



# WRIGLEY'S

The Gum of Gumption

Cleanses the teeth—sweetens the mouth—allays thirst and fatigue.

The Forces in Europe are finding it a great comfort.

It gives them vim and staying power.

It is refreshing to workers everywhere.

Smokers will find it soothing and cooling

Chew it after every meal



## A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"All his men praise him and speak well of him; they say—"

Robert broke away from her impatiently.

"I can't wait to hear all the gossip of the stations," he said. "I am going off to Maida as soon as I can. I'll write to you; she shall write to you." As soon as he could decently get away he started, taking a spare horse with a lady's saddle; and everybody, including the Dartford men, was glad to see the back of him. He did not spare the horses, but he was hampered with the led one, and he was some miles from the hut when darkness fell; but he knew every inch of the way and only slackened his pace a little.

As he approached the hut he expected to hear Carrie's horse neigh. He had regretted that, in the hurry and excitement of the departure, he had left the animal, that he had not come back for it when his man met him with the tidings of the attack on Milda Wolda; but he consoled himself with the reflection that the girls could not possibly get out of the hut, and that therefore the presence of the horse did not matter. His heart leapt as he caught sight of the light from the hut, and he dismounted and tethered the horses and approached, every nerve thrilling with excitement and anticipation; for to look upon Maida, even when she was angry with him, was a painful delight.

He turned the key in the door, rehearsing what he should say to mollify and persuade her; but as he opened the door and looked round, his heart fell and he stood stock still. There were no girls there, but in their place sat a little man on the edge of the couch, smoking placidly. Robert Broseley stared in amazement at the little, common-place figure, and David Jones looked back at him serenely, but with a keen and watchful glint in his pale eyes.

"What the devil—" began Robert, with an oath. "Who are you, and what the blazes are you doing in my hut?"

But as he asked the question he

recognised David as one of the Dartford men, the man who had led Mr. Tudor out of the room.

"My name is David Jones, and I am waiting for you, Mr. Broseley," replied the little man in his low, impassive voice.

"Waiting for me, are you?" retorted Broseley.

Then he looked round the hut as if he could not believe his eyes, as if he expected Maida and Carrie to come out of some hiding-place.

"When did you come here?" he asked.

"Some hours ago," said David Jones as calmly as before.

"Where are the ladies?" demanded Robert, fiercely.

"Ladies? What ladies?" asked the little man in a leisurely fashion.

"I left two ladies here," said Robert. "Two young ladies."

David Jones shook his head.

"I've not seen any," he said. "They were not here when I came."

Robert stared at him.

"How did you get in, the door was locked?"

David Jones jerked his head towards the shutter behind him and struck it open with his hand.

Robert uttered an awful oath, the blood rushed to his face, his lips twitched.

"By God, they've gone!" he said in a thick voice. Even now he could scarcely believe in their flight.

"I guess they have," said David Jones, quietly. "If ever they were here. Who were they?"

"Maida—the Miss Carringtons," Robert blurted out, off his guard for a moment. "That is—my wife and her sister. How do I know you didn't help them?" he added, threateningly.

David Jones shrugged his shoulders.

"You've only my word for it," he said. "Rather a strange way of treating your newly married wife, Mr. Broseley, isn't it, locking her up in a desolate hut as if she were a criminal? It isn't the way they treat wives in England, or in Australia either, for that matter. But that's your business, not mine—leastways, we won't discuss that. The ladies appear to have gone; and I'm not surprised, seeing the sort of man you are."

Robert glared at him with a mixture of amazement and ferocity. That

little, common-place man should

sit there and use such language to him, Robert Broseley, simply astounded him; but he thrust his anger aside, crushed it down, as it were, that he might concentrate all his mind upon Maida's flight.

"If I had you up at Milda Wolda, I'd teach you better manners and a civiliser tongue, my man," he said.

"It wouldn't be by example, anyway," remarked David Jones, impassively.

Robert bit his lip and ground his teeth.

"I'll deal with you afterwards," he said. "Just answer a few questions and answer them straight, or it will be the worse for you. Which way did you come?"

"The Melbourne Road," replied David.

"Did you meet two ladies?"

"No," said David Jones; "I met no one."

"You swear that?" demanded Robert, fiercely.

"No, I say it," said David. "You do quite enough swearing for both of us. I met no ladies on the Melbourne road, and I should say that they're gone either to Milda Wolda or Dartford. You seem to have got married in a hurry, Mr. Broseley."

As he spoke, he knocked the ash from his pipe and put his hand in his pocket, as if to take out his pouch. Robert Broseley swore between his teeth.

"D—n you! what business is that of yours? I'll have a reckoning with you presently; but I've no time to waste now. I'm going to follow—my wife. You'd better clear out if you value a whole skin."

"No, you're not going yet," said David, so slowly that he almost drawled. "Don't go for your revolver, Mr. Broseley. I've got you covered through my coat. It's a short range, and I should shoot you as dead as a door-nail."

With the words, out flashed his revolver, and he covered Robert. There was an ominous glint in the pale eyes, a rigidity about the thin lips, which added force to his words.

Robert stood as if turned to stone, for he read death writ large in the common-place countenance.

"See here, now, Mr. Broseley," said David; "you've some devilry in hand here. I suspected you of it, when I saw you up at Milda Wolda. You didn't look like a happy bridegroom; but you did look like a man capable of any kind of villainy, any kind of meanness, to get your own way. When you said that you were married to Miss Carrington, I had my doubts about it—I've got my doubts still. At any rate, if she is married to you, she is married against her will, or why should you shut her up in this place? Don't you trouble to answer; the man who is coward enough to lock up a girl in a lonely hut must be a liar as well. I've my doubts, as I say; and I'm going to settle 'em. It's me who is going after the ladies, and you're going to stay here."

Robert swore; the sweat stood on

his forehead, his eyes were disfigured with passion and rage—an impotent one—for the revolver was pointed directly at his heart, and he knew, as surely as he knew that there was a sky above them, that this wretched, little man would shoot him if he moved.

"She's my wife—we were married," he said, hoarsely.

"That may or may not be. I'm going to find her and see," said David Jones, quite calmly.

He arose as he spoke and advanced to Robert Broseley, still covering him, and with a dexterity which amazed even Robert, he whipped Robert's revolver from his pocket.

"Now, Mr. Broseley, I've nearly done with you. You'd better stay here and make yourself as comfortable as you can until I send someone down with a horse for you, for I'm going to take one of those you brought and loose the other—"

Robert flung himself on the couch and twisted his great hands together—the revolver was not covering him now, but he knew that it would do so if he made the slightest offensive movement.

"Look here," he said, speaking with difficulty. "I don't know who you are, why you want to interfere with me and my business; but you've got the pull on me—for the present, only the present, mind!—and I'm ready to make terms with you. Give me one of the horses, let me go after—after my wife, and I'll make it worth your while. I'll give you fifty, a hundred, two hundred pounds—more; I'm a rich man—"

"You are not rich enough to buy David Jones," he said. "You make my doubts crowd quicker on me. If you were sure of the young lady you wouldn't mind staying quiet here. I've met your kind before, Mr. Broseley; and I've got an uneasy kind of feeling that I'm neglecting my duty in not putting a bullet through you; but the worst of men ought to have time to repent, and I'll give you yours."

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## ROYAL YEAST CAKES

Some women hold to the idea that bread-making is a long and difficult operation, but this is a mistake, for with Royal Yeast Cakes, light, sweet bread can be made in a few hours with but little trouble.

FREE: Our new Royal Yeast Cake Book will be sent free upon request. It contains full instructions for making bread and rolls with Royal Yeast Cakes. Send name and address plainly written, and this valuable little book will be mailed promptly.

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## Our Baseball Column.

PLAGIARISED AND OTHERWISE.

TUESDAY NIGHT'S GAME.  
Red Lions . . . . .202 101 0-6  
B. I. S. . . . .201 000 1-4

One of the largest gatherings of fans for the season saw the Red Lions successfully outwit the B.I.S. by 6 runs to 4. A win for the Irish would have ensured them the pennant, but as it stands now both clubs are equal with one game each to play.

Promptly at 7 o'clock "Chief" Chesman called Play Ball, with Major Montgomerie watching the bases. Gowans, the new pitcher, for the red-and-gray aggregation was a success, and received magnificent support from the other members of the team—both at bat and in the field. Hiltz's work as backstop was particularly brilliant. The Irish battery worked with its well known precision, but their infield bunched a half dozen errors in the early stages of the game, and very costly ones they were, and are likely to cost them the pennant. The umpires had some very difficult close plays to pronounce on, especially Major Montgomerie on the bases, but their decisions were to everybody's satisfaction and no kicks were registered by the players. There was no heavy hitting, but Quick's batting and Mullings' stealing were features of the game, together with Channing's and French's difficult flies.

1st Inning.  
R. L.—Power's liner did not enable him to reach first. Quick had better success. Cooney struck out. Cooney was given free transportation, and Health's hot grounder scored Quick but was left on third himself when Rolls struck out and Mullings' pop fly was grabbed. 2 runs.

B.I.S.—French fanned. Williams and Brien were both given walks. Channing struck out. On passed balls both Williams and Brien scored. McGrath hit safely but died stealing second. 2 runs.

2nd Inning.  
R. L.—Mullings' look hit his three teammates. Jenkins' bat was nabbed robbing the keystone. Gowans struck out. No runs.

B.I.S.—The Grace Bros. feeble taps were fanned. Brazie singled and was left on the bases when Carew's pop fly was grabbed. No runs.

3rd Inning.  
R. L.—Power and Quick both reached first through Cooney. Quick hit a double play was worked on him by P. Grace to Brien when the former gathered Hiltz's fly to centre. Hiltz's fly was good but was left on second when Rolls failed to secure a footing on the initial sack. 2 runs.

B.I.S.—French was presented with a walk, as was Williams. A passed ball let the former in before Brien, Channing, and McGrath's feeble taps were picked up. 1 run.

4th Inning.  
R. L.—Mullings' Texas leaguer was a beauty, and by clever stealing got around safely. Jenkins swept the air three times without connecting.

5th Inning.  
R. L.—Rolls hit and scored on a passed ball before Mullings struck out and Jenkins and Gowans' hits proved ineffective. 1 run.

B.I.S.—For the third time P. Grace's supine grounder availed him nothing. C. Grace was caught out. Brazie was presented with first, but was left on the circuit when Carew's grounder to Power retired them. No runs.

6th Inning.  
R. L.—It was now quite dark, and the Lions were unable to find Carew who struck out Power and fielded Quick's easy one. Cooney popped. No runs.

B.I.S.—French again vainly smote the air. Williams connected and scored on Brien's single. The latter was left on third when Channing struck out and McGrath's pop fly went to Gowans. 1 run.

PLAYERS.  
Red Lions—Power 1b, Quick 3b, Cooney 2b, Hiltz c, Heath rf, Rolls cf, Mullings ss, Jenkins lf, Gowans p.  
B.I.S.—French 1b, Williams 3b, Brien 2b, Channing lf, McGrath ss, P. Grace cf, C. Grace rf, Brazie c, Carew p.

SUMMARY.  
Hits—Off Gowans 3, off Carew 11. Strikeouts—By Gowans 5, by Carew 9.  
Walks—By Gowans 8, by Carew 2.  
Double Plays—Gowans to Power to Cooney, P. Grace to Brien.  
Officials—Mr. Chesman and Major Montgomerie umpires, Messrs. Ring and Murphy scorers.

HOW THE CLUBS STAND.  
Red Lions . . . . .500  
B. I. S. . . . .500  
Cubs . . . . .400  
Wanderers . . . . .400

NEXT LEAGUE GAME.  
The next game will be played on Tuesday not to-morrow night as previously announced. The B.I.S. will have to face the Wanderers, and a win for them is essential if they wish to be in the race with the Lions. This night week the Cubs will have another go at the Hiltz crew. Should the Lions and Irish lose both these games, all four clubs will have to play off, while, if they both win then the race will be between them. Next week therefore will produce the most interesting baseball of the season.

Published by Authority.

His Excellency the Governor has been pleased to appoint Francis Mitchell, Esq., Samuel Keely Bell, Esq., Tasker Cook, Esq., Alexander Whiteford Mews, Esq., to be members of the Legislative Council, provisionally, a new John P. Roach (Petries, Bay of Islands), and A. J. O'Reilly (St. George's), to be Justices of the Peace for the Colony.

On the recommendation of the Superintendent of Education and under the provisions of the Education Act, 1917, the Church of England District of Bonne Bay to be sub-divided at Green Point; the southern portion to be known as the Church of England educational district of Bonne Bay, and the northern portion to be known as the Church of England educational district for Cow Head. The boundaries of the new District of Cow Head to be from Trout River, inclusive, to Green Point, exclusive; and that boundaries of the new District of Cow Head to be from Green Point, inclusive, to Caster River, exclusive. Dept. of the Colonial Secretary, Aug. 21st, 1917.

Stafford's Prescription "A" is the best preparation you can take for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Gastritis and Nervous Dyspepsia. Price 25 and 50c. Postage 5 and 10c. extra. aug16.17

Fresh Smoked Haddies, 12c per lb., at ELLIS'S.

## Evening Telegram Fashion Plates

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A PRACTICAL, COMFORTABLE AND POPULAR UNDERGARMENT.

2137

A SMART LITTLE SUMMER DRESS FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.

2137—This model is lovely for the new summer cottons and linens. It is also good for soft woolsens, crepe, gabardine and silk. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

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