

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

Now that the new government standard hour is in general use, the quality of the yeast you use is more important than ever. Use Royal Yeast Cakes. Their quality is absolutely reliable. Bread made with Royal Yeast will keep fresh and moist longer than that made with any other.

Send name and address for copy Royal Yeast Cake Book.

E. W. GILLET CO. LTD.
TORONTO, CANADA
WINNIPEG MONTREAL

Ruled Destiny!

CHAPTER XXX.
THE CURTAIN UPLIFTED.

She came nearer.

"Bruce," mournfully, "what they told me would have mattered little, but—but I saw for myself!"

"Saw for yourself! Saw what?" he demanded.

She turned her head away.

"Bruce, I—I was in the greenhouse on the afternoon you came back from Scarfross to meet Lady Blanche, and saw and heard all that passed between you! Oh, Bruce, Heaven forgive you as—I—I have done!" and the tears welled to her eyes.

There was silence for a moment, silence broken by an awful oath.

She started and turned to him. He had flung the gate open and stood before her, his eyes blazing into hers, his lips set.

"Are you mad?" he cried, almost inaudibly. "Florin, look at me! Look at me! Look at me, I say!"

She raised her eyes to his fearlessly, though there was something awful in the expression of his face.

"Now tell me, slowly, carefully, what you mean; what you think you saw."

She opened her lips once, twice; the scene came back in all its force and shook her very soul.

"Bruce, I saw you at her feet. I heard you implore her to fly with you. I heard you tell her that you had never loved—loved—any other than her! I heard you say that I—oh, I cannot go on! Spare me!"

"You saw—you heard!" he said, his face close to hers. "Great Heaven! am I going mad! When was this?"

"The day you left Ballyfoe for Scarfross. Ah! have you no pity on me, no mercy?"

"The day I left Ballyfoe!" he repeated, disregarding her entreaty.

"You say I came back to Ballyfoe—that I saw Blanche? It is a lie! Do you hear? It is a lie! Whoever told you—but you saw me, you say? Florin, let me look at you. Is this my Florin who stands here and tells me this? Am I mad—are we both mad? Merciful Heaven, what does this mean? Listen to me!" and he drew her closer to him by her arm, so close that his hot breath fanned her cheek. "Listen to me as if the words I am going to speak were those of a dying man! Florin, you could not have seen me on that day—you did not see me as you describe it, on any day, at that time; but on that day—I tell you solemnly, here face to face, with Heaven above us to hear me, that I did not come back to Ballyfoe that day!"

She panted, and drew back her head to gaze at him.

"Bruce!"

"I did not come back," he repeated, in a frenzied voice. "I went straight to Scarfross! Great Heaven!—do you doubt me! A dozen witnesses can prove it. There were men whose side I never left, Lord Harry—Donald. Go back!—why I did not go back for weeks; I was nearly killed the following morning—"

"Ah!" she breathed, her breath coming in quick gasps.

"Was struck down by a stag, and kept at Scarfross for weeks confined to my bed—to my room. All this can be proved! Are you listening? Why do you stare at me so?"

"Then—then, that is why you did

not write!" she gasped, an awful sense of mystery enwrapping her.

"Yes! At first I was senseless for days; unable to write for weeks. When I was able, they told me that you had—had fled with Bertie! Now do you understand that you cannot have seen me with Blanche, as you suppose?"

She uttered a cry of despair.

"Bruce, I saw you—"

"Great Heaven! I shall go mad!"

"And if it was not you—who was it?"

He looked at her scared, frightened face.

"Who was it? I saw you—heard you speak to her. The girl Josine—"

"Josine!" he muttered.

"Josine told me that I should do so; led me to the place; stood beside me. If you speak of proof—ask her. Oh, Bruce! and yet—and yet—"

He laughed grimly, savagely.

"And yet you think I speak the truth. My poor Florin! My brain is reeling! There is some devilish mystery at the bottom of this! What it is, Heaven only knows; but I will learn. The girl Josine, you say—where is she? and Blanche—"

"Who told you that I had fled with Lord Clifford?" asked Florin, quickly.

"Blanche!" he returned quickly.

A cold shudder ran through her, and her head drooped.

"Do you mean to say that—" he could not go on for a moment—"that Blanche lied, and purposely deceived me?—deceived both of us?" he said, hoarsely.

She shook her head wearily.

"I do not know! I cannot say! It is all dark, dark to me!"

"But there shall be light!" he exclaimed. "Blanche is here in Florence. She shall tell me the truth; the girl Josine, I will write the truth from her! Oh, my darling! Oh, Florin, my Florin! thank Heaven it is not too late!" and he put out his arms.

She drew back from him, deathly pale, and her lips parted slowly, sadly.

"Too late; it is too late!" she murmured, gently. "We cannot bring back the past. It is too late! Think of Blanche, Bruce! She has done no wrong. You—you are to be married to her—"

His hands fell to his side, and he turned his face away.

"Why should she suffer? For us, Bruce, all is lost save honor. You must still keep that! There has been some dark mystery; I do not know what it is, no, not even yet; but we have met again too late. Good-by."

A Serious Matter

There is a delicacy about mentioning piles. And yet so many suffer needlessly who could be readily relieved and cured if they only knew about Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Men tell one another about this remarkably successful treatment. But many women pine away their health and vitality, dreading a surgical operation and not knowing how easily they can be cured at home by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Bruce—good-by. In time, far away in the future, we may meet—" her voice broke, and with a groan he took a step toward her, but she drew still further back—"in time you and I will meet as friends—dear, true friends—but no more, Bruce. Good-by!"

She put out her hand as she spoke and he seized it and held it.

"Good-by!" he cried, hoarsely. "Do you think I am going to let you go like this? No! Florin you are mine—you love me still—"

"Ah yes," she breathed, the tears running down her sweet face; "I love you still; but it is because of that we must part. Stand firm by your honor, Bruce; do not play Lady Blanche false as—as I once thought that you had played me. Good-by!"

He caught her hand to his lips and kissed it passionately, his hot lips burning it, and with a cry of mingled pain and joy that he could so kiss her, she drew her hand away, and vanished.

CHAPTER XXXI.
TO RIGHT THE WRONG.

LADY BLANCHE, recollecting against the balcony, gazed up at the wan, haggard face with the black, somber eyes glowing like lamps amid its whiteness.

"What are you doing here?" she gasped. "What do you want with me?"

He looked down at her with a fixed, intent expression on his face, as if he were looking through her, like the man playing some difficult part, and trying to remember it. The look haunted her for years afterward.

"Why are you here?" she demanded. "You promised to—"

"Keep away from England," he said, and his voice sounded dull and hollow. "Is this England? I have not sought you, you have followed me. It

is the hand of fate! If I had not seen you to-night I should have been a hundred miles away. It is fate! We played with it for some time, trod it under foot, and laughed at it; it is fate's turn now to laugh at us, to tread us under its avenging feet. Lady Blanche, the whirligig of time brings its own revenge; it has brought vengeance upon us—"

"What do you mean?" she said, trying to look him down, to awe him with the cold hauteur which was her second nature; but the dark eyes did not flinch, the hard, hollow voice did not falter. Like some prophet of old he stood before her, unyielding, implacable. "Why did you follow me here to the hotel? Do you want money? If so you shall have it; I will send it to you. Every moment you remain here is one of peril. Lord Norman is with me. He will return immediately, and if he finds you—"

He did not seem to be listening.

"Money!" he said, as if that word alone had caught his ear; "I have sold my soul for money. Judas bought back his blood-stained gold; I bring you back yours, Lady Blanche."

He thrust his hand into his breast pocket as he quickly spoke, and drew a leather case out.

"It is here, all of it! Take it! It has been a curse to me. Look at me, Lady Blanche, and see that I will speak the truth!"

She looked at his haggard face, with its deep lines telling of dissipation and remorse; at the white hair which, when she had last seen him, was black as Lord Norman's; at the cavernous eyes gleaming with a feverish intensity of purpose.

"Since I left you in England, carrying the price of my treachery with me, I have been living the life of a gambler. I have been like one drifting toward the whirlpool of destruction, conscienceless—without remorse, but a hand was stretched out to save me! To-day, Lady Blanche, for the first time, I have seen the cruelty and villainess of our work in its true colors. It is as if a veil had been torn from before my eyes and the true meaning of what we conspired to do, and did, was revealed to me. Lady Blanche, you asked me when last we met if I had no remorse. I laughed the question away. It is my turn to ask you if you feel none?"

She made a gesture in the negative.

"It has fallen upon me, it will fall upon you. Thank Heaven, while you have time that it is not too late to repair your evil work!"

"What do you mean?" she asked, in a voice of suppressed anger and doubt.

"Thank Heaven that you are not married to Bruce Norman! The task would have been a thousand times harder for you if you had been; it is plenty hard enough now!"

"What is hard? Why do you talk and look so strangely?" she demanded, trying to speak haughtily, but trembling.

"This night, Lady Blanche, Lord Norman must be told all that you and I have done."

"What!" she gasped.

"This night he must be shown how cruel an injustice has been wrought an innocent girl; he must be told that it was you who were false, and not Florin Carlisle!"

She looked at him for a moment with a very wild, incredulous stare, then laughed a suppressed laugh of much scorn and defiance.

"I see! You want more money."

He dropped the leather case at her feet with a dull, grim apathy.

She started.

"If it is not money, what is it you want?" she said. "You will not deceive me with this rant! You forget that I am acquainted with your love of the melodramatic. This is, I suppose, a piece of play-acting for my especial behoof and amusement, or—" she turned pale, and her eyes flashed—"you have met with Florin Carlisle and betrayed me! Is that it? She has bought you over—perhaps promised you half of Lord Norman's wealth. Is that it? You have met her?"

He eyed her listlessly, wearily, with the same set look of resolution.

"Yes, I have met her," he said; and for the first time a faint touch of color came into his face. "I have seen her, and I love her!"

"You love her!" she echoed.

"I love her. Do not misunderstand me, Lady Blanche. I love her without hope; I am content to love her so that I can make her repayment. It is all I have to live for, and I will do it."

There was silence for a moment.

(To be Continued.)

Baby Carriages and Carts!

We have just received a small shipment of

Baby Carriages and Carts,

which we are selling at our usual low prices.



Martin-Royal Stores Hardware Co.
m.t.h.t.y

Use Beaver Board for Cellings and Walls.

IT WON'T CRACK—CAN'T FALL—LOOKS BETTER—COSTS LESS.

IMPORTANT

Bear in mind that Beaver Board is as much superior to the inferior grades of wall board as pitch pine is superior to low grade pine board.

Each panel of Beaver Board has our trade mark, "A BEAVER", and the words "BEAVER BOARD" stamped on the reverse side. Look for it.

N. B.—The words Beaver Board describe our product and no other. We are prepared to prosecute any person who represents inferior stuff as being Beaver Board.

THE BEAVER BOARD COMPANY, LTD.,
Ottawa, Canada.

Colin Campbell, Limited Distributors.

Ladies' Mercerized SILK Sweater COATS,

With Large Shawl Collar and Girdle.

A Snappy Offering, \$4.80 each.

Special to Teachers We are giving a discount of 10 per cent.

S. MILLEY,

WRIGLEY'S



Any Way You Turn you will find WRIGLEY'S. Everybody thinks of WRIGLEY'S when chewing gum is mentioned. This is the result of years of effort to give mankind the benefits and enjoyment of this low-cost sweetmeat.

WRIGLEY'S helps appetite and digestion—alays thirst—renews vigour.

MADE IN CANADA

Sealed tight—Kept ripe!

The Flavour Lasts



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

Fortunes in Sick

Should you go to the seaside this summer, keep your eyes open for Ambergis. It's worth a lot of money—perhaps \$25 or \$30 an ounce. Ambergis is a precious substance found floating on the sea, and sometimes it is washed on shore. Within the last few years a vessel owned in Provincetown, Mass., has brought in pieces of this substance valued at some \$30,000. A man who finds a medium sized piece of this jelly, which hardens by exposure to the air, might invest it for life. A lump the size of a bathtub would raise the mortgage on an old homestead.

Ambergis for many years has been a mystery. It was usually found floating around in the sea, and it came and what its composition was were long unknown. Years ago an obscure person discovered its nature and valuable qualities. But makers had long been troubled by evanescent properties of the substance and the great need had been felt to produce staying quality.

This genius took four ounces of the mysterious substance known as Ambergis and dissolved it in a few drops of cologne spirits, thus producing a perfume of Ambergis. The perfume allowed to stand for a year or two after which a small quantity of drops, mingled with perfume of an odor that lingers.

But Ambergis, being so scarce, commands an enormous price. Perfumers use it in only their most expensive perfumes.

In recent years scientists have established the fact that Ambergis is really the secretion of a whale, and that it is really a secretion of a whale, and that it is really a secretion of a whale, and that it is really a secretion of a whale.

Whale hunters always look for the carcass of a capercaze whale. This substance. But whales are scarce than they once were, and many of them are suffering with