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The Lost Will; OR, LOVE TRIUMPHS AT LAST!

CHAPTER IX.
 "I knew you would say that," she said softly; "and I have been trying to brace myself up not to take advantage of your good nature. But the moment you came into the room I felt as if you were the one person on whom I could rely. My good resolution to trouble you any further melted into thin air."
 As she spoke she went to the table and took up a packet of papers and documents, tied up neatly with the regulation red tape.
 "Here are some papers about the estates which Mr. Horton gave me this morning," she said. "They were worrying me dreadfully, because they were things which I had to do myself, questions I had to decide; but now—she turned to him with a smile that made Jack's heart grow warm—"now I'm going to place the burden on you."
 Jack took the papers and, drawing up to the table, opened them out and ran through them.
 "Ah, yes," he said. "It's Gibson's lease and the building of those new cottages in Church Lane. Now, the question is—"
 She sat on the edge of the table and looked over his shoulder. She was so close to him that Jack could feel her breath stir his hair, and a strange little tremor seized him and his brain refused for a moment to continue its work; but Nora was so interested in the matter in hand that she was unconscious of her nearness to him.
 "Oh, do explain to me," she said. "You won't mind the trouble? You see, I want to know all about them, and what is the proper thing to do for them."

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about; fresh air and all that, you know. I should take a run in the motor, or perhaps you'd like something slower—the victoria? I'll order it for you. Which shall it be?"
 "That's just it," she said, with a flickering smile. "There seems so much, so many things; it is difficult to make up one's mind. I had no idea of what wealth meant—so many houses, carriages, and rooms. I get confused."
 "The victoria will fit you to-day," said Jack decisively. "You want to go slow—get into things gradually."
 "Very well," she said, as she opened the door; and Jack rang the bell and ordered the victoria.

CHAPTER X.
 THERE was some slight confusion in his own mind as he went forth to perform the duties of the post which had been restored to him by Miss Norton. He had thought that he had seen the last of Chertson, but here he was, reinstated by the heiress. On his way to the village he met Horton, and explained the new state of affairs to him; and Horton nodded with a faint smile that indicated a kind of satisfaction.
 "Miss Norton has acted very judiciously," he said; "but, then, she is very intelligent. I'm glad that you are going to stay here. The people, too, will be glad, for I find that you are popular. It's an excellent arrangement, both for you and Miss Norton, to say nothing of the estate."
 Jack went down to see Gibson, and knocked reason into him; then went on to the old cottages which he intended to pull down; they were picturesque, but insanitary. In one of them lived a middle-aged woman, a woman with one daughter. They got their living by sewing gloves for a well-known London firm; the gloves were sent down ready cut out, and Mrs. Delman and her daughter, Maud, sewed them by hand; the pay was by no means poor, for the gloves were of the expensive kind, riding and driving.
 Jack, as he entered the living room, found the mother and daughter at work; the woman was quiet and reticent, with the air of having seen better days; the girl was remarkably handsome, with a mass of auburn hair and eyes that were nearly violet. Jack, in a casual way, had noticed her beauty and once or twice had spoken to her when he met her in the village or called at the cottage, and now, while he was telling the mother the arrangements that would be made for her while her cottage was rebuilding, he watched absently the girl's slim and skilful fingers work at her glove.
 "You do that very quickly, Miss Delman," he said. "I suppose you make a lot of gloves in the course of the day?"
 The girl, colouring faintly, raised her eyes from her work, then dropped them again, and her mother answered for her.
 "Not so many as we would like, Mr. Chalfont. You see, they have to be sewn very carefully, and it would not do for a single stitch to give. But we manage to earn enough to live upon." She sighed. "But that is all: I feel that Maud ought to be doing better than stitching gloves; she is very fond of reading; she wanted to be a teacher in a school, but, of course, she could not pass her examination—could not afford the time to work for it."
 "That's a pity," said Jack, in his warm-hearted way. "I shouldn't think it would take long to swot up the exam."
 "And then there's the books," said Mrs. Delman, with the patient resignation of the poor. "They would cost too much money."
 "Mother!" murmured the girl, scarlet now and bending still lower over her glove.
 "I was only answering Mr. Chalfont's question, Maud," said her mother, apologetically.
 "That's all right," said Jack, quickly. "We must see if something can be done. I'll speak to Miss Norton; it's no use going on sewing gloves when you've set your heart on doing something else. Well, I'll get that other cottage in the lane ready for you, and let you know when you're to move in."
 He shook hands with the mother and daughter—the girl's felt hot and trembled a little—and got outside; but he had not gone many yards before he heard footsteps behind him and a low voice timidly calling his name; it was the girl's voice, and Jack stopped. She came up to him, panting a little,

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though not by reason of her haste, her face pale and flushed by turns.
 "I beg your pardon, Mr. Chalfont," she said, hurriedly, her hand plucking at her skirt. "I wanted to tell you, to ask you, not to speak to Miss Norton. I don't want any help—in that way."
 "Oh, but what's the matter with it?" said Jack. "None of us can do without help in this world, and we shouldn't be too proud."
 "It's not that; it's not because I'm proud," said the girl, her eyes, violet now in her intensity, raised to his, "but because my mother is wrong; I don't want to be a teacher. She thinks so because I'm fond of books and—and all that; and teaching's the only thing that appears suitable to her. But I—I should hate it! I'd rather go on sewing gloves for all my life than be mewed up in a stuffy school trying to teach stupid children."
 "So would I," said Jack. "But you don't want to go on sewing gloves all your life," he went on, with a man's lack of wisdom; for he was struck by the intelligence which shone in the girl's beautiful eyes, by the quiver of the well-cut lips. "Then what is it you want to do?"
 She paused a moment, her eyes downcast; then she flashed them up at him and replied, below her breath: "I want to be an actress."
 Jack was staggered, but he did not laugh; it was really impossible for him to do so, in face of that rapt look, the strained eagerness of the girl.
 "An actress!" he repeated. "Well, but look here—what makes you think you could be one? I mean, he went on gently, for he could see her wince, "ever so many people think they can act, if they have the chance; but when it comes to business—well, there you are!" he wound up, rather lamely.
 "I know," she said, doggedly. "You think I'm a fool, a silly girl, like so many others who want to go on the stage. And I can't tell you why I think I could act," she added, with a gesture which had something histrionic in it. "I'm always thinking of it; I've learnt ever so many parts; I try them over in my room when I'm alone. Mother does not know, does not guess; she would laugh at me, as you are doing in your sleeve."
 "I'm not laughing in my sleeve, or anything else," Jack assured her. "And it strikes me, my dear girl, that any one who bought you for a fool would lose by the transaction. So you learn parts, do you? That's interesting. Now, what parts do you know?"
 Unconsciously they had walked on; the girl was bareheaded, but the fact would not have attracted attention in Chertson, because the village folk were wont to go about without their hats.
 "I know Juliet and Desdemona, and one or two other Shakespeare parts," she said, timidly, and yet with a quiet, matter-of-fact air which impressed Jack. "Shakespeare's about the only book of plays I have, so I learnt those."
 "I see," said Jack, wondering what he ought to do in this case.
 (To be Continued.)

Household Notes
 Never let rising bread get cold. Celery seed improves potato soup. Cocoa should never be made thick. Every one should drink at least three-pints of water a day. Molasses will eradicate grass stains. Lefever mushrooms can be put in soup. It is economy to use butter only on the table. Sour cream used in beef and cream is delicious. Curry is delicious if used in chicken over ribs. Catsup may be served with grated cheese and butter.

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Wholesale Murder Planned.
 Washington, Sept. 18.—The betrayal of Roumania and elaborate advance plans of Germany and her Russian Bolshevik tools for suppressing and murdering loyal Roumanians, Russians and Poles, are exposed in detail by to-day's chapter of the astounding secret Russian documents which the American Government is giving to the public.
 Other instalments of the series have described how the Bolshevik leaders, Lenine and Trotsky and their associates, were bought by the Germans for millions in gold and engineered their bloody overthrow of Russia for the benefit of their masters.
 Now the story is told of how while the Brest-Litovsk peace conference was still in progress, the Bolsheviks were sending hired agents into Roumania to disorganize the armies of Roumania, ally, de throne the Roumanian King, and turn loose the German army occupied there for service in a great offensive on the western front.
 The disclosure of the latest disclosure shows the Bolshevik at German direction, undertaking not only to kill refractory Russian generals, but to shoot individually and wholesale Polish soldiers who were refusing to go to the Germans and patriotically keeping the field against their enemies. One of the documents transmits orders from the German Intelligence Service to "take most decisive measures, to shoot en masse against Polish troops" and to institute surveillance of institutions and persons, including the Roman Catholic Polish clergy.
 Explanatory notes by Edgar Sisson, who obtained the documents, add many details lacking in the papers themselves, including a story of how the Roumanian minister barely escaped assassination after being arrested by the Bolshevik and released through the efforts of Ambassador Francis, and other diplomats.
 When you want something in a hurry for tea, go to **ELLIS—Head Cheese, Or Tongue, Balled Ham, Cooked Corned Beef, Bologna Sausages.**

Germans Retire

Haig's Men Smash Hindenburg Line Captures Damages Takes 7000 Prisoners

WAR REVIEW.
 The Germans are in retreat on an important sector of the Western battlefield in France. The scene of the new retrograde movement is a wide front north and south of LaBasse Canal. The continuation by the Entente Allied forces of their brilliant achievements in restoring Belgian Flanders and the expulsion of the enemy from further territory in France in the region of Cambrai to Verdun, evidently has brought the Germans to the realization that the great bend in the line from Menin to the east of Arras is likely to prove another such trap as was the St. Mihiel salient, unless they are fast enough of foot to move eastward, giving up Lille, Lens and Douai and straighten their line from the vicinity of Cambrai to Belgium. On all the other six battlefronts from Belgium to Verdun the Entente forces are keeping up their successful advances, although the Germans everywhere except northwest of Rheims have materially stiffened their front and are offering strong resistance to further inroads into their territory. In Belgian Flanders and French troops has penetrated still further eastward and southeastward from Dixmude, and only a few miles more will be required by the Allied troops to give them positions by which Ostend, one of the German sea bases, will be made untenable, and indeed the entire North Sea coast now in German hands put in jeopardy. British warships are now violently bombarding the coast, and the Germans are reported to be moving their heavy guns eastward, fearful of their capture. Many additional towns have been captured by the Allies in this region and numerous prisoners have been taken. The important railroad junction point of Roulers is all but in the hands of the Allies, while southwards from Roulers-Menin railway at two places and are in process of investing Menin. The French are now in full possession of St. Quentin and have passed on eastward. The entire Hin-

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