

**ROYAL YEAST**  
MAKES THE WHITEST LIGHTS  
IS BEST YEAST IN THE WORLD  
ROYAL YEAST CAKES  
THE ENGLISH COMPANY LIMITED  
TORONTO, ONT.

## Aubrey's Revenge.

CHAPTER XL.

There was a great hue and cry at Van Cortlandt Place when it became apparent that Kelpie was really gone. Mrs. van Cortlandt went into hysterics, and tore her hair and scattered her jewels all over the floor.

"Somebody go and find her; somebody go and bring her back to me," she implored. "My darling, my own beautiful daughter, I can't live without her!" she cried.

"Don't act like a fool, ma'am," said Snapdragon, with a mocking light in her yellow eyes. "You've got to let her go some day, and you might as well do it now. She's not your daughter, and you know it just as well as I do."

"Who is my daughter, then?" Snapdragon laughed scornfully.

"As if you didn't know, ma'am!" she cried. "as if you hadn't known all of these years Miss Aubrey is your daughter. And that isn't all; she is Carroll Fitzhugh's wife, his lawfully wedded wife, and, as a matter of course, the three millions left by your first husband belong to her!"

"Oh, my child, my child!" cried the lady, and fell from her chair in a dead faint.

"Poor soul, it will kill her," said Snapdragon, "but the truth had to be told."

It was springtime when Kelpie went across to the old lighthouse for the first time.

Tom Holland took her over in his dory and made her lean on his strong arm when she climbed the iron stairs. The sea was calm and blue, and the April sunshine glowed with the warmth and golden glory of midsummer. All along the shore the sand dunes were billowy with long, coarse grass.

"Let me sit out here, please, Tom, for a little while," she said, when they reached the parapet. "I want to hear the sound of the sea. Oh, how good it is to be at home again," she added, a tender smile brightening her wan face. "It seems to me that I've been away for years."

Then and there, quite overcome by the familiar sights and sounds, she bowed her head on the arm of the big chair in which Tom had seated her, and cried like a child.

The young man, the loyal lover, stood and looked down at her in silence, an expression of intense devotion on his face.

For three long months, ever since the first day of her return, Kelpie had lain ill unto death at Thatcher's Rock.

For weeks thereafter a terrible fever held her in its clutches, and she was brought down to the very brink of the grave.

But Janet, aided by the old keeper and his son, had nursed her back to life, and now, at last, frail and weak, and as pale as a snowdrop, but with the light of a great joy in her eyes, she had gone back to her old home.

Sitting in the April sunshine, she wept softly for a little while; then,

lifting her head and putting back her wind-blown hair, she brushed away her tears, and said softly:

"You think I am very foolish, don't you, Tom? But I am so happy, I can't help crying."

"Do people always cry when they're happy?" he asked. "I can't believe it, for I should be in tears all the rest of my life."

Kelpie put out her thin, white hand; and, dropping on one knee beside her, the young assistant took it between his two very strong palms.

"Are you really very glad to have me back, Tom?" she asked softly.

"Yes, I am glad to have you back, dear," he answered, "but there's something else that makes me happier than I ever expected to be."

"What is it, Tom?"

"The knowledge that you care for me, after all."

"After all?" she repeated, with the old flashing light in her eyes. "Why, you silly fellow, you might have known it from the first if you had only asked me."

"Well, thank God I know it now, my darling," he said, with a great sigh of rapture, "and the knowledge makes me the happiest man on earth."

Kelpie was silent for some time, her head resting against Tom's strong shoulder, her happy eyes looking out across the sunlit sea.

"Tell me the news, Tom," she said at last. "I'm strong enough to hear it now. What has become of Mrs. van Cortlandt?"

"She has gone abroad, I believe."

"And what about Carroll Fitzhugh?"

"He is abroad also, and his wife is with him."

"Do you mean Aubrey, Tom?"

"Yes, she had been secretly married to Fitzhugh for years, it is said; and now that it has come out that she is Mrs. van Cortlandt's daughter and will inherit a large amount of money, he has consented to acknowledge her."

Kelpie winced a little as she thought of her vanished romance, but she soon rallied and laughed lightly as she went on:

"And I am a poor little beggar, Tom?"

"You are daddy's own little granddaughter," he answered, "and, please heaven, you will soon be my own precious little wife."

"And so endeth the chapter," said Kelpie, with brimming eyes.

"Amen!" said Tom, while Pete, the green parrot, swinging from his perch by one foot, croaked softly, as if to say: "Bless you, my children, bless you!"

THE END.

## Stella Mordaunt; The Cruise of the "Kingfisher."

CHAPTER I.

Outside a hut in the north-western part of Vancouver Island a lad stood and gazed at the sunset. It dyed the rocks, the trees, the ground itself a copper crimson which glowed as if it had fallen from some gigantic smelting-pot.

He was just seventeen; tall for his age, thin and lithe as a greyhound, and as strong as a blacksmith. His eyes were dark hazel and as bright as a polished pebble; his nose and mouth well and cleanly cut, and his face, framed in rather long and wavy hair, had something in its expression which was shared by the hawk which hovered above the hut, and the dog which sat on its haunches, sleeping with one ear open at his feet. That is to say, the boy was a product of Nature, with Nature's keenness, simplicity, truthfulness, and ignorance of art and shams. For so young a lad, the grim set of the lips, the unwavering gaze of the dark eyes, were extraordinary; indeed, these characteristics

of the lad's face, gazing straight beyond the lad's rap face:

"What is a gentleman?"

"One who fears no man, deceives no woman, loves the truth, and keeps his word."

The reply came promptly, but slowly and impressively.

"What is woman?"

"God's blessing on man—and His curse."

"And His curse," he echoed, almost inaudibly. "Forget, if you will all else I have taught you, but remember that, Rath," he said, slowly. "Remember that, and though you can neither read nor write, you will be better armed than the man who has acquired all the wisdom of the schools. Man's punishment and curse!"

He was silent for a moment or two; then he said, in a still weaker voice:

"What will you do when I am gone, Rath?"

The lad's lips quivered for an instant, but again he repressed all signs of emotion.

"Live on here, father. What else should I do?"

The man seemed to consider.

"Most men would deem me cruel," he muttered—"cruel and mad. They would say, Rath, that it is better to have played the game of life, and lost, than never to have played at all; but I cannot think so. You have been happy, Rath? Think; look back."

The lad's eyes grew dreamy and thoughtful, and he was silent for a moment; then he answered, gravely:

"Yes, father."

"The man made a wild gesture with his worn hand.

"For miles and miles this is ours; it will be yours now. It is your world. You are, like the shipwrecked man I have told you of, the sole king. Nature, the only mother you have known will give you all you need—food, drink, health, sound sleep. Up to now you have been happy, satisfied. Is it not so?"

"Yes, father," replied Rath.

"You have felt no longing for any change, no restlessness, no desire to see other worlds, other men—women?"

The lad shook his head, his eyes still meeting his father's steadily and unflinchingly; and the man drew a long breath as if gratified.

"And yet some would deem me mad!" he mused, rather than spoke.

"Rath"—he motioned to the lad to draw still nearer, as if the effort to make himself heard from even that short distance were painful—"Rath, while you have been outside there I have been asking myself if I should tell you the story of my life. With each alternate stroke of the axe I have swung between 'yes' and 'no.' But the 'noes' have it—"

It was strange how familiarly the parliamentary formula came from the parched lips of this man dying in the solitude of a remote island; strange the tone in which the words were spoken—the tone of one accustomed to the place and the occasions in and on which they were uttered.

"The 'noes' have it, and I shall die as silent as I have lived. But this I will tell you, Rath, that my life was wrecked by a woman; that but for her—" He stopped, and moved his hand with an almost impatient gesture. "Rath, you have chosen wisely. Live out here your span of life, be it short or long. Heaven, in its inscrutable purposes, may send you a companion. If it be a man, welcome him, and, if he ring true, trust him; but if it be a woman"—he leant forward, and his eyes glowed with the intensity of his emotion—"don't trust her, Rath. She may prove a blessing, but the odds are against it. Don't trust her, Rath. Keep her at arm's length. Get rid of her at the first moment possible. Remember the story of your father's life."

"You have not told it to me," said Rath, with grave simplicity.

The man paused and passed his hand over his forehead, upon which the beads of sweat had started.

(To be Continued.)

## Eat Cabbage, Fish, Sausage, New Bread

No Indigestion, Gas, Sourness or Upset Stomach if you'll take "Pape's Diapepsin"—Try This!

Do some foods you eat hit back—taste good, but work badly; ferment into stubborn lumps and cause a sick, sour, gassy stomach? Now, Mr. or Mrs. Dyspeptic, jot this down: Pape's Diapepsin digests everything, leaving nothing to sour and upset you. There never was anything so safely quick, so certainly effective. No difference now in your stomach is disordered you will get happy relief in five minutes, but what pleases you most is that it strengthens and regulates your stomach so you can eat your favorite foods without fear.

Most remedies give you relief sometimes—they are slow, but not sure. "Pape's Diapepsin" is quick, positive and puts your stomach in a healthy condition so the misery won't come back.

You feel different as soon as "Pape's Diapepsin" cures in contact with the stomach—distress just vanishes—your stomach gets sweet, no gases, no belching, no eructations or undigested food, your head clears and you feel fine.

Go now, make the best investment you ever made, by getting a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any drug store. You realize in five minutes how needless it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia or any stomach disorder.

are generally found only in men who have lived alone in some vast solitude for very many years.

He was clad in moccasins, with boots of rawhide; the upper part of his body was clothed in a shirt only, and this wide open at the neck, displaying a broad, flat chest, as brown as his hands and face. He was engaged in splitting wood for fire kindling, and he had paused, axe in hand, to gaze at the sunset and to listen. Presently, as if someone within the hut had noticed the cessation of the swish of the axe and the crack of the wood, a voice called to him:

"Rath!"

The voice was that of a man—a clear, but low voice, with the tone which indicates a gentleman.

The lad drove the axe into a stump, and entered the hut.

In the corner, upon a rug, ever a rough mattress, reclined the man who had called. He was very little past middle age, but his hair, long, like the boy's, was snow-white, and his face that of a man who had looked at life straight in the eyes, and then turned his back upon it. Also, like the boy, he was thin, but his thinness was that of emaciation. In a word, the hand of death had touched him, had, so to speak, passed over his face and was creeping down to his heart, which would cease to beat at the touch of the peace-giving fingers.

"Did you call, father?" asked the lad.

The man inclined his head slightly, and, with a slight motion of his right hand, signed to the boy to seat himself at the end of the rough bed.

"Yes," he replied. "I fancy the time is getting short, Rath."

The boy winced for an instant; then, as if ashamed of his display of emotion, set his lips tightly, and met unswervingly his father's brilliant eyes.

"Can I get you anything, father? Water?"

The dying man shook his head, and touched the can of water which stood on a stool beside the bed.

"No, thanks. I want nothing, Rath. I want to put you through your catechism for the last time. Are you ready?"

The lad shook his hair back and sat erect, his eyes fixed on his father's face with grave earnestness.

"Good! What is man?" asked the father in a low voice, clear at one word, slightly thick and husky at the other—the voice of one drawing near the Great Silence.

"A being who may be higher than the angels or lower than the beasts, as he chooses."

The father nodded, and was silent

for a moment, gazing straight beyond the lad's rap face:

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(To be Continued.)

### Most People Are now Economizing in the matter of Dress.

WE ARE HELPING the average man to dress as well as ever by placing on the market stylish, well-made Suits at a saving of at least ONE-THIRD.

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AMERICA'S LEADING CORSET, 16 New Styles to Select From.

Sitting or standing W. B. Nuform Corsets give Comfort and Easy Grace.

Gives the figure symmetry and supleness; that slight incurve at waist, higher bust, requisite length, boneless hip and shorter skirt; admirably realize Fashion's requirements.

**\$1.15 to \$3.25.**

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The young man who is particular about his personal appearance finds our service of Dry Cleaning a real help. His suits, overcoats and other articles of apparel not only wear longer but always look fresh, crisp and new.

We appreciate the patronage of young men and exert every effort to please them.

### UNGAR'S LAUNDRY & DYE WORKS, Halifax.

MESSRS. NICHOLLE, CHAPE & INKPEN, Agents, St. John's, Nfld.

mar24.w.f.m

## Pleasant Entertainment at Topsail.

A very successful entertainment was held by our young people on Easter Tuesday evening, in the L.O.A. Hall, kindly lent for the occasion. The programme consisted of instrumental duets, songs, choruses, dialogues, etc., which were excellently rendered. Songs were sung by Misses Elsie Hibbs and Violet Butler, and by Messrs. G. Penney, Reg. Hibbs, Elijah Snow and V. C. Netten. Instrumental duets were played by Mrs. Netten and Mrs. Bursell, and Mrs. Netten and Miss Kearley. The following acted in the dialogues which were well selected, and splendidly performed: Misses Ada Cheaytor, Mary Dawe, Ethel Equires, Violet Butler, Elsie Hibbs, Maggie Taylor; Messrs. Reg. Hibbs, G. Penney, Kenneth Dawe, John Dawe, Jack Hibbs, Harold Barnes. Patriotic songs with choruses gave a character to the general programme. The accompanists at the piano were Mrs. and Miss Netten. Songs and dialogues were so well rendered, that it is only fair to say, that one and all deserve high praise. The spacious hall was filled to the doors and there was plain evidence that the entertainment was thoroughly enjoyed by everybody. During an interval of about a quarter of an hour, candy and fruit were sold by the young ladies, and easily disposed of. At the conclusion of the entertainment, Canon Netten delivered a short patriotic address, and then thanked the large audience for their attendance, and also acknowledged gratefully the kind services rendered by several others. In putting forward the entertainment all then rose to their feet and sang the National Anthem, which brought the pleasant occasion to a close. It is gratifying to know that the proceeds of the entertainment met the most sanguine expectations of the promoters.

TOPSAIL, April 9th, 1915.

### Here and There.

**STEPHANO'S SAILING.**—The s.s. Stephano leaves New York on Thursday next for Halifax and this port.

**LARCENY OF BOOTS.**—Last night the police arrested a man, who is charged with the larceny of a pair of boots.

**SAFETY RAZORS.**—The wonderful Giant Junior with 7 Blades, 50 cts New shipment just received. CHESTNUT WOODS, 140 Water St.—mar11

**MOLASSES CARGO.**—The schr. Freedom, 23 days from Barbados, arrived here last evening, bringing a cargo of molasses, consigned to A. S. Rendell & Co.

**Stafford's Phorotone Cough and Cold Cure is sold everywhere for all kinds of Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma and various Lung Troubles.—apr5,11**

**T. A. MEETING.**—A number of new candidates were admitted to membership at yesterday's regular meeting of the T. A. & B. Society. There was a large attendance of members present and President W. J. Ellis was in the chair.

**FOR SALE.**—A few Choice Chicken and Ducks. Also Fresh Eggs daily. WILLIAM M. TESSIER, "Germondale," Waterford Bridge Road.—apr9,11

**WILL BE DOCKED.**—The S. S. Morwenna, which is now due here direct from New York, with general cargo, will, after discharging, go into dry dock to be overhauled. Her further movements are not yet definitely known.

**RECOVERED FROM SMALLPOX.**—The Belgian sailor, who was at the Signal Hill Hospital, suffering from smallpox, having been landed from the s.s. Tiflis, has been discharged from the institution, having completely recovered from the disease.

**FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS**  
DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, ELECTRIC CURRENTS, SPECIAL TREATMENT FOR ALL KINDS OF NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, MIGRAINE, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, COLIC, HEMORRHOIDS, BRUISES, SCALDS, BURNS, SORE THROAT, AND ALL OTHER AFFLICTIONS.  
THERAPION  
It cures all the above ailments in a few days. It is a powerful, reliable, and perfectly safe remedy for all the above ailments.  
BOTTLES FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

**SAILED FOR LOUISBURG.**—The S. S. Bruce, Capt. Spracklin, sailed at 5 a.m. yesterday for Louisburg direct taking a small freight and several passengers. She is due at Louisburg this afternoon and will leave there on the Cabot Strait route to night, arriving at Port aux Basques to-morrow morning.

**B.I.S. MATTERS.**—The annual Easter dance of the B.I.S. is being held in the Odomet Hall to-night. Only 7 more pairs yet remain unpaired in the B.I.S. billiard tournament. Plans are about 405 in the lead and their chances of getting a free dinner at the expense of the Spots are bright.

**MIRARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.**

## THE ASSASSINS

Lord Charles Beresford, M.P., addressing the members of the Club at the Constitutional Club, said the most remarkable feat of the war was that a great deal was doing something which had been done before, declaring that its Government that it was to continue the contest by methods of piracy, but which were realized. The Germans were the sinners of the sea. (Cheers.) They been pirates before in many tries, but they had never been reported by their Governments. It nation had hitherto said against pirates caught in the piracy being hanged. In the of Commons he suggested that German pirates should be punished, but in view of the odious policy they saw enacted by Germany and remembering that they had country some of the flower of manhood—ten or twenty times number of German prisoners we he thought it would be wise to the pirates and try them by martial after the war. It was a fact that the Germans were a single prisoner from any naval ships. Whenever they our vessels, notably the Goeben and the Monmouth, they through our drowning men and picked up a single soul. (S) He did not mention that to the age hatred, but after the war over these outrages against the man race should be dealt with way he had indicated. The ment had proposed a very solution for this piracy question, clarifying that we would stop going in and everything of Germany. Since that has been had stated that all the were to be allowed to comeout Germany if our Government gave license to manufacturers to maintain them. When they began sort of thing they knocked the out of the Prime Minister's proposal.

Germany had begun to plan ready about her food supply, fearing that they had reduced her starvation and that starvation was

### German Officer Court of British Admiralty

Remarkable Coincidence Reveals the Battle off Falkland Islands, London, April 2.—The long coincidence is curiously exact in an incident of the battle off Falkland Islands, which was brought to light in The Commandant. An officer of H. M. S. Narvon, which took part in the engagement and flew the flag of al Stoddart, was in command of cutters which rescued some of Gneisenau's men. Describing operation, this officer wrote: "One of the German officers...

### Compare

1 pound  
1 pound  
Compare

1 pound  
1 pound

It would be an abundance of famous whist

### Great

At least one-third more And besides and there's...

Grape-Nuts in the FREE element include bone and st digested—

Thinking Grape-Nuts

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