

ROYAL YEAST
MAKES PERFECT BREAD

Aubrey's Revenge.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"So it will. We shall be going over to Shoal City in the morning to report poor Rutherford's death, and to set the proper authorities on the trail of that scoundrel Tulliver, so it will be well for you to write an advertisement and have it inserted in the daily papers."

"All right, sir," said Tom, and an hour or two later, when the bustle was all over and Pete, the parrot, had subsided into sullen silence, with his green head tucked under his wing, Tom sat down to answer Kelpie's letter and to write the advertisement, never dreaming that he was forging an important link in the chain of destiny.

Having written the letter, he spread out a fresh sheet and attempted to write a letter to the girl he loved and had lost forever. But he found it a hard task. He was quite decided as to what he would say, but when he dipped his pen in the inkstand, both heart and hand failed him, and he only succeeded in spoiling the spotless paper.

But a determined will is sure to accomplish its purpose in the end, and Tom had resolved to do what he deemed his duty no matter what it might cost him.

"Kelpie is happy, the life she is leading suits her, and she wants to marry Carroll Fitzgugh," he said to himself, "and it would be selfish for me to say a word or lift a finger to prevent it, and I don't intend to do it."

So, after many futile attempts, the poor fellow got the best of his great disappointment, and wrote the following letter:

My Dear Kelpie: Your very kind and welcome letter reached us to-day, and, in spite of many hindrances, I am scribbling a few lines in reply.

I am sincerely glad to hear that you find your new life so pleasant and attractive, but it is just what I predicted. There can be no comparison, of course, between the gay life of a great city and the humdrum existence we lead here, and I am not surprised at all to hear that you find the change agreeable.

We miss you dreadfully, of course, but we are getting along famously, and beg that you won't worry one bit on our account.

In response to the questions you ask in regard to your future, I have but one answer, and that is "Yes." I can't see what else I can say. Since the romance in question is such a charming one, and so strangely different from the ordinary run of things, and the hero of the romance so very much in love with you, as you say, I really can't see how you can do otherwise than to marry him. No other termination short of a happy marriage would seem fitting for such a pretty love dream.

So, dear little woman, as we used to call you in the happy days forever gone, my answer is, "Do as your own heart dictates, marry the man you love, and who, you tell me, loves you in return, and God grant that he may make you as happy as you deserve to be."

In regard to the fortune you speak of, I hope it may greatly add to your pleasures, and I dare say it will. A good supply of ready cash seldom goes amiss.

Your grandfather is engaged to-night, but he will let you hear from him quite soon, no doubt, and I think I may safely say that his answer will

be the same as mine. The one desire of his heart is to make his little woman happy.

In regard to myself, I fail to comprehend your meaning. All I can say is this: I have no intention, at present, of changing my manner of living in any way. Your grandfather could not do without me just now, and I have no desire to leave him.

This, I believe, is about all I have to say. We seldom have changes here, as you know. To-day is but a repetition of yesterday, and to-morrow will be the same. We shall look forward to the visit of which you speak with fond expectation; it would be very pleasant to see you here in your old place—a short-lived pleasure alas!

I would make an effort to do your bidding and kiss Pete on top of his green head, but he has grown dangerously vicious since your departure. The night is gone, and I can catch the first glimmer of daybreak through the portholes, so I will say good night, dear, and good morning in the same breath.

Ever yours faithfully, TOM.

P.S.—I have never forgotten our eight-o'clock promise, but it doesn't surprise me in the least to hear that you have. Yours, TOM.

Kelpie was in the drawing-room at Van Cortlandt Place, attired for the opera, when some few nights later a letter from New Castle Light was put in her hand. It had come by the late delivery, and Carroll Fitzgugh had brought it in.

"Oh, a letter from daddy and Tom!" she cried. "I'm so glad, so glad."

Pressing the precious letter to her lips, she rushed from the room. Upstairs in her own chamber, with the door locked, she threw herself down in an armchair, her cheeks flushed and her heart beating wildly.

"It's from dear old Tom," she said. "I wonder what he says? I'm almost ashamed of myself a dozen times for writing him such a nasty, mean, cruel letter. But Tom never takes offense at my nonsense, and maybe he didn't think this time. I must find out."

She kissed the letter a second time, and then tore it open and drew forth the sheet.

"A very brief letter for Tom," she said to herself; "he never writes less than four sheets."

Then she read it eagerly from the first word to the last.

"What does he mean by writing me a letter like this?" she said, her lips beginning to quiver like a child's, and her eyes brimming with tears. "I was certain he'd ridicule the idea of my marrying 'the city chap' he and daddy used to make fun of, but he advises me to marry him."

"Tom advises me to marry him," she repeated, after a pause of painful surprise, her bosom rising and falling, and two great tears trickling down her cheeks.

"He doesn't care, perhaps," she broke forth a moment later, her eyes flashing and her cheeks scarlet. "Tom doesn't care. Well, neither do I. I'll take his advice, that's what I'll do!"

With an angry little stamp of her pretty foot she tore poor Tom's letter into small bits and tossed them in the grate.

They flared up in a sudden blaze, making the slender little ring on her finger glow and glitter in their light. Kelpie caught the gleam, and, impelled by a mad impulse, fairly tore the ring from her finger and tossed it into the fire, where the fragments of the letter were already burned to a heap of white ashes.

"It is his ring and I won't wear it!" she cried. "I'll put a diamond in its place to-night; yes, I will!"

Then she threw herself on the bed and sobbed and cried like a heart-broken child.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

It was Snapdragon's voice at the door that brought Kelpie to her feet. "My dear Miss van Cortlandt, are you asleep?" she called. "Please

Nervous Dyspepsia, Gas or Indigestion

Each "Pape's Diapepsin" digests 3000 grains food, ending all stomach misery in five minutes.

Time! Pape's Diapepsin will digest anything you eat and overcome a sour, gassy or out-of-order stomach surely within five minutes.

If your meals don't fit comfortably, or what you eat lies like a lump of lead in your stomach, or if you have heartburn, that is a sign of indigestion.

Get from your pharmacist a fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin and take a dose just as soon as you can. There will be no sour risings, no belching of undigested food mixed with acid, no stomach gas or heartburn, fullness or heavy feeling in the stomach, nausea, debilitating headaches, dizziness or intestinal griping. This will all go, and, besides, there will be no sour food left over in the stomach to poison your breath with noxious odors.

Pape's Diapepsin is certain cure for out-of-order stomachs, because it takes hold of your food and digests it just the same as if your stomach want't there.

Belief in five minutes from all stomach misery is waiting for you at any drug store.

These large fifty cent cases contain enough "Pape's Diapepsin" to keep the entire family free from stomach disorders and indigestion for many months. It belongs in your home.

wake up if you are and open the door. Your mother sends her love and says Mr. Carroll Fitzgugh desires to speak with you on a matter of importance, and it lacks but half an hour of opera time."

Kelpie arose with a sigh, and, drying her eyes, looked wistfully toward the fire, a vain hope in her foolish heart that she might find the little ring she had cherished so long.

But the red coals were burning fiercely, and not even a vestige of the white ashes of the letter could be seen.

"Let it go!" she cried, shutting her pretty teeth hard. "Tom doesn't care, and why should I? I'll put another ring in its place presently."

She turned on the heel of her satin boot and opened the door.

"How pretty you look, my dear," said Snapdragon, entering hastily, "but your hair is all awry and your gown is in a tumble, and—behave above, you've been crying. My dear child, have you quite lost your senses?"

"I'm not at all sure I haven't, but don't waste your breath, Snapdragon; straighten me out and let me go down."

"But what am I to do with your eyes, miss?"

"Let 'em alone. I'd just as soon they'd think I'd been crying as not. What does it matter?"

"A great deal, miss. My mistress would never forgive me!" cried Snapdragon, and she bustled about in hot haste, doing what she could to repair the young lady's toilet.

A few minutes later Kelpie went down, looking as radiant as if she had never shed a tear in her life.

Her mother met her at the drawing room door, and embraced her tenderly.

"You naughty child, to keep us waiting so long," she said playfully. "Here she is at last, Carroll!"

The young man emerged from the shadows with a great bunch of scarlet roses in his hand.

"See what a lovely bouquet the poor fellow has brought you, my darling," whispered the lady, "and be good to him, my sweet, for your mother's sake," she added, as she vanished, leaving the two young people alone.

"You haven't shaken hands with me yet, nor deigned to notice my poor roses," said Carroll, making an attempt to take Kelpie's hand.

"Oh, handshaking is an obsolete custom, which should not be revived," laughed Kelpie, "and I really get such loads of roses that I am puzzled to know what to do with them."

Nothing daunted, the young man laid the roses on a stand near by and

crossed the room to the sofa on which Kelpie had seated herself.

"I have come for the answer you promised to give me," he said, possessing himself of her hand. "If you make me wait an hour longer I shall go mad. Say 'yes,' my sweetheart, and let me put this ring on your finger."

"Why, dear me," he added, in a tone of surprise, "the ring that Tom Tom Holland gave you is gone. Did you take it off?"

"Yes, and threw it in the fire," answered Kelpie promptly. "I've quarreled with Tom, and I am ready to accept you."

"The young man fairly started with amazement.

"My darling, do you mean it?" he cried rapturously, and would have taken her in his arms, but she held him at bay with her glittering eyes.

"Yes, I mean it," she said. "I am willing to marry you, and you may put an engagement ring on my finger, but I won't submit to any foolishness. Hands off its fair play, and I'm not at all in favor of kissing."

"Not between engaged lovers?" cried Carroll, aghast.

"Most decidedly not."

Carroll laughed and shrugged his shoulders as he took note of this opinion—and secretly resented it.

"This is one of your caprices, my dearest, and I shall have to submit, I suppose, but you'll change your mind by this time to-morrow."

"You'll see that I won't," answered Kelpie defiantly.

"Why, my dear love, have you quite forgotten the dear old days at Thatcher's Rock? Don't you care for me at all, my sweet?"

"Not a bit; I hate you!"

"Yet you have consented to let me put an engagement ring on your finger?"

"Yes, if you wish."

"And when will you marry me, dearest?"

"Whenever you see fit to name the day."

The young man laughed aloud and then grew red with anger.

"You're making fun of me," he said, his voice trembling, "and I don't intend to submit to it."

"Just as you like," said Kelpie, with a toss of her pretty head; "you agree to my terms, or we'll consider the engagement off."

"Decide at once," she added; "there is no time to waste. My mother will swoop down upon us presently, and whirl us off to the opera."

(To be Continued.)

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Not only softer, smoother, more satisfying than any other, but distinguished by the "The Oriental Odor," a fragrance inimitable in its subtlety and charm.

In addition to Massaita, we carry a complete line of Laxal's Famous Sozodolines, including the most exquisite Perfumes, deodorants, Toilet Waters, Soap Creams, and Powders of unquestionable excellence.

At all Drugists, St. John's, N.F.S. Minard's Liniment Caret Barns.

Our Volunteers.

The total number of volunteers enrolled with the Reserve Force to date is 1,497, the following having enlisted on Saturday last:—

Albert White, Catalina.
John Avery, St. John's.
Alonso J. Gallishaw, St. John's.
Jos. Nosworthy, St. John's.
Chas. Raynes, St. John's.
Frank Filyer, Petty Hr.
Suffred Hedges, Petty Hr.
Walt Joy, Petty Hr.
Bert Brown, Laurencetown.

There are now 266 men on parade and recruiting is still being continued daily.

Furness Boats.

The S. S. Tobasco sailed from Halifax at 3 p.m. on Saturday for here.

The S. S. Durango is expected to leave Liverpool to-morrow week for this port.

The S. S. Roanoke is 9 days out from Liverpool and should soon put in an appearance.

Post Cards of the Contingent which left on the Stephano now for sale at

PARSONS' ART STORE.

Stormy at Topsails.

Yesterday a rather severe snow storm raged in the vicinity of the Topsails. A strong north east wind prevailed all over the line of railway and the following were the principal temperatures:—

Clareville, 42 above; Quarry, 23 above; Bishop's Falls, 25 above; Humbermouth, 26 above; Port aux Basques, 38 above.

Molasses Shipment.

During the latter part of this month and the early part of next large shipments of molasses are expected to reach this port, as the following vessels are now en route from Barbados with cargoes: Clementine, Freedom and Olima; also the Gaspe, Nelson M. Jean and Success are at present at Barbados loading.

THE STEEL COMPANY OF CANADA, Ltd., Montreal,

Manufacture at right prices—Bolts and Nuts, Horse Shoes, Railway Spikes, Bar Iron, Barbed Wire and Staples, Mild Steel, Galvanized Telegraph Wire, Galvanized Bar Iron, Pig Iron, Lead and Waste Pipe, Iron Pipe, Fence Wire, Tacks of all kinds, Shot and Putty.

FRANKLIN'S AGENCIES, LTD., Agents. feb20,tf

Here and There.

KYLE'S REPORT.—The Kyle which arrived at Port aux Basques yesterday morning reports heavy ice from Louisbourg to about 55 miles from Channel Head.

SAFETY RAZORS.—The wonderful Giant Junior with 7 Blades, 50 cts New shipment just received. CHEBLET WOODS, 140 Water St.—mar1,tf

MORE DIPHTHERIA.—Another case of diphtheria was reported to the Health Authorities Saturday afternoon. The patient was removed to the Hospital from Church Hill.

CITY HEALTH.—Four cases of diphtheria were reported within the city limits last week. There are now in hospital 17 cases of diphtheria, 2 of typhoid and 1 of smallpox.

FISH CARGO.—The schooner Laura left here Saturday for Barbados with 1,239 qts. of codfish, 28 tierces and 4 barrels of salmon and 208 barrels of herring.

NON-COMS EXAMS.—About thirty volunteers of the Reserve Force are undergoing their examination for "stripes" at the C. L. B. Armoury to-day.

MORWENNA AT NEW YORK.—The S. S. Morwenna has returned from her cruise to Cuba and is expected to get away from New York for Halifax and this port some time to-day.

VOLUNTEERS ON LEAVE.—Upwards of 100 volunteers of the Reserve Force who have been given leave to visit their homes, in the outports, left by the evening trains on Saturday and yesterday. They will report again for duty on Thursday afternoon next.

DR. DEVAN'S FEMALE PILLS Reliable medicine for all female ailments. Restores vitality and health; increases "grey matter"; will build you up, give you energy and strength. Price 25c. Sold by all druggists or by mail on receipt of price. Prepared by Dr. C. H. Devan, St. Catharines, Ontario.

PHONOL FOR MEN Restores vitality and health; increases "grey matter"; will build you up, give you energy and strength. Price 25c. Sold by all druggists or by mail on receipt of price. Prepared by Dr. C. H. Devan, St. Catharines, Ontario.

WILL LOAD SALT.—The schr. Geff Gordon has gone to Cadiz to load salt for Belcoram, having left Oporto on Tuesday last. Capt. Kearley is now in charge of the vessel, replacing Capt. Marshall who was washed overboard and drowned on the passage across some weeks ago.

CHOICE GROCERIES!

If you are inviting your friends to a dinner party or afternoon tea during the

Easter Season

you will want something choice for the table. Below are a few of the many lines we can supply you with.

If you want something good in H.A.M., try a Real Irish or a Fidelity!

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| IN GLASS.
Rolled Ox Tongue.
Lamb's Tongue.
Boar's Head with Pistachio Kernel.
Brawn.
Pate de Foie Gras. | Fancy Biscuits and Wafers, a large variety.
Bournville Chocolate Biscuits.
Cheese Straws. |
| VEGETABLES.
Spinach, Corn.
Asparagus (Red Top),
String Beans.
Italian Peeled Tomatoes.
Black Leister Mushrooms. | For an after dinner-sweetmeat, CREME DE MENTHE, mixed fruit delight. |
| IN GLASS.
Petit Pois (ex fins).
Haricots Verts.
Macdoines.
Champignons. | FRUITS IN GLASS.
Hartley's Jams.
Gold Beef Cream.
China Ginger. |
| OLIVES.
Queen, Celery Stuffed,
Pimento Stuffed,
California Ripe Lunch. | BY STEPHANO:
California Oranges.
Table Apples.
Ripe Tomatoes.
Grape Fruit.
California Pears, Pines.
Ripe Bananas.
Celery.
New York Sausages in 1 lb. cartons. |
| MOIR'S CAKES.
Plain and Sultana. | |

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Being in close touch with the American Markets, can quote the finest wholesale prices on all classes of POUND REMNANTS and REGULAR PIECE GOODS, FLEECE LINED UNDERWEAR, MATS, RUGS and CARPETS, etc.

Before placing your Spring order, we would appreciate an opportunity to quote our prices.

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you will be glad to own we can make for you. You needn't be ashamed of the style, the quality nor the fit, if you come here to get an overcoat or a suit that

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We cater to high-class trade, yet our prices are always reasonable. Come in and let us take your measure.

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80 crates CHOICE NEW GREEN CABBAGE.
10 boxes FLORIDA ORANGES—150's and 175's; 20 sacks N. S. TURNIPS.
20 brls. CHOICE AMERICAN BALDWIN APPLES.
30 cases SILVER PEELED ONIONS.
200 sacks F. E. I. POTATOES—Sound Stock.
10 brls. HARD KEEPING CRANBERRIES.

And to arrive next week.
40 cases VALENTIA ORANGES—150's and 175's.
We are now booking orders for Cabbage, so please come along quick and be sure to have Cabbage for Easter trade, as same is booking up very fast.

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For

C. G.