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.

MADE IN CANADA

E.W.GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED

WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

After the Ball;

— OR, —

The Mystery Solved at Last.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Talkative Barmaid.

"It is strange," said the Italian, his dark eyes fixed on the ground very thoughtfully. "I think I will go and speak with my countryman. What say you, **la mia figlia?** Is he amiable, polite, a **bon camarade?"**

"I should say not," said the barmaid. "From all I have heard, I should think he was a regular crusty old fellow. But why don't you go and see for yourself? He'd be glad to see a countryman, if he is an Italian."

"I weel," said the Italian. "I wish you good-day, senora. The spot is charming, your beer is superb, and yourself—— Ah, me! And I once refused to believe there were angels on the earth!"

With these last words, he stepped through the doorway, and, looking cautiously around him, walked slowly up to the house the girl had pointed out to him.

While he was lounging softly past, meditating upon the mode in which he should effect an entry, the door opened, and a servant ran across the street to a chandler's shop, leaving the door ajar.

With a mental blessing on the propitious fates, Spazzola, with the speed and noiselessness of a snake, darted into the passage, and, listening for one moment at the foot of the stairs, walked up.

At the second flight a door opened, and a woman looked out, but Spazzola's face looked so calm and his step was so staid and unflurried that the woman's suspicions, if she had any, were allayed, and, muttering, "going up to the top, I suppose," withdrew her hand and slammed the door.

As he neared the top landing, the Italian's footsteps became almost noiseless, and, bending forward, he stole up the stairs like a cat, his hand instinctively grasping the handle of the stiletto beneath his cloak.

Given a background of some rotting Italian palace, instead of the faded paper of the dingy staircase, and he would have made an interesting picture.

"This must be it," he muttered, and stooped down at the keyhole of the door. "Almost dark. Can see no one. I will knock. Courage, Spazzola; this may lead to business," and he knocked softly at the door.

No answer.

He waited for two minutes, and knocked again, this time louder.

Still no answer.

Then he listened breathlessly, and, hearing nothing, tried the handle of the door.

It was locked.

"Soh!" he muttered, "my sweet child was wrong for once. This owl does fly by day. I am curious. It is a mere plaything, this lock. **Poh!** We will for amusement—mark me, only amusement—take one peep at the owl's nest."

With a smile that lit up his face like a flash of sunlight, and showed his glittering teeth, he took from his pocket a small steel instrument, inserted it in the keyhole, turned it with a peculiar twist of the hand, and opened the door.

An exclamation of astonishment burst from his lips as the interior of the room met his view. Beside the plain table and chair, piece of square carpet and poverty-stricken aspect, the room, though utterly devoid of anything approaching comfort in the way of furniture, was filled in one corner with an easel, upon which shone the commencement of what promised to be a superb study of an old country house. On the walls glistened a number of unframed pictures, woman's head, bits of landscape, a scene from one of Racine's plays, a scrap of forest foliage, and the portrait of a superb mastiff, all bearing about them the evidence of a master's hand, which the Italian, no mean critic, detected at a glance.

On the plain deal table, lying beside palettes and brushes, was a cup of water and a crust of bread.

Taking off his hat with an air of profound respect, Spazzola entered.

"It is superb," he murmured, "superb. I have found a Carlo Dolci, a Titian, a Rubens, a—— St. Peter! what colors! what forms! It is magnificent. Spazzola, thou art in a great man's studio. Tread softly. Dry bread and water! Oh, genius, thou dost always starve, and thus, being light, canst float to heaven, while heavier souls are chained to earth. And this," he continued, going to the easel, "this is—— Ah Heaven! what is this? These leaves! this sky! It is he! At last! My soul, keep thou within my bosom. I have him at last! Spazzola," he cried, throwing up his hands in a frenzy of delight, "thou art not mistaken. Thy prey is in thy grasp. St. Marie! If Felise could see this, and these," waving his arms toward the pictures, "would she not die of joy, of malice, of desire? At last! at last! Oh, monsieur, milord, duke, or whatever they call you, Spazzola's claws are around thy throat and purse!"

CHAPTER XIV.

The Exhibition.

This is my kingdom; these my subjects,
My scepter is their love,
My throne their hearts.

LADY MILDRED and the young ladies found Chudleigh Chichester in one of the narrow avenues of flowers in the impromptu place of exhibition, the schoolroom.

The place was crowded with the villagers and the farm laborers, Hodge staring with grinning admiration at the rows of dazzling nature jewels, and the small tradesmen and servants flocking to and fro amid a storm of delighted expressions.

At the farther end of the room stood Sir Fielding, Mrs. Gregson and Mr. Gregson, chatting affably and examining a splendid specimen of amber rose.

Chudleigh, surrounded by an affectionately respectful group of his adoring tenants, was admiring a fine specimen of an English juvenal as the ladies approached him, and looked up with a start and a pleased smile as he recognized the stately figure of Carlotta.

"What did you mean, Chud, by ordering us here an hour too soon?" said Lady Mildred, smiling right and left at the reverential group which made way for her.

Chudleigh flushed slightly, and stooped to pick up a flower tablet.

"I thought you would like to look over the flowers quietly—that is, before the doors were open," and he stole a glance at the grand face of Carlotta.

But she was looking at a camelia, and did not appear to have heard either the question or the answer.

"Oh, was that it?" said Lady Mildred. "Of course. How stupid of me. We might have guessed the reason, my dear," turning to Carlotta. "Never mind, Chudleigh; you shall take us all through now," and she placed her exquisitely gloved hand upon his arm. "I think," she said, "I see Sir Fielding and your mamma, my dears. I'll go and speak to them. Don't trouble to come, Chud; I can make my way. See to the girls," and her ladyship, with a pleasant smile, made her way to the group at the end of the room, where she could be heard talking, with rapid good-nature, delighting the Gregsons by her amiability and pleasing Sir Fielding, for he was then left to walk out into the open air, away from the crowd and the show.

"Who told you that you were an hour too soon, Miss Lawley?" said Chudleigh, having by some means or other—probably not unaided by Maud—managed to separate Carlotta from the throng and inveigle her, under the pretense of inspecting a fine tulip, into an almost deserted corner.

"Maud, I think," said Carlotta, lifting her eyes to his, but dropping them beneath his gaze, which would be admiring, try hard though he did to make their expression simply respectfully calm. "No, not Maud. One of the Misses Gregson. It was a mistaken kindness."

"How gracious of you to say so," he said, quickly.

She raised her brows.

"We should have had more time and room in which to see the flowers."

"Ah, yes," he said, disappointedly; "that was what I meant."

"All this must have given you a great deal of trouble," said Carlotta, as they walked on.

"Not much," said Chudleigh. "It was quickly arranged, and Maud has been a valuable help. I would not mind undergoing twice the trouble to give these simple souls one-quarter the pleasure they are evidently taking in the affair."

Carlotta glanced at him—he was looking another way—with a sudden light in her eyes, that made them look more beautiful because more tender and eloquent, but she said, coldly enough:

"They look pleased, so you have your reward. That is a fine specimen. Who exhibits it?"

"The old, bedridden woman at the end of the church lane. She has tended it like a baby—it is a baby to her, I expect. Lady Mildred would do wise to give her a prize. I have put her name on the list."

"And this?" said Carlotta, pointing to a rhododendron.

"That is from the workhouse at Annsleigh. An old pauper brought it over this morning, and asked if it might be put among the others. It was placed—while he waited—beside those from the Folly and the Hall. He was delighted."

"It is a very fine one, is it not?" said Carlotta.

"Capital," said Chudleigh.

"Would you let me give a prize for for those two, then?" said Carlotta, with a sudden change from her old manner to a hesitating, almost humble, one.

"Let you?" said Chudleigh, eagerly. "Of course, Miss Lawley, and very grateful that you should take such interest in us."

Best Nerve Specialist in England Was Consulted

But Nervous System Failed to Respond to Treatment Prescribed.

Nervous disorders frequently result from injury to the nerves in accidents or because of the shock to the system.

The writer of this letter was injured in a mix-up with some colts, remained unconscious for three weeks, and in spite of continued treatment in hospital could not obtain restoration of the internal nerves which control the action of the digestive and other vital organs. He travelled to Europe and consulted England's greatest nerve specialist. Relief was only temporary, in spite of many treatments used.

His letter gives the facts briefly and tells how he was finally cured by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Can you imagine any more severe test of this great nerve restorative?

Mr. Henry F. Venn, Cefu Ranch, Malakwa, B.C., writes: "Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has restored my nervous system and given me new health. Having met with a severe accident seven years ago, from which I was unconscious and which left my nerves in a very sore plight, I was treated by doctors galore and consulted one of the greatest nerve specialists in England, but nothing seemed to do me much good. Hypophosphites and, in fact, all and every kind of nerve mixture in almost every form was used, but never with more than temporary benefit.

"But Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has acted very differently, for it has built up my nervous system until I feel like my old self again. If this medicine will do for others what it has done for me, I shall not regret having written this letter. I have recommended the Nerve Food personally to many, and shall always esteem its great restorative value."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

The Retreat From Antwerp.

By Mr. Crochet of the Royal Marine Brigade, at Botwood Hall, Last Night. The R. N. Reserve is the Eye of the Navy.

There was a large gathering of Botwood Club members and their friends at Botwood Hall last night to hear an address on the "Retreat from Antwerp," by Mr. Crocket of H.M.S. Briton, but formerly of the Royal Marine Brigade, which division played an important part in the early days of the war. The lecturer was introduced by Mr. N. Andrews, Vice-President of the Club, who extended a hearty welcome to all. Mr. Crochet on stepping to the platform was greeted with hearty cheering, and the audience sang "Rule Britannia," and "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." In a very discriptive, interesting and impressive manner the veteran marine brought his hearers from the shore of Old England to the blood-stained battle fields of Belgium. On August 27th, 1914, the Royal Marine Brigade, attached to the 28th Division, landed at Dunkirk, France, and shortly after joined the regular army at Ostend. From there they were moved further inland, took part in several more engagements and arrived at Dunkirk on Sept. 11th. The full strength of the Division was 8,000 of all ranks. They discarded their regular service uniforms of blue for khaki, were re-equipped and on the night of Sept. 30th in charge of Divisional Commander Sampson they again moved out from Dunkirk, and after covering many miles in cattle trucks, detrained at a small town several miles from Antwerp. It was there they learned that 500 French soldiers were cut off from the regular army and were also told that any attempt to rescue the Frenchmen would be nothing short of madness. Nevertheless Commander Sampson brought up eight armoured cars fitted with machine guns, and dashing through the main street of the village swept the Germans down in hundreds, turned around and dashed back again with but three casualties, two killed and one wounded. The feat performed stands out to-day as one of the great wonders of the war. At 11 o'clock on the night of October 4th, the R. M. Brigade went into the trenches at a point nine and a half miles from Antwerp and relieved a regiment of brave Belgians, who were tired, worn and weary after a whole month of continuous fighting and suffering in defending their homes. No man can be braver than a Belgian soldier, who knows not what fear is. About 70 of his company were drafted off to defend a bridge with one machine gun which the gunners were shelling from the tops of houses down the street. The little band was getting the worst of things from a German machine gun firing from a window a short distance away but it was quickly put out of action by a Corporal, who was afterwards awarded the D.C.M. It was in this engagement that Major Burs was killed, the first casualty in the Brigade. For a long time not a sup of anything hot had the men tasted, when the speaker was sent off to procure some coffee, and entering one of the hundreds of houses that were vacant he lit a fire, secured the much desired stimulant and started off for the trenches. In the meantime the gunners, seeing the smoke coming from the chimney, poured hundreds of shells in that vicinity. While he was in the act of giving a cup to an Irish marine, a huge shell exploded, killed several and left our hero gassed and unconscious on the field. On recovering consciousness several hours later, he observed a Belgian officer very neatly dressed and accompanied by a Private standing by the side of a tree, and looking through a field glass. He is firmly of the opinion that the officer was a German spy. To show how wonderfully this spy system was carried out, in every public house in Belgium large signs were posted up which read "Drink German Beer," while beneath the same would be an excellent map of that part of the country in which the poster stood. On the night of Oct. 8th seven oil tanks at Antwerp and situated on the banks of the Scheldt were blown up by German shell fire and lit up the country for miles. A pontoon bridge was thrown ascross the river and thousands of men, women and children, fleeing from their homes, crossed over on it. Many were the heart-breaking scenes as the aged and infirm fell by the wayside too exhausted to continue. One poor woman who became a mother that morning was being conveyed by her husband in a wheelbarrow, while many other women in delicate health were forced to leave their homes. Several thousand people remained in the city, the majority of whom were of German descent. At a place known as St. Nicholas, a Belgian girl helped seven of their men to escape from a difficult position, when about to be surrounded by the Germans. For this she had to pay dearly, for the brutal Huns after capturing her cut off both her breasts. Every man in the Division gave a day's pay to the young heroine. She was afterwards sent to a hospital in England and decorated by the King. During the present war Mr. Crochet has also served at Gallipoli, Salonika, and on the banks of the Suez Canal, and at some future date will relate his experiences in those campaigns. In speaking of the Royal Naval Reserve, he said: In former days the torpedo boat was looked upon as the eye of the Navy. To-day her place is taken by the trawler and mine sweeper, and it is the Royal Naval Reserve, including the men from Newfoundland, who man the ships. All honor to the Royal Naval Reserve. At the close of the address a vote of thanks was carried by acclamation. During the evening Mr. F. Jago gave a violin solo, accompanied on the piano by Mr. A. S. Lewis.

From Cape Race.

CAPE RACE, To-day.

Wind S.W. fresh, weather dull and cloudy. Bar. 29.68; ther. 34.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DISTEMPER.

Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A UNIQUE AND EASILY ADJUSTED APRON.

1579—This style has several good points. It has no cumbersome sleeves, the neck edge is low and free, and the fulness is held in place over the front by the belt forming straps that are crossed at the back and hold the apron in position over the shoulders. Percale, gingham, seersucker, sateen, drill, muslin or lawn may be used for the style. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires for a Medium size 5⅝ yards of 36 inch material.

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

A NEW AND ATTRACTIVE UNDER GARMENT.

1615—Ladies' Camisole in Kimono Style. Batiste, dimity, nainsook, crepe, lawn or silk are nice for this style. It is made with fulness at the neck and waistline and the sleeve sections are lapped in points at the shoulders.

The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 1¼ yard of 36-inch material for a Medium size.

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

No. .. ..

Size .. ..

Address in full:—

Name .. ..

.. ..

Fads and Fashions.

Cress green is a new street shade.

Here and there, on the new lingerie, are seen tiny ruffles.

There will be no hips or defined waist line in the new silhouette.

There is no prettier material for a blouse than fine French voile.

The waist line may be placed anywhere that is most becoming.

The proper umbrella has a beaded cord to hold it on the wrist.

The latest corsets are very straight in the back and very low at the top.

Summer top coats will be made of tussor and crinkly silks in heavy weight.

Private Barron

WRITES FROM GERMANY.

Private Peter Barron, a prisoner of "Ours" in Germany has sent a post card to Mr. W. H. Herder, thanking him for the parcel containing socks and tobacco, sent by the latter and received on December 24th. Pte. Barron says he is being treated well, but would be glad to get home again. He concludes by giving his best regards to Mr. Herder and brothers.

Obituary.

MRS. CATHERINE MOREY.

There passed peacefully away at the General Hospital,, on Tuesday morning, fortified with the rites of Holy Church a kind and gentle soul in the person of Miss Catherine Morey. The deceased lady was well and favourably known in St. John's but particularly so in St. John's East, having for many years filled the position of teacher in the R. C. Schools of Pouch Cove and Outer Cove and having endeared herself to all in both these settlements by her kindness and fondness of heart and the many other qualifications she possessed. Some 5 years ago, after a service of nearly 30 years in the cause of education, she retired on a well merited pension, and took up residence in the city, but spending each summer in the old homestead at Torbay. Some few days ago she was stricken with an illness which resulted in lockjaw and was removed to hospital but in spite of all attention of doctors and nurses she passed quietly away Tuesday morning. Her remains, enclosed in a beautiful casket, were brought to Torbay Tuesday night. Left to mourn are two sisters and two brothers, a nephew and niece to whom the **Telegram** offers deep sympathy. The funeral took place at 2.30 o'clock this afternoon and interment was at the new R. C. Cemetery.

From Up Among the Yukon Snows

COMES ADVICE TO SUFFERERS TO USE DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Glacier Creek Lady Says They Have Been Her Stand-by for Sixteen Years and She Has Never Known Them to Fail.

Glacier Creek, via Dawson, Yukon, Can., Feb. 7th. (Special.) —"North of fifty-three where doctors are long distances apart and those remedies that are a very present help in time of need are the reliance of the settlers, Dodd's Kidney Pills have established an enviable reputation. Hear what Mrs. A. A. Armstrong, a well-known resident of this place, has to say of them:

"Dodd's Kidney Pills have been my stand-by for sixteen years," Mrs. Armstrong states. "Both myself and my family have the greatest faith in their medicinal qualities. When any of my friends complain of even a headache I treat them with Dodd's Kidney Pills and they never fail to do good.

"It always gives me pleasure to say a good word for Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all kidney ills from backache to rheumatism, Bright's disease and heart disease. These troubles come from sick kidneys. That's why Dodd's Kidney Pills cure them.

Schooner Sunk in Collision.

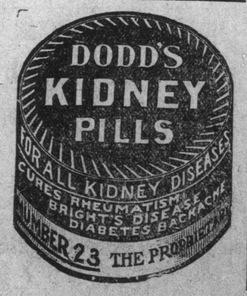
SOME OF CREW DROWNED.

A recent issue of the London Daily Mail says:—

"A Norwegian steamer has landed two sailors, named Samuels and Johannson, from the schooner William Lloyd Morris, of Port Madoc, which foundered after a collision with a steamer on Wednesday night, January 17. Captain Hughes, his nineteen-year-old son, and two Welsh sailors were drowned. Samuels saved himself by climbing over the steamer's bow, and Johannson was rescued after being in the water twenty minutes."

The William Lloyd Morris was well known in St. John's as a fish carrier.

Dresses and coats will be embroidered more than ever in the spring.



Veterans on Incoming Express.

The Kyle reached Port aux Basques at 11.30 p.m. yesterday with the following first-class passengers: W. Sinnott, J. T. Jones, Capt. W. Street, Capt. W. H. Hallett, Mrs. L. B. Hallett and son, Mrs. E. M. LeMessurier, W. A. Bishop, A Cohen, W. Milley, Mrs. M. Sullivan, James Power, Mrs. A. Power, W. D. Morton, Sergt. Major H. Peckham, L.-Corp. R. McKay, Privates R. Warr, J. Oliver, W. Murphy, H. Hicks, J. Hennebury, R. Francis, J. Parsons, H. Murphy, W. Brown, H. Sexton, A. Brown, J. Good, W. Rose, J. Quinn, J. Hickey. The express is not due until 11 a.m. to-morrow.

"DON'T WORRY."

Hundreds of people are suffering from **Coughs and Colds** at the present time. You may be as careful as you like in trying to avoid catching this miserable **Cough and Cold** but you'll get it don't matter what you do—so **"Don't Worry"** while **Stafford's Phoratone Cough and Cold Cure** is obtainable.

"Whooping Cough" is also very prevalent amongst children, you can use nothing better than **"Stafford's Phoratone."**

The above preparation is manufactured **only by**

DR. F. STAFFORD & SON,
Theatre Hill, St. John's, Nfld.
..Open every night till 9.30."

The Khaki Guild.

The Treasurer of the Ladies' Khaki Guild Fund for Disabled Sailors and Soldiers desires to acknowledge the following donations:

Mrs. W. B. Fraser, bridge drive additional	$ 3.00
Proceeds of sale of Steero and Christie's Biscuits at Prince's Rink, donated by Mr. P. C. O'Driscoll	35.15
Proceeds of piece of fancy work by Mrs. W. F. Butler	10.00
Proceeds of Afternoon Tea (Tea and Toast) by Mrs. W. J. Morris	20.00
St. Bartholomew's Lodge, No. 50, S. U. F., of Hr. Breton	50.00
Proceeds of Bridge Drive by Mrs. Frank Steer	32.10

Here and There.

SMELT SHIPMENT.— A big shipment of smelts left the West Coast last week for Canadian markets.

CITY FATHERS MEET. — A considerable amount of business will occupy the attention of the Municipal Board to-night.

PERSONAL.—Mr. C. H. Miller, of the U. S. Picture and Portrait Co., will leave by Sunday's express on a business trip to Canada and the United States.

CARD TOURNEY.—Twenty players took part in the card tournament held by the British Society last night. The three prizes competed for were won by Messrs. O'Grady, Butt and Sheehan.

QUICK MAIDEN TRIP.—Congratulations are being extended to Capt. Leo Coady who has just finished his maiden voyage in Job's schooner, covering the distance from St. John's to Barbados and Turk's Island and return in two months.

M. C. L. I.—The subject for debate to-night is: Resolved,—That the Nationalization of all Public Utilities would promote public welfare. Leaders—Mr. Geo. Grimes and Mr. J. S. Currie. The Jubilee celebration will also be discussed and a full attendance is requested.—feb8,1i

DIED.

This morning, at her residence, "The Oaks," Margaret Dwyer, aged 80 years; funeral on Saturday, at 2.30 p.m., from her late residence, Carpasian Road.

On the 7th inst., after a lingering illness, Michael Scanlon, aged 75 years, leaving two sisters to mourn their sad loss; funeral on Friday, at 2.30 p.m., from his sister's residence, No. 6 Burke's Square; friends and acquaintances will please accept this, the only, intimation. Halifax papers please copy.

Killed in the train accident, on Monday, Thomas Stapleton, mason, aged 74 years, leaving a son, brother and nephew in St. John's, a son and daughter in Sydney, N.S., and three daughters in Montreal; funeral on Friday, at 2.30 p.m., from his nephew's residence, 29 Alexander Street.

At General Hospital, Feb. 6th, a well known and highly esteemed resident of Torbay, in the person of Miss Katherine Morey. Deceased lady taught school for many years. She was a zealous church-worker and friend to all in need. Two sisters, two brothers, and nephews and nieces of whom are Mr. Bernard Burns and Miss Agatha Burns of this city mourns their loss.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

War News

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.

GRANDECOURT CAPTURE

LONDON, Fe

As a result of our continuous sure on both banks of the Ancre er, the enemy has been forc evacuate the village of Gran which is now entirely in our says the British official issued evening, together with the dete work adjoining it. We secure prisoners. During the operatio the last few days the enemy su heavy losses in the neighborho hostile raid attempted durin night in the neighborhood of Gu court, broke down under our fi Early last night we entered th my's lines southwest of La killed a number of Germans st stroyed several dugouts. We took a few prisoners.

The British advance on G court and Miramount, two fort covering Bapaume from the we been successfully progressing p past few days. The capture of decourt village which the Britis cial says is now entirely in possession is regarded as of co erbale importance. British t now seriously threaten the German position at LeTransloy.

KNEW IT WAS COMING.

LONDON, Fe

"We are not alarmed at the cned submarine war. We kn was coming and prepared for it will tell how our confidence is fied." This statement was ma the Associated Press to-night a

"Give M As Slee O'Nigh

One of the m modern recipes night-sleep is the coffee (and tea) a

A better recipe all times is total a

For a cheering beverage, use