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EW. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED
 WINDSOR TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER XXXIII.
 A Gypsy's Evidence.

Bartley Bradstone put on his hat and walked out of the room, telling the cabman to wait while he walked towards the bank. There he changed a check.

The cashier did not, as usual, scoop out the money with a respectful smile, but took the check, apparently, into the manager's room. He came out after a minute or two and changed the check.

"We have not had your passbook for some weeks, sir," he said, as he passed the money over.

Bartley Bradstone scarcely noticed him, but went out into the street again. He turned into a refreshment bar and got a glass of sherry. Half an hour, perhaps, passed, then he made his way back to Ethelred Chambers. Just as he was within sight of them, a gentleman ran up against him, and was making the usual apology, when he broke off with:

"Hallo, Bradstone! Is that you? I say, my dear fellow, what a deuce of a mess we're in!"

"What do you mean?" said Bradstone.

"Well! Good heavens, man, I mean this infernal bank."

"The South Indian?" said Bartley Bradstone, quite easily.

The gentleman stared at him.

"Well, you take it pretty coolly, Bradstone," he said. "But I suppose to a man with your pile a facer like this does not matter, though I had an impression that you were in it more deeply than any of us. Why, it was one of your pet schemes, was it not?" and he smiled and winked.

Bartley Bradstone nodded curtly.

"Yes, I was in it pretty deeply," he said. "But I sold out a week ago."

The other man stared at him.

"Why, man, your name is still in the list of shareholders published to-day. Look here," and he drew the city paper from his pocket, rapidly found the paragraph, and thrust it into Bradstone's hands.

Bartley Bradstone looked at it, then turned white.

"There is some mistake," he said. "I tell you I sold out a week ago—every share."

The man looked at him with something like pity.

"By the Lord!" he muttered, under his breath, "the blow has sent him off his head!" But pity is too expensive a commodity in the city. It requires too much time. With a "Well, good-by, old fellow," the gentleman hurried on and left Bartley Bradstone standing with the paper in his hand, looking like a man completely dazed.

The crowd of passers-by jostled him and pushed him all unheeded; but at last he seemed to awake, and hurrying

onward, ran up the steps and into Mr. Mowle's office.

Mr. Mowle was not there. He had gone, and so had the Gladstone bag! The office, too, was in greater disorder than before; and Bartley Bradstone, sinking into a chair before the table, saw a letter addressed to him lying on the desk. He tore it open with shaking fingers.

"Am detained. Shall be back in an hour."

Suspicious and bewildered, Bartley Bradstone paced up and down the office, then he went to a safe which stood in the corner of the room. Unlocking it, he began to examine its contents. Then he uttered a cry of mingled rage and despair.

Like a flash of lightning the truth burst upon him. Ezekiel Mowle, the tool whom he had held under his thumb—the worm upon whom he had trodden so often—had turned at last. Scrip, securities, mortgages had all gone. The South Indian Bank shares had not been sold.

He remembered now the cashier's manner when he presented the check, and he knew, as well as if Mowle had confessed, that he had embezzled every penny of the vast sum which Bartley Bradstone had, with contemptuous confidence, left at his disposal.

Quite faint, sick, feeling more driven and helpless than he had ever felt before, he struggled to the table and drank a glass of water. What should he do? Throughout all the terrible time of peril he felt that at least he had one thing to help him—his immense wealth. Now that that had gone, what should he do?

He leaned his head upon his hand, and forced himself to think.

With the exception of the sum which he had obtained at the bank, he had no ready money whatever.

Mr. Mowle could not make away with The Maples, and probably only that remained. That could not be realized without time. Then he remembered his jewelry. At all costs he must get that. It would sell for something—would bring enough, perhaps, to enable him to leave England. He must go back to Hawkwood.

Pulling himself together, he went downstairs. On the way, the desire to punish the man who had betrayed him took full possession of him; but he knew that the longing for vengeance could not be satisfied. Any attempt to punish Mowle would reveal to the whole world the connection between them, and would brand him with infamy and disgrace. He got into the cab, and told the man to drive to Waterloo.

Seth, in his cab, followed at a discreet distance.

Luck favored Bartley Bradstone. The West of England train was leaving in a few minutes. Weary, tortured by anxiety, he threw himself into the corner of a carriage and closed his eyes.

It was nearly midnight when the train reached Wainford station, and a true Devonshire drizzle had set in. With the exception of a solitary porter, there was no life about the station.

Exhausted as he was, he must walk to The Maples. Perhaps it was as well; he could secure his jewels, and, by good luck, leave the house without being seen.

Slowly he dragged himself along the muddy roads, reached the lodge, and had got his key in a side door which he sometimes used, when he heard a voice close behind him.

With a hoarse cry he turned and staggered back. The night was dark, and he could distinguish nothing for a moment or two. Then he saw a man standing at the bottom of the steps, with his hands thrust in his pockets, and an expression of sullen impatience on his face.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" demanded Bartley Bradstone.

Seth came up the steps and looked at him.

"I want to know how much longer this is a-goin' on, Mister Bradstone," he said. "This 'ere game's a-gettin' too thin. If you ain't tired, I am. I suppose you thought you could give me the slip, but you reckoned without your man, Mister Bradstone."

Bartley Bradstone leaned against the door and stared at him breathlessly.

"I do not know you," he said. "You are making a mistake. You know my name. What do you want with me?"

Seth laughed shortly.

"Let's go inside," he said.

Bartley Bradstone took the key out of the door and put it in his pocket.

"Say what you have to say here," he said. "I never saw you before. I do not know what you want with me; if you have come to extort money on any pretext, you've come to the wrong man."

"Oh, no, I haven't," sneered Seth. "I've come to the right man. You don't know me; but I know you and I know Bella Lee."

Bartley Bradstone drew a short breath and put his hand to his heart. "You knew Bella Lee?" he said.

"What has that to do with me?" Seth laughed unpleasantly.

"A good deal, I should think, seeing you was 'er 'usband."

Bartley Bradstone's face went livid and he looked from side to side, like the hunted man he was.

"How do you know that?" he demanded. "Who told you?"

"I saw you married," replied Seth coolly. "Come, Mister Bradstone, don't put my back up. I'm rather tired of this game o' cheyvin' you up to London and back again, and I want to come to business. I know more about you and Bella than you think for."

"Go on," said Bartley Bradstone. "Tell me what you know or think you know."

"I will," said Seth. "I know more than the judge and jury as 'ull try Mr. Faradeane, and, by God, I'll tell them, if you don't make it worth my while to hold my tongue."

Bartley Bradstone stood with his eyes upon the ground, his lips tightly compressed. He seemed to feel the meshes of a huge, wide-spreading net closing round him. Whichever way he turned, he was met by some obstacle to his escape.

And this man who had, unseen, tracked him step by step throughout the day, what did he know? And how much? At all costs he must learn this.

He opened the door. "Come inside," he said; and leading the way to the library and turning up the gas, looked keenly at Seth's dark face and slouching figure. "You say, my man, that you know something about this murder. Do you know who did it?"

"I do," said Seth, seating himself on a corner of the costly inlaid table and kicking his leg to and fro in an insolent fashion.

"You do!" said Bartley Bradstone, with a long breath. "I was just going to offer a hundred pounds reward for such information as would lead to the discovery of the man who committed

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the crime. I will give you that hundred pounds now if you will tell me what you know."

Seth stared at him, then smacked his leg and laughed.

"A hundred pounds! I should think so! If you was to ask me, I should consider it cheap at a thousand, and that's the figure I mean to ask for it. And if yer takes my advice, the advice of a man as don't wish you no particular harm, you'll hand over that thousand pounds, and say no more about it. You can rely on me. I can keep my mouth shut. I'm sick o' England, and I'm ready to go wherever you like and keep there."

Bartley Bradstone remained silent for a moment or two, then he said, huskily:

"Supposing your information were worth the money; my man, I could not give it to you."

Seth stared and laughed incredulously.

Bartley Bradstone bit his lip.

"What I tell you is true. I can no more give you a thousand pounds than you can give it to me."

"Now, guv'nor, come, no gammon," said Seth, impatiently. "If you've got any sense, any gratitude, you'd fork out the money and say 'thank you.' What's a thousand pounds when a man's life's at stake?"

"I tell you, I can't do it," he said.

Seth looked round at the handsomely furnished room, at the costly hangings, the rows on rows of elegantly bound books and silver knick-knacks on the tables, the carved oak and beveled mirrors, and laughed again.

"It won't do, guv'nor," he said. "Look 'ee here," and he leaned forward and shook his fist in Bartley Bradstone's face. "I'm not to be trifled with. Give me the money I asks yer for, or I'll go and give the police the information I have offered you. They'll pay for it, and be only too glad."

(To be Continued.)

Surprisingly Good Cough Syrup Made at Home

Costs Very Little and Easily Made, but is Remarkably Effective.

You'll never really know what a fine cough syrup you can make until you prepare this famous home-made remedy. You not only save \$2 as compared with the ready-made kind, but you will also have a more effective and dependable remedy in every way. It overcomes the usual coughs, throat or chest colds in 24 hours—relieves even whooping cough quickly.

Get 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth) from any good drug store, pour it into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Here you have 16 ounces—a family supply—of the most effective cough syrup that money can buy—at a cost of only 54 cents or less. It never spoils.

The prompt and positive results given by this pleasant tasting cough syrup have caused it to be used in more homes than any other remedy. It quickly loosens a dry, hoarse or tight cough, seals the inflamed membranes that line the throat and bronchial tubes, and relief comes almost immediately. Splendid for throat tickle, hoarseness, bronchitis, croup and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, combined with gauliac and has been used for generations for throat and chest ailments.

Avoid disappointment by asking your druggist for 2½ ounces of Pinex with full directions, and don't accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

1st Newfoundland Regiment.

Badges for Rejected Volunteers will be issued on application to the Officer Commanding Depot at Headquarters, St. John's, subject to the under-mentioned conditions as approved by the Governor in Council and published in the Royal Gazette of September 26th, 1916.

In the case of Volunteers living outside of St. John's, who have been examined and rejected by the Medical Examiner in their district, a certificate from the Medical Examiner showing cause of rejection should accompany applications.

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

1. The Badge to be of bronze with Crown, suitable inscription and a number (consecutive).

2. A Register to be kept giving the number of badge, to whom issued, and date.

3. Badges to be issued at Headquarters by the Regimental Authorities, only to men of military age, and not to any man obviously unfit.

4. Badges to be issued only to men who have enlisted and have undergone the regular medical examination.

5. Men rejected prior to the publication of the regulations who apply for badges to submit to new medical examination if required, and not to receive a badge unless still unfit.

6. Penalty on any person other than the man to whom badge is issued wearing same, or having it in his possession (except for repairs), \$50.00.

7. Penalty on owner of badge selling it or giving it away or permitting it to be worn by any other person, \$25.00.

8. Badge-holder required to produce badge for inspection to Regimental Authorities or their appointee whenever called upon to do so. Penalty, \$10.00.

9. Badge-holder losing badge to report loss forthwith to Regimental Authorities, and if required, furnish affidavit of loss, Penalty, \$10.00. A new badge may be issued on satisfactory proof of the loss.

10. Badge-holder leaving the country to return had to Headquarters and receive a certificate in exchange. By order.

J. J. O'GRADY,
 Capt. & Adjt.

Patriotic Addresses Given by Lieut. Hicks

At Seldom Come By and Joe Batt's Arm.

Pogo district has been especially favored during the past fortnight in having had Lieut. G. Hicks who has been making a recruiting tour through the district. Having addressed meetings at Carmanville, Ladle Cove, and Musgrave Harbour, he arrived here at Seldom Come By on Monday, Sept. 18th. Flags were hoisted in honour of his visit and at night the Orange Hall was crowded to hear him give a Patriotic Address.

I had the honour to be Chairman at that meeting. The relatives of those boys who are in the Army and Navy were invited to the platform. The speaker was then introduced. After paying a tribute to the boys who had responded to the call of duty he gave us a very interesting account, lasting three hours, of the doings of Our Regiment since leaving Newfoundland until the first of July, on which date he was wounded in the attack on Beaumont Hamel.

He also sketched the work of our great Navy, Red Cross Work in France and Hospital life. He spoke of the grand work done by the W. P. A. and concluded his address by making a very interesting appeal to able-bodied young men to enlist, stating we were fighting for our lives to-day.

At the conclusion of his address a vote of thanks was tendered him, a collection amounting to \$112.22 was taken up in aid of the Red Cross Fund. The National Anthem was then sung bringing to an end the most pleasant evening that Seldom has had for some time.

On Tuesday night he lectured at Seldom; Wednesday night at Change Islands; Thursday night at Indian Islands, the following Monday night again at Carmanville. At each of those places he was right royally received and Patriotic enthusiasm was at its highest pitch.

On Saturday he again arrived here to take the Prospero for St. John's, and discovering she was late, decided to take a run across the island to Joe Batt's Arm. Being a stranger to that part of the district I accompanied him in carriage; although having only telegraphed the Patriotic Committee just as we were leaving Seldom, we were grateful to find that all arrangements were made for the meeting, and the people duly notified. On arrival flags were flying and the people were even more enthusiastic than anywhere else in the district.

When we reached the Fishermen's new Hall at 8 o'clock we found it crowded. The Rev. H. Scott took the chair and in a few well chosen words introduced the speaker. As at Seldom and other places the relatives of the boys with the Regiment and in the Navy were invited to the platform. On rising to address the audience the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. For three hours Lieut. Hicks kept his audience spell bound. At the conclusion a vote of thanks was tendered him. This was ably proposed by Mr. Levi Perry, who in eloquent language commented upon the address, and made an appeal to all able-bodied young men to enlist. This was seconded by me. When the audience showed their appreciation, so enthusiastic were they that the Chairman had great difficulty in bringing the meeting to a close, which was eventually done by singing the National Anthem. The real true spirit of

Enthusiasm was everywhere.

By Dorgan

It Doesn't Pay To Be Too Odd :-

WHY THIS IS A PERFECTLY GOOD HAT WHY SHOULD I BUY A NEW ONE?

NOT NOW

I'LL WEAR THIS HAT IN SPITE OF STYLE BUT NOT NOW

JACK + DORGAN

Men's Overcoats!
 Fall---1916---Models.

Just opened—and ready for your inspection and approval, a fine range of Men's Winter Overcoats, in Chinchillas, Tweeds, etc., in Navy, Grey, Brown, and some very smart mixtures.

These Overcoats, perfectly cut and tailored, are all Fall 1916 Models, and are the productions of first-class English and American tailoring houses.

U. S. Picture and Portrait Co.
 Water Street.

Gossage's Soaps!

In stock the following well known brands:
 GOSSAGE'S WHEEL.
 GOSSAGE'S HOUSEWIFE'S FRIEND.
 GOSSAGE'S MAGICAL.
 GOSSAGE'S PURIFIED CARBOLIC.

All size boxes in stock.
GEO. M. BARR, Agent.

Special Announcement

A new Circular, containing a list of new premiums recently added to our stock has been issued this week by us and can be obtained at our Premium Department or will be mailed to any given address on request.

This Circular illustrates some exceptional premiums and is well worth your special attention.

Write us for one.

Imperial Tobacco Co.,
 (Newfoundland) Ltd.

"Dogs Head" Brand,
"Bass Ale" and
"Guinness" Stout,
 QUARTS

As we have a large stock of QUARTS to dispose of during the remaining 3 months we will accept a reduced price to clear.

J. C. BAIRD.
 Water Street.

YEAS

Jacques Cartier, of roots and herbs, amongst his crowd.

his descendant, I has been cured. These, however, in ancestor, were in form of Zam-Buk, who is Justice, and Assistant. Circuit Court. He says there is not compare with the treatment of his. He goes on: you my real life benefit I derive from use of Zam-Buk. This remedy obtained from as our family. I always kept it for healing and curing of immense. I have not

War News

Messages Received Previous to

MORE MEN AND MORE BREAD

LONDON, Oct. 4.—General Sir William Robertson, Chief of the Imperial Staff at Headquarters, said in a speech at Dulderby, Lincolnshire, that he wished to impress upon the necessity of procuring more for the Army and munitions. In this connection, he said, the serious work of war is not are not justified in extending the war, he said, unless these every man and woman who be urged to the battle must be under no delusion, as used, as to the end of the of the great struggle. We adopted in theory the practical service. We must put it into practice, because more men and we want them eventually we want all of us spared.

Britain is in urgent need of the army, and also for the factories. A statement of this was given out today by the Distribution Board, and pointed to comb out effects on the army of the United Kingdom have not yet enrolled. The report that they had exhausted the military, War Office, Ministry of tions and other departments, there was urgent need of supplies of men for the armaments factories, in order to maintain our forces in the field, and already fixed for them, in the time to maintain the supplies of essential for equipment and utilization. The Board stated that no exemption be granted, certain classes heretofore exempted that there be a more general of skilled labor on munitions women and others, who are untrained. It suggested that ences of employers and employees with a view of freeing labor now engaged in private for employment on munitions is essential, the report stated, large part of the labor now in private work shall be transferred to the Government's orders. The for the Army. The Board also consideration the extended use men and men over military age the release of men of military employed in Government offices is the only means, the Board

SAUCE

has a flavour, a distinctive, and an excellence all its own.

Try it for yourself.

J. C. BAIRD.
 Water Street.