ROYAL YEAST

MOST PERFECT MADE

MAKES LIGHT WHOLESOME BREAD.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Winsome Winnie

"Madam would not be selfish if those she loved were in trouble or danger, I am sure," answered Winnie. "She does not feel her sympathy excited, as yours is, about poor strangers whom she never saw or heard of. If you or—or her nephew, Captain Tredennick, were in trouble or danger, she would act very differently. It is a lack of sympathy."

"I should say so, decidedly!" Lady Mildred exclaimed, indignantly. "I wonder if any one has been saved. I wonder if they know anything about the vessel yet. What are they are doing down there on the shore, Winnie? Will you ask someone you know—a coastguard or someone else—to tell us?" she said impatiently. "Are they letting people die whilst they save casks and barrels?"

But John Richards, of whom Winnie made inquiries, informed Lady Mountrevor, with a despondent shake of his head, that there was no one saved.

"Leastways, my lady, theer be no one but fower drownded dead corpses—all white and gashly to look at, my lady—'e daren't go anear of 'em."

"But the men that were seen coming in?" Lady Mildred asked, eagerly.

"Bless 'e, my lady—I means," John Richards replied, with a more despondent shake of the head, "they couldn't a-come a-nigh the foot o' the Head; they be dead corpses long ago, my lady."

But John Richards seemed fated to make incorrect statements this morning, and burly Ned Boscawen to hear and reprimand him.

"Who tould of 'e that they was dead?" he demanded of his subordinate, with much acrimony. "Beg 'er pardon, my lady, they was seen alive by young Will Treglyn haafe an hour agone, one on 'em wavin' a white cloth or flag—for help, I s'pose, poor fellows! The young Will Treglyn he see 'em when he climbed out as far as he could on that spur of rock below theer."

"And are you doing nothing to help them?" Lady Mildred asked, with flashing eyes. "Those people below there are risking their lives after the rubbish from the wreck, while the crew perish within sight of aid!"

"We are a sivin' of the cargo as comes in," Ned Boscawen retorted, doggedly; "but that doesn't say as how men can swem haafe a mile through breakers. We can't do nothen tell the tide is full agen, and then maybe the cutter can get out a bit."

"The tide will not be out yet for an hour, nearly, and you must wait until it is full again!" Winnie said, laying her thin little hand, like a flake of snow, entreatingly, on the boatswain's rough blue sleeve. "Oh, Ned, can nothing be done before that?"

"Test no manner o' use in 'e bein' asken of that of me?" responded Ned, testily. "Can 'e fly over the cliff like a gull? Can e' swem like a fish? Then, ef 'e can't, 'e can't do nothen, I tell 'e, Miss Winnie, tell full tide."

"Does no one know anything about the vessel—even her name, cargo—anything?" Ladya Mildred inquired again.

"She's bleeved to me a merchantman—her cargo's tea and such like, as far as we can tell—we've seen no name, 'cept her cargo's London bound," Ned replied briefly, edging away from her ladyship's inquiries.

Disconsolately irresolute, they stood where the gruff boatswain had left them in the scant shelter of a high bank—Winnie looking sadly at the raging waves, high and fierce as ever, Lady Mildred, in angry despairing impatience, watching the eager groups on the shore below, between which and the Head intervened the furious seething water and the rocks of the Black Reef, when they both noticed the scattered groups of men, women and boys running together, beckoning and gesticulating in excitement over something which had just been snatched from the returning sweep of the waves—something which had floated in from the wreck, now lying bottom upwards, her broken masts smashing away in splinters; and emerging from the excited crowd around the salvage came John Richards, the blundering, simple minded coastguard, running from the strip of beach up the cliff path.

Winnie, seeing him coming, rushed forward to meet him. Her heart seemed to pause beneath the weight of the presentiment that was the herald of that swift comer's awful news.

"What is it, John Richards? What have they found?"

John Richards, charging past her in blind confusion and dismay, pulled up short, with a white face and gasping utterances.

"Lor' bless 'e! Aw, my dear—aw, Miss Winnie—how are e' to tell et to un—the poor lady, her ladyship theer, an' the' old Madam Vivian? Aw, 'tes saad! Miss Winnie, my dear, 'tes the cappum's ship—her name's on the starn they've pulled in! Aw, Miss Winnie, 'tes the cappun of the Chittoor as haave been los in this wisht night!" and John Richards, gulping down sobs, was obliged to pause for breath.

For one minute the white angry ocean, the bleak bare land, seemed to whirl and fade away before Winnifred Caerlyon's eyes, and the icy breath of the sea mists to enter within her and freeze every warm pulse of life into stillness; but the calm presence of mind, the ability to rule and guide the breaking heart and burning brain, which is the merciful gift of those frail, gentle womanly natures which always cover so strong and yet so meek a soul, did not desert her now. There was something to be done yet; by and by would be time enough for agony and despair.

"Lady Mountrevor, dear Lady Mountrevor"—she put her slender arms around the tall Juno-like form—"they have learned the name of the ship."

"What is it?" Lady Mildred asked, in momentary amazement. "Winnie, why do you look so? Oh, Winnie, Winnie," she cried with an imploring shriek of terror and dismay, "do I know the name? Winnie, answer me! Oh, Stephen, Stephen! Is is cousin Stephen's? Winnie, I don't believe it. They are mistaken. It could not be—it could not be!" he went on, wildly. "What are they talking of? The merchantman, Chittoor? Nonsense, nonsense, I tell you!"

Fiercely and angrily in her grief and bewilderment, she caught Winnie's arm, and at reckless speed hurried her down the steep path to the strip of beach and the excited crowd below. Respectfully and with muttered exclamations of sympathy, the people fell back as she approached, and two Cornish miners held up to the cold morning light a dripping piece of wood, the stern and name-board of a ship, with lengths of splintered timbers attached.

"What is the name? Can you read it, Winnie? It is all scratched and batterer—no one can make it out!" Lady Mildred cried, in desperation, against the evidence of her senses.

By Winnie Caerlyon, looking with tearless eyes on those large white and gilded letters on a dark painted background, they could be deciphered as easily as the letters of a child's alphabet, as easily as a message in a well known writing, as surely, as accurately as the dread words of a death warrant. She did not doubt or disbelieve; it was death — Stephen Tredennick's death that she was looking on—that stormy sea his grave, that black dismantled hulk lying on Tregarthen Reef his only coffin, if indeed his dead body was not the sport of those fierce leaping seething billows.

Perhaps he had been drowned early in the night, and those fierce waves had been beating on that dear, noble, kindly face, face, so fixed and white, and in a moment! Oh, what shall we do—what shall we do? The tide is on the turn and no chance of rescue! Winnie, Winnie, tell me what are we to do? on the broad, strong breast whose kindly heart was stilled for ever, all through the dreadful hours of darkness? Perhaps that was why she had felt that unearthly terror of the cruel storm? Perhaps that was why her blood had run cold at each crash of the breakers, each shriek of the tempest Because they had been murdering Stephen Tredennick!

Death had been abroad in the wild night—death within and without! Death-dirges were ringing through the air—death-cries coming on each sweeping blast of the storm! Had not some one else died? Albert Gardiner was dead, and Stephen Tredennick was dead—how many had died? Was everybody dying? How manym more were to die?

In a kind of delirious trance she had sunk on her knees on the wet sand, staring vacantly at the name lettered so clearly that it seemed to burn through her sight and write its fatal message on her brain, thinking of the cruel, tossing waves—tossing, tossing, all through the long, dark, pitiless hours—tossing something which had become their prey—while she—oh, merciful Heaven!—sat sheltered from the storm, warmly wrapped, on a couch by a bright fire! The horror of the thought seemed to benumb her faculties, as she uttered slowly, as if her lips refused to pronounce the words—"Chittoor—the Chittoor—Lady Mildred!"

"The Chittoor! Is it the Chittoor that is lying over there? Winnie, is it?" Lady Mildred cried. "But they escaped—some escaped—Stephen may have escaped! Some were saved—Stephen may be amongst them! Perhaps he may—don't you think Stephen escaped, Winnie?" she reiterated, piteously.

"I don't know," Winnie replied, in a stunned, dreary way; "we must ask the survivors—we must reach them first."

"Yes—yes, at once!" Lady Mildred cried, eagerly. "I will give a hundred guineas to the first man who will reach them by the cliffs!"

There was eager disputing, clamoring, persuading, dissuading—women crying, men vociferating—amongst the group for several minutes, and at the height of the discussion Winnie Caerlyon put her hand on John Richard's arm again and drew him aside.

It required repeated directions to reach willing John's dull understanding, but he finally set off at a steady trot, shaking his head dismally and muttering hopelessly to himself the while.

"Ropes—strong new ropes—there are none long or strong enough here. I sent him to tell my father what we are going to do," Winnie said, in reply to Lady Mildred's questing; "there are two or three new coils always in the boat house."

"But those cowardly creatures," Lady Mildred exclaimed, passionately, dashing away the blinding tears from her eyes—"we cannot make them go down the cliffs—no reward will make them attempt it! A brave sailor would go Winnie, it is Stephen Tredennick who is perhaps down there amongst those few half-drowned, half-starved men! Oh dear Stephen, what shall I do?" she wrung her hands and sobbed aloud.

"We shall get news very soon, please Heaven—very soon we shall know the truth, Lady Mildred."

"How—how? They are afraid to venture, the miserable wretches!"" Lady Mildred cried, with a wail of despair.

"They are only poor miners and a few fisher-lads, besides the Coastguard men; and Tregarthen Head is a tremendous height above the Reef," Winnie Caerlyon explained. "But don't fear, Lady Mildred; I know one who will go, if no one else will."

"Why?" she asked, looking round eagerly. But Winnie Caerlyon turned away without a reply. Presently she perceived the distant forms of men hurrying from the Coastguard station with the coils of rope.

"Now, Lady Mildred," she called, "here are the ropes. Offer your reward, and let us see who will volunteer. Will any of you risk your life to save the lives of the poor fellows on the Black Reef?" Winnie asked, walking in amongst the crowd. "Will any one of you men volunteer to go over the cliff with a rope?"

A kind of shuddering silence ran through the group, each man looking into his neighbor's face.

"A hundred guineas to him who does it, my men!" Lady Mildred said, passionately, trying to compel herself to soax and entreat, when she would fain have ordered instant obedience. "Is there not one that will try? You know whose ship is the one lost and broken over there on the rocks—you know who I would fain dare hope is amongst the few who have escaped—you knew him as well as I," she said; and, in spite of pride and fierce impatience, she burst into tears before them. "If you will not try to save Captain Stephen Tredennick—Tredennick of Tregarthen—for his own sake, for your memory of him, my entreaty is, I fear, useless. Five hundred pounds to him who saves him!"

"I'll do it!" my lady!" The brave words came from the youngest man in the crowd—a mere lad in years—curly-haired Will Treglyn, a poor crippled miner's only son.

"Oh, not you, Will, not you, and your poor father with no one else!" the women cried.

"I'll do my best, I tell 'e!" cried sturdy Will. "I'll have a try for et, anyhows."

"Oh, Will, your poor mother—it will be her death!" the women chorused again.

"Is his mother here?" demanded Lady Mildred, turning on the frightened group so that they quailed into muttering silence. "Then hold your tongues, and let the brave fellow alone!"

Winnie Caerlytn grasped his hand and pressed it tightly.

"God bless you, Willie Treglyn!" she said fervently. "Your mother may well be proud of you."

"It's madness—madness, I tell 'e, sir," Ned Boscawen grumbled to his officer. "Will Treglyn may go swinging over th' Head for a few feet, but ef the rope don't cut and smash him, below theer, he'll haave to be hauled up as wise as he went down."

The rope was around young Will's waist, and Lady Mildred, standing by his side, was uttering promises and encouragement, whilst Winnie gave him some brandy from the large flask which they had brought with them, secured it safely to his waist belt, adjusted the ropes with her little fingers so that they should not gall him, and was shaking his hand and bidding him "God-speed," when, warned by an alarmed officious neighbor of her boy's intention, Molly Treglyn, bare-headed and in her scanty cotton gown, came running up the road to the Head, and in a minute had him in her arms, shrieking, sobbing, and protesting that not for twice five hundred—ten times five hundred pounds—would she stand to look at her child's murder, tearing at the ropes, kissing him, scolding him violently, crying over him, and giving him smart blows and shakes alternately.

"Mother, do 'e be quiet!" brave young Will said, trying to wrest himself away from her hold. "I be goin 'only to see ef et can be done. They'll haul me up as soon as ever I give the segnal to 'em. Do 'e be quiet, mother—and thenk," he whispered—"her ladyship's goin' to gev e' a hunnerd pound, mother, ef I only try to go down a bit! 'Tesn't nothen, I tell 'e—I've gone nigh as bad places for gull's eggs," said Will, drawing on his imagination. "'Twon't take me very long neither. A hundred pound, mother! 'Twell set 'e and faather up for the rest of 'eer lives!"

"An' wheer'll 'e be when we've the hundred pound? Aw, Willie, my laad!"

A band of men formed; the great rope wound in and out around their arms as they stood one behind the other. Out crept young Will Treglyn to the crumbling edge of the precipice. Holding their breaths, the men watched him drop himself over the edge, while his mother, sitting on the ground with staring eyeballs, moaned with every breath from the anguish of her suspense. Waist, shoulders, head, slowly slipped down out of sight, and the Cornish miners commenced slowly to "pay out" the rope.

Slowly, carefully, with jerks from below, the rope went down, down; then came a jerk, a sudden strain; then more rope was paid out, followed by a terrible strain, a violent jerk that threw one of the rope-holders on his face, then came continued jerks, and a terrible strain again, and then a long pause.

"Somethen haave happened to un," the men muttered; "there hain't a hunnerd foot of rope paid out yet."

There was a long pause, with only straining and jerking at the rope, and then, after another long pause, without waiting for the signal, the men commenced to pull up. Slowly up came the rope and its burden again, and, with a cheer, and with renewed outcries and tears from his mother at the sight of her "laad" dripping with sea-water, his hands and face covered with blood, and one arm hanging useless, broken, at his side, they hauled Will Treglyn on to the sod.

"'Twas they breakers," said poor Will, in his Cornish dialect. "They gev' un a blaw here, a blaw theer, an' aflung me here, an' twisted they rope around they rocks; an' a tried to clear et, an' a cuddent—a cuddent ef a was to try haafe a day. An' then a got a-top ev a grut rock, an' a tried to hould on, an' was pitched clane agen the cliff, an' an arm sweshed; an then a cuddent do nothen moore. I be sorry, my lady," said poor Will, earnestly, with his left hand wiping away the blood trickling from his brows. "Ef ma arm wasn't broken, I'd go down again en a mennit—that a would! They poor fellows is alive—they see me, an' one on 'em gev un a shout; an' a wish a could go down to 'em agen!"

"No, no, my poor fellow; you have done what you could," said Lady Mildred. "Go up to Tregarthen House, Mrs. Treglyn, for whatever you may require. Tell the housekeeper you were sent by me, and get the doctor for your brave son at once. And now what is to be done?" she asked of those around, looking at each pallid, frightened face in gloomy despair.

"Lady Mildred, Lady Mildred"—the little figure by her side moved closer, and the upturned, earnest eyes glittered like jewels beneath the blue-veined temples—"don't fear yet—there's one will go yet! Don't fear—there's one that will go surely yet!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

"This storm affects my nerves dreadfully," Madam said, peevishly. "I cannot think what is the matter with me. Are you sure the portiere is drawn, Trewhella? The room feels full of draughts. Stir up the fire, please, and draw that banner-screen out farther."

"Will you have your woolwork, Madam?" Miss Trewehlla asked in a most sympathetic voice. "It do try the nerves, Madam, awful! I reely myself as if my head was quite light, and my heart flutterin' like a bird, reely, Madam. I'm sure it's no wonder you should be nervous. It is well for her ladyship to be as strong and as brisk as she is—reely amazing isn't it, Madam, to see her?"

"Her ladyship is under the impression that she has a remarkably excitable, impressionable, nervous system," said Madam, rather spitefully. "To see her this morning one would imagine that she was used to living on the cliffe and being out in all weathers, like little Winnie Caerlyon."

Miss Trewhella tittered, and then finished off with a little cough.

"It 's just a fancy of her ladyship's, as you say, Madam, running about as if she was born and bred like poor little Miss Winnie. Up at Tregarthen, before daylight this mornin', I saw them goin' off, and Miss Winnie with a black poplin skirt of her ladyship's on her—must have been a mile too long for her—he—he—he! Reely—I beg your pardon, Madam—I thought I should have burst out laughing when I saw it on her. It's very nice and kind of her ladyship; I dare say she'll keep Miss Winnie at Tregarthen, sawing and doing up things now until the Captain comes home. Miss Winnie is so clever at making things up nice, and her ladyship do seem to have took such a wonderfud fancy to her."

There was a sly sneer in Miss Trewhella's furtive glance at her mistress, as the old lady pettishly took off her glasses, declaring that they made her eyes ache, and pushed the basket of wools away.

(To be Continued.)

HOW TO OBTAIN GOOD DIGESTION

The Stomach Must be Toned and Strengthened Through the Blood.

The victim of indigestion who wants to eat a good meal, and he will suffer if he eats one, finds poor consolation in picking and choosing a diet. As a matter of fact you cannot get relief by cutting down your diet to a starvation basis. The stomach must be strengthened until you can eat good nourishing food. The only way to strengthen the stomach is to enrich the blood and thus tone up the nerves that control it. The only way to enrich the blood, and tone up the nerves, and give strength to the stomach—strength that will enable it to properly digest any kind of food—is through a fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The one mission of these Pills is to make rich, red blood, that reaches every part and every organ of the body, bringing renewed health and activity. The following case illustrates the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in indigestion:

Miss Lottie Carr, of Lequille, N.S., says. "For several years I have been a great sufferer from chronic indigestion. At times I almost loathed food, and no matter how hungry, I found that to eat even lightly was followed by great distress and often nausea. I tried many so-called cures, but did not get more than temporary relief, and naturally I was going down both in health and strength, and was greatly discouraged. While in this despondent condition I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I doubted that they would cure me after so many medicines had failed, but as I wanted health and the Pills were highly recommended, I decided to try them. I am thankful now that I did so, for after taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for five or six weeks every vestige of the trouble had left me, and I was again blessed with the best of health. From my own experience I believe there is no case of indigestion Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not cure, if given a fair trial."

You can get these Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Dizzy Headaches Cured in One Night

If Troubled With Head Fullness, Ringing Noises, Specks Before the Eyes, the Stomach is at Fault.

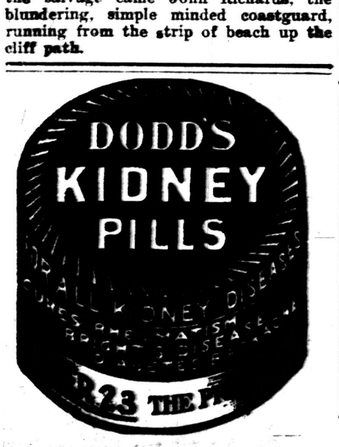
Quick Relief and Certain Cure Came From Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

"I had terrible pains in my head. My appetite faded away, and when I did eat anything it disagreed and made me very sick for hours after each meal. The pains in my stomach and the dizzy headaches I had to endure almost set one wild. Sometimes attacks came on so severely that I had to go to bed. I would feel so worn, depressed and utterly miserable that for hours I wouldn't speak to my family. My system was poisoned with wastes, and nothing helped me till I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Without this grand system-cleaning remedy I would still be sick, but each day brought me better health and spirits. I was cured and made strong, ruddy, and healthy, and will always use and recommend Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

"MRS. B. C. CURRAN.

"Westport P. O."

Thousands who are in an ailing, low state of health need nothing else but Dr. Hamilton's Pills. 25c. per box, or five boxes for $1.00, at all druggists and storekeepers, or the Catarrhozone Company, Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Ont.



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Alifetime of disfigurement and suffering often results from the neglect, in infancy or childhood, of simple skin affections. In the prevention and treatment of minor eruptions and in the promotion of permanent skin and hair health, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are absolutely unrivaled.

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OUR PRECISE ARTIST.

"Ring around a rosy."

SHE TOOK HER FRIEND'S ADVICE

AND DOD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HER SON.

Straight and Simple Statement Tells of Another Grand Cure by the Old Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Springhaven, Yarmouth Co., N. S.—Mar. 10.—(Special)—Simple and straight to the point is the statement of Mrs. Erven C. Trefry, of this place, but it tells of another grand cure by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"My fifteen-year-old son, Angus," Mrs. Trefry states, "suffered from pain in his back, headache, and a pain over his eyes.

"He was so bad he could not walk across the flood. My friends advised me to give him Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"They cured him."

That young Trefry's kidneys were wrong is evidenced by the cure. Dodd's Kidney Pills only cure diseased kidneys. They never fail to do that.

The reason they cure rheumatism, backache, gravel, dropsy, Bright's disease, diabetes, and kindred diseases, is that these all spring from disordered kidneys.

If you have any of these diseases you haven't tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. Ask your neighbors. They'll tell you Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure them.

OUR PRECISE ARTIST.

"He rowed a horse."

U. S. LAW'S DELAYS.

(Niagara Falls, N. Y., Gazette)

When twenty-eight persons were killed by a steamboat explosion on the Chicago river in 1889 their heirs brought suits for damages. They had a good case, as has just been decided finally afted twenty-three years of trials, more appeals, and so on. But the heirs will get no money for the very good reason that they are all dead. If any of them have chance to survive they might or might not have found anything left for them after paying the lawyers. Yes, our American Judical system is all right; the only trouble is that people refuse to live long enough.

YOUR BABY'S SKIN

Is the most delicate fabric in the world. You may cause it permanent harm by using poisonous mineral ointments for the little rashes and eruptions that every baby suffers from occasionally. Don't take any chances. Use Zam-Buk, the baby's best balm.

Zam-Buk is made from fine herbal extracts, and is free from any harmful poisonous coloring matter. Like the grasses and the flowers, nature has colored it green. It is nature's own healer!

Most ointments and salves have, as their foundation, various animal oils and fats. Zam-Buk does not contain one atom of animal substance. Most ointments and salves are too coarse to be absorbed by the tender delicate skin of a baby, and remain on the skin an irritating mass. Just put a little Zam-Buk on the baby's skin, and see how soon it is absorbed, showing conclusively that the pores of the skin are greedy for it.

Use nothing but Zam-Buk for baby's skin troubles and wash with Zam-Buk Soap.

Zam-Buk should also be used for cuts, burns, scalds, eczema, piles, ulcers, etc. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse harmful substitutes and imitations.

SNOWFALL AT NIGHT.

(By J. C. M. Duncan.)

From the breathless height
Of the brooding night,
Flake upon flake of silvery white,
Over the town,
Into the street,
Here at my feet,
Keep sifting down,
Like white-winged dreams from the upper deep,
Through a stilly atmosphere of sleep.

The paths of the night,
Grow spotless and white,
The stains of day are hidden from sight,
While o'er the town,
Till morning breaks,
The silvery flakes
Keep sifting down,
And make, when the still white night gives way,
A faultless path for the feet of day.

—Canadian Magazine.

PRESERVING AN INDUSTRY.

"There haven't been any automobiles violating the speed limits for more than a week," said the constable. "What'll we do?"

"Arrange to lower the speed limit," replied the sheriff."

WIDE OPEN.

(Boston Transcript)

Caller—What an open countenance your baby has.

Pop—Yes, especially about midnight.

Many a man's religion is based on the assumption that a dollar will make more noise when it drops into the collection plate than a five dollar bill.