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'Margaret,'
The GIRL ARTIST,
 OR,
The Countess of Ferrers
Court.

CHAPTER XXIX.
 "You are tired, and it is time you got some rest. We start from here by five o'clock this morning. I will have a carriage waiting by the cathedral—but I need not trouble you with the arrangements. All that you have to do is to be ready; and I have no fear that you will disobey me."
 She rose and looked at him with a flushed face and scornful eyes.
 "Austin, you have been drinking," she said.
 He started, but instantly recovered himself and shook his head slowly.
 "It is the most charitable conjecture I can form," she said. "You have either taken too much wine, or you have lost your reason. I admit that I am indebted to you, but I will find some means of discharging that debt. I am rich—don't be offended—and an ambitious man like yourself needs money. You shall have what you require; more, Blair shall exert all his influence and send you to Parliament—you will shine there, and may rise to any height you like. But, mind, I will do nothing if you do not go at once, and promise me never to come near me again. If you will not promise—why, then I will place the matter in my husband's hands." She paused.
 "Have you finished?" he asked, calmly, almost gently.
 "Yes," she said, "only I may add that I think you know my threat is no idle one. Blair will know how to avenge an insult paid to his wife!"
 His face grew hard, and his eyes dark with a flash of hate and anger.
 "An insult paid to his wife! Yes! but one paid to Miss Violet Graham is another matter."
 "What do you mean?" she demanded, scornfully. "I am not Violet Graham, I am his wife."
 "You are Violet Graham, but you are not Blair's wife; you are not the Countess of Ferrers, my dear!"
 She looked at him, the blood rushing to her face at the contemptuous familiarity of the last two words.
 "Leave the room, sir!" she exclaimed, raising her hand and pointing to the door. "You have abused my patience; go, or you will indeed compel me to forget your services, and make it necessary that my paid servants should use force!"
 He laughed softly, and his eyes glowed with admiration.
 "Violet, I swear that every instant you make me love you more passionately! I see you think I lied when I said you were not Blair's wife, is it not so?"
 "I know that you lied!" she retorted, as calmly as she could.
 "How little you know me," he said,

gravely. "Do you think I am so great a fool as to make such an assertion for the mere sake of making it?"
 "If I am not Blair's wife, who is?" she demanded, as if humoring him.
 "Come," he said, with a smile; "that is better, because it is more practical and business-like. Continue this tone, my dear Violet, and we shall speedily arrive at an understanding. You want to know who is Blair's wife? Certainly. It is a young lady who was Margaret Hale, but who became the Viscountess of Leyton and Countess of Ferrers."
 She started, but it was only at the sound of Margaret's name.
 "Margaret Hale! The girl—"
 "Exactly. The girl he fell in love with at Leyton Court. What an excellent memory you find when you need it!"
 "And you say he married her? Oh, spare your breath!" she broke off, with a contemptuous gesture.
 "Thanks, I will," he said. "Permit me to give you ocular proof, please to observe: not a mere copy, but the original itself. The ceremony, as you will see, was performed at a charming old church, in a rural and secluded spot called Sefton. The date is set forth in plain figures, together with all the particulars even the most exacting lawyer could require."
 She took the certificate, very much as poor Margaret had taken the false one from Lottie Belvoir, and looked at it with dazed eyes, then she crushed it in her hand, and looked up at him as a dumb animal looks up at the man who has struck it.
 "Married to her!—married to her!" she murmured; "and he did not tell me!" A spasm of jealousy shot through her. "Then she was his wife?"
 "She was, most certainly," he assented, watching her.
 "But what has that to do with you and your plot?" she demanded, raising herself after a moment and facing him contemptuously. "This—this marriage is a matter between me and Blair. This certificate is not a forgery—believe that."
 He looked at her steadily.
 "Thanks. You do me that credit, and safely. Of one thing you may be convinced, Violet, and that is, that I will not speak one false word to you to-night. By truth, and truth alone, I will win you. Do not doubt any one thing I tell you, for I swear that it is true!"
 "I—I believe you," she said; almost involuntarily. "I believe this marriage took place, but what of it? The girl is dead. I am Blair's wife, and the offer"—she shuddered again—"the vile offer you made he will protect me from."
 "Blair is not your husband, for Margaret Hale, the Countess of Ferrers, is alive!" he said.
 He did not thunder it at her, nor hiss it as the serpent he resembled might have done; but he spoke the words almost gently and with a serene and complacent calmness.
 She sprang to her feet and confronted him.

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 For downright excruciating pain few ailments can be compared to sciatic rheumatism. Since this condition of the sciatic nerve denotes exhaustion of the nervous system, the logical cure is found in the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to nourish the starved nerves back to health and vigor.
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 Mr. W. J. Falbot, Edenwold, Sask., writes:—"It is a great pleasure for me to recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and Nerve Food as a cure for Sciatic Rheumatism. The pain I

"What? Stop!" and her hands went out toward him as if to shut from her senses any further words of his.
 "I must go on," he said. "It is true, Margaret Hale is alive. Do you doubt me? Look in my face," and he drew a step nearer.
 She looked at him with all her anguished soul in her eyes, then she shrank back.
 "She is here, here in Naples. An hour hence, any moment, they may meet, Blair and she, and he will recognize her. Do you think that, after that, you have much chance of remaining as the wife of the Earl of Ferrers? You know best whether his heart has forgotten his allegiance to his first wife, his real wife, his present wife; for you are nothing whatever to him, remember. You are not the Countess of Ferrers, but simply—Miss Violet Graham!"
 She sat staring at him, her hand clinched on the certificate.
 "Why—why did she leave him? Does he know that she is alive?" she said hoarsely.

He laughed, and drawing a chair nearer, sat astride it and facing her.
 "No, he thinks her dead," he said. "I see, you will not be satisfied until I tell you the whole of my little plot! Listen, then, and with his eyes fixed upon her watchingly, he told the story of the elaborate scheme which, helped by Fate, he had built up; of Lottie Belvoir's deception, and of Margaret's supposed death.
 "And you did all this? You—must be more devil than man!"
 He smiled.

"I can claim to be a man who has devoted all his talents, and all his energies, to the attainment of one object. You call me names! Bah! my dear Violet, have you forgotten that evening in Park Lane, when I told you she was dead, and you thought I had murdered her? You did not call me rude names then, I think!"
 She shuddered, and hid her face in her hands. When she lifted it, it was drawn as if she had risen from a long and wasting illness.

"It is true! It is true!" she moaned hoarsely; "and now you want me to—"
 "She could not go on, but her lips moved.
 "I want you to keep your promise, that is all, my dear Violet," he said, coolly.
 "And if I refuse?"
 "You will not refuse," he said, quietly. "You dare not! If you are not ready to accompany me at five o'clock I shall go to Blair, and tell him all that I have told you."
 "Come, Violet; you must know that it is of little avail to oppose me, much less to argue. Face the inevitable. You used to be a brave woman once, summon up some courage now. Consider, after all, what can you do better than fly with me? In an hour or two, at any moment, as I say, Blair and the countess will meet, the truth will be known, and you—what will you be? Nothing—worse than nothing! The law cannot give you redress, for Blair believed her dead; but none the less you will be—an outcast!"
 She writhed and tore at the pillows in a frenzy of despair.

"Oh, please!" he murmured, reproachfully. "Is this the same woman who bade me separate Blair and Margaret Hale at any cost?—and any cost? Come, pluck up a little spirit. What must be, must be; and it is certain that you will have to yield to me."
 "He can but kill me!" she moaned, desperately.
 Austin Ambrose laughed.
 "Nonsense! Blair will do nothing of the kind. He will simply repudiate you, and with many apologies, show you the door. But really it would be more merciful to kill you outright, than to leave you the butt of the whole of London! The great heiress, Violet Graham, wrongfully married to Blair Leyton, and discarded for his first and lawful wife!" and he laughed.

She put up her hand to silence him; and, his mood changing, he caught the hand and fell on his knees at her side.
 "Forgive me, Violet! Do you not see that I am only seeming hard and cruel? Do you think that my heart does not bleed for you? But what can I do? You force me to tell you the truth in all its nakedness; for I know

that if I do not convince you that you have no other alternative, you will not yield! Do not force me to say any more; accept the inevitable. Say the word; give me your promise to be ready at the time I have named, and I will take you with me—"
 "Never! never!" she said, hoarsely, and endeavoring to draw her hand from his grasp.
 "What do you fear? Why do you shrink from me? Do you think that I do not love you? What stronger proof do you want than that I have given you? Have I not done more to win you than one man in a million does for the woman he wants? If it had been murder itself I would not have hesitated, I would not hesitate now! Ah, Violet! think of me a little. I, too, have suffered, suffered the tortures of the damned, for it was my hand that gave you—for a time—to him! I have stood by and seen you the wife of another, the man I hate—I hate—"
 "Hate!—you hate him?" she rejoined.
 "Yes," he said, a lurid light shining in his eyes. "I always hated him because you loved him! Many and many a time I have longed to see him dead at my feet—but no more of that! What does it matter? It is only of my love for you that I wish to think or speak. Trust yourself to my love, the deepest and truest man ever felt. I will marry you when and where you please; I will spend the remainder of my life in devotion to you; I will—"
 he stopped breathless, and carried away by his passion, he threw his arms about her.

She struggled from his embrace, and even struck at him.
 "Go with you!" she gasped. "Leave him for you?" and she laughed wildly. "I would rather die!"
 "Very good. I may take that as your decision? In half an hour I take Blair to his wife; in half an hour I will tell him how he came to lose her, and that it was you—Violet Graham—who tempted and prompted me to carry out the plot which has nearly wrecked his life. And then I leave you to face him."
 He took one step from her, but she sprang up and throwing herself at his feet clutched at his arm.

"No, no! Give me time! Wait, Austin! Only wait! I—I did not mean to be hard. I—I—oh, have pity on me!" and she turned her white face up to him. "Have pity on me! I was only a woman, and I—I did love him so! Yes, I know it was I who tempted you, but I did not know that you cared for me as you say you do, and—oh, Austin, look at me kneeling to you for more than life—ah, for life itself! Do not betray me! I will do anything—"
 "Anything but the one thing I want," he said, coldly. "You would offer me money, anything. Money! If you had all the wealth of the Rothschilds and offered it to me to forego the reward I have worked for, I would say 'no!'. No, if I cannot have you, for whom I have plotted and planned, I will at least have revenge. You cannot rob me of that. Let go my hand and leave me free to join the early parted husband wife."
 "No!" she wailed, clinging to him. "Stay, Austin, I will—I will consent!"
 (To be Continued.)

Everyday Etiquette.
 "Please tell me whether a man should use the prefix 'Mr.' on his cards, also whether his card should be larger or smaller than a lady's?" was the query of Robert.
 "Yes, the prefix 'Mr.' should be used on a man's card and it should be smaller than the card of a lady," said his sister.
 To roll a jelly cake successfully the edges should be pared off.
 Muffins, biscuits and griddle cakes are appropriate supper dishes.

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 BRONCHITIS, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY TRACT.

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 Have just opened our new Spring Suitings. We were fortunate in securing a splendid range of **English Worsteds and Irish and Scotch Tweeds.**
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CLOSING Announcement
 I have decided to close my business for the duration of the war.
 Orders will be taken until June 1st.
 All Accounts must be paid by June 15th.
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 Just arrived by express a fine man Roll Films, PRICE
TOOTON'S
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War News
Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.
 'EYE-WITNESS' DESCRIBES SURRENDER OF TOWNSEND.

LONDON, May 10.—A despatch from the British 'Witness' with the Mesopotamia, gives a description of General Townsend's holding out against the Turks at Kut-el-Amara, while on verge of starvation. The men fasted during the last fortnight four ounces of flour daily and a tain ration of horse-flesh. One General Townsend's last wireless despatches before he capitulated: "Have destroyed guns and am stroying munitions. Officers have to Khalil Bey to say that we are ready to surrender. We must have some food, and officers have gone bring some from the Turks." The last message sent by Townsend: "We have hoisted the white flag, a Turkish regiment is approaching. One of the chief difficulties was fact that the civil population has remain in Kut-el-Amara. A few tried to leave were shot by the Turks who made it clear that they would execute any persons who tried to escape. Thus the garrison was reduced with six thousand additional mouths to feed.

FOOD BY AEROPLANE.
 LONDON, May 10.—British aeroplanes dropped 13 pounds of food, in addition to 15 military and other stores, in Kut-el-Amara, between April 14th and 15th. This effort to relieve the hunger of a besieged garrison, which surrendered to the Turks, was told of in the Commons to-day by Harold J. Tennant, Parliamentary Under-Secretary of War. During the whole siege, he said, only one British aeroplane was brought down by the Turks. The pilot was killed and the observer wounded. The Turks reported the number of aeroplanes which attempted to drop food supplies had been eleven.

AROUND VERDUN.
 PARIS, May 10.—Activity on the Verdun front decreased, according to a statement given out by the War Office this afternoon. Artillery action west of Meuse was less pronounced, and of the river only intermittent attacks on the French trenches between the Oise and the Aisne was pushed.

HERBERT SAMUEL AND THE FEIN REBELLION.
 LONDON, May 10.—Replying to protests which

The Bigger the Task
 the greater the demand upon brain and body.
 For keeping the mental and physical forces fit, right food is necessary. It must supply certain mineral elements stored by Nature in the field grains, but lacking in much of the food of the usual dietary.

Grape-Nuts
 made of whole wheat and malted barley, supplies all the rich nourishment of the grains, including those vital mineral elements which are all-important for building sturdy brain, nerve and muscle.
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