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 MOST PERFECT MADE  
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 REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

## Aubrey's Revenge.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"When they sent him away, the poor fellow looked so distressed I ran down to the side door and asked him if I could do anything for him, and he gave me the note to be delivered to you. He was a tall man, with dark hair and brown eyes."  
 "He was Tom," said Kelpie. "Do you know why they sent him away?"  
 "Mrs. van Cortlandt doesn't care to have callers from New Castle Light, I believe," answered Aubrey, dryly.  
 Kelpie stood silent a moment, her eyes flashing fire, then turning to Aubrey she held out her hand.

"You have done me a great kindness," she said simply; "if there should ever come a time when I can help you in any way, I hope you won't hesitate to let me know."

Putting aside Kelpie's proffered hand, Aubrey turned and left the room without a word.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Left to herself, Kelpie went to her private dressing room and locked herself in.

The room was large and gorgeously appointed, and there were immense wardrobes on three sides filled with all sorts of feminine finery, from a tailor-made suit in russet brown, to a ball dress all in a shimmer of satin and lace.

Kelpie paused for a moment in the centre of the room and glanced about her. The array that met her eyes was a dazzling one.

"Dear me," she said at last, with a half-amused laugh. "If fine feathers make fine birds, I certainly ought to be replete for Mrs. van Cortlandt, in the kindness of her heart, has supplied me with plumage unlimited, and how I gloried in it all once, and now I wouldn't give two straws for the whole lot. I've been halting between two opinions for some time, but at last I've made up my mind."

"Good-by, Miss van Cortlandt, of Van Cortlandt Place, and heiress of three millions in your own right," she went on, making a sweeping bow to her own pretty reflection in the long mirror. "You are going to step down and out. Your reign is over. Kelpie Stonestreet has acted the part of a fool long enough. She's going to be a sensible little woman for the rest of her life."

Having finished this little speech, Kelpie hunted the well-filled wardrobe until she found a black skirt and jacket, which she proceeded to put on; then she fastened a bit of fur about her throat, and putting a heavy

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Nothing yet discovered can compare with Catarrhazone in bed, ugly cases of Asthma.

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If your case is curable, if anything on earth can rid you permanently of Asthma, it will be Catarrhazone. It contains that strangely soothing and powerful antiseptic found in the Blue

veil about her trim walking hat, her toilet was complete.

"This is the Kelpie of days gone by," she said, nodding to herself in the mirror. "She doesn't look one bit like Miss van Cortlandt, the heiress. I wonder if Carroll Fitzhugh would recognize me if we should happen to meet? Well, does it matter whether he would or not? Carroll and I will be two people to-morrow."

"Yes, I've made up my mind at last to go back to New Castle Light. I don't think I was born to be a grand lady. I'm tired of trying to be one, anyhow, and I intend to give it up. I was happy enough when I had nothing to do but put on my pretty finery, and dance and chatter and be admired, but getting married is another thing."

"The moment I consented to become engaged to Carroll Fitzhugh, I came to my senses and realized what a mistake I had made. He's a nice fellow, too, and I fancied myself in love with him at one time—the romance of the whole affair was wonderful, too. It seems a pity not to make it a reality, but it can't be helped. It's no use for me to promise to marry Carroll, for I should be certain to run away on my wedding day."

"So I might as well go now. Daddy will be glad enough to have me back. I'm sure of that."

"But I shan't go with Tom to-night, not even if he asks me. I'm mad at Tom for writing me that letter. If he hadn't advised me to marry Carroll Fitzhugh, I should never have consented to be engaged to him, and the whole thing has made me so tired, so tired; I wish I was in my own little bed to-night, close to dear old daddy, with the sound of the sea in my ears."

She glanced at the clock and found that it lacked but a few minutes of nine, and at the same moment there came a tap on the door.

"Who's there?" demanded Kelpie.

"It's I, Aubrey. I came to see if you had forgotten your appointment."

"No, I have not forgotten it," answered Kelpie, unlocking the door.

Aubrey stood without, wrapped in a long cloak, with a hood on her head.

"I thought you might be afraid to go out alone," she whispered. "I'll go with you, if you want me."

"You are very kind," said Kelpie. "I shall be glad of your company."

"Are you ready?"

"Quite ready."

"Come on, then. The coast is clear."

She led the way, and Kelpie followed her down the stairs and out into the darkness.

The distance to the corner of Myrtle Avenue was but short, and although the night was dark, and a bitter wind blowing, the two girls soon reached their destination.

"Well, here we are," said Aubrey, in a somewhat elevated voice, and on

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the instant a tall man in a rough overcoat stepped forward and joined them.

"Has Kelpie come?" he asked.

"Yes, here she is," answered Aubrey.

It was very dark, the wind was noisy, and Kelpie's heart was in a flutter of delight, so she took but little heed of the man's voice.

"Oh, Tom, is it really you?" She held out both her hands as she spoke, and the man caught them—in a friendly grasp, but in a grip like steel, and the terrified girl was clasped so closely for an instant as to quite deprive her of breath.

"Help!" she cried, but a strong hand pressing a handkerchief to her mouth stifled the cry before it escaped, and in another moment the unfortunate girl was rendered unconscious.

"She's all right now," said the man, and taking his helpless victim in his strong arms, he bore her to a vehicle that was waiting near by, put her in the seat, leaped in and took the place beside her, and an instant later the carriage was driven rapidly away.

Aubrey, who had watched this proceeding with gleaming eyes, turned swiftly and sped away with an exultant laugh on her lips.

Dinner was over at Van Cortlandt Place, and despairing of seeing her future daughter-in-law that evening, Mrs. Fitzhugh and her daughter left their loving regrets, and took their departure; but with the persistence of a man very much in love, Carroll refused to be dissuaded.

"The dear child is quite out of sorts to-night. I left her with a bad headache," explained Mrs. van Cortlandt.

"I'm certain she won't consent to see you, Carroll."

"Only for a moment," the young man insisted. "I've got a set of jewels I want her to see. I'll wait for her answer, anyhow."

"I'm certain she won't see you," repeated Mrs. van Cortlandt, but she went up to her daughter's room.

Kelpie was not within. The fond mother went on to the dressing room, but found no sign of her daughter.

The young lady's boudoir and her private sitting room were both visited with the same result. Then Mrs. van Cortlandt rang for her maid.

"Snapdragon, where is Miss van Cortlandt?"

"Haven't set eyes on her to-night, ma'am."

A few moments later the mansion was in confusion, servants rushing hither and thither, and lights flashing in every room.

As Carroll Fitzhugh rushed head-long downstairs, Aubrey confronted him, her strange eyes glowing with excitement.

"You can't find your pretty sweetheart," she said, with a mocking laugh. "My dear Carroll, shall I tell you where she is?"

"Yes, if you know, tell me at once, or I'll murder you," said Carroll, half beside himself.

"She's run away with her old lover," said Aubrey. "and gone back to New Castle Light."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Kelpie regained her senses by slow degrees as one rouses from the horrible oppression of a nightmare. She became dimly conscious at first, her breath coming in gasps, her pulse fluttering feebly.

Her first consciousness was a sense of motion; she realized that she was moving at a rapid rate, and a little later she recognized the sound of wheels on a rough road.

Wondering vaguely where she was, she made an effort, and opening her eyes, found herself in total darkness.

She raised herself on her elbow and listened intently.

Where could she be?

Her brain worked feebly at first, but after a little while a thought took shape in her mind. She was at home in her little room in the lighthouse, and the noise she heard was the sound of the sea.

Her heart leaped for joy.

"Daddy, daddy, are you asleep?" she cried out.

A laugh answered her, a horrible, mocking laugh, sounding in her very ears.

Something even more startling happened. The dark figure moved suddenly, the sharp snap of a match followed, and a light flashed out, revealing a terrible face, which Kelpie instantly recognized as Tulliver's.



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What was the matter? Had she been buried alive?

The thought was so horrible that the poor girl threw out her hands with a piteous cry.

Her right hand came in contact with a human face, and then a second laugh, more horrible and blood-curdling than the first, answered her.

Frantic with terror, she sprang to her feet and threw herself against the door of the vehicle, but it was securely fastened and would not yield.

"Stop! stop! Let me get out; let me get out!" the poor girl cried, quite beside herself for the moment.

Again the horrible, mocking laughter answered her, and straining her eyes to pierce the darkness, she saw, for the first time, a dark figure in the opposite corner of the carriage, and realized that she was not alone.

Kelpie was no coward, as has already been shown; on the other hand, she was both reckless and daring, but the situation in which she found herself was an unusual one, and, weakened and unnerved as she was from the effects of the drug she had inhaled, the shock of it all threatened to prove too much for her.

She sank down in a corner, panting for breath and quivering with terror.

The horrible laughter had ceased, and but for the continuous roll of the wheels and the thud of the horse's feet there would have been dead silence.

Kelpie scarcely dared breathe lest the dark object in the corner should move or attempt to approach her.

"What could it be?" she wondered, in a dazed sort of way.

Was her captor a human being or was she dreaming, going mad, perhaps?

The poor girl actually pinched herself to be sure she was awake and not the victim of a horrible nightmare.

A single instant seemed like an eternity while she sat with her hands clutched together and her eyes fastened on the dark object with a fascinated gaze, while she waited, dreading lest the terrible laughter should break forth again.

Something even more startling happened. The dark figure moved suddenly, the sharp snap of a match followed, and a light flashed out, revealing a terrible face, which Kelpie instantly recognized as Tulliver's.

(To be Continued.)

## Lake Simcoe Held Up.

On her way to Pernambuco from this port in the early part of the winter, the barq, Lake Simcoe, which arrived here yesterday afternoon from the Brazilian port, was held up by H.M.S. Highflyer which was accompanied by two cruisers. The vessel was ordered to stop which she did and was boarded by two officers, who after perusing the Simcoe's papers and getting the desired information, allowed the vessel to proceed to her destination.

SAYS CROWN IS ABLE TO REQUISITION ANY NEUTRAL SHIP.

London, April 1.—In presenting his argument before the Prize Court yesterday in favor of requisitioning the cargo of foodstuffs of the American steamer Wilhelmmina, the Crown solicitor introduced a hitherto unpublished order-in-council providing that the Crown may requisition any neutral ship.

This order came as a complete surprise to the counsel for the owners of the Wilhelmmina's cargo. It revises Rule 23 of the Prize Court, which now reads:

"Where it is made to appear to the judge, on the application of the proper officer of the court, that it is desired to requisition, on behalf of His Majesty, a ship in respect of which no final decree of condemnation has been made, he shall order that the ship shall be appraised and that, upon an undertaking being given in accordance with Rule 5 of this order, this ship shall be released and delivered to the Crown."

Upon the motion of counsel for the owners of the cargo the Court adjourned to April 13, when counsel will renew his former motion to have a date for the trial set, in an effort to get a decision as to whether the foodstuffs destined for the German civilians were absolute contraband when the Wilhelmmina sailed from the United States.

To whom it may concern: This is to certify that I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT myself as well as prescribed it in my practice where a liniment was required and have never failed to get the desired effect.

C. A. KING, M. D.

## Great Dramatic Sketch

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING. The Great Ballard Brown and Miss Madge Locke have a new act to-night entitled, "As It Was in the Beginning." This is one of the finest dramatic plays in one act ever seen here. Last night everybody was delighted with these clever artists; they are without a doubt the best ever seen here. They have one of the most refined and high-class entertainments to present to-night. Everybody that can should see "As It Was in the Beginning" presented by Mr. Ballard Brown and Madge Locke. The orchestra is the best in town. Mr. Resley has been complimented again and again for giving the people of St. John's so great a treat. The pictures, too, are beautiful and the Theatre is a credit to Mr. Clem. Murphy did the decorating.

## FRASER ENGINES.

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## Cape Report.

Special to Evening Telegram.

CAPE RACE, To-day. Wind W. S. W., light, dense fog and rain; nothing heard passing to-day. Bar. 29.59; ther. 36.

## Here and There.

Try "Cooking Nutter," it makes cooking easy.—£25, eod, t

LEFT FOR GLOUCESTER.—The schr. Arkon sailed from Channel yesterday for Gloucester with 1,434 qts. of salt bulk codfish and 61 barrels of cod oil.

MOBILIZED!—50,000 bottles of Stafford's Liniment for killing Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia and all Aches and Pains. apr. 5, t

BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.—In the B. I. S. billiard tournament last night, W. Harris (spot) defeated J. Campbell (plain) by 21 points. Plains are still 400 in the lead.

SAFETY RAZORS.—The wonderful Giant Junior with 7 Blades, 50 cts. New shipment just received. CHARLES WOODS, 140 Water St.—mar. 1, t

BANKERS WELL FISHED.—The schooners Stella and Oregon have arrived from the Western Banks, hailing for 600 and 800 quintals of codfish, respectively, according to a message received by Deputy Minister of Customs LeMessurier.



The coming of Spring means the shedding of the old coat and the putting on of the new. We are showing something neat and dresy in Spring Coatings. Have you seen our Greys with silk facings? Topnotchers, aren't they! Also something good in Scotch suitings, Gleniris and Wha-haes; all hand made.

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 on getting brands tobacco helping workmen  
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## LONDON

LONDON, March 16th, 1915.

## QUEEN MARY'S HELPERS

A great many people who have been presented at Court, come into frequent personal contact with the Queen in these seven months of war, owing to the direct and constant interest which Her Majesty takes in the work of the relief organizations. The Queen's interest is confined to the work, but extends to the persons engaged in carrying it on. It is true that she has created an acquaintance with a host of secretaries and admirers, such an acquaintance involves talking with them in familiar fashion about their own work. The impression which the Queen leaves with them may perhaps be defined as that of a homely, friendly Queen. Queen Mary has always been very much in the background, making rare public appearances, the homeliness has been in fact from this as well as from the fact of it that not all the stiff stateliness of public ceremonies could be added friendship to their loyalty.

## BRITISH HOUSEHOLDS

Soldiers are famous people falling in love, and there have been romantic weddings in this country which would never have taken place if there had been no war. It is true that in the north of France a number of British soldiers have been victims to the charms of French and French ladies so completely get married to them. That estimate (yes should have been) is probably due—apart from mance—to the fact that the war have remained for so long in the region. There is some suggestion that the war may result in small ones of Britons settling in France. It seems much more likely that the United Kingdom may benefit by the addition of a number of British housewives. But if little British ones were to be formed they would be no new thing in France. If the war there were odd little groups of English people settled and there, Englishmen who Compiegne were occasionally

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