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 Has been Canada's favorite yeast for over a quarter of a century. Greatly improved with Royal yeast will keep loaves and rolls longer than other yeasts with equal care, and will keep loaves and rolls as long as good as the best.  
**R.W. GILBERT COMPANY LIMITED**  
 WINDSOR TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

**The Lost Will,**  
 OR,  
**LOVE TRIUMPHS AT LAST.**

CHAPTER XXXII

"I've just met Lady Blanche," he said, significantly, and Nora, who had been standing peering off her gloves slowly, cast down her eyes and egged herself sideways on a chair. "I've just seen Lady Blanche, and—well, she's told me. Nora—Pardon, Miss Norton!—I want you to answer me a question. Now, when you've heard it, don't say I've no right to ask it; because I'll jolly soon prove that I have! I want to ask you whether you broke off the engagement with Ferndale because of that confounded will, or because—because—you didn't care for him?"

Nora was silent for a moment, her fingers picking at the braid on her coat; then she answered, with her eyes still downcast:

"Because I—I didn't care for him."

"That's all right!" said Jack, with a joy that was almost fardish. "Lady Blanche said that was the reason; but I wanted to hear from you direct; because, if the other had been the cause—well, I shouldn't have been able to say what I'm going to say."

There was a pause, as if he were trying to get his breath; then he said: "Nora, I love you. I've been in love with you ever since that night we met outside the gates of Chertson. Yes; I fell head over heels in love with you that night, and I've gone on loving you ever since. I tell you the truth that there were times, when we were together at the Hall, that I've tried to hold myself well in hand, lest I should blurt out the truth and tell you that, if I couldn't have you, I'd chuck myself into the pond or—or enlist in the Marines."

She was silent for a moment; then, in a very low, clear voice, she asked: "If you loved me, why didn't you tell me so?"

Jack ruffled his hair and stared at her.

"Why? Don't you see? Why, there was I, a good-for-nothing chap, of no account, with his living to get, and there were you with Chertson, and all Chalfont's money in your pocket—O! the wealthiest women in England! Jiggles always says I've got more cheek than ten men and a boy, but I hadn't got cheek enough for that. I'd make a mess of the Law, and I was just your servant. Why, how the deuce could I ask you? But never mind all that; that's past," he went on quickly, with a wave of the hand, as if that past were not worth considering now. "I've told you, and I want you to give me your answer. Oh, Nora, dear—oh, Nora, my dear love—do let it be 'Yes, there's a good girl.'"

"But it's 'No,'" said Nora, in a whisper, after a pause.

Jack's jaw fell, and from the other side of the table, he stared at her as if he had just received sentence of, say, seven years' penal servitude.

"Oh, is it 'No'?" he said huskily. "You don't care for me? I'm—I'm sorry! I know I'd no right to think you did, or could; but, somehow—well, those novel chaps all say that love breeds love, or something of that kind; and I hoped—"

"Besides," said Nora pensively, "look at the difference between us." Conscientiously or unconscientiously, there was almost an echo of his tones in her voice. "Here am I, a poor girl of no account, with my living to get; and here are you, with Chertson, and Mr. Chalfont's money in your pocket to say nothing of being the heir to an earldom, or whatever it is."

Jack was something of a fool, as, alas! doubtless my readers have discovered long before this; but he was not such a fool as not to go round that table with a bound and get his girl in his arms.

She resisted him for just an instant,

her palms on his broad chest, her face, masked in exquisite blushes, drawn back; but presently the blushes were hidden on his shoulder and she did not resist—very much—when he turned her face up and pressed his lips to hers.

"Don't you think you're a very stupid sort of man?" she whispered, after a while—one of those whistles which are such sweet intervals of time and eternity to lovers, especially when they are in each other's arms. "Did you think that I had less pride than you? Jack, I think it was very wicked of you."

"So it was," he admitted, as, at that moment, he would have pleaded guilty to any charge of imbecility she could have chosen to bring against him.

"And that's why you put on so much side and tried to freeze me when you said good-bye, that day at the Hall, when I congratulated you?"

She hung her head for a moment; then she raised it and met his smiling eyes with her clear, truthful ones.

"No, Jack. I've got to confess. It will hurt me very much; but I've got to do it. It's only fair to you. I was cold to you that day because—because I thought you—cared for Maud Delman, and—were going off with her."

Jack held his beloved at arm's length and frowned down at her. He did not laugh, and he was silent for quite a long time; then he said, very gravely:

"I see. No, Nora, I never cared one atom for poor Maud. I'd helped her to get on the stage; I'd seen her once or twice in London—look her to supper at the Carlton once—"

"I know; I heard," murmured Nora, penitently, remorsefully. "And, besides, there was that poor, wretched fellow, Stephen Fleming; he believed it; he told me."

"And you believed it—till when?" she asked.

"Till the other evening on the island; when you and she met."

"But we didn't say anything—explain. How did you know?"

She smiled, with the divine wisdom of women and their compassion for the obtuseness of men. "I knew by the way you spoke to her—just that." Jack threw up his head two or three times by way of expressing his admiration for such marvellous perspicacity.

"I knew the moment you spoke that Fleming and I, everybody, were wrong. And, oh, Jack, I was so full of shame and remorse for having mistrusted you! But there was some excuse; for—oh, poor girl, I'm afraid she cares for you very much!"

Jack's face grew crimson; but he jerked his head and laughed.

"Oh, don't you worry," he said. "That's all right. She—she might have had a fancy—oh, bless your soul, it's all right! The only thing Maud Delman's really in love with is her acting—the theatre and all that. Don't let's talk about her."

"What shall we talk about?" murmured Nora, with a sweet and novel obedience.

"About ourselves, of course," replied Jack promptly, as if there were no other subject. "When shall we be married, Nora? How about to-morrow? I've got nothing to do; the weather's delightful, and it's just the time for the Italian Lakes. There's a registrar's office round the corner. I noticed it as I came along, and thought what a jolly little place it was for getting married in. What do you say?"

"I've not the least objection to marrying you to-morrow, dearest," she whispered; "but do you want to bring Mabel to a sudden death? If you do, you've only got to mention the word 'Registrar.' I'd be perfectly content; but Mabel has set her heart on a regular wedding, a lavender silk dress and a hat from Louise's."

(To be Continued.)

**REPORTER WANTED** for "The Evening Telegram." Application to be made by Letter ONLY.—oct14,t

**Fads and Fashions.**

Rat-tail braid is used on the new suits and dresses.

Dotted veils are more youthful than scrolled veils.

Any fur looks well with a suit of smoke-gray velour.

Many suits use the string belt run through buttonholes.

The severe square neck is softened with ruffled net.

Spats and low shoes will be worn more than high shoes.

Tunics have sometimes the effect of rather large pockets.

**WRIGLEY'S**

Six reasons **WHY** it's a good friend:

- 1—Steadies nerves
- 2—Allays thirst
- 3—Aids appetite
- 4—Helps digestion
- 5—Keeps teeth clean
- 6—It's economical

Keep the soldiers and sailors supplied!

Sealed tight—Kept right

MADE IN CANADA

Chew it after every meal

**The Flavour Lasts!**

Trade supplied by MEEHAN & COMPANY, St. John's, Nfld.

**Love in the Abbey**

**Lady Ethel's Rival**

CHAPTER I.

"MISS TOMBOY."

The Lawn was a small place, too small, as was the establishment also, for a Rosedale, but the Honorable Francis Trevelyan was a younger son, and had a younger son's income. Though small, the place was pretty, and, like everything about Mr. Trevelyan, excepting Kitty, of course in "good form."

The Hall itself, the seat of the Rosedale family, was not kept in more refined style, and did not possess appointments in better taste. Everything had been prepared for a truce-born, properly lymphatic Rosedale, everything was elegantly slow and aristocratically dull and correct, forming a fitting setting for one of the stereotyped Rosedale characters, and here was Kitty; Kitty like—to use one of her phrases which always caused her father to shudder and close his eyes—like a bull in a china shop.

Throughout the place reigned an air of repose, and over the whole shone a soft, subdued light, produced about the exterior by carefully clipped shrubs and plants, and in the interior by as carefully arranged blinds and curtains and fire screens. The atmosphere which Tapley sprinkled about the rooms before his master descended from his upper chambers; the servants spoke below their breath, and moved over the thick carpets with slow and hushed footsteps. The Rosedale spirit of languor and patrician repose—not to say ennui—was over all: a dead level of monotonous harmony, in which Kitty was the one loud and irrepressible discordant note.

Kitty spent most of her time out of doors, as was not surprising; out in the open air she seemed in her place, as one with the birds and any four-footed animal that happened to be about; and she was sure if it was about, it was pretty soon near her. Within the golden, perfumed cage she was utterly out of place and awry, as one of her favorite blackbirds, whose wobbling whistle she could imitate most exasperatingly, would have been if shut up in Mr. Trevelyan's silver-dressing case.

See her this spring morning—hear her first, however; for long before her form emerged from the concealing outhouses and eims of the miniature farmyard, her approach is heralded by the clear, sweet voice stinging—what?—not a sentimental ballad of the "You and I" and "Kitty" species, but the stirring English melody, "The Maids of Merry England."

The voice so sweet, though so clear and resonant, surprises you a little; for it is not the voice one generally allots in fancy to a tomboy; but there is another surprise in store for you. No doubt you have pictured, as did every one else who heard of Kitty before seeing her, a tall, big-boned, rough and red-faced Amazon, with large, staring eyes, and red hair; that's how a tomboy should look, no doubt; but now look—here she comes from behind the elm—a slight, slenderly made girl of less than the average height, clad in a tight-fitting, gray costume, that sets upon her supple bust and waist like a riding habit, with just a suspicion of a red underskirt dropping shortly over a tiny, well-arched foot, thickly, though neatly, clad; the sun is now on her face, and with a bright smile of enjoyment she raises her head to glance up at it—a small, well-shaped head, covered with a delicious crop of chestnut hair, that never, by the most malicious, could be called red, and is too bright to be classed among the commonplace browns; clear, round, brown eyes, as variable in their expression as the shadows cast by the leaves of the elm above her head; a small, well-cut nose, and there is the picture completed, "barring," as the Irishman said, "the most important part"—the mouth.

When you want something in a hurry for tea, go to ELLIS'—Head Cheese, Ox Tongue, Boiled Ham, Cooke's Corned Beef, Bologna Sausage.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURE'S COLDS, ETC.

**Fashion Plates.**

**2596**



2596—Your little girl will be pleased with this style of dress. It is nice for gabardine plaid suiting, serge, galatee, gingham, chambray, percale, velvet or silk. The closing is effected at the left side. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 6 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

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

**A SIMPLE STYLE FOR THE LITTLE TOT.**



2603—This model is nice for gingham, seersucker, chambray, repp, poplin, crepe, serge, fannelle and calardine. The belt and pockets may be omitted. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 1 year, 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 will require 2 1/2 yards of 44-inch material.

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

**We are still showing a splendid selection of**

**Tweeds and Serges.**

**No scarcity at**

**Maunder's.**

**However, we beg to remind our customers these goods are selling rapidly, and cannot be replaced at the same price.**



**John Maunder,**  
 Tailor and Clothier, St. John's, Nfld.

**The Emerson PIANO**

is the Piano with a Newfoundland reputation of 40 years behind it.

There are many of these Pianos in the Island today, standing monuments of the wonderful lasting qualities they possess.

Call at our Showrooms and see and hear them. Prices the best.

**CHARLES HUTTON,**  
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**The First Principle of Modern Business is SERVICE**

That is where we shine.

Good Goods well made, moderately priced, and honest effort made to deliver on time. Expert accounting and satisfactory settlements of all claims.

The biggest clothing manufacturing organization in Newfoundland backs up its claim for Superior Service.

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**WARNER'S Rust-Proof Corsets!**

To be in fashion you should wear a

**WARNER'S CORSET.**

A comfortable fitting Corset, a fashionable shaping Corset, and a Corset guaranteed to wear without rusting, breaking or tearing.

When you discard a WARNER'S it is because you wish a New WARNER'S.

**Price: \$2.30 pair up.**

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**No Fratern**  
**Revolution Urged in**  
**That More Speed**  
**Spreading Among**

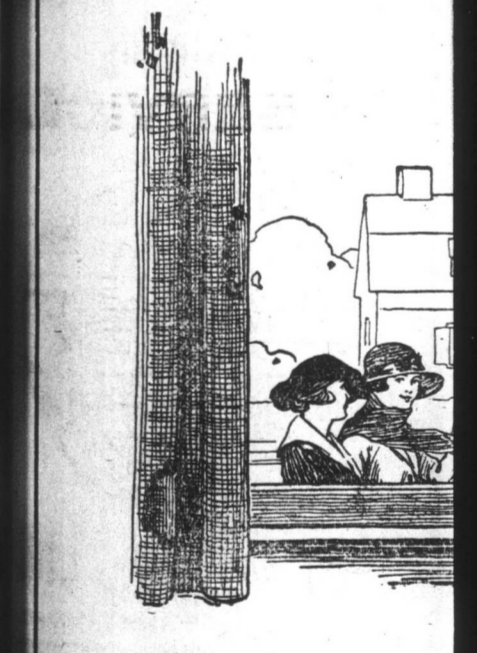
**GERMANS MOVING BACK.**

WITH THE AMERICAN ARMIES IN THE MEUSE and MOSELLE, Nov. 13.—Germany's army was "moving slowly along its whole front towards the west" today. The American forces remain exactly where they were when armistice went into effect. So far known at the American army headquarters no disposition has been made as to what part of the withdrawal of the German troops. It is believed that the reversing of the gains of the great German machine will not be simple. There would be a surprise among the American officers had the German front remained most touched, but already there appears to have been left immediately in front of the American line little more than a fringe of soldiers. In some places even that line has been withdrawn so far that the army men on this side do not know its location. The Germans reluctantly abandoned their efforts to continue fraternization with the lines were still in proximity, but threats to hold as prisoners were practically stopped their visits. Behind the American line the activity of the supply trains mobilized at the front settled down to routine duty. There was an increasing number of days of absence, however, and the men in the rear where troops are stationed were gay than at any time since the beginning of the war. The celebration that began on Monday night gathered momentum instead showing signs of abating.

**SWEDEN'S TURN NEXT.**

LONDON, Nov. 13.

The revolution in Germany has left an impression in Sweden, where the Independent Socialists have a manifesto urging the establishment of Soldiers' and Workmen's councils everywhere in order to establish a Socialist Government and republic, according to a Copenhagen ad-



**"If I Could Or Like**

**THIS** is the longing of the girl pale, weak and anaemic.

She is lacking in energy, strength, and is so easily tired of she does not feel like taking outdoor exercise or joining others in social outings.

The healthy, happy outdoor life in the way of leaving her to herself she gets lonely, discouraged and dependent.

The source of trouble is in the condition of the blood, which has become watery, and utterly lacking in nutritive qualities.

The anaemic condition is shown by pallor of the lips, the gums and the face, as well as in the pale face and form.

Nature has provided for the purification of the blood by having it sent to the periodically to come in contact with fresh air and take up new oxygen.

Unfortunately this plan of nature has been defeated by human beings living much indoors and breathing over and over again the vitiated air of ill-ventilated rooms. This is the usual cause of anaemia, as well as a reason for its continuation.

The blood gets ever thinner and watery, until the human system is fully starved.