

**ROYAL YEAST CAKES**

The quality of Royal Yeast Cakes is such that it cannot be improved, so we are improving the package. The change from a round to a square package will be made as rapidly as practical. The quality of the round and square cakes is guaranteed to be identical in every respect. Each of the square cakes are wrapped separately by machinery, in wax paper, in such a manner as to make them practically airtight, and scientifically hygienic.

ROYAL YEAST HAS BEEN THE STANDARD YEAST OF CANADA FOR NEARLY HALF A CENTURY

E. W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED  
TORONTO, CANADA  
WINNIPEG MONTREAL

**The Heir of Rosedene**

**The Game-Keeper's Hut**

CHAPTER V.  
A VILLAGE FETE.

Then she hesitates, and looks up doubtfully.

"Do you think so?" says Cyril, rather quickly. "Very likely; there are all sorts of people here, mad English as well as mad Swiss. And now, what do you say to going?"

Edna looks up with a little sigh of regret.

"Oh, yes, when you like—now; it will be best."

"I'd like to stay all night if it gave you pleasure, but I'm afraid they'll be moving off shortly. Let us get a little further away at any rate."

There is still a little constraint in his voice; Edna cannot but notice that. Perhaps he is anxious on her account—he is always so kind and attentive.

"Yes," with a sigh, "let us go."

It is not a moment too soon, as it turns out, for that gallop was evidently the last, and the crowd is already beginning to turn in the direction of the gates along the quay.

Cyril moves with it as far as the corner leading to the cathedral, but he must turn off here—it will not do to let Edna and the antimacassar drift into the lights of the principal thoroughfare.

"Keep close to me," he whispers, and then, watching his opportunity, he makes an effort to turn. Just as he does so, as he almost gains the corner, the door of a wine shop is thrown open suddenly, and a stream of people pour out; some of the dancers are among them, and their exertions, together with the refreshments, have excited them. So sudden and unexpected is the rush that Edna, who has withdrawn her arm from Cyril's to arrange the impromptu shawl, is swept clean from his side, and forced down the side stream into the main current. Naturally she utters a cry, more of surprise than alarm, at her helplessness, and naturally there was a cad near enough to take advantage of it. The cad in this instance was a short, thickset Englishman, who had been dancing a little and drinking a great deal; and seeing a pretty girl driven by a crowd, exerted himself to be fascinating.

"What's the matter, my dear?" he exclaimed, rather thickly; "lost your mother? Here, catch hold of my arm," and he put his thick arm round her waist.

Edna shrank back with a face that was redder than any fire that had been burned that night.

"What! offended already?" remonstrated the man. "There, don't be bashful, stick close to me and I'll carry you down to the cafe at the corner; all for nothing, too, except a kiss."

He put his face so close—his arm was so heavy upon her, that Edna, losing her self-command, uttered a low cry of terror. As if it had been a preconceived signal, a clinched fist shot past her face and fell with a dull crash upon the flushed one in front of her. Then, as her tormentor went down under the waves of the crowd, she felt a strong arm round her—she knew to whom it belonged—and she was carried to land on the cathedral steps.

**CHAPTER VI.  
WHEN LOVE AWAKENS.**

LIKE a clock that has suddenly stopped—a beautiful thing of silver and gold, if you like to make the comparison complete—Edna, that was a moment ago such a happy, thoughtless child, flushed with innocent excitement, with heart beating and lips quivering, lies now limp and nerveless in his arms.

It is not the first woman Cyril has seen faint, by many—it is not the first, alas! that he has held in his arms, but it is the first time that he has himself ever felt as he feels now. Mad with rage one moment, melting with a strange, subtle, wistful sympathy the next. How beautiful she looks, like a wax flower, like—oh, God! he shudders—like a dead child!

White himself under the thought, he carries her to the little fountain on the cathedral square, and bathes her face lightly. Cyril sprinkles the white face and unpins the antimacassar; and in a minute or so the dreamy eyes open upon him.

Very dreamy for a moment, and then she recognises the fair, handsome face—not careless and nonchalant now, but wreathed with anxiety and—what? A faint flush, like the first streak of sunrise, creeps into her face, and she sighs—sighs and nestles, all unconsciously, still closer to his heart.

At this sign of returning life Cyril's heart gives a great leap, and his face reddens. For the life of him he cannot refrain from pressing her to him; he cannot keep back the most grateful words:

"My darling—my little Edna!"

With a little, timid, frightened start at the dream—for he cannot have spoken, she thinks—Edna stands upright and draws away from him.

"Are you all right?" he asks, frightened at her movement of withdrawal. "Quite all right?"

"Yes," she says, looking up at him with a soft, little ashamed laugh, that quickly melts into a few silent tears.

"Don't look at me! I am so ashamed! I have never fainted before in my life—have I fainted really? Don't say I have if I haven't quite! And all for a stupid, foolish man—"

Cyril growls.

"Oh!" she exclaims, turning pale.

"I remember!" with a shudder.

"You," catching his arm, and turning a suddenly wild and terrified face up to him—"perhaps you killed him!"

"No such luck!" says Cyril, laughing, as he wraps the antimacassar round her.

"Oh, don't say that!" she pleads.

"What's the matter, my dear?" he exclaimed, rather thickly; "lost your mother? Here, catch hold of my arm," and he put his thick arm round her waist.

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**NEGLECTED COLDS**

lay the foundation of chronic chest troubles. Many cases of consumption can be traced to neglected colds in childhood.

A cold should receive prompt treatment with Peps. Peps is the direct treatment. It is breathable and therefore quickest and most effective.

Peps are so pleasant to take that children never refuse them and their absolute freedom from harmful drugs makes them especially suitable for children's coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, etc. Every mother should keep Peps handy. All dealers 50c. box.

**PEPS**

with a little shudder. "I saw the blow, I heard it," glancing at his hand. "How strong you must be!"

"Not half hard enough," says Cyril, regretfully. "Brutal! And! Another moment and he would have—"

Edna interrupts him with a shudder.

"I know! I shall see his face all night. It was all in a minute, too," she adds, ruefully. "What should I have done if it hadn't been for you?"

—yes, but you did hit him very, very hard," and then, with genuine inconsistency, she bent her head and lightly, swiftly, touched with her lips the hand that had dealt the blow.

Cyril quivered in every nerve; but he controlled himself; something, the new, sensitive honor that had been born within him, gave him strength to protect her own innocence against himself, and he did not take her in his arms, as the childlike caress made him long to do.

But no words were possible for some minutes, and it was not until they were stumbling through the garden that Edna said:

"Aunt—what will aunt say?"

"You will tell her!"

"Of course; I tell aunt everything," she answered, quite simply.

"Then tell where you have been," said Cyril. "There can be no harm everything—but the—the accident," said Cyril.

Edna hesitated.

"It is no fault of yours—or mine," in keeping from her what would only distress and annoy her for no good reason or result. Tell her everything else and throw the blame—if there is any—on me."

Edna laughed softly.

"Ah, you would find your strength all weakness before aunt—you see, you could not knock her down—"

"Although she could blow me up!" says Cyril. And, so they re-enter the pension as they had left it, laughing.

Edna finds Aunt Martha half asleep in her own room, easy in the belief that her charge has been safe in the drawing room. There is only one candle in the pretty bedroom, and Aunt Martha has given up even the pretense of reading for an hour past; her eyes are dim and she does not notice the bright flush on Edna's face, and the strange, abstracted restlessness of Edna's manner. She is a little startled at Edna's account of her feat to the town, and inclined to be slightly rebuked, but Edna looks tired and it ends in a good-night kiss.

Edna's room is next to her aunt's, and communicates with it by a door. As Edna passes into it she bolts the door—a thing she has never done before. Then she drops into a low chair before the glass and hides her face in her hands. When it comes up from this concealment it is redder than ever, and there are tears in the sweet, brown eyes which seek their reflection in the glass, and having found it sink again suddenly, as if fearing the story that is written there.

What is the matter? Only this: that the child is trembling on the brink that divides maidenhood from womanhood; trembling, not so much at the little harmless brook, that is indeed no obstacle, but at the figure of love which stands on the other side and beckons her.

Yes, love! For the first time in her life Edna is hiding—and shrinking from herself; for behind that self is the shadow, more than the shadow, of another.

"Yes," she murmurs; "he is handsome! How stupid, how blind they must be to doubt it! There is no one in the world handsomer; and how strong he is! Is he cross with me for being so weak and silly? No, he is too kind for that, he only looks upon me as a child—a child! Shall I never grow old and a woman," she sighs. "He has called me 'child' twice, and to-night—to-night—No! No! I dreamed that. He could not have called me—what I fancied he did."

But though she refuses to believe that he ever uttered them, she murmurs the words, "Edna, my darling! My darling!"

"How sweet, how nice it sounds! It was a beautiful dream. Perhaps"—looking at the bed wistfully—"perhaps I shall dream that he said it again! How I wish I could! They say that if you think of anyone upon going to sleep, that you are sure to dream of him—or her—I'll think of him—Ah! how can I help doing so, when I remember how he saved me to-night; how kind, how good, how gentle—and he so strong!—he always is to me! 'Edna! My darling! Oh!—hiding her face again—"How I wish that it had not been a dream; that it was true!"

Not very far from her sits Cyril, his head resting on his hand, a cigar in his mouth, and his eyes fixed ruefully on a piece of paper upon which he has scribbled, with much labor, some complicated calculations.

"Poor! I'm as poor as a church mouse; and to think that I've got through all this in such a short time! Is there enough left for me to marry on? Something—some mad idea—seems to tell me that I could make her happy even with this remnant. I've read of clerks and that kind of people marrying on a good deal less than this; I wonder if she could ever be got to care for me! Dear, sweet little Edna! Oh, God! what a fool I have been! I am not fit to look at her, and I might have been less unworthy of her—not worthy of her?—no man could be that! Could it be possible for her ever to—care for me! Pure little Lily, she turned to me to-night; to me"—he added bitterly—"who am not fit to touch the edge of her dress!"

"On the right rises the majestic Pilatus, close behind it is the snow-capped range of Titlis, while in the distance—" and so on, reads Miss Robinson from the inevitable guide-book, and the group of listeners who are standing on the top of the Rigi, listen with that overdone air of attention which is so palpably the result of politeness, rather than interest.

(To be Continued.)

**Fashion Plates.**

A PRACTICAL APRON.



2697—This is a "slip-on" model with side closing. The sleeve may be gathered to the sleeveband or finished loose as back view illustrates. The style is good for percale, gingham, chambray seersucker, drill, lawn or muslin.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size Medium will require 4 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.

CHILD'S BOMPERS WITH SLEEVE IN EITHER OF TWO LENGTHS.



2678—Checked gingham, with drill or poplin in a plain color for the collar and belt could be used for this model. Striped seersucker, galatea, flannel-ette, poplin, khaki and drill is serviceable also. The bloomers portion is made with a drop back. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 will require 2 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.



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**MARY AND NAVAL OFFICERS PRESENT.**  
PARIS, Jan. 22.  
The Supreme Council of the Conference met this morning were present in addition to all members of the Council, Marshal the Allied Commander-in-Chief General Weygand, his Chief of Staff, and Rear-Admiral Hope, First Sea Lord of the British Navy Board. It was assumed the presence of these military and naval officers that the Russian front on the Baltic and on the front were discussed. The conference continues the formulation of a concrete proposal on the Russian front which it was yesterday hoped to be completed to-day. Weygand, Premier of New Zealand, present with the Council for a time.

**VOLCANO ACTIVE.**  
HONOLULU, Jan. 22.  
In the central fire pit on Kilauea the largest active volcano is overflowing into the old submerged several acres. One of the spectacles of the island has shown much activity the last year.

**THREATENED IN SPAIN.**  
MADRID, Jan. 21.  
The threat of a general strike was met by the committee of the Central Labor Union to-day if the demands which it presented to the Government were not accepted. The demands include one for a minimum wage day and another for the payment of minimum wages according to the cost of living.

**DOOD CREW ON WAY HOME.**  
HALIFAX, Jan. 22.  
The passengers arriving in Liverpool on the Empress of Germany this morning, were Capt. R. G. G. of Bridgewater, master of the Empress, Pontiac, torpedoed on Jan. 19, 1917, and Jackson Baker, Bowdridge, Edgar Banfield, Fortune Bay, Nfld., and all members of the crew of the Nfld. schooner, bombed in the North Atlantic on June 28, 1918. All these men taken aboard German submarines when their craft were sunk, and their harrowing experiences at sea, as prisoners in various German internment camps. The Empress

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