragic and poetic actress of the day and her exquisite modesty went further.

There was a charm about Olive that neither men nor women could resist, and, as Charlie said, she bade fair to be the most popular woman in London.

And now the earl had given in, and she was to be presented to him!

Charlie looked down at her lovingly.

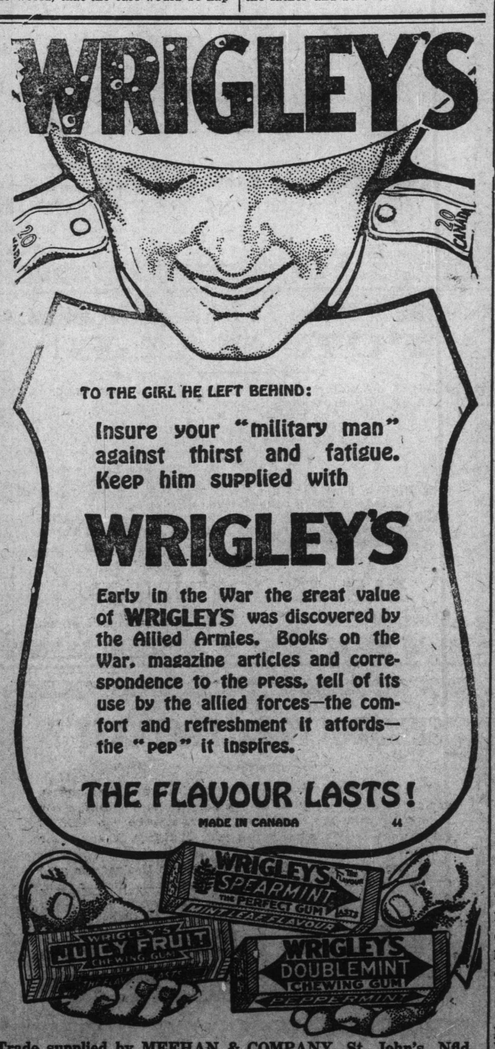
"I'm sorry to have disturbed you," he said in his tender, chivalrous way; "but I was glad to get this, and I wanted you to know of it. Do you think you could manage to go down with me—soon?"

"To-morrow," said Olive.

"To-morrow!" and a satisfied look came into his eyes. "So soon as that? Addy, you are the best-natured girl in existence. Some women would have stood on their dignity and kept the thing back. You are a dear, considerate girl," and he bent over her and kissed her, taking her like a child in his strong arms to do so.

(To be continued.)

WRIGLEY'S



Trade supplied by MEEHAN & COMPANY, St. John's, Nfld.

Make Your Own Cough Syrup and Save Money

Better than the ready-made kind. Easily prepared at home.

The finest cough syrup that money can buy—costing only about one-fifth as much as ready-made preparations—can easily be made up at home. The way it takes hold and conquers distressing coughs, throat and chest colds will really make you enthusiastic about it.

Any druggist can supply you with 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth). Pour this into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Shake thoroughly and it is ready for use. The total cost is about 55 cents and gives you 16 ounces—a family supply—of a most effectual pleasant tasting remedy. It keeps perfectly.

It's truly astonishing how quickly it acts, penetrating through every air passage of the throat and lungs—loosens and raises the phlegm, soothes and heals the inflamed or swollen throat membranes, and gradually but surely the annoying throat tickle and dreaded cough will disappear entirely. Nothing better for bronchitis, spasmodic croup, whooping cough or bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of Norway pine extract and is known the world over for its prompt healing effect on the throat membranes.

Avoid disappointment by asking 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.

When you want Roast Beef, Roast Veal, Roast Mutton, Roast Pork, try ELLIS'.

LET US FILL YOUR ORDERS FROM FRESH SUPPLIES.

ELLIS & CO.,
Limited.
203 Water Street.

Fresh New York Turkeys.
Fresh New York Chicken.
Fresh N. Y. Corned Beef.
Rounds Corned Beef.

Fresh Turbot
Just Received

FRESH COD FISH.
FRESH HERRING.
FRESH CAPLIN.

Buckwheat.
White Corn Meal.
Graham Flour.
Quaker Oats.
Cream of Wheat.

FINNAN HADDIES.
FRESH KIPPERS.

Faced Evaporated Apricots.
Faced Evaporated Pears.
Faced Evaporated Peaches.
Faced Prunes.

BAKEAPPLES in Tins.

Canned Lobster.
Canned Salmon.
Canned Halibut.
Canned Cod Tongues.
Skipper Sardines.
French Sardines.
Norwegian Lax.
Anchovy paste.
Shrimp Paste.
Salmon Paste.
Cove Oysters.
Boneless Cod Fish.
Flaked Cod Fish.

Remember Our 'Phone, 482 and 786.

Easter Cards.

Season 1918.

All New Stock at DICKS & CO.'S Popular Bookstore.

A full range of Easter Cards, all new designs carefully selected, at the following prices:

5c., 7c., 10c., 15c., 20c. each.

Special rates to wholesale customers. Order early, only three weeks from Easter.

DICKS & CO., Ltd.
Biggest, Brightest, Busiest and Best Book, Stationery and Fancy Goods Store in Newfoundland.

Dr. A. B. LEHR,
The Senior Dentist,
203 Water St

Teeth Extracted without pain .. .. 25c.

Artificial teeth repaired and made as strong as ever.

Full Upper or Lower Sets, best quality $12.00

All branches receive careful and personal attention.

Address:
A. B. LEHR,
The Senior Dentist,
203 WATER STREET.
mar14tu,th,s,tf

Save the skewers from your roast to help scrape the corners of baking tins.

Corn bread will be of finer quality if the meal is caided before being made up.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GARGET IN COWS.

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.

A SIMPLE, POPULAR MODEL.

225—The simple gown is the gown of the season. In this model, the lines are pleasing and the development is easy. The pockets may be omitted. The sleeve is smart in either wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 6⅛ yards of 44-inch material. The dress measures about 2⅞ yards at the lower edge, with plaits drawn out.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A STYLE VERY BECOMING TO GROWING GIRL.

2367—Black satin with braid trimming, navy blue charmeuse with facings of white satin, brown serge with pipings of burnt orange, or green gabardine with trimming of tan faille, would be nice for this model. The dress is loose fitting, so that it slips easily over the head. The front is closed at the left side.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 10 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 will require 4¾ yards of 36-inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

No. .. ..

Size .. ..

Address in full:—

Name .. ..

.. ..

.. ..

Now Landing:
500 Barrels Atlas Cement.

H. J. Stabb & Co

The Very Latest
— AT —
S. E. GARLAND'S.

The Gay Hayard by H. Sutcliffe, $1.00.
His Last Bow by A. Conan Doyle, $1.00.
Boy of My Heart by the Author of Baked Bread, 90c.
Baked Bread, $1.00.
Lord Tony's Wife by Baroness Orczy, $1.00.
No Man's Land by Sapper, $1.35.
Fish by M. R. Renehart, $1.00.
The Girl Philippa by R. W. Chambers, $1.25.
A Man of the Moors by H. Sutcliffe, $1.00.
The Safety Curtain and Other Stories by Ethel M. Dell, $1.00 and 70c.
A Certain Star by P. Boltome, $1.00.
The Kingdom of Waste Lands by H. Grier, $1.00.
Flames in the Wind by Helen Hodgson, 75c.
In a Strange Land by DeWit Lyall, 70c.
The Path of Glory by Joseph Hocking, 90c.
Tommy and the Maid of Athens by Joseph Hocking, 55c.
Fool Divine by G. B. Lancaster, $1.00.
My Four Years in Germany by Gerard, $2.25.
A Secret Service Woman by Henry de Halsalle, 70c.
The Tenth (Irish) Division in Gallipoli by Major Bryan Cooper, $1.00.
The First Seven Divisions by Lord Ernest Hamilton, $1.75.
The White Lady of Worcester by Florence Barclay, $1.50.
Ginger and McClusky by A. G. Hales, $1.00.
The Major by R. Connor, $1.10 and 75c.

Garland's Bookstore,
Largest Bookstore,
177-9 WATER STREET.

Insure with the QUEEN,

the Company having the largest number of Policy Holders in Newfoundland.

Every satisfaction given in settling losses.

Office: 167 Water Street.
Adrain Bldg. P. O. Box 793.
Telephone 658.
QUEEN INS. CO.,

GEO. H. HALLEY,
Agent.

Grove Hill Bulletin
THIS WEEK.

RHUBARB.
CUT FLOWERS: Carnations, Lilies.
WREATHS, CROSSES, FLORAL DECORATIONS to order.
Terms: Strictly Cash.
IN POTS: Tulips.

J. McNEIL,
Waterford Bridge Road.

Now Landing
Anthracite Coal,
All Sizes.
M. MOREY & CO.

Canada's Most Famous
TOBACCO.

Hudson's Bay Imperial Mixture.
This choice brand of Tobacco can now be had at
CASH'S Tobacco Store,
Water Street.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GARGET IN COWS.