

ROYAL YEAST
MAKES PERFECT BREAD

Plot That Failed;

Love That Would Not Be Denied.

CHAPTER XXVI.
"I have done right, Fitz, have I not?" she said. "The earl has told me all-how poor we are, and how necessary it is that you and I should sacrifice ourselves for the house. You will not sacrifice yourself, though Fitz, will you? There need be no occasion. You will give your hand where you give your heart. Dear Violet."

Honest Fitz turned his face aside to conceal his emotion.
"No, Eth," he said, "that will be all right."

Then, to avert suspicion, he rattled away to the countess, as she came in, in his old style, and actually spoke of Mr. Smythe in a friendly way.

It cost him something to be deceitful, but he did it, and succeeded in misleading them all.

The next day he was particular in his attentions to the ladies, and allowed himself to be inveigled into a game of croquet—a game he detested.

In the afternoon he went into the servants' hall and nodded to Ethel's maid.

She came out into the garden, and a conversation took place between her and Fitz, which was concluded by Fitz dropping some gold into her hand.

That evening he was more merry than ever, and not even a letter from Mr. Smythe, saying that he should be down the day following, depressed his spirits.

That night, when the countess and Ethel were seated in the drawing-room, the former gloating over the approaching wedding, the latter inwardly shivering from and shuddering at it, Fitz rode over to Tenby and telegraphed the few significant words:

"What has gone up."
The following morning broke finely.
"What time is Mr. Smythe to arrive?" asked Fitz, cheerfully.

Ethel flushed and bent her eyes to her plate.

"He will be here before dinner," said the countess.

"See that the horses are sent for him," said the earl from behind his paper.

"All right, I'll see to that," said Fitz. Meanwhile, just to spend time, suppose you and I have a gallop, Eth?"

Ethel thanked him with her eyes.

"Then go and get your habit on at once," said Fitz.

On the staircase Mary, the maid, met her crying.

"If you please, my lady, my brother's broken his leg, and—and—and can I go home at once?"

"Certainly," said Ethel, softly. "I am sorry, Mary. You must not wait for anything. Fitz," she called down, "can you let Mary have the brougham?"

"Yes," said Fitz. "What does she want it for?"

Then when the sobbing handmaid told him all, he said, like the kind fellow he was:

"Yes, and tell William to put the pair of grays in for you. They'll take you to the station fast enough to catch the train."

Mary went off gratefully, and Fitz and Ethel soon afterward mounted and started for their ride.

"I wouldn't heat him too much," said Fitz, who seemed to be saving his horse to Ethel.

"We are not going far, are we?" asked Ethel.

"Oh, not if you like, though I think we had better take the opportunity. We may not have many more rides together, Eth."

Her eyes filled with tears.

"Let us have a long ride, Fitz, then," she said.

They rode on, Fitz saving his horse and showing no disposition to turn.

At last Ethel said:
"Don't you think we had better turn, Fitz? We shall not be in time."
"Let us go as far as that sign-post," said Fitz. "Then—"

"We shall not be in time for—Mr. Smythe," said Ethel, forcing herself to say the hateful word.

"Oh, yes, we shall, I think," said Fitz, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Hello, here's my horse gone lame!"

"Where?" said Ethel, but Fitz had jumped off.

"What shall we do?" said he, "he's dreadfully lame; I've noticed it for some miles, but said nothing. I can't ride him back, and you can't go alone."

"What shall we do? Where is a post town?" said Ethel.

"I don't know," said Fitz. "Here's a carriage!" and he pulled out his watch as he spoke, muttering, "Punctual, by Jove!"

Then he called to the coachman:
"Can you tell us the nearest post town? We want horses or something."

"I'm going that way, sir," said the man. "My young fellow will take your horses on, and you can get inside."

"Drive on, my man," he said. "We are in a hurry."

"Fitz," said Ethel, who had been looking out of the window, "do you know anything of this man? He is taking the horses in another direction."

"No," said Fitz, but was spared any other falsehoods by the approach of another carriage which pulled up, as did theirs.

The door of the carriage opened, and there ran across the road a slim young lady who rushed toward Ethel.

"Mary!" exclaimed Ethel.

"Jump in," cried Fitz, hurrying the maid in.

At the same moment some one mounted the box of their carriage, a heavy weight was thrown upon the top and away they started.

"What does it all mean, Fitz?" asked Ethel, looking half frightened.

"Where are we going?"

"We are going to Penwhiffen—to that place where there is the pretty church," said Fitz.

"Church!" said Ethel, "and Mary!—and—Oh, Fitz! Who is that on the box going with us?"

"That is the luggage," said Fitz, with a twinkle in his eyes. "The luggage and Mr. Bertie Fairfax. The cat's out of the bag, Ethel, my pretty one! We're running away with you!"

Bertie got the special license in his pocket, and Mr. Smythe will have his journey to Coombe Lodge for nothing!"

Then as Ethel burst into a flood of tears he caught her to him and gave her a hearty pat on the back.

CHAPTER XXVII.

While Bertie—happy, lucky Bertie—was standing at the altar with his darling Ethel's hand in his, Howard Murpoint, Esq., and Mr. Wilhelm Smythe were driving through up the avenue to Coombe Lodge.

Howard Murpoint's luck had never deserted him since he had entered the drawing-room of the Park on that night of the dinner party. Everything had been smooth sailing.

He had conquered, so to speak, the whole world. He was rich, influential; he held the happiness, the fate of many in his hands; his brain was full of plots and schemes for his own advancement and others' ruin and discomfiture. Never, since the world began to wag, had the Evil One found

WINDSOR SALT

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SALT

There was a moment's silence, which was broken by a hoarse cry of disappointment and misery.

It came from Smythe.

With an oath he sprang at the captain and seized him by the throat.

"You villain! You've tricked me! You planned all this, you scoundrel!"

Sick, Sour Stomach, Indigestion or Gas

Take "Pape's Diapepsin" and in five minutes you'll wonder what became of misery in stomach.

Wonder what upset your stomach—which portion of the food did the damage—do you? Well, don't bother. If your stomach is in a revolt; if sour, gassy and upset, and what you just ate has fermented into stubborn lumps; head dizzy and aches; belch gases and acids and eructate undigested food; breath foul, tongue coated—just take a little Pape's Diapepsin and in five minutes you wonder what became of the indigestion and distress.

Millions of men and women to-day know that it is needless to have a bad stomach. A little Diapepsin occasionally keeps this delicate organ regulated and they eat their favorite foods without fear.

If your stomach doesn't take care of your liberal limit without rebellion; if your food is a damage instead of a help, remember the quickest, surest, most harmless relief is Pape's Diapepsin which costs only fifty cents for a large case at drug stores. It's truly wonderful—it digests food and sets things straight, so gently and easily that it is really astonishing.

Please, for your sake, don't go on and on with a weak, disordered stomach; it's so unnecessary.

a cleverer and more sympathetic servant, for Howard Murpoint, the gentleman, the member of parliament, the influential capitalist, was merciless, avaricious, cunning, and—superstitious. Yes, clever as he was, strong as he was, this was his weakness. He believed in luck; he was superstitious, and he felt a presentiment that the first stroke of bad luck would be the beginning of something more dreadful.

But to-day, as he dropped from his horse, which a groom had sprung forward to hold, he felt no presentiment, and the calm, cool smile which he threw to the nervous Mr. Wilhelm Smythe was one of supreme confidence.

"Be calm, my dear fellow," he whispered, as they were ushered into the drawing-room by the obsequious servant. "You will be the husband of Lady Ethel, and I shall win that twenty thousand pounds before a month has passed."

As he spoke, Lady Lackland entered.

Shaking hands with the two, she said, with a troubled look upon her face:

"Did you meet Fitz and Ethel? They have gone for a ride, and should have gone your way."

"No," said the captain, with a smile. "We lost that pleasure."

Mr. Smythe sighed.

"No," he said, "I wish we had, but—but I'm almost glad, for it gives me an opportunity. Lady Lackland, if putting my request. I have come down with my friend—he has indeed, been a friend to me—to ask you to persuade Lady Ethel to name an early day for our wedding."

At that moment the door opened and the earl entered.

His face was dark as night, and his lips working with some emotion; he held a letter in his hand, and when he saw the two men he, by a great effort, set his lips with a rigid smile and tried to conceal the letter with a hasty movement.

"Something has happened!" exclaimed the countess.

"Not to Lady Ethel!" almost shrieked Mr. Smythe.

The earl smiled with despair.

"Read that!" he cried, thrusting the letter into the countess's hands.

She read it aloud, with a puzzled air at first which rapidly gave place to a shriek of despair and rage.

"My Dear Father: By the time this reaches you Ethel and I shall be at Wivichurst. Bertie Fairfax goes with us with a special license in his pocket, and he and Ethel will be married, all well, to-day."

"Forgive me my share in the affair, and remember that it is the first time since their birth that your children have dared to show that they have wills and hearts of their own!"

Your affectionate son,

"FITZ."

There was a moment's silence, which was broken by a hoarse cry of disappointment and misery.

It came from Smythe.

With an oath he sprang at the captain and seized him by the throat.

"You villain! You've tricked me! You planned all this, you scoundrel!"

You did! You did! You have sold me, but I'll sell you! I'll have the money, or your infernal life!"

The captain struggled and fought to free himself from his dupe's grasp, but he could not, and Mr. Wilhelm Smythe, nerve and goaded to madness, pushed the earl and his servants aside and dragged Mr. Murpoint into the hall.

"Now," he hissed in his ear, "get out your check-book and write me a check for twenty thousand pounds, or I'll kill you! I'll do worse; I'll publish the story and the bet in every club in London; I'll have you thought to get the better of me, to play the idiot and hold me up to ridicule, but you shan't! You shan't! I'll have the money, the money, or I'll crush you!"

"Silence!" hissed the captain, glancing round at the astonished group of guests and servants. "Come outside," and he in turn half dragged and half led the unfortunate man into the courtyard.

"I'll give you the check to-morrow."

"Now, now! at this moment, or I'll split all!" cried Smythe, and with an oath he darted his hand in the captain's face.

Howard Murpoint's eyes grew dark, but he was as white as death. Fear ran in his heart, for he saw that his first ill-luck had set in.

"Confound you!" he cried, "you shall have it. I'll give you a hundred thousand pounds to be rid of such a madman," and with a shaking hand he took a check from his book and filled it in.

Mr. Smythe snatched it from his hand, glanced at it with blood-shot eyes, and leaped upon his horse, which he had shouted for as he came into the yard.

The captain looked round, and murmuring something like:

"He's mad, not safe! I must follow him!" called for his own horse and rode off likewise.

His face was a study for a picture of the fiend, disappointed and check-mated.

(To be Continued.)

1201.—LADIES' ONE PIECE APRON.

1202.

1203.

1204.—A SIMPLE APRON MODEL.

1205.

Masonville, June 27, '13. Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Yarmouth, N. S.

Household Notes

For date pudding take 1 pound of the cheapest kind of dates, stone and chop them, add ¼ pound each of chopped suet and flour, 2 ounces of sugar, some grated nutmeg, and a tablespoonful of bread crumbs. Moist-cit with water to form a stiff paste, and boil in a floured cloth from 3 to 4 hours.

New dishes are not so apt to break if they are put into a pan of hot water and set on the stove. Let the water come slowly to a boil. Then take them off the stove, and when the water is cool take them out; after this you can put them in as hot water as you wish and have no fear of cracking them.

Delicious boiled custard: Boil an ounce of rice in a pint of milk until the latter is quite creamy. Then strain out the rice, sweeten the milk to taste and add a well-beaten egg. Pour into a jug and proceed as directed in the above recipe. This is both economical and nourishing, also suitable for delicate folk or children.

To make rice cream: One pint milk, 3 ounces loaf sugar, 2 ounces ground rice, ¼ ounce gelatine, ½ pint double cream. Boil milk and sugar together, stir in rice, and cook 6 minutes. Take from the fire. Dissolve the gelatine in 1 gill of milk, stir into the rice, add the whipped cream; mix all lightly together. Pour into mould. Decorate to taste. When cold, turn out.

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Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

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

1021.—LADIES' ONE PIECE APRON.



1022.

1204.—A SIMPLE APRON MODEL.



1205.

The Dragoons and Artillery! It will be admitted that the uniforms of the contesting armies overwhelm one with new ideas from a fashion point of view. There will be no monotony in the models of 1915. Canvas covered-helmets and busbies are worn by the Dragoons, Guides, Hussars and Artillery Officers, hence canvas will be utilized in the fashioning of hats for summer wear, frogging will come into its own again for decorative purposes, inspired by the grey frogged tunics of the Hussars. The war affects the styles, and the Dry Cleaning process reduces the cost of ladies' apparel. Consult our St. John's Agents, Messrs. Nicholle, Inkpen & Chafe. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY & DYE WORKS, Halifax. feb17,19,22

Have You Called here recently to see our new line of fabrics and fashionable designs in Tailoring FOR MEN? If not, we will be glad to have you come in and let us take your measure for an attractive and becoming suit that will prove satisfactory. We are always glad to see you, whether you are ready to give us an order or not. Call any time. J. J. Strang, Ladies' and Gents' Tailoring, 153 Water Street, - - St. John's. feb17,eod,t

MARCH DRESS PATTERNS NOW ON SALE. Also Spring Fashion Book. To Outports.—Cash must accompany orders—17c. for Pattern; 27c. for Fashion Book, which includes a free Pattern your own choice. CHARLES BUTTON, Sole Agent.

WE NOW HAVE A Small Shipment OF Ladies' Imitation Fur Sets. These are fashionably trimmed with Silk Fringe and there is certainly "some class" to them, though the prices are small. Colours: —Black, Mole and Beaver. PRICES: Young Ladies'—\$2.00 per set. Ladies'—\$2.90, \$3.50, \$4.80 per set. See Window Display. Henry Blair Jan22eod,t

and prod KANGARO Its agility a Sun expels di SUNLIGHT joys well-world-wit tion as a first qu reputation tained by Guaranteed given w bar, and report of housewiv it daily. WHY NO 1234

War M Messages Rec Previous ON THE WESTE Official despatches state that the German sumed their attacks ish forces lying near lived in some quart the opening of a s movement by the Ger dently hope to strike while preventing the more British troops istles to the coast of E of their submarine bo fort of the Germans to dominating the Pass in the Vosges ended Germans manifested upon Hill No. 67, but by a company of Fre fight. The German in this action were re to the terrors of battle before the rushes of French veterans. An in progress near Lys B near Rheims. In Ch Perthes. Soain and pented attacks are he both sides. Every kin known to warfare is Sapping and mining followed by long bom infantry charges. Siff ed all the time. STEAMER TORRE LONI The steamship Camb dit, was torpedoed to Bay, Wales, by a Ger without warning. The eer and two firemen of were killed. Another crew was drowned wh a boat. NORWEGIAN TANK DAMAGED LOND In connection with the Norwegian tank ste by an external explosi stone, on Friday, the nounced that seven pl found aboard the Bel examined at the Adm and proved beyond a pieces of a discharged AN IRISH STEAM LOND A small Irish coastin Dronshire (Downshir cross) was sunk last n man submarine off the an island in the Irish Throbbing, Neuralg This Wonderful Cures Never Fails RUB ON NERVE Neuralgia quickly cures may, ten times cured. L pains grow into big ones line" in ten minutes of the worse ones. Even a s tion will remove the ne that causes the pain. Nervine penetrates do sore tissue, reaches th s stimulation, drives it on branch. Every drop of potent in pain-subduing p