

**A "Double Kill" — of course it's Remington U.M.C.**

Next time you see the "high gun" getting them this way at the traps take a quiet look at the shot gun and shells he is using. Five chances to one they're Remington U.M.C. And remember, the good shot is not born—he's made—by practice and the use of the BEST in arms and ammunition. Any suggestion in this for you? See the dealer who displays the "Sportsmen's Headquarters" sign.

**If you are critical about shells nothing short of REMINGTON U.M.C. will suit you**

The most modern machinery—the best materials and ceaseless inspections enables us to put in the quality that shows itself in absolute uniformity of performance and good scores. Shoot "Arrow" the world's greatest steel-lined smokeless shell for superlative results. Then there's "Nitro Club" (smokeless) a steel-lined "speed" shell and "Remington," an all-round popular smokeless shell for field or trap. The "New Club," black-powder shell, is a 30 year old favorite.

**The Remington U.M.C. Pump Gun**  
A hand operated repeater that is a universal favorite with its easy, unflinching action. Holds 6 shells, has bottom ejection and solid breech. Over 1,200 inspection points in this famous Remington U.M.C. shot gun, ensure the quality you want.

See the dealer who displays this sign

**Remington U.M.C. of Canada, Limited**  
WINDSOR, ONT. 711

## A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

She sprang to the window and swinging the axe to its fullest, dealt the shutter a blow.

Carrie uttered a cry of joy and admiration.

"You've more sense in your little finger than I've got in the whole of my body. Another blow, Maida—take care, you nearly brained me that time! One more! Look, it's giving!"

She sprang at it and the window-shutter yielded so suddenly that she nearly fell out.

Then the two girls stood and gazed at each other as if overwhelmed by this sudden deliverance. This would have made an exquisite picture for a painter of romance; Maida erect as an arrow with the axe still in her hand, her face flushed with the exertion, her eyes a violet black, shining in the fire-light; and Carrie, her hands pressed against her bosom, her lips parted with laboured breath.

"Come!" she cried, when she had recovered from the spell. "Come at once, Maida! My horse is outside. Robert left that; I heard it neigh"—she had not heard David Jones's horse answer—"we can ride in turns. You shall ride first. Stop! Let me think! We will take some food with us; we may want it; and the revolver. We may meet him."

"They put some biscuits in their pockets, looked round the hut with a shudder, then went through the window."

"They closed it as well as they could and then went, hand in hand, through the darkness. They found Carrie's horse, but Maida insisted upon Carrie's mounting first."

"You've been riding a long while and are tired; while I have been resting," she said.

"A pretty kind of rest!" retorted Carrie. "But there's no time to argue."

She mounted and rode on, Maida resting her arm on the saddle. They had not gone more than half a mile when they heard a horse neigh, and smitten with terror, they pulled up; but while they were hesitating, the mare took matters into her own hand and galloped forward to join its fellow.

"It's a horse—without a rider!" exclaimed Maida in a whisper. "It is tethered. Carrie, is it he?"

Carrie held her revolver in her hand ready for use, and both girls remained still, scarcely breathing in their intense anxiety and suspense.

"There is no one here," whispered Carrie, doubtfully; then, her tone changed to one of quick decision, she said, hurriedly, "Maida, here's our

chance. Here's a horse for me." "It's a man's saddle," whispered Maida.

Carrie bit her lip, then she laughed shortly.

"We mustn't look the saddle of a gift-horse in the mouth," she whispered. "I must be a man for once. It's dark—no one can see."

She tucked up her short habit-skirt round her waist and mounted the other horse.

"Now, quick!" she cried; "if he is alone he cannot catch us now that we have got his horse. Maida, it is Providence!"

"They pushed on through the darkness, now and again holding their breath and listening for a pursuer; but no sound of one reached them. With occasional rests they went on until the dawn broke; then they pulled up and looked round them. Not until that moment, so great had been their fear of pursuit, had they given a thought to their destination.

"Where are we going?" said Carrie. "Is this the way to Milda Wolda?"

Maida's face flushed and she set her teeth.

"Not to Milda Wolda, we cannot go there, Carrie," she said; "we cannot cross his threshold again."

"Where then?" asked Carrie.

"Anywhere but there," replied Maida in a low voice but firmly. "We cannot seek shelter at Milda Wolda, Carrie. It is impossible."

Carrie nodded, and she stretched out her hand and touched Maida.

"Of course, dearest," she said. "You must never see him again. We will ride on until we come to some station. Have you any money with you?"

"Yes," said Maida, unexpectedly; "by the merest chance I put my purse in my pocket; all the money we have is in it."

"That's all right," said Carrie, cheerfully; "luck again, Maida! It is to be hoped that we shall come to some place soon, for this horse of mine is tired; he must have been riding a longer distance than from Milda Wolda. And it isn't Robert's horse; it isn't one of the Milda Wolda horses. Whose can it be? Anyway, it's mine for the present: I wonder what they give you for horse-stealing in this country."

The horse was so weary that soon they had to stop and rest. They dismounted beside a stream, and ate some of their biscuits and got a draught of water, and about noon they mounted and rode on again through a country strange to them. Presently they saw a tramp coming in their direction. Carrie slipped from the saddle and stood in front of it to conceal it as much as possible. The man came up and stared at them, and stared still more when Maida asked him what road he had come.

"The Melbourne road, miss," he said. "Have you lost your way?"

"Not now, thank you," said Carrie. "We are all right now."

He tramped on, and she waited until he was out of sight before she mounted again.

"The Melbourne road," said Maida, thoughtfully; then she flashed round upon Carrie with a little cry.

"Carrie! we'll go to Melbourne; it's on the road to England; we'll go back; yes, we'll go back!"

Now, David Jones had ridden on until he had come within sight of the thin streaks of light that came through the chinks of the rough logs of the hut. Then he pulled up and considered for a moment. He knew that, however quietly he rode, however was there would hear the sound of his horse's feet, and he wanted to approach that hut in scout fashion, and to see and hear what was going on without being seen or heard; so he tethered the horse and went cautiously on foot towards the hut. As he did so, he heard a curious sound like the crashing of an axe on wood; this made him quicken his pace to something like a run; but a few minutes afterwards his progress was arrested by another sound, that of a horse going in the direction from the hut; and he stopped in doubt, undecided whether to go on to the hut or to follow the direction the unseen horse had taken; but the first sound he had heard—the sound of an axe—decided him. There was something going on there, and it would be well for him to take a hand in it.

When he got near the hut, he fell on his hands and knees and crawled, scout-fashion, up to it, and, looking through one of the chinks of the door, was amazed to find that it was empty.

He tried the door cautiously, lest someone should be concealing himself inside, then, finding the door locked, went round to the window. The shattered shutter told its own story; but, still cautious, he held his revolver in his hand, and as he opened the shutter and vaulted into the hut, a moment's examination showed him that no one was there; that someone had been locked up in it and escaped by means of the axe—had escaped, and had not been taken away. This conviction brought him some relief, though it only added to the difficulty of the problem.

He went through the window and ran in the direction of his horse, and was rather disconcerted, though, perhaps, not greatly surprised, to find that it was gone. With a shrug of his shoulders, he turned and walked back to a leisurely fashion to the hut, and, entering, made up the fire and sat down to the remains of the meal which Carrie and Maida had left. When he had finished eating, he lit his pipe and made himself comfortable on the couch.

The person who had locked in the prisoners would presently return. Well, he would find them floundering.

(To be Continued.)

David Jones would be waiting for him.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Robert Broseley was half-mad with impatience and suspense; but he could not return to the hut where he had left the two girls imprisoned until all was quiet at Milda Wolda and nothing further was to be feared from the rangers. He went about the place with black brows, cursing and swearing and drinking deeply.

To Mrs. Broseley he would not vouchsafe any information, any explanation.

"I tell you we are married," he said, impatiently. "We didn't want a fuss, so we got married quietly; what's it matter? I suppose if Maida is satisfied, it's nobody's business. I thought you always wanted me to be married; you were always worrying about it, anyhow."

"Yes, Robert, dear," said Mrs. Broseley, meekly. "But not in this fashion. It's—it's not fitting for a man in your position, to say nothing of Miss Carrington. I can't think how she came to do it, why she didn't confide in me, the who loves her like a mother. It's not like her. And to think of those two girls going to Melbourne alone!"

"They wouldn't have gone alone," retorted Robert, savagely. "If this confounded affair hadn't turned up."

"But why didn't they come back with you?" asked Mrs. Broseley. "That was the natural thing to do. Oh, Robert, think of those two girls makin' that journey alone on horseback!"

Robert was thinking of those two girls shut up in the hut, and he burst out with an oath.

"They chose to go to Melbourne—I thought it better for them to go. Let me alone. I'll go after them as soon as I can leave you."

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Broseley, earnestly. "Go now, at once, Robert dear, we shall be quite safe; those villains have gone over the hills; besides, we can keep the Dartford men; and your father will be here to-day or to-morrow, I expect. And give Maida my love and tell her that I will come to Melbourne to her."

"No, no," he said, quickly; "better stop where you are. I'll bring her back here—What was the matter with that man from Dartford—what's his name? Tudor—and why did he get off in that way? He seemed a queer sort of customer; I didn't like the look of him."

"Oh, Robert," said Mrs. Broseley, reproachfully, "and it was so good of him to come over and help and protect us! He had been fightin' for hours, perhaps without food; no wonder he was taken ill. It is strange you didn't like him, for he seemed so kind and nice, and such a perfect gentleman."

(To be Continued.)

## 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.



2158—Muslin, cambric, lawn, batiste, satin, silk and crepe may be used for this model. The ruffle supplies fullness at the lower edge. The garment may be finished in drawers style, or serve as a chemise, or chemise petticoat.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 35-38; Large, 40-42; and Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size Medium requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c cents in silver or stamps.

A CHARMING DRESS FOR PARTY, DANCING AND BEST WEAR.



1937—Junior Dress.

This model could be attractively developed in blue or pink crepe, crepe de chine or messaline, with a waist of chiffon, mull, net or lace. The overblouse forms a tunic over the skirt. It is cut in deep points in back and front, outlining the waist, which may be full or plain, over the front. The sleeve is nice in wrist or elbow length. The dress may be developed without tunic and overblouse. It is good for serge, gabardine, poplin and wash materials, nice for taffeta and cloth combined, and would be lovely in satin and chiffon. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards for the dress and 3 yards for the overblouse, for a 14-year size, in 27-inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c cents in silver or stamps.

No. ....  
Also .....  
Address in full:—  
Name .....

Est W. A. Slatery.  
Phone 522. P. O. Box 236.

ASK FOR MINARD'S LINIMENT AND TAKE NO OTHER.

5c. The Crescent Picture Palace. 5c  
AFTERNOON, 2.15—NIGHT, 7.30 AND 9.15.

PRESENTING DARWIN KARR IN  
**The Lighthouse by the Sea."**

A great Essanay feature in 3 acts.  
"THE SELIG TRIBUNE"—A reel newspaper, showing Princess Henry of Battenburg presenting colors to the Newfoundland Regiment and other interesting news items.  
Babe Hardy and Kate Price in "THE GUILTY ONES"—A roaring Vim comedy.  
MADAME TIMMONS sings (a) "My Home O'er the Sea"; (b) "Spring's a Loveable Lady".

PROFESSOR McCARTHY playing the Newest and Best Music—Drums and Effects.

WE are still showing a splendid selection of :

**TWEEDS**  
and  
**SERGES.**

No scarcity at **Maunder's.**

However, we beg to remind our customers these goods are selling rapidly, and cannot be replaced at the same price.

**John Maunder,**  
Tailor and Clothier, St. John's, Nfld.

**FREW'S SUMMER SALE.**

Ladies' Blouses, Etc.  
Ladies' Misses' and Children's  
One-Piece Dresses

at greatly reduced prices. Buy now and save money  
**William Frew**

**J. J. ST. JOHN.**

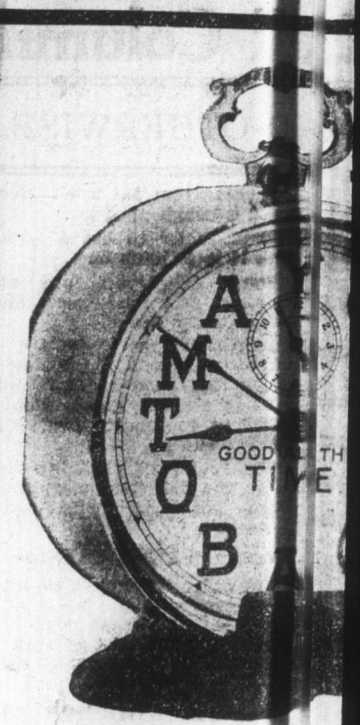
**SLOAN'S LINIMENT,**  
Known the world over for its immediate cure. Retailing at 25c. per bottle.

**J. J. ST. JOHN,**  
AGENT,  
Duckworth Street and LeMarchant Road.

**SLATTERY'S**  
Wholesale Dry Goods  
House.

TO THE TRADE.  
A large stock of  
**GENERAL MERCHANDISE**  
just arrived. Also a large assortment of  
**JOB LINES.**

Est W. A. Slatery.  
Phone 522. P. O. Box 236.



Imperial

## War News

Messages Received  
Previous to 9 A. M.

ITALIAN OFFENSIVE.

VIENNA, Aug. 20. The Italians have begun another big offensive against the Austrians in the Isonzo region of the Alps. Italian theatre, where fighting is in progress over a thirty-seven mile front, running from the Adriatic Sea on the Carso Plateau. This information is contained in the office communication issued to-day. Rome.—The Italians in their offensive on the Isonzo front, began yesterday, have crossed the Isonzo River and already taken 7,500 prisoners. It is officially announced by the war department to-day. Many guns have been captured by the Italians. Austrians have suffered serious casualties. The battle continues vigorously. The statement says the Austrians opened on the Julian Alps front yesterday morning. After a bombardment of twenty-four hours, during which our artillery shellied the Austrians with ever increasing intensity, masses of our infantry moved to advance toward their objectives north of Gorizia. After having brilliantly overcome the technical difficulties and the resistance of the enemy, numerous pontoons were thrown across the Isonzo, and our troops passed over to the left bank of the river. From Plava to the sea after having crossed the first line of the enemy, which had been destroyed completely, our troops brought pressure to bear upon him. Resistance by and being supported by considerable artillery and a large number of machine guns, the enemy offered desperate resistance.

FRENCH CAPTURE.

PARIS, Aug. 20. A smashing French victory on the Verdun front is recorded in the official reports issued by the war office to-night. The French have captured the enemy defences on both sides of the Meuse over a front of more than eleven miles, penetrating the German lines at divers points to a depth of five miles and a quarter. More than 10,000 German prisoners were taken.

BRITISH ADVANCE LINES.

LONDON, Aug. 20. A German counter attack on positions captured by the British yesterday morning—southeast of Epeir,

**BULL RUNN**  
BY CARL ED

Sure, the  
Wife Will Let  
Bull Buy  
the Car but—  
Who's Going  
to Drive It?—  
Ask the  
Missus!

**RED ROSE TEA** "is good tea"