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The Web;

OR,
TRUE LOVE'S PASSION.

CHAPTER XXXIII.
Heiress or Beggar?
 Guildford Berton flung himself into the chair lately occupied by Mr. Furlong, and clasped his forehead with his hands.
 The revelation he had heard was so stupendous that he had scarcely realized it, or its effect upon his hopes and ambitions. How long he sat staring before him, and going over and over the pregnant words which Furlong had whispered, he did not know; but suddenly he was aroused by a sound of hammering at the door in the wall.
 He started to his feet, white with fear, his over-strained nerves setting him shaking and trembling. Then he took the lantern, and with unsteady feet went down to the gate.
 "Who's there?" he demanded.
 "Is that you, sir?" came the response. "For God's sake, come up to the Court, Mr. Berton!"
 He opened the door, but not fully, and, holding up the lantern, saw one of the grooms standing outside, holding a horse by the bridle.
 "What is the matter, Marston?" he asked, with dry lips.
 "Come at once, sir," replied the groom. "The earl is dying—is dead by this time—I'm afraid."
 Guildford Berton went back for his coat and hat, moving like a man in a dream.
 "Here, take my horse, sir," said the groom, flurriedly. "I'll run after you."
 "Who sent for me?" asked Guildford Berton, as he sprang into the saddle.
 "I don't know—her ladyship, or perhaps Mrs. Harman. I was to tell you to come without loss of a moment."
 Guildford Berton thrust in the spurs and tore off. A groom was in waiting, and took the horse, and the butler received him at the hall door.
 "I'm afraid you're too late, sir," he said, in a hushed, awed voice. "The earl was taken worse soon after you went; a kind of fit, from all I can make out, and—"
 Guildford Berton moved toward the stairs as Harman came down. Her eyes were red, and she supported herself by the balustrade, and he had no need to ask the momentous question.
 "Yes, sir," she said with a sob, "his lordship is dead. A quarter of an hour ago—"
 He stared up at her. He was not thinking of the earl, but of Nora.
 "And—Lady Nora?" he said, almost inaudibly.
 "My poor mistress," was all she could say.
 He looked down, to hide the sudden flash which shot into his eyes.
 "Did he—was he sensible?" he asked in a hushed voice.
 Harman shook her head.
 "I can't tell, sir; and yet I think he was at the last. It was a fit of some kind, and—yes, sir, I think he was sensible. He—he tried to speak—"
 "Yes," he broke in, with barely concealed eagerness; "well?"
 "He did say some words. He knew Lady Nora, and spoke her name, and he—he spoke yours. It seemed as if he were trying to say something that was on his mind, but he could not. And—and I think that killed him, the not being able to make my dear lady understand. He—he seemed frightened of something, as if he wanted to warn her. Oh, I can't tell what he meant!"
 Guildford Berton drew a long breath of relief. It passed very well for a sigh of sympathy and sorrow.
 "If I had only stayed!" he murmured, and he turned away and wiped his eyes.
 Then, a moment afterward, he was cool, self-possessed again.
 "Will you tell Lady Nora that I am here, Harman?" he said. "And tell her, please, that I will see to everything that is necessary. If she would like to see me—"
 Harman stole upstairs and into the silent room. Nora was kneeling beside the bed, as she had been so often for the last few weeks, her face hidden in her hands, her body shaken by her sobs. Harman knelt beside her, and laid her hand tenderly upon her arm.
 "Don't—don't cry, dear mistress!" she faltered. "And yet—it's best!"
 "If he had only told me what he wanted to tell me!" dropped from Nora's quivering lips. "Oh, what was it? What was it?" and she raised her head and looked with an agonized entreaty at the now placid face.
 "I sent for Mr. Guildford Berton, my lady," whispered Harman, "and he is downstairs. He will do everything, and he says if you'd like to see him—"
 A shudder ran through Nora, and she turned her white face to Harman with a sudden vehemence.
 "No! No!" she panted. "No, no!" and she dropped back into her former attitude and hid her face, as if she could not endure even Harman's loving eyes.
 Harman went downstairs, and found Guildford Berton pacing up and down the library.
 "She will not see me?" he said, before she could speak. "Yes, yes, I understand! Will you bring me some sealing wax and a candle, please. And tell Marston to go to the station with this telegram for Mr. Petherick. They will send it before the postoffice people."
 Still like a man in a dream, he sealed up the drawers in the bureau and the lock on the deed box, which had been brought from London and replaced in its usual position in the library. He paused as he did so with a certain hesitation. Should he make a slight alteration in the will? But this hesitation only lasted a moment, and he affixed the seal without even opening the box with the duplicate key he had had made.
 Hushed footsteps sounded in ghostly fashion over the vast place, and suddenly a sound smote his ear that made him start and recoil. It was the big bell, which one of the old servants, in accordance with a custom of the house, had set tolling, to announce that the Superfine Earl had passed away. In all probability, of all the people who had known him, of all the great world in which he had been so notable a figure, only two persons shed a tear; the daughter, whose love he had persistently repulsed up to within the last few weeks of his life, and the serving woman, who wept more for Nora than for him. There was not a laborer on the estate, not a groom in the stable, who would not have had more mourners than the Right Honorable the Earl of Arrowdale, Baron of Skeirig, Viscount Normanton, knight of the two orders, and master of vast lands and gold.
 No work was done that day in Santleigh, and knots of villagers gathered in High Street talking over the great man, who was wept less than the least of all the living.
 Before noon two carriages arrived at the Court—one contained Lady Ferndale, who had hastened without a moment's delay to the side of her beloved Nora; the other brought the old lawyer, Mr. Petherick; and the same telegram which had summoned him had informed the newspapers of the death of the mighty peer.
 "I had intended inserting an advertisement for the viscount—for the Earl of Arrowdale as he is now," said Mr. Petherick, who was a great deal shaken by the news; "but it will not be necessary now; he will read the announcement of his uncle's death, and his own accession, in any of the papers."
 Guildford Berton nodded. They were in the library, and he had been giving Mr. Petherick an account of the death—omitting the details Harman had related, and in their place allowing the lawyer that the earl had died quite calmly and peacefully.
 "Just passed away, indeed!" he said.
 "He was not so old as I am," said Mr. Petherick, in a low voice, "not nearly so old. And—and Lady Nora—dear, dear!" He seemed to think more of her than the departed earl.
 "Poor girl, poor girl! So entirely alone in the world."
 "Ah, yes," murmured Guildford Berton. "Fatherless and motherless; you knew her mother—the countess, Mr. Petherick?"
 "Yes, yes, of course. It was sad, very sad! I'm—I'm almost glad she went before the earl! They were very unhappy—poor woman—poor woman! I see you have sealed up everything, Mr. Berton. You are always thoughtful."
 "I thought it best," said Guildford Berton, gravely. "I suppose you have the will?"
 "No," replied Mr. Petherick, shaking his head. "No, I have not. I—I don't even know that there is a will; do you?"
 Guildford Berton looked at him with faint surprise.
 "How could I possibly know, my dear sir?" he responded.
 "I—I thought that perhaps the earl—you were so much in his confidence—might have told you; in fact, I—ahem—expect you will find yourself personally interested in it."
 "Not at all likely," said Guildford Berton. "The earl was the last man to confide in any man on such a subject. There may be no will."
 "God bless my soul, I hope so!" exclaimed Mr. Petherick. "It—it would make a vast difference to Lady Nora."
 "Then I also hope there may be with all my heart!" said Guildford Berton, devoutly.
 Later in the day, when they met to discuss the arrangements for the funeral, Mr. Petherick remarked, quietly:
 "I have found the will, Mr. Berton," and Guildford Berton bowed.
 "I am glad to hear it, very glad," he said; but he asked no questions, and if he had Mr. Petherick would not have replied to them.
 Lady Ferndale had hastened to Nora's side, expecting to find her prostrated, but she found her calm and self-possessed, looking as white as a lily, and worn out with weariness; but there was no passionate outburst of grief. That had spent itself beside the dead man, and her tears flowed quietly as she hid her face on Lady Ferndale's bosom.
 "My poor darling!" murmured the elder woman. "You must come to us directly after—"
 "My poor darling!" she could not bring herself to say the word "funeral," but Nora shook her head.

Incandescent Gas Lighting.

Possibly, the feature of incandescent gas lighting most frequently noted by casual observers is the great ease with which tasks, ordinarily arduous under artificial light may be performed under the Welchbach gas mantle. The light has a peculiarly "soft" quality, difficult to describe, but which is readily recognized by those who have had experience with the gas mantle lamp.

In its general effect upon bodily health and comfort, the use of incandescent gas lighting is decidedly favorable. The currents of air set up by the burning gas improves ventilation, tending to expel the air vitiated by respiration and draw in fresh air to replace it. Harmful or dangerous disease germs are instantly destroyed in passing through the flames. The effect takes place may be verified by placing a gas lamp close to a ceiling without any provision for interfering with the up-rushing air currents. The charred particles which collect immediately above the lamp are the remains of dust particles which before passing through the flames were laden with germs and microbes. Actual experiments have shown that the burning of gas lamps in rooms previously containing bacteria, resulted in absolute sterilization of the air.

Contrary to the popular notion the temperature of rooms lighted by incandescent gas lamps is seldom markedly greater than under incandescent electric light, even under unfavorable conditions of ventilation, while in rooms provided with the ventilating facilities required by the demands of hygiene, the temperature in gas-lighted rooms is frequently lower.

"No, I must stay here till Lord Santleigh comes," she said. "There must be some one here to receive him, and tell him—tell him everything. Why does he not come, Lady Ferndale?"

"I—I don't know!" was all Lady Ferndale could answer. "But he will be sure to arrive in a day or two; he must hear of it, and then he will come at once."

Everybody said this when the strange delay in the appearance of the new earl was discussed, and it was the topic of conversation throughout the country; but still the young man who had inherited the title and lands of Arrowdale did not arrive to claim his birthright.

No English newspaper reached the wild coast of Brittany where Cyril Burne, the artist, was at work painting drearily, and no tidings of the death of his uncle reached him. If Jack Wesley had been in London he would have known what had happened, and informed Cyril, but Jack was in Brittany with his friend, and as he took care that no letters or papers should be permitted to mar his one holiday in the year, he was as ignorant as Cyril himself.

The days passed rapidly, and that of the funeral was reached, and Mr. Petherick was in despair. He had advertised for the missing viscount, but without any result, and he found himself in the position of an executor acting in utter ignorance whether the heir were alive or dead.

"Perhaps he is dead!" said Guildford Berton, grimly, and Mr. Petherick groaned.

"No," he said. "I don't believe that. We should have heard of it. But to think that the funeral will have to take place without the new earl as chief mourner—"
 His feelings were too strong to permit him to finish the sentence.

The day arrived, however, and the heir was still absent. There was a vast crowd at the funeral, and the salon was filled with distant connections and friends, who came with varied expectations to hear the will read.

If she could have done so, Nora would have shrunk from this ordeal, but Lady Ferndale gently pointed out to her that it must be endured, and, amid a dead silence, she led her into the crowded room.

(To be Continued.)

Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should have a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found useful to refer to from time to time.

BOYS' MIDDY SUIT.



1764—This design is a popular style, good for wash and woolen goods. It makes a very comfortable school and play suit. Blue serge with soutache braid, or white linen with simple stitching for a finish would be very suitable. The blouse is provided with an adjustable shield. The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 3, 4, 5, 6, and 8 years. It requires 3½ yards of 27 inch material for a 4-year size.

A jaunty model for school or general wear.



1911—Juniors' Dress.
 This style is good for galatea, percale, gingham, chambray, serge, gabardine, checked and plaid suitings. The waist and skirt may be finished separately or joined under the belt. The skirt is gored and arranged in smart plaits. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 4½ yards of 44-inch material for a 14-year size.

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

EUROPEAN AGENCY

Wholesale Indents promptly executed at lowest cash prices for all British and Continental goods, including Books and Stationery, Chemicals and Druggists' Sundries, China, Earthenware and Glassware, Cycles, Motor Cars and Accessories, Jewellery, Millinery and Fines Goods, Fancy Goods and Perfumery, Hardware, Machinery and Metals, Photographic and Optical Goods, Provisions and Oilmen's Stores, etc., etc.

Commission 2½ p.c. to 5 p.c. Trade Discounts allowed. Special Quotations on Demand. Sample Cases from \$50 upwards. Consignments of Produce Sold on Account.

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Poultry ex Railway!

TURKEYS,
 GEESE,
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 CHICKEN.
 Lowest Prices.
JAMES R. KNIGHT
 311 WATER STREET.
 MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GAR-
 GET IN COWS.

BLAIR'S GREAT

CASH SALE!

Buy Early and avoid Disappointment

For goods mentioned in this ad. cannot be repeated at present prices when once sold out. We can only give you these special prices because goods advertised were bought some time ago.

Wonderful Values in Underwear.

- Men's Stanfield Wool Underwear, all sizes, \$1.29 gar.
- Men's New Knit Wool Underwear, all sizes, \$1.10 gar.
- Women's Heavy Cream Fleece Vests and Pants, 33c. garment.
- Women's Heavy Grey Fleece Bloomers, 50c. garment.
- Children's Cream Fleece Vests and Pants from 15c. garment.
- Ladies' and Boys' Stanfield Wool Underwear at Reduced Prices.

Ladies' and Children's Winter Coats.

ALL NEWEST STYLES AT SLAUGHTER PRICES. Superior Quality Nap Coating, \$3.50 values at \$2.70 yd. Great Reductions in Ladies' and Children's Felt Hats. Ladies' Waterproof Hats. Reg. \$1.25. Now 80c. each. Ladies' and Misses' Newest American Fancy Wool Caps and Hoods. Reg. \$1.00 each. Now 50c. each. All our Stock of New Smart Millinery at Reduced Prices.

Big Money Saved on Purchases of Ladies' Wear.

- Ladies' Flannelette Underwear and Nightdresses.
- Ladies' Costume Skirts of all kinds and Ladies' Blouses of all descriptions.
- Ladies' Imitation Fur Sets from \$1.50 set.
- Ladies' Real Fur Sets at prices which no woman who is a judge of a bargain can afford to pass.

Wool Blankets at Bottom Prices.

- Best Quality Wool Blankets. Sale Price...\$4.30 pair
 - Coloured Cotton Blankets only...70c. pair
 - Best Quality American Floor Coverings only...98c. yd.
- These are regular \$1.20 values, are two yards wide, and we show a large variety of patterns.

Splendid Values in Rubber Foot-wear.

- Ladies' Superior Quality Canadian made Storm Rubbers from 55c. pair.
- Men's Superior Quality Canadian made Storm Rubbers from 79c. pair.
- Men's Eastern Winter Caps from...75c. each
- Boys' Navy Sweaters from...79c. each

Henry Blair.

Household Notes.
 Soup bones, dried fruits, the baking of bread or any food that requires long cooking, should be done on ironing days. This is one method of saving fuel.

To keep a meringue from falling, dust the beaten whites of eggs with powdered sugar, then shake a little cornstarch over it, beat quickly again and spread on the plate.

When a head of lettuce or a bunch of celery comes in from market, clean it at once, wrap it in a cloth and put it in the ice-box. It will be ready and crisp when you want it.

For an excellent furniture polish mix together half a quart each of turpentine, paraffin, vinegar and methylated spirit in a pint bottle. When in use, shake well and sprinkle a little on a soft rag and well rub on the furniture. Polish with a soft duster.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

FURS

Follow the lead of the best. Buy the fur. Buy your furs to winter. Buy your furs to winter. Buy your furs to winter. Buy your furs to winter.

The Friend.

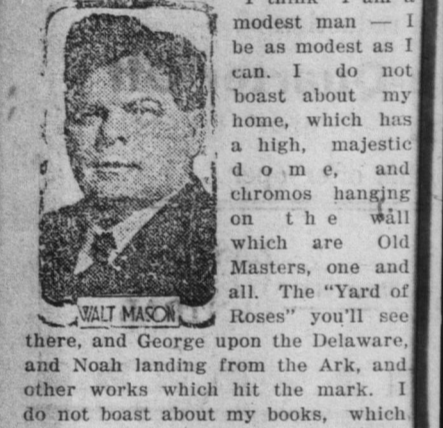
Somewhere in France you fell—
 The wild earth laps you, but I cannot
 If you sleep well
 Out there.

Someone, I know not who,
 Had put a cross, a date, at the head
 Of you
 Before I ever knew.
 My dear.

Something you tried to say,
 Some word—
 Meant for but one to hear that hour,
 That day,
 Ah well, I have not heard,
 Nor may.

Somewhere, I know not how
 Or when,
 'Tis said the quick and dead shall
 Meet again;
 It will be Heaven then.
 But now

Sometimes I wonder why
 God—chose
 The lives we craved and passed our
 Prayers by.
 Have I not prayed to die
 God knows
 —Erida Wolfe, in the Sphere.



RULES SUSPENDED.
 I think I am a modest man—I do not boast about my home, which has a high, majestic dome, and chromes hanging on the wall which are Old Masters, one and all. The "Yard of Roses" you'll see there, and George upon the Delaware, and Noah landing from the Ark, and other works which hit the mark. I do not boast about my books, which you will find in shelves and nooks. The leaders of the world of thought are all among the books I've bought; I have them all, a noble host, but I don't stand around and boast. I do not boast of deeds I've done, of things achieved, of prizes won. I've always viewed with wrath and scorn the man who thus would tout his horns, for if in sight we may excel, the world will know it very well. I try to be, from day to day, an unassuming, modest guy; but when I talk about my car, and how she hustles, near and far, and climbs the steepest hills on high, and makes the dust and gravel fly, no stranger, hearing me, would think that I'm a meek and humble gink.

In the World of Sport.

WON Lightweight Championship.
 Melbourne, Australia, Nov. 11.—Clew Edwards won the lightweight championship of Australia to-day in a twenty-round bout with Herd McCoy. The match was fought brilliantly and went to the limit, Edwards winning on points.

Irish Jockey Wins Victoria Cross.
 London, Nov. 13.—The Victoria Cross has been awarded to Thomas Hughes, a famous Irish jockey from the Curragh, for a conspicuous act of gallantry at the front. Hughes, a private in the Connaught Rangers, was wounded in an attack, but returned at once to the firing line after having his wounds dressed. Later, seeing a hostile machine gun, he dashed in out in front of his company, shot the gunner and single-handedly captured the gun. Though again wounded, he brought back three prisoners. A son of Patrick Hughes, of Castle Blayney, he is one of the many Irishmen in the Connaught Rangers, and is the second County Monaghan man to win the honor.

Great Five Mile Race at Quebec.
 Monday's Quebec Telegraph says: About 5,000 people were at the Maitsonne track Saturday afternoon when Frankie Bogash in a race with Marconi, established a new world's harness record. Considering the small track, which was heavy in some places, and the cold weather prevailing, the performance time of 12:24 for the five miles is wonderful. Alderman Usher Gavin steered her to victory.

It is estimated that about \$7,000 cleared hands over the race. Frankie Bogash is owned by J. M. Landry, of this city. The race was close all the way and at the finish Marconi was only about ten lengths behind. Marconi held the lead until the end of the fourth mile when Gavin sent Bogash ahead and both horses raced