

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

CHAPTER XV.

She had been cold the moment before, but now she seemed suffocating with an awful heat. With trembling hands she tore off her hat and waved it—Heaven knows with what desperate idea of attracting attention!—but the wind seized it and tore it from her hand. A moment afterward she felt the water lapping at her feet, and with an awful voice she called upon—Blair!

As if in answer to her appeal, the lightning shot out from the black sky and revealed her form as if carved in bronze on the top of the rock. The next moment she heard a man's voice, and a boat seemed to rise from the depths of the sea at her feet.

A lantern flashed in the darkness, and by its flickering gleam she saw a man rowing in the boat, and a woman crouching in the stern.

It was Day and his wife. The woman screamed and pointed. "There—there she is! For Heaven's sake be quick!—Spryng, Mrs. Stanley, spring! Oh—" and she moaned, "be quick!"

"But, half mad with the insanity of mental and physical torture, Margaret drew back.

"No!" she cried. "I will not go! You shall not take me back to them!" "Quick!" roared Day, with an oath, "or you will be too late! Here, hold the lantern, Jane! Hold it high!"

His wife seized the lantern and threw its rays upon Margaret's wild, white face. The boat, driven by the tide, struck against the rock, and Day, grappling it with his boat hook, sprung on to it.

For a moment or two Margaret lay struggle between the weak and exhausted woman and the strong mariner. It lasted only a minute or two; then he lifted her bodily, and as gently as possible dropped her in the boat.

Springing in after her he seized the oars and began rowing to shore.

For a moment or two Margaret lay motionless, panting heavily, then she got to her knees and fung herself at Mrs. Day's feet, clinging to the woman's dress.

"Have pity on me," she moaned; "don't take me back; I will go anywhere else. I will do anything—but don't take me back to him! Oh, listen to me! You don't know how cruelly he has wronged me. I cannot go back. Stop!"—and she seized one of the oars. "You shall stop!"

Day stopped rowing, confused and bewildered.

"Is—she mad?" he roared, hoarsely, at his wife.

Even Hospital Treatment
For Kidney Disease Failed

Well-known Commercial Traveller Says That Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills Undoubtedly Cured Him.

News of his recovery from kidney disease will be welcomed by the many friends of Mr. L. D. Griffin throughout the lower townships and the adjoining district of the United States. Mr. Griffin has travelled this section for 35 years and what he says will be accepted, as proven by all who know him best.

He tells in his letter how relief was obtained by treatment in Sherbrooke and Montreal hospitals, but the old kidney trouble returned again and again until by the persistent use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills cure was effected. As he says, these pills "undoubtedly did the work."

Mr. L. D. Griffin, Bulwer, Compton county, Quebec, writes:—"I can add one more statement of kidney disease cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. For about twenty years I was bothered more or less with the kidneys, then the disease became worse and I was sick in bed for one year, took doctor's medicine to no avail, and

Mrs. Day, white and trembling, threw her arms round Margaret and got her clear of the oars so that he might row.

"Oh, my dear, what is it? What has happened? Do you know that you have been nearly drowned? If I had not seen you and caught the boat just as it was coming to land—quick, James, quick!"

"No, no," sobbed Margaret. "Not back! I will not go back!" and she tried to free herself from the woman's grasp and throw herself into the sea. "The poor lady's gone out of her mind!" said Day, pityingly. "Hold her, Jane, for Heaven's sake!"

"Yes, yes," panted Mrs. Day. "You row as hard as you can. I will hold her, poor dear. Oh, James, what can have happened? And she so happy a few hours ago!"

Day bent to the oars. Margaret had ceased to struggle, but Mrs. Day did not dare to relax her grasp. The boat forced its way nearer the shore. Suddenly there rang out a sharp report, and a flash of fire darted from the beach.

Day uttered a cry and stopped rowing as if he had been shot, and Mrs. Day crouched still lower in the boat.

"It's the coastguard!" he said, bending forward and lowering his voice, though no one but the two women could have heard him. "It's the revenue men—and I've got the things aboard!"

There was silence for a moment, then Mrs. Day spoke.

"You must go to shore, James," he said, with the calmness of despair. "If we were alone—"

She stopped and looked at the prostrate figure at the bottom of the boat. "Go ashore!" he responded, with an oath. "What! and them waiting for me? I tell you I've got the stuff on board. It's ruin, blank ruin!"

Silence again. The wind howled, the boat tossed like a walnut shell upon the black billows.

"Oh, James, think of her—think of the poor demented creature!" sobbed Mrs. Day.

"Think of her! Yes, that he right enough; but I must think of these, lass, and the bairns as well! I tell 'ee it means ruin! As well 'ow straight into the jail's gates as go ashore to them wolves. No! I'm sorry, Jane; I'm main sorry; but I can't do it—for your sake."

"There was that tone in the man's voice which quies even the strongest and most determined of women, and his wife sank back and resigned herself.

The boat swung round, and Day, setting his teeth, pulled for the open sea.

"We'll never reach the schooner," panted Mrs. Day, hoarsely.

"I'll risk it," he responded grimly. "Better trust ourselves to the open all night than run into the midst of the sharks there," and he nodded toward the shore.

"And this poor lady?"

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He glanced at Margaret.

"Well, I'm but doing her bidding, beant it?" he retorted. "Didn't she pray and beseech me not to take her back? There, be easy! I've no breath for chattering, woman. Keep the lantern dark, and steer her straight out."

As he spoke there came another flash from the shore, and a rocket sped upward to the black sky.

Day uttered a grim exclamation of satisfaction.

"The fools!" he ground out; "they've showed me the way! The schooner lies due north of the customs, where that rocket started from! Keep her straight, lass, and we'll slip 'em yet. They won't risk their boat out—it's worse near the beach than it be here clear of the rocks. Sit still and 'fear nought!"

With the cool courage belonging to his class, he pulled steadily on, his wife grasping the tiller—for Margaret lay motionless and inert enough now—and peering into the darkness. Suddenly she uttered a cry.

"The schooner, James! I saw her light for a moment!"

"Ay!" he responded coolly; "she's heard the gun and seen the rocket, and thinks we may be harking ba... Show a glim of the lantern toward her, but keep it from the shore."

Cautiously Mrs. Day raised the lantern, with its light side toward the vessel, and an instant afterward a faint light appeared and then went out.

Day laughed cheerily. "She sees us, lass. Keep up the heart; it's all right. I've give them chaps the slip once more!"

"Yes, once more!" she responded, with a groan; "but some day or other—"

"Tut, tut! thee'st lost thee nerve, woman," he broke in, curtly. She sank back with a heavy sigh and said no more.

Presently they saw the light again, this time close upon their bow, and in a few minutes the boat grated against the side of the schooner.

"Is that you James?" inquired a voice.

Day answered in the affirmative. "Yes; worse luck. Let the rowe down the other side away from the shore; you can show a light then. I've got women folk aboard."

He pulled round to the larboard, and the lantern showed a rope ladder. "Lend a hand here," he said, and he raised Margaret.

The man on board uttered an exclamation.

"Sakes-a-mercy, James, what have you got there?" he demanded.

"It's my cousin," said Mrs. Day, before her husband could answer.

"Oh, and it's you, too, Mrs. Day, is it?" said the captain, in a tone of surprise. "Well, it's a rare night for ladies to be out in! And your cousin! Bless my soul, but she's swooned!"

Between them they got Margaret on deck, and Mrs. Day had her carried down to the cabin, and then, asking for some brandy, locked the door on the men.

It was some time before Margaret recovered consciousness, and for some minutes she looked round with a listless indifference that was worse almost than the swoon from which she had roused.

At last she asked the inevitable question: "Where am I?"

"Here with me, dear lady," replied Mrs. Day, beginning to cry for the first time, "and Heaven be thanked that you are not lying dead in Appleford sands!"

Margaret drew a long sigh.

"I—I thought I had died," she moaned, and turning her face to the wall, said no more.

Mrs. Day sat down beside her, praying that she might sleep, for she knew that it was her only chance; and after a time Margaret fell into that stupor of exhaustion which is the nearest approach to nature's great restorer.

Presently there came a knock at the door, and opening it, Mrs. Day found her husband outside.

"How is she?" he asked.

"Better, poor soul!" she replied.

"Well," he said, "you'd better come on deck. The captain's upset about this, and has been asking me questions about 'em."

"And what did you say?" she demanded, anxiously.

"Well," he retorted, with a grim smile, "seeing as you've started the

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I thought as how you'd better continue, so I left 'em to you."

She stood for a moment thinking deeply, then followed him on deck.

The schooner was scudding along at a pace which put all danger from pursuit out of the question; but the captain, who was leaning against the bulwarks smoking a pipe, did not look at all comfortable or amiable.

"Well, Mrs. Day," he began at once, "what's this yarn about your cousin? Sakes alive! I'm fond of your sex enough, but I like 'em best on shore. Who is she, and what is she doing out in the boat?"

"She's my cousin, Captain Daniel," said Mrs. Day, promptly, "and she's in trouble. I don't know as I ought to tell you the story, but seeing that we brought her on board—"

"Just so, and that's what I object to," he said gruffly. "It's work enough to take the trade quiet and snug, as it is, but with a woman aboard that nobody knows anything about—"

"You can trust her," said Mrs. Day; "there's no fear of her spitting, Captain Daniel."

"Oh, you'll think she'll die?" he said, looking mightily relieved.

"No, no! But there are reasons why she should keep her own counsel, though she is a woman. You wait until morning, captain, and you'll see whether she's to be trusted or not."

She spoke with such a confident air that he relaxed a little.

"Well, you and yours are in the same boat, remember, Mrs. Day, and if harm comes to us, your James will share it! Don't forget that."

"I do not forget it, captain," she responded.

"Very well," he said. "I'll leave it to you. Make the poor soul as comfortable as possible. The Rose of Devon wasn't chartered to carry lady passengers, but we'll do the best we can. You'll find some extra bedclothes, and that like, in my cabin; and I'll see to the supper by the time you're ready. As to liquor—he grinned—"well, I dare say we can find a glass or two of that!"

"I dare say!" said Mrs. Day with an answering smile, and she hurried back to the cabin and to Margaret.

(To be continued.)

"Guessing
Competition."

Five (\$5.00) Dollars will be given to the person forwarding us the correct date of the month that the last steamer will arrive from the sealfishery.

CONDITIONS:—When forwarding your guess to us you must enclose the outside green wrapper obtained from a bottle of Stafford's Liniment. In the event of one or more persons forwarding us the same date the one that we receive the first will obtain the prize.

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EVERYDAY ETIQUETTE.

"Is it considered correct to place the napkin in the water glass when preparing the table for dinner, and on which side of the plate should the glass be placed?" inquired Mrs. Newlywed.

"The napkin should not be placed in the glass, but should be folded in some simple form and placed on the left side of each plate. The glasses are placed on the right of the plate," said her mother.

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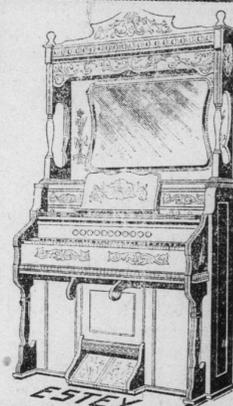
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War News

Messages Received
Previous to 9 A.M.

ST. PIERRE BULLETIN.

PARIS, April 12. On the left bank of the Meuse, Germans this morning launched an attack using flaming liquid against our positions of Cailwood, between Mort Homme and nières. The enemy was repulsed everywhere. On the right bank there has been great artillery activity between Donaumont and Vaux, but the enemy during the night did not make his attacks. It is confirmed that a very violent offensive action launched yesterday on that sector at 4 p.m., which we have repulsed, has cost the enemy very heavy losses. The night was relatively calm on the rest of the front.

ALREADY EXPELLED FROM
DER OF THE GARTER.

LONDON, April 12. Swift McNeill suggested in the Commons to-day that an Act be passed depriving the traitorous Dukes of Cornwall and Albany, consins of King George, serving with the German army, of their British peerage. A more recent reprieve that he did not believe that the time of the House would be employed profitably on such legislation, as the Dukes already had been expelled from the Order of the Garter. Sir Arthur Markham said such a bill would pass in the minutes.

SWEDISH STEAMER SUNK.

LONDON, April 12. The Swedish steamer Murjek was yesterday following an explosion on board the vessel. The crew landed. She sailed from Philadelphia on March 4th for Narvik. The Murjek was 351 feet long, 4,144 tons, and built in 1913, and owned in Stockholm.

U. S. NOT YET SATISFIED

WASHINGTON, April 12. Secretary Lansing announced to-day that Britain's note as to seizure of 38 Austrians, Germans and Turks from the American steamer China, near Shanghai, does not meet the case to the satisfaction of the United States.

FOOD SITUATION IN TURKEY

WASHINGTON, April 12. Government officials' information that the food situation in Turkey is serious. Little hope is entertained concerning concession from the Allies for the shipment of supplies, although measures to increase cross work are being discussed.

BRITISH STEAMER SUNK.

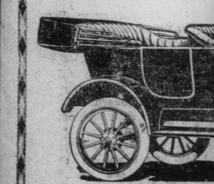
LONDON, April 12. Lloyd's announces that the Sena, a new British steamship, 3,497 tons, has been sunk. She was owned Whitey.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS DE

MOUNT KISCO, N.Y., author of war correspondent, died here last night, of heart trouble.

PROOF HANDED WASHINGTON

PARIS, April 12. Fragments of the missile w



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