

War News Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

Four Increase in Weight. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Love in a Flour Mill. The Romance of Two Loyal Hearts!

CHAPTER XXIX.

"I will see that it—the Princess will know," he said. "I want to marry you before I go down to Thorden; I want to take you there as my wife, Cara. How delighted Evelyn will be!"

They called the Princess into the conference, and Ronald learnt from her the magical possibilities of a special license. He stopped as late as he dared that night, and he and Smithers went off to the nearest hotel; Ronald overbrimming with joy, which was reflected by the faithful Smithers, who, bar an increased thinness and an interesting pallor, looked in all his old form.

"I'm going to be married, Smithers," said Ronald, "as soon as possible—the very first moment!" Smithers' face fell, but resumed its wonted cheerfulness as Ronald added quietly: "You'll have a mussus as well as a master; hope you don't object, Smithers?"

"Not me, sir," responded Smithers cheerfully. "The more the merrier. Beggin' your pardon, sir, I didn't mean anything in the humorous line. I wish you every 'appiness, sir, an' the young lady. It's the same we went after that night, Mr. Ronald?"

"Why, of course, you idiot!" retorted Ronald laughing. "That's all right, sir. Excuse me asking! Ahem! did you 'appen to tell Nita, sir? I'm inquirin' out 'o curiosity, as the parrot said when he asked the sailor why they made the ship's biscuits out of 'pavin' stones?"

"No," said Ronald. "I didn't see her; but no doubt Miss Cara will tell her."

Smithers shook his head gravely, but there was a twinkle in his eye. "Ah," he said thoughtfully; "did you ever notice what a catchin' thing matrimony is, sir? It's worse than the 'oooping cough. The germs 'o the disease, as they call 'em, is in the wedding clothes. D'reckly a woman sees 'em, she gets took with the complaint. Shouldn't wonder if Nita has it right down bad—shouldn't, indeed, sir."

"Oh, lies the wind in that quarter now, does it, Smithers?" was Ronald's laughing rejoinder. "Well, it's my turn to congratulate you; and I do so with all my heart."

"Thank you, sir," said Smithers, heaving a portentous sigh, but with his eyes still twinkling. "Matrimony's a great lottery; and sometimes the people as draws the prize wishes they'd drawn a blank. But 'o course, sir, it's understood, whatever misfortune 'appens to me, I don't leave you. I tell you straight, sir, that if it's a toss up between my master an' a wife, I cries 'master' afore the coin goes up, an' I sticks to it, let it be 'eads or tails."

"Oh, I see what it is, Smithers. I've got to be hampered with you all my life, you old man of the sea."

"Same with Nita, sir," said Smithers easily. "She swears—did you ever hear a Brittain girl swear, sir? It's a lesson in language, I do assure you, sir! There's a couple of us, as the man said when his wife called him a fool."

But Ronald had not counted on the chapter of accidents. On his way for the license the next morning, he looked in at his agent's for his letters; and they were so important, so insistent, that he drove straight to Eaton Square. The Princess exclaimed at his grave, disturbed face; but Cara uttered no cry. She just waited.

"There are letters from Evelyn," he said in a troubled voice. "And telegrams. My father wants me at once. Something—they do not say what; why not, I wonder!—has happened. What shall I do?"

"You must go, Ronald," said Cara at once, with her woman's commonsense. "I will wait—you will write! Ah, yes! you must go, dearest!"

He caught the first train, wired to say that he was coming; and, as he expected, Evelyn was at the station to meet him. So also was Vane, whom he had certainly not expected. Ronald stared at him over the shoulder of Evelyn, who was not ashamed to embrace her beloved brother before the respectfully averted faces of the porters and station-master.

"Vane! You here!" he exclaimed. "Looks like it," said Vane, with a grin. "I'm here, because, wherever Evelyn goes, the little lamb—that's me, old chap—is sure to go."

"Oh, I'm glad—glad!" cried Ronald, giving him a spare hand. "Well, of all the wonderful things! How did it happen—when—where?"

Vane glanced round with the comical terror of the shy man. "You don't want us to announce it to all these people, Desborough? We met 'twas in a wood, eh, Evie? 'To be continued in our next—when we get home."

"But what has happened?" asked Ronald anxiously, as they entered the carriage.

"Something, very dreadful!—No, no, father is all right!—And, oh, Ronnie dear, he wants you—wants you badly! He has forgiven—forgotten—all the past. And you will do the same, dear? Ah! I know you will!"

"That's all right," responded Ronald, much moved. "But—"

"Oh, wait—I can't tell you all in a minute, dear! The ruby is found!"

"Yes; the Desborough Ruby, the Giant Ruby," said Vane. "You remember?"

"Yes, yes! Of course! That stupid old thing? But that isn't very dreadful," said Ronald.

"No; but we've got the thief—the murderer," said Vane in a low voice. "And he is lying at the cottage hospital, dying," continued Evelyn. "And, Ronnie, we must go there first, even before we go home. Father is there, and Mr. Lexham. The man has been lying unconscious for a long, long time; but he has recovered, and he wants to confess. He has been out of his mind; but he is sane now."

"Very well," said Ronald, "so that I see father at once." Presently he said gravely, and with heightened colour: "I've a surprise for you, Evelyn. I'm going to be married!"

She exclaimed, and caught at him. "Oh, Ronnie!—Really, truly? I'm so delighted! Tell me who she is? Where is she?"

He opened his lips, but checked himself. "I think I'll tell the govnor first," he said.

She hugged him. "Of course! He will like that. That's just like you, Ronnie! Isn't he good, Harry?"

"Oh, perfect angel!" responded Vane, instantly and emphatically.

They drove to the infirmary, and Ronald saw his father standing at the door. They grasped hands and looked into each other's eyes; and both knew that the past was indeed wiped

OUR YOUNG WOMEN

are so often subject to headache—are languid, pale and nervous—because their blood is thin or insufficient. They are not really sick and hesitate to complain, but they lack that ambition and vivacity which is their birthright. They do not need drugs—but do need tonic and nourishment in Scott's Emulsion that makes richer blood, fills hollow cheeks, suppresses nervousness and establishes strength. Nourishment alone makes blood and Scott's Emulsion is the essence of concentrated nourishment, free from wines or opiates.

If mother or daughter is frail, pale or nervous, give her Scott's for one month and see the betterment. It has a wholesome, "nutty" flavor. Avoid substitutes. At any drug store. Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 15-24

out, that no shadow of it would darken her future.

"I'm glad you've come," said Sir Reginald, with the simple gravity of the Englishman, who is not so much ashamed of emotion as of showing it. "Has Evelyn told you the ruby is found? The man who committed the crime—and what others, God knows!—is inside here. He is falling fast. Let us go in."

They entered, and, as his eye fell upon the dying man, Ronald uttered a cry of amazement.

"—I know him!" he said in a startled whisper.

The doctor held up his hand to silence him, and beckoned them to the bedside. Raven was lying quite still, his face already grey with the touch of Death's hand; his eyes were closed, but presently he opened them; and they all saw that they were the eyes of a sane man; the madness that had shone in them had faded out; they were sane now, and they were calm with the set calmness of the dying. Mr. Lexham sat close beside the bed, a note-book in his hand. Sir Reginald, who was a magistrate, stood beside him, with grave face and intent gaze.

The man's lips moved, and presently he said, in answer to a question by Mr. Lexham:

"Paolo Corvo. Yes; I was the lover. He stole her from me. I swore to be avenged. I went to sea—was wrecked. They thought me dead. I kept dead. I came to England, here, at Thorden, and waited my time. The devil helped me. I stole into the house—"

He stopped, raised himself with a sudden spasmodic strength, raised his hand and dealt a blow on the air. The spectators of the action shuddered.

"He died without a cry; scarcely moved. I took the ruby—and the child. His child." Ronald bent forward, a cry frozen on his lips. "I was avenged!—avenged!"

There was a pause, while he struggled for breath; then he panted on: "Why did I come back to the mill? A cunning loquacious in his dimes. 'The maggot lies near the bone. I was safer there. No one thought of looking near at hand. Safe until that hound came—is he dead? Where is he?' The doctor soothed him; and after a moment the weary voice was heard again. 'The girl Cara is Sir Mortimer's daughter. Have you got that down? Now, write my will. Quick! I leave all to her—al! Why not? I wish to die a clean death. I restore—restore! Write quickly. She will be rich!—'

"His mind is going again," whispered Sir Reginald; but Ronald shook his head.

"She will be rich! The treasure—the treasure—Tricania. I—I stole it. They were stupid owls, those Englishmen. It shall be hers. Have you written?"

Mr. Lexham held the paper before the dying man, and, with an almost superhuman effort, he signed it; it was witnessed by Sir Reginald and the doctor. Then Lemuel Raven sank back with a sigh; but in a moment he had raised himself again.

"The ruby! The ruby!" he gasped.

"That hound has it! the thief—the thief!"

Vane looked at Sir Reginald, and he took something from his pocket and held it under the fast-falling eyes. Raven peered at it, stretched out his hand to grasp it; then, with an awful cry of gloating triumph, fell back. The doctor bent over him, and drew the sheet over his face.

In silence they all passed out into the open air, and stood there looking at each other as if they were tongue-tied. Evelyn was crying, and Vane drew her to the carriage. No one spoke till they reached the library; then Sir Reginald said:

"Is it true? The child—is it possible?"

There was no answer. Ronald stood staring at the carpet; his brain in a whirl.

"It is true; the man did not lie," said Mr. Lexham. Sir Mortimer's daughter is found—"

"But where—where is she?" demanded Sir Reginald.

Evelyn went up to him and put her hands on his breast.

"Father," she said brokenly, "let us wait for that. I—I want to tell you. Ronald is going to be married. No; I don't know to whom. He wants to tell you first. Tell him, Ronnie!"

Sir Reginald started, and frowned. "Married!" he exclaimed; then he mastered himself, and held out his hand to Ronald. "I am glad," he said. "Who is she, Ronald?"

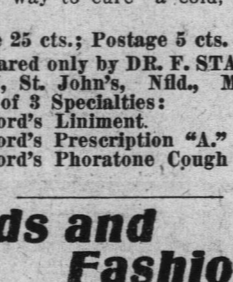
Ronald looked up with a confused, bewildered air.

"She is Cara," he said hoarsely.

"Cara Raven— No, no! She is Cara, Sir Mortimer's daughter!"

(To be Continued.)

PIANOS and ORGANS.—The famous Kohler and Tonk Pianos. The Needham, Godrich and Mason & Hamlin Organs. CHESLY WOODS, 282 Duckworth Street.—aug.7.15



"CAN YOU AFFORD TO TAKE CHANCES?"

A little cold may not seem a dangerous thing—you may feel inclined to let it go on hoping that to-morrow it will be better—but can you afford to take chances? Just as the little insignificant acorn grows if left alone to the mighty giant oak, that cough if not stopped may grow to a very serious illness—When a cough starts there's no telling where it will end. You know no doubt, of cases right among people you have known where serious complications and fatal illnesses have had their start from a neglected cough or cold.

A cold is more than inconvenient—it is dangerous—the big thing is to find a reliable remedy—one that will give you quick, satisfactory relief. There are many treatments that are recommended for a cough or cold but STAFFORD'S PHORATONE COUGH and COLD CURE is recommended to be the safest, surest and most satisfactory way to cure a cold, grippe, etc.

Price 25 cts.; Postage 5 cts. extra. Prepared only by DR. F. STAFFORD & SON, St. John's, Nfld., Manufacturers of 3 Specialties: Stafford's Liniment, Stafford's Prescription "4.7", Stafford's Phoratone Cough & Cold Cure.

Fads and Fashions.

Wool or silk Jersey cloth increases in favor for sport suits. Redingotes of extreme length are said to be coming, with short cutaway fronts. Black velvet and chiffon are very successfully combined in afternoon dresses. The little child's hat may have a soft, not very full ruffle of lace around the face.

List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to Jan. 3rd, 1916.

Table listing unclaimed letters with columns for names and addresses.

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EUROPEAN AGENCY.

Wholesale Indents promptly executed at lowest cash prices for all British and Continental goods, including Books and Stationery.

Boots, Shoes and Leather, Chemicals and Druggists' Sundries, China, Earthenware and Glassware, Cycles, Motor Cars and Accessories, Drapery, Millinery and Piece Goods, Fancy Goods and Perfumery, Hardware, Machinery and Metals, Jewellery, Plate and Watches, Photographic and Optical Goods, Provisions and Oilmen's Stores, etc., etc.

Commission 2 1/2 p.c. to 5 p.c. Trade Discounts allowed. Special Quotations on Demand. Sample Cases from \$50 upwards. Consignments of Produce Sold on Account.

WILLIAM WILSON & SONS (Established 1814.) 25, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. Cable Address: "Annuaire, London."

4th November, 1915. Now landing a choice cargo of Screened North Sydney Coal.

BEST QUALITY.

M. MOREY & CO. OFFICE: QUEEN STREET.

SLATTERY'S Wholesale Dry Goods House

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 Fall Order, we would appreciate an opportunity to quote our prices. SOLE AGENT for the Leader Overall Co. (Local manufacture).

Slattery Building, Duckworth and George's Streets, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND. P. O. Box 236. Phone 522.

Cabbage, Apples, Oranges!

40 brls. CHOICE CABBAGE. 40 cases ORANGES—Californias, Floridas and Valencias. 30 crates SILVERPEEL ONIONS. 100 brls. APPLES—Baldwins, Starks & Wagners.

Burt & Lawrence, 14 New Gower St Job Printing Executed.

OFFICIAL.

THE GOVERNOR, Newfoundland: The British headquarters reporting enemy bombing attacks, supported by artillery, near Armentieres, repulsed. British artillery considerably damaged the enemy lines at various points.

The Russians report the capture of Chortovsk, an Austrian airplane being gas attack northeast of Chortovsk was repulsed.

London, Jan. 9.—The complete evacuation of the Gallipoli Peninsula has been successfully accomplished. All the guns were got away, and seventeen, worn out, which were destroyed. Our casualties were 17 wounded. General Monro states that the successful accomplishment is due to Generals Birdwood and Buller, and the assistance of the Navy and Admiral De Robeck.

The battleship King Edward the Seventh struck a mine and was disabled. On account of heavy seas she sank. Two men were injured.

CHAIRMAN OF LABOR PARTY PRESENTS OPINION.

John Hodge, Chairman of the Labor Party in the Commons, expressed the opinion to-day that the political crisis was over, and that there would be no general election. The discussion in the Commons on Thursday settled the question, he said. The Labor Party was evenly divided on the question of delaying the election, and Geo. H. Roberts, the Labor member who resigned from the Ministry had voted, instead of abstaining. There would have been a majority for labor in favor of the bill. "I do not consider the vote of the Labor members as constituted as being a serious setback to the Government," Hodge said, "and he quite clearly stated to the Labor members would continue to support the Government on the ground that it was a matter essential to present a united front against the enemies of Britain. So far as the intention of delaying the election is concerned, the Government is in no way affected. The Government is ready to accept the vote of the Labor Party on the measure and the Commons has been announced on Tuesday.

BATTLESHIP KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH SUNK.

London, Jan. 9.—The sinking of the King Edward the Seventh is announced by the Admiralty in the following statement: The battleship King Edward the Seventh struck a mine and, owing to heavy seas, had to be abandoned. She sank shortly afterwards. The ship's company were taken off without loss of life. Only two men were injured.

THE GALLIOLI PENINSULA

London, Jan. 9.—It is officially announced that the complete evacuation of Gallipoli Peninsula has been successfully accomplished. General Sir Charles Monro, according to an official announcement reports that only one British soldier was wounded in the evacuation, and there were no casualties among the French, and that all the guns were saved, except seventeen worn out, which were blown up. General Buller states the accomplishment of this difficult task was due to General Birdwood and Davies. Invaluable assistance was rendered in the evacuation, one of highest difficulties by Admiral De Robeck and the Royal Navy.

ANGLO-FRENCH TROOPS OCCUPY MILES.

Berlin, Jan. 9.—The Anglo-French troops have occupied the Greek Islands of Miles, according to Athens despatches, which report the Greek public opinion in favor of the seizure.

FRENCH ARTILLERY DESTROYS MILLS.

Paris, Jan. 9.—The following statement was given out this afternoon by the War Office: The night was relieved by the north of the Alsace our artillery destroyed mills at Châtillon, and...

LIGHT, HEAVY...

The proprietor of one of the systems is credited with the old story, and I'll guarantee it most widely is known. He was asked to explain and he believe in the trinity of Light, Heat, and Dazzle the moths until they can't fly into a warm, comfortable radiance, and the rest is his!

We cordially invite all our showrooms and see out the list by the adoption of which you can get a London paper made at X. Lamp and GASTEMAN requirements. ST. JOHN'S G... dec.11

The Popular London Dry Gin is VICKERS' GIN. JOHN JACKSON, St. John's, Resident Agent.