

HOME-MADE BREAD

Home bread-making reduces the high cost of living by lessening the amount of expensive meats required to supply the necessary nourishment to the body. The increased nutritious value of bread made in the home with

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

should be sufficient incentive to the thoughtful housewife to give this important food item the attention to which it is justly entitled. Bread made with Royal Yeast will keep fresh and moist longer than that made with any other.

Made in Canada

For Love of a Woman;

New Romeo and Juliet.

CHAPTER XXVII
"THE GLASS OF FASHION."

"Then he is as rich as I," said Doris, in a low voice.

"Yes; but—but— But there; what is the use of talking; it's his face and his voice, of course. And how long have you heard him? Are you sure you love him?"

Doris's face grew scarlet for a moment, then went pale again.

"He loves me very dearly and truly," she murmured, almost inaudibly.

"Yes! That's nothing wonderful; so do other men. But you, you—do you love him?"

"I shall marry him," said Doris, gently.

Lady Despard almost groaned.

"Why, child, you must have taken leave of your senses. You have consented to marry a poor man, a man of whom one knows nothing, and you haven't even the excuse that you love him!"

Doris leaned her head upon her hand so that her face was hidden from Lady Despard's anxiously searching eyes.

"I respect him. I think him worthy."

Lady Despard broke in impatiently: "My dear, dear child, how can you tell? What experience have you had?"

Doris looked up with a swift spasm of pain.

"I have had some experience," she said, in a low, troubled voice. "You ask me if I love him. He knows that I do not, and he is content. Lady Despard, I have had two great sorrows in my life—the loss of him who stood as a father to me was the one; the other was the discovery that the man to whom I had given my heart—" She stopped. "Is it so easy to love and lose and forget and love again so quickly?"

Lady Despard laid her hand upon her head with tender sympathy.

"My poor Doris!" she said, gently and pityingly. "And that is why you are so cold to them all? I might have known there was something. I am so sorry, dear! But—but why consent to marry Percy Levant?"

Doris smiled wearily.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Keep the stomach well, the liver active, the bowels regular, and the breath will be sweet and healthy. But let poisons accumulate in the digestive organs, the system becomes clogged, gases form in the stomach and affect the breath.

Correct

these conditions with Beecham's Pills. They promptly regulate the bodily functions and are a quick remedy for sour stomach and **Bad Breath**

Largest Sale of any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25c.

"I don't be angry with me—I don't think I can answer in set terms. Perhaps it is because I think I can make him happy; perhaps it is because he is as lonely as I am, or should be but for you, dear Lady Despard. Why should I not marry him and make his life happier and brighter? Perhaps—"

her lips quivered—"I shall learn to forget the past, now that I have buried it forever!"

Lady Despard looked at her with troubled apprehension.

"My dear—" she commenced; but Doris stopped her, almost excitedly.

"If you are going to tell me that that is hopeless, that I shall never forget, don't go on," she said, in a low, hurried voice. "Right or wrong, I have given my word, and—and for the future it is of him I shall think and not of myself. I am a woman—and shall not break my promise," she added, almost to herself, and with a touch of bitterness as she thought of the man who had broken his promise to her. "Dear Lady Despard, I have told you because I thought it right you should know, because—with a little wince—"I will never again conceal anything—anything that should be told. And now you will accept it as something fixed and irrevocable, will you not? And you will wish me happiness?" she added, looking up at her with a smile shining through a veil of tears.

Lady Despard stopped and put her arm round the slender neck and kissed her.

"Wish you happiness? With all my heart, dear!" she said, warmly. "And now you must forgive all I have said. I was a little surprised, and—yes, just a little disappointed. I was thinking of the poor prince, you must remember. But, after all, you have chosen the handsomest and nicest man of them all; and I'm sure all the women will be fit to die with envy." Doris smiled at this characteristic touch.

"And as to his being poor—why, we will see about that, my dear. They tell me I've no end of influence, and it will be a very hard case if we can't find some nice place for him. Oh, you needn't blush, dear; I know he is proud, and you, too; but it's the duty of practical folks like me to look after such romantic young couples as you. Who do you think has come?"

Doris shook her head.

"I don't think I'm equal to the feeblest kind of conundrum to-night," she said.

"I daresay not. Well, Mr. Spenser Churchill—your guardian, as I call him—is here."

Doris started.

"He!" she said, in a low voice, as the old feeling of mingled fear and repugnance rose within her.

"Yes. I was as surprised as you are, for he had not written, as you know. He is out in the grounds looking for you—"

Doris rose almost hastily.

"I—I think I will go to bed," she said. "I am very tired, and you will excuse me."

"Oh, yes, I'll excuse you," said Lady Despard, smiling. "It is only natural that you should want to run away and hide yourself to-night. And am I to tell him, dear?"

Doris turned at the door.

"You may tell everyone," she said, quietly. "All the world may know it. It is quite fixed and certain, Lady Despard."

Doris lay awake all through that night trying to realise the fact that she was betrothed to Percy Levant, and by the morning she had succeeded. She would begin a new chapter of her life from this date. The past, which was illumined by the memory of those happy days in Barton mea-

dows, when she loved and thought herself beloved by Lord Cecil Neville, must be buried forever. In the future she must set her heart upon one task—that of learning to love the man who loved her so truly and devotedly, and whom she had promised to marry.

She went down to breakfast a little paler than usual but very calm and self-possessed, looking, as Lady Despard thought, as she greeted her with a loving hiss, like a lily in her simple, white frock.

"Well, dear!" she said, "you have come down, then! I told Mr. Churchill that you were so tired last night that you would very likely not put in an appearance till lunch. He's on the terrace. Oh! here he is!"

Mr. Spenser Churchill came in at the French window as she spoke, and advanced to Doris with his sweetest and most benevolent smile.

"My dear Miss Marlowe!" he murmured. "How do you do? I am so glad to see you, and looking the picture of health and happiness!—there were dark marks under Doris's eyes, which wore the look a sleepless night always produces—"the very picture of health and happiness! And with good reason—good reason! You see, a little bird has told me the news," and he wagged his head playfully.

"Am I very much like a little bird?" said Lady Despard. "I told him, Doris, dear; you said I might."

"Yes, dear Lady Despard has told me!" he said, spreading his napkin over his knee and smiling upon them both. "And I hasten to express my best and most heartfelt wishes. Lucky Percy! I must confess that I envy him! He is such a dear fellow! I have known him since he was—oh, quite a boy—and he was always, oh, quite too charming! But I never dreamed he would be so fortunate as to win so great a prize as the beautiful Miss Doris!"

Doris took her place in silence. Lady Despard laughed.

"That's a very nice speech, and hits them both," she said.

"And it is such a strange coincidence," he went on. "They say that good luck always comes in showers. Do you know I am the bearer of a very good offer for our dear Percy? I won't give you the particulars, but will only say that it will make him a rich man. Really, the dear fellow is in favor with the gods!"

The door opened and Percy Levant walked in. He bowed to Lady Despard and to Spenser Churchill, then went to Doris, took her hand and raised it to his lips, and, as a matter of course, seated himself next to her.

He held a couple of small bouquets in his hand, and, placing one beside Lady Despard's plate, laid the other against Doris's.

"Oh, thanks," said Lady Despard, talking quickly to cover the little embarrassment. "You have been flower-gathering this morning? And you met Mr. Spenser Churchill last night? I am so glad he has come, for I want to hear all the news—all the London news, I mean! We seem to be quite at the other end of the world here."

Mr. Spenser Churchill shrugged his shoulders amusedly.

"One comes here to learn the news," he said, with a significant smile at Doris and Percy Levant.

Doris's face flushed, but Percy Levant's remained grave.

"As Mr. Churchill has no gossip to relate, perhaps this will be acceptable," he said. "I have just got it by this post," and he took a society journal from his pocket and handed it to Doris to pass to Lady Despard.

"The Glass of Fashion!" exclaimed her ladyship. "How nice! I haven't seen it for ages," and she opened it with a little flush of satisfaction. "I always enjoy The Glass; it is always so charmingly spiteful. It ought to be called The Cup of Poison, for it destroys a reputation every week."

She began turning over the pages of this, the latest product in society journalism, and Spenser Churchill in vain endeavoured to engage Percy Levant in conversation; then suddenly Lady Despard uttered an exclamation.

"What is the matter, dear Lady Despard?" asked Spenser Churchill.

"Has The Glass attacked one of your bosom friends?"

"Oh, no. It's this!" replied Lady Despard. "Just listen:

"Rumour, which is not always untruthful, hinted some time ago at the engagement of one of our principal beauties to the heir of the oldest marquise in England; and we are now authorised to formally announce that Lady Grace Peyton is engaged to Lord Cecil Neville, the heir and nephew of the Marquis of Stoyle. The marriage will take place as soon as the marquis has recovered from his present attack of illness."

"Cecil Neville and Grace Peyton are really engaged, then, and to be married out of hand! Well— Oh, look!—Doris—"

She broke off, with a cry of dismay, for Doris had fallen back in a dead faint.

Mr. Spenser Churchill, with a cry of alarm, sprang from his chair and hastened round the table; but Percy Levant had raised her in his arms, and, as he supported her lifeless form on his breast, stretched out one hand to ward off Spenser Churchill.

"Stand back!" he said, hoarsely, his white face set hard and stern. "You shall not touch her!" and, lifting her body, he carried her into the hall.

CHAPTER XXVIII
ENGAGED.

On this occasion, at least, the society papers did not lie. Lord Cecil Neville and Lady Grace Peyton were engaged! If some marriages are made in heaven, certainly some other matches are made by the gossip-mongers, and this was one of them.

If anyone had told Cecil Neville that in a few short months he would, through having lost Doris, have proposed to Lady Grace, he would have laughed the prophet to scorn; and yet proposed to her he did.

From that eventful morning when he had received, as he thought, irrefutable proof of Doris's faithlessness and treachery, and been rescued from imprisonment by Lady Grace, a great change had fallen upon Cecil Neville. Life had lost its savour, and the days that had used to pass so swiftly, with pleasure at the helm and youth at the prow, hung like lead upon his hands. Time, which most of us find all too short, dragged terribly with him. Do what he would, he could not drown the memory of the beautiful girl whom he had loved so passionately, and whose image seemed engraved upon his heart. Morning, noon, and night her presence seemed to haunt him. He went about as usual for a day or two, but the old amusements—the clubs, where he was always so warmly greeted; the dances, which never seemed complete successes without "Cissy" Neville; the river parties and four-in-hand excursions, in which he was always the leading spirit—all seemed tame and spiritless; and though he laughed as usual, and tried to hide the wound which he had received, his friends noticed that he seemed preoccupied and gloomy; and when he found that they observed it, and that he was sitting silent in the midst of the carnival of pleasure, like the ghost-haunted man in the ballad, he suddenly took his fishing-rod and went off to Norway.

He had met Lady Grace frequently since the morning she had come to his rescue, but they had only exchanged a few words at meeting and parting, as he felt that he could not talk as if nothing had happened, and he would not talk of what had happened, and on the night before his sudden departure he had only said a few concise words of farewell.

"Going to Norway?" she said, in a constrained voice. "Yes? Well, I think that is the best thing you can do; it is all very stupid here in London."

And she had given him her hand and let her magnificent eyes rest on his for a second or two with a look that would have impressed him and set him thinking, if he had ever given thought to any other subject but the faithless girl who had jilted him.

(To be Continued.)

Fashion Plates.

A VERY PLEASING FROCK FOR THE GROWING GIRL.



2230—Plaid suiting and plain serge in a matched color would be nice for this style. It is also nice for velvet, corduroy with satin, serge with taffeta and for all wash fabrics.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 will require 3 3/4 yards of 44 inch material for the dress, and one yard for the plastron.

A Pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or 1c. and 2c. stamps.

A COMBINATION OF TWO POPULAR STYLES.



Blouse 2334. Skirt 2605

Here is a model ideal for sports' wear. The skirt is a plaited model, cut with necessary fullness and graceful lines. Satisfy, crepe de chine or Georgette would be suitable for the blouse, and serge, satin, taffeta, linen or gingham for the skirt.

The blouse is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. The Skirt is cut in 7 Sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires 2 1/2 yards of 54 inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 2 1/2 yards with plaits extended.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. FOR EACH pattern in silver of 1c. and 2c. stamps.

No.

Size

Address in full:—

Name

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KINDS OF KIDNEY DISEASES

BRONCHITIS, RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, GRAVEL, CALCULI, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, SCIATICA, GOUT, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY SYSTEM.

23 THE PHARMACEUTICAL

New Openings

Gent's Furnishings.

Men's Tweed Caps, in Smart Makes.

Men's Soft Felt Hats, at \$3.30 each.

Men's Black and Coloured Cashmere and Finishing Hose.

HENRY BLAIR.

We are still showing a splendid selection of

Tweeds and Serges.

No scarcity at **Maunder's.**

However, we beg to remind our customers these goods are selling rapidly, and cannot be replaced at the same price.

John Maunder,
Tailor and Clothier, St. John's, Nfld.

Certain-teed Roofings.

We are offering roofing at the following bargain prices:

	1-Ply	2-Ply	3-Ply
Certain-teed	\$2.55	3.35	4.10
Sentinel	\$1.85	2.30	2.90

Asphalt Rubber Roofings outwear Felt & require no attention after once laid. Every roll supplied with cement and nails.

GEO. M. BARR.

The M. S. P.

(Graduate of lege, GARR Surgery, Ge)

Phone 62. (O) Jan 15, 1919.

Just 10

M. J.

Plain Retail 10

M. J.

42 Ne

MINARD'S