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**E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED**  
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

**"KYRA,"**  
OR  
**The Ward of the Earl of Vering.**

CHAPTER XV.

It is some weeks since Percy Chester and Kyra, the Indian girl, fled from the clutches of Mr. Jackson at the inn of Wanah, and once again we are at an inn. This time at an inn of unexceptionable respectability, not to say gentility—the "Vering Arms," in the High Street of Vering, under the shadow, so to speak, of Vering Wood.

It is still winter, and Mr. Tapling, the landlord, stands at the door, alternately glancing down the road, made red by the just dying sun, and at his old-fashioned watch. Evidently Mr. Tapling expected somebody, and with some impatience, and evidently that somebody was a somebody, for Mr. Tapling was too important an individual to be impatient about a nobody.

"Train's late," he remarked to his better-half, who seemed to be as anxious as himself. "I've noticed that it all is late when it's of consequence that it should be punctual. It seems to me that the folks at the railway don't care for nobody. Ah, here it comes! Send up to Mr. Gringe to say he's here."

Mrs. Tapling hesitated. "Haden't we better wait until we really see that he has come, my dear?" she remarked. "He mightn't have come, after all, you know."

Mr. Tapling turned, rather irritable. "Maria, if you'd been in service up at the World, and know as much of the Verings as I do, you'd know that none of 'em ever breaks their word or fails to keep an appointment. I'll bet the license of the 'Vering Arms' that Mr. Percy is in that fly coming up the hill."

Mrs. Tapling turned to do as she was bid, utterly vanquished by the offer of such a tremendous wager, and in two minutes more the pair—horse fly dashed up to the inn, and the landlord was at the carriage door.

"Mr. Percy, welcome, sir," were his first words, the next one, as he opened the door, was an exclamation of respectful but unbounded astonishment; for as Mr. Percy Chester stepped out of the fly, he turned and offered his hand to a young girl whose beauty struck upon the landlord like a supernatural vision; it was so dark and so unexpected. One moment of unmitigated surprise, and then he was all respect and attention. With the greatest care and respect on his part, Percy lifted the young girl from the carriage over the damp pavement, and placed her in the wide hall.

The landlady came bustling out as he did so, and, like her husband, stood stricken dumb with the same

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Once the nervous system gets run down everything seems to tend to make it worse. You worry over your condition, are unable to get the required rest and sleep, noises excite and irritate you and the future is most discouraging.

The nervous system does not get the proper nourishment from the food you eat, so you must have something also to lift you out of the run-down condition. You may find that your experience coincides with the writer of this letter and be encouraged to put Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to the test.

You will make no mistake in employing this food cure, for, acting as it does hand in hand with Nature, it is bound to do you good.

Mrs. Jas. Jensen, Gwynne, Alta., writes: "About ten years ago I was troubled with severe attacks of neuralgia and nervousness, and was for

kind of amazement. Mr. Chester was not slow to remark the effect caused by the girl's appearance, and a frown, swift but dark, crossed his face.

"Well, Tapling," he said, in his quiet, commanding way, the Vering tone and manner; "you expected me, I see."

"Yes, sir, and heartily glad to see you, sir," said the landlord, quite recovered by this time, and anxious, by increased respect, to atone for his moment of transgression.

"And what news from the World?" asked Percy, with deep anxiety.

"Just the same, sir, as Mr. Gringe telegraphed. I've sent up to say you were here, sir; and the rooms are quite ready, sir."

Percy nodded, then took Kyra's hand.

"This little girl is a ward of mine," he said. "I want the rooms for her. She is tired, I have no doubt."

At this hint Mrs. Tapling flew with respect at the lithe figure clad in rare and costly furs, and knelt down beside her.

"I'll take her upstairs, sir. There's a splendid fire, and dinner, and tea, too, sir, is all ready," and she bobbed a little curtsy.

"Very good," said Percy; and then he half drew, half led the young Indian to the motherly Mrs. Tapling.

Kyra looked from one to the other with calm, almost piercing scrutiny, but clung with wonderful tenacity to her guardian.

"Go with this lady, Kyra," he said, bending down slightly. "She will take all care of you—until I come back."

She looked up at him, and slowly drawing her hand from his advanced, with the lithe grace of a young savage, and placed the little, fur-gloved hand in the fat warm one of the landlady. With a motherly smile of affection and admiration Mrs. Tapling clasped it and led the way upstairs.

Percy rapidly buttoned his sealskin coat again and looked up at the clock.

"I've kept the horses in, sir," said the landlord, eagerly.

"Yes, thanks; they shall drive me to the lodge gates and I'll walk the rest."

"Won't you wait and have something to drink—something warm," pleaded the landlord, with almost tender anxiety. "I've got a glass already made." And he handed a salver with a glass of brandy-and-water.

Percy just put his lips to it, out of regard for the landlord's thoughtfulness, then turned toward the carriage.

"I'll go at once," he said; then, as the landlord closed the carriage door, he added, "I need not ask you to take all care of my ward—Miss Kyra. I leave her in Mrs. Tapling's charge."

Mr. Tapling looked more than he could say in the way of assurances of his devotion to any charge left him by any of the house of Vering, and the impatient horses dashed off.

Mrs. Tapling and Kyra climbed the

great wide stairs, and entered the grand room of the hotel. It was an old-fashioned room, splendid with crimson damask hangings, numerous pictures—mostly portraits of the Verings—and walnut wood furniture. A blazing fire roared and cackled in the wide fireplace, wax candles—it was dusk by then—lit up the wide expanse of comfort with a cheery, welcoming aspect. It was the first English room Kyra had seen, for she had traveled posthaste from America to Liverpool, from Liverpool to Vering, and her whole mind was thrilled by it; but not a muscle of her face moved, her eyes were as calm and composed as those of the pictures on the wall. She was an Indian, and the emotion of surprise was one of shame and degradation.

"There, my dear!" said Mrs. Tapling, leading her to the fire, "let me take your things off here before the fire—there's another in your bedroom. Not as I thought as it was to be yours, for Mr. Percy ordered it for himself, as we thought; but there—Lord save us, what beautiful furs! And they've come from foreign parts, any one can see!" and the good soul held up her fat hands in awful admiration, as she peered Kyra of one costly fur after another. "Why, you're all furs, my dear, like a young princess, as perhaps you are for what I know. There—are your hands cold, my dear?"

"No," said Kyra, who would have made the same reply if her hands had been frostitten.

"No; warm as toast. And you are hungry, I'll be bound. There!" and she pulled one of the long embroidered bell ropes. "We'll soon have dinner ready. Will you come to your room, my dear? I beg your pardon, Miss—Miss—what name shall I call you?"

"My name is Kyra," replied the girl, with a steady look, and in a voice liquid and musical, so strangely so, that the landlady remained on her knees for a moment afterward, as if she had been listening to some strange musical instrument.

"Kyra, what a pretty name, and what is your Christian name, miss?"

"My name is Kyra," repeated Kyra, distinctly.

The landlady nodded her head once or twice meditatively, then rose. "Come with me, my dear," she said, "and I'll show you your room; and we'll have dinner ready by the time you've washed and made yourself straight."

In ten minutes the table was laid with the best plate, and furnished with as delicate and artistic a menu as the "Vering Arms" could produce; and a few minutes afterward Mrs. Tapling re-entered.

Mrs. Tapling looked round the table and then at her charge with some little anxiety. "I hope everything will be as you like it, miss," she murmured, adding mentally, "If I'd only known what they eat in your country I'd a got it, if it 'ad been birds' nests or toads. There's some of Mr. Chester's favorite dishes."

"Kyra is pleased," said the girl, quietly.

Mrs. Tapling, who seemed to be completely under a spell, when her beautiful young curiosity opened her lips, bobbed a curtsy, and set a chair perfectly at the table.

"I'll stay with you, miss, if you please," she said. "Now, James," in an undertone, "the soup."

If the good soul expected to see her young guest attack the soup with her fingers, or exhibit any heathenism of the kind, she was greatly disappointed; Kyra chose the right spoon, held it properly, and partook of her soup with all the critical gravity of any lady from Belgravia. Mrs. Tapling was enchanted and awed. Fish—a splendid salmon—was received as familiar diet—sherry was sipped—cutlets, duck, rissoles, all partaken of with an air of admirable breeding, and then for the first time the child—she was nothing more—as the landlady kept assuring herself, in despite of her wonderful art of intelligence and self-possession—the child spoke.

"Kyra will have no more," she said, speaking in the same musical tone, and with a little imperious sweep of her small brown hand.

With the most profound obedience, the waiter removed the last of the sweets, and brought her a dish of rose-water. With great gravity she dipped

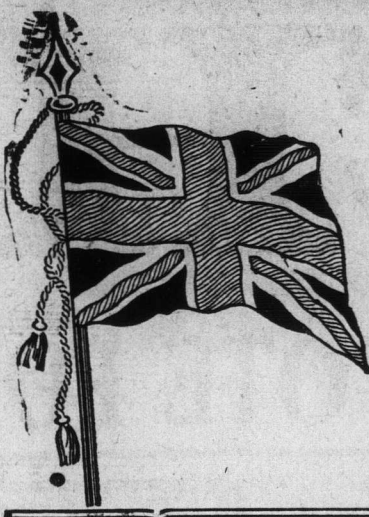
(To be continued.)

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**Opening of the Baseball Season**

B. I. S. . . . . 200 100 09 x-18  
Cubs . . . . . 120 001 000-1

A very cold northeast gale was the weather handed out to the Baseballers and "fans" yesterday when the opening game of the series was played between the B. I. S. and Cubs resulting in a win for the former by 12 runs to 4.

Prior to the game's beginning the volunteers now in training, numbering upward of 700, under the command of Major Montgomery, arrived on the field as guests of the Baseball League, and Marched Past His Excellency the Governor, who was present with his staff. The players of the competing clubs paraded at the rear of the Volunteers and a very pleasing spectacle was presented which greatly pleased the bleacherites.

Umpire-in-Chief Chesman then called "Play Ball" and Mr. Gosling, Chairman of the Civic Commission, amidst great applause, threw the first ball over the plate to catcher McHenry, of the B. I. S., and thus formally began the fourth season of League Baseball in Newfoundland to be opened. This is the custom wherever baseball is played, and has been adhered to here since the League was inaugurated.

A delightful treat was given the spectators by the rendition of an excellently prepared program by the C. C. Band under the direction of Lieut. Arthur Bulley, who very kindly offered their services for the occasion in view of the entire proceeds being given to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Club. Despite the unpleasantness of the weather about \$300.00 was raised. This includes the gate receipts and the refreshments served by the Ladies' committee who worked most untiring and assiduously.

**THE GAME.**

The game started at 3.15 with the Cubs at bat. In this inning they scored once, while the B. I. S. succeeded in making 2 runs. In the second inning the Cubs made 2, while the Irishmen were blanked in the second and third but managed to secure 1 in the fourth. It was not until the sixth that the Cubs crossed the plate again, which finalised their scoring. At this period the game practically resolved itself into a pitching duel and was quite exciting but in the Irishmen's eighth inning, their twirler, Carew, started a batting rally and before the Cubs recovered from their surprise the latter had 9 runs salted down. Thereupon their spirit was broken and the changing of Hall for Pearce on the mound proved to be of no avail and victory was snatched from the Cubs almost at the last moment. The game was exciting and at times spectacular but the frigidity of the weather made visible enthusiasm very latent. The B. I. S. have a very strong line-up and the infield is quite formidable, but in the early stages of the game wild throwing was at times prevalent and this probably accounted for the Cubs' runs. Pitcher, their new sunflower distinguished himself as owing to the high wind it was difficult to judge flies, and his double play to Campbell was particularly brilliant. Of course the mainstay of the team is their battery Carew and McHenry. The former's pitching was most effective and he has a large and varied assortment of the necessary curves and shots. For the losers, Tessier hit well and made the only three-bagger for the afternoon. Hall, their sturdy little pitcher, has quality if not quantity, and after a little experience will have to be reckoned with. His battery mate, Clouston, also has the game well in hand and they should make an admirable team. Both teams will have to improve their batting, though probably the cold weather and high wind made their hitting ineffective yesterday. Mr. F. V. Chesman was Umpire-in-Chief with Major Montgomery watching the bases, and a particularly pleasing feature of the game was the absence of ragging the umpires both by fans and players. Mr. P. E. Outerbridge looked after the score sheets in his usually efficient manner. The second game of the series will be played next Wednesday when the doughty old warriors—the Wanderers and Red Lions—will meet in battle array.

**Reids' Boats.**

The Argyle reached Placentia at 6 a.m. to-day from the west.  
The Clyde reached Lewisport at 1.20 p.m. yesterday.  
The Dundee arrived at Port Blandford 11.50 p.m. yesterday.  
The Ethie left Port aux Choix at 1.30 p.m. yesterday inward.  
The Glencoe left Belleoram at 8.30 a.m. yesterday coming east.  
The Home left Pilley's Island at 2 p.m. yesterday, outward.  
The Kyle left Port aux Basques at 4.10 a.m. to-day.  
The Petrel reached Clarenville at 2.15 p.m. yesterday.  
The Meigle reached Port aux Basques at 11 a.m. to-day.  
The Sagona left Catalina early this morning going north.

**Train Notes.**

Tuesday's outgoing express reached Port aux Basques at 3 a.m. to-day. The incoming express is due about 5 p.m. to-day.  
The mail and freight left Port aux Basques at noon to-day.  
The local from Carbonear reached the city at noon to-day.  
The Trepassy train arrived in the city on time to-day.

**Cape Report.**

Special to Evening Telegram.  
CAPE RACE, To-day. Wind N. E., fresh, weather fine. The S. S. Storstad passed in an easterly direction yesterday. The schooner Annie and several others passed west this morning. Bar. 29.69; ther. 46.

COOPERS MET.—The question of increased wages was further discussed at a meeting of the Coopers' Union last night.

**THE**

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