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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.

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After the Ball—
OR,
The Mystery Solved at Last.

CHAPTER XLII
After the Crisis.

Sir Fielding walked back, and the doctor stole to the bedside and bent over the lovely face that might be an angel's before the sun quite set, and watched the lips closely.

"She has not spoken—the lips have not moved?" he asked of Carlotta, anxiously.

She shook her head sadly, and whispered back:

"No; she has not spoken since the night a month ago, when she called for him."

The same sun that shone upon poor Maud's wasted face, lit up the road from London, and fell in a bright, glorious stream of crimson upon a horseman, who, with the perspiration pouring from his face, lashed his horse with lash and spur almost to racing pace.

At the foot of a hill leading to the next town of Warrington he slackened pace—of a necessity—and, lifting his soft, wide-brimmed hat from his brow, muttered:

"Nightfall before I can reach it. What in Heaven's name possesses me? Am I mad? The people look at me as though they thought me so! What am I tearing like a demon along the road for—what—ah, 'tis useless. How can I argue with the intense longing, the maddening desire to reach the place? Since the night I heard her call the longing has consumed my soul like fire. If she be dead—away with the thought! or I shall be mad indeed."

Having reached the summit of the hill, he once more urged the horse to its full speed.

At a tollgate the man, before he stooped to pick up the coin the bespattered one threw him, stared with astonishment; the landlord of the wayside inn, a mile beyond, called his wife to stare after him; a passing wagoner shouted to him to stop; and a mounted patrol tried to bar his way; but, like a man riding for life, he looked neither to the right nor the left, but sped on.

The sun sank and the clouds of night rolled up thick and majestic.

The tired, jaded steed commenced to breathe painfully and falter at the bit, and, groaning aloud, the rider, at last obliged to acknowledge to himself that the animal could go no farther, pulled up at the lighted window of a little cottage and dismounted.

The next inn was a mile on. He must lead the exhausted steed on and leave it there until it could be fetched. There was no fear of its stray-

Had Chronic Indigestion Thought She Would Die.

After Years of Suffering Attributes Cure to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Eating too much or using foods that do not agree are the usual causes of indigestion.

The trouble usually begins not in the stomach, but in the liver, since it devolves on this organ to filter the excess waste matter from the system.

Now, since Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are the greatest of liver regulators, it naturally follows that they are unexcelled as a cure for chronic indigestion.

With the liver, kidneys and bowels active the poisonous waste matter is quickly removed from the system and there is nothing to interfere with the natural and healthful working of the organs of digestion. In this way only can lasting cure be effected.

Mrs. Rebecca Elliott, Magnetawan, Ont., writes:—"I feel it my duty to write you in regard to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I had gastritis of the stomach for three years, and could get nothing to stop it until I

bowing courteously to the motionless figure at the head of the bed they approached.

The doctor, bending down, took the hand of the dying man, but at his touch raised himself again, and, slowly shaking his head, he gasped:

"Too late, too late! I—I want the priest, the priest!"

At this the traveler drew back, and the priest, who had just entered, took his place.

"Father!" gasped the dying man, clutching at his hand.

"My son," replied the priest.

"I am dying—dying fast. Holy Mary, spare me until I have confessed. Father, listen—no, no, let them stay. I want them to hear. I want—listen! My name is Lorenzo Spazzola. Ah! who is that?" he gasped, as the traveler suddenly started, uttered a low cry, and bent forward for a moment.

"Nothing, my son, proceed," said the priest, who had not noticed the cry at the announcement.

"I—I am Lorenzo Spazzola, an Italian—"

Here he breathed hard and looking at the doctor signed for him to write.

The doctor took out his notebook and wrote down the statement, word for word as it issued from the parting lips.

"I wish to confess before I die, my sins, especially two great ones. I—Holy Mother! Father, I shall die before—before I— Write, write, I am the husband of Felice Faustine, who died, was murdered two years ago in the Black Pool at Grassmere! Write, write. Quick! Hold me up. I—we plotted to marry her to a rich young Englishman. She was a fiend, a beautiful fiend, fond of drink, faithless; I was tired of her! He a mere infant at Venice. She lived as his wife, and, maddened by her bad conduct fled from her. I planned this. I followed him to England, followed and tracked him. I forged her certificate of death, took it to his house one stormy night. I—Holy Mother, give me breath, spare me—these—few moments. Felice, the woman, my wife, traced me here. She wanted to frighten the money from the Englishman, who believed himself to be her husband. She had heard he was to be married, and gave me the slip—came, tramped down to Grassmere, went up in the storm to the great house on the hill, saw him, got—him—to walk into the forest with her. I followed and watched, watched them together in the soaking rain; saw him give her money, waited till he had gone—here the man's voice grew excited and harsh—'tracked her footsteps and,' rising in bed with uplifted arm, 'ran my stiletto through her bosom.'"

The priest started, the doctor turned pale, but the figure at the head of the bed stood like stone, immovable, motionless.

The dying man with another effort raised himself and fixing his fast-glazing eyes upon the priest continued more faintly and with greater difficulty:

"I emptied her pockets of the gold, and—dragged her body to the pool, then tramped back to London and hid. I knew I was safe," he went on, a cunning leer distorting his livid face. "I knew that they would fix the little business on him, and—ah! ah, they did, the idiots. He could not commit murder, though he fired on me once. They offered a reward for his apprehension, he had fled the night of the murder, thinking the woman was his rightful spouse, but they could not take him—no, no. Lucian is too fleet—too swift to be tracked by such slow dogs! Father! that is all. You have written all, doctor. Give me the paper—hold my hand. I—I will sign it."

The two men, pale and petrified with horror, knelt down; one held the book while the other supported the thin, wasted, blood-stained hand.

The murderer slowly penned his name, "Lorenzo Spazzola," and at the last letter sank back upon the bed struggling in the last gasp.

The priest hastily wrote his name as witness and the doctor his, then looked up and said:

"Are there any other witnesses?"

The traveler, as if awaking from a trance, stepped forward.

"One more," he said, in hollow, broken tones.

Quick Way to End Coughs, Colds and Croup

An Excellent, Inexpensive Home-Made Remedy that is Prompt and Sure.

If you have a severe cough or chest cold accompanied with soreness, throat ticks, hoarseness, or difficult breathing, loosen and soothe the throat, stop throat ticks and soothes and heals the irritated membranes that line the throat and bronchial tubes with such promptness, ease and certainty that it is really astonishing.

Finex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, combined with guaiacum and is used for its speed in overcoming severe coughs, throat and chest colds. Its millions of enthusiastic users have made it famous the world over.

There are many worthless imitations of this kind mixture. To avoid disappointment, ask for "2 1/2 ounces of Finex" with full directions and don't accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. The Finex Co., Toronto, Ont.

"May I ask your name, sir?" said the priest.

"Maurice Durant," replied the deep voice, solemnly.

As the tones reached the dying man's ears, he sprang up in bed, and with starting eyes, pointed his lean, quivering finger at the dark, sombre form.

"That's him!" he shrieked in agony.

"That's him—Lucian—Maurice—come at last. I knew he would. He has come to take me away."

With a long, quivering, despairing wail the blood-stained soul of Lorenzo Spazzola fled from its miserable tenement.

"Maurice Durant!" cried the doctor, starting to his feet.

"Ay, Maurice Durant, sir," said the traveler, sternly. "Take charge of that confession, sir, as you would your own soul and follow me to the nearest magistrate, Sir Fielding Chichester," and dashing out he leaped on the priest's horse, which happened to be nearest the door, and sped away.

The doctor, bewildered and half frightened out of his life, got upon the other and galloped after.

Maud's face still rested on Carlotta's soft bosom, the loved ones still stood watching around the bed.

The sun sank, the room grew dark, the shaded lamp was lit and the doctor grew anxious.

"The crisis is coming," he said, "coming quickly. If—if—"

"If what?" said Sir Fielding, almost mad with grief.

"If she calls for any one, and he or she is not here or cannot be produced, I cannot answer for the consequences."

Sir Fielding groaned.

"What makes you think she will ask for some one?" he said, in a whisper.

"Because," replied the doctor, "she has always a wistful expression upon her face, a watching, waiting look, sometimes hopeful, sometimes despairing. See, now! I am inclined to think that—ahem—the person's absence has been the cause—not entirely, mind, but the primary, principal, cause of the danger. If I am right she will immediately, in coming to consciousness, ask for him."

Sir Fielding hid his face in his hands and prayed. His agony was almost unbearable.

Chudleigh came and placed his hand on his shoulder and whispered some words of comfort.

(To be Continued.)

If the top of the stove is crowded the oven can be used for cooking vegetables.

A little meat cooked with a quantity of vegetables extends the meat flavor to them.

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have proved of remarkable value in the Great War

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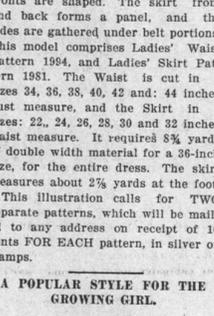
The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A CHARMING FROCK FOR AFTER-NOON WEAR OR CALLING.



Waist—1994. Skirt—1981. Black satin and Irish lace are here combined. The style is also good for serge, gabardine, taffeta, nun's veiling, duvetyne, for linen, line, chambray and lawn. The waist is made with vest portions, over which the side fronts are shaped. The skirt front and back forms a panel, and the sides are gathered under belt portions. This model comprises Ladies' Waist Pattern 1994, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1981. The Waist is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 35, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure, and the Skirt in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 8 1/2 yards of double width material for a 36-inch size, for the entire dress. The skirt measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot. This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH pattern, in silver or stamps.

A POPULAR STYLE FOR THE GROWING GIRL.



1983—Girls' Dress. Blue serge with trimming of blue or black soutache braid would be nice for this model. Plain or checked suiting, or a combination of either with plain material, is also good. The dress is made with a side closing. The sleeve has a deep, shaped cuff. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a 12-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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War News

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.
MORE VILLAGES TAKEN BY BRITISH.

LONDON, March 22.—The official statement from the British Headquarters tonight said that the enemy had been advanced repeatedly during the last 24 hours, and reached points some ten miles to the east of the River Somme. We have occupied another forty villages in this area between Narui and Arras the enemy is beginning to develop considerable resistance at a number of places nevertheless his rearguard is being steadily driven from their positions and our progress continues. We tied out successful raids during the night east of Arras and northeast of Neuville St. Vaast. A hostile raiding party east of Neuville St. Vaast was repulsed. The enemy blew up this morning southeast of Ypres, damaging his own trenches. There has been considerable artillery during the day by both sides in the neighborhood of Armentieres and Ypres.

COLD WEATHER.
LONDON, March 22.—Stormy weather with severely winds and frequent snow squalls continued during the night in the region over which the British armies in France are following the retreat of the Germans. Although these conditions add to the discomfort of field campaigning, says Reuter's representative at British headquarters, they have had no bad effect on the situation of the ground, which in the newly occupied area remains quite practicable for movements of horse, foot troops and guns. Notwithstanding the work of destruction which the Germans are carrying out as they withdraw, the British troops shelter in the villages they occupy. Large proportions of the houses have been gutted, but in most cases the walls remain standing, so that cover for the troops is improvised everywhere. Many places which the British have taken in the past two days contain civilian inhabitants. It is reported that the Germans evacuating towns and villages on the line of retreat are sending civilians in large numbers back instead of forcing them so that they will not have so many mouths to feed. The correspondent reports the joy of the civilians



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