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## A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"I'm going," said Heroncourt, simply, and as a matter of course.

He went into the shed and found Lucy, not resting as he had expected, but bending over one of the wounded men. He laid his hand on her shoulder and spoke her name before she knew that he was near her; and her pale face flushed and her eyes shone as, with a start, she turned to him.

"You're all right, Lucy?" he asked. "You're not hurt, please God?"

"No, no," she said, brushing the hair from her face, and looking at him with eager questioning, looking over him, as it were, to see with her own eyes whether he was injured or not.

"And you, sir? They told me that you were not wounded; but I had a dream—before I came to—"

She shuddered and her hand unconsciously tightened on his; then, as if remembering herself, she drew her hand away and shrank back timidly and modestly.

"I have come to thank you for all you did for me last night, for me in particular, Lucy," he said. "You behaved like a hero, a Joan of Arc; you set an example to all of us. But for you we might now be lying dead. I certainly should have been. But you don't want me to thank you; indeed, I know no words in which I could do so. A man's life is a very precious thing, Lucy, and I owe mine to you."

She stood with her hands gripping each other, the blushes chasing each other over her cheek, the lashes that covered her eyes quivering with the

unspeakable joy evoked by his broken words.

"Won't you take some rest now?" he said. "Do, for all our sakes, for mine."

She raised her eyes to his and her swelled over with love and devotion. For the first time he saw, realised, that the terrible night's work, perhaps her noble self-sacrifice and devotion had changed her from a simple girl to a woman with higher instincts and broader emotions. He regarded her with a mixture of wonder and novel respect.

"No, no," she said, "I do not want any rest. I could not rest with those here," she glanced at the wounded. "But you—you ought to rest—"

"I have had a long sleep," he said. "I am quite fresh. But promise me that you will not make yourself ill, that you will not wear yourself out?"

"I will, if—she raised her eyes to his timidly for a second—"if you wish it." Then, as he was turning away, she put her hand to her head as if she had just remembered something. "I was near forgetting," she said. "One of the men here says that Black Jake and the rest of the gang were going on to Milda Wolda; but perhaps they won't now."

"Very likely not," said Heroncourt, reassuringly; but his face was clouded with apprehension as he left the shed.

He found Brown, the dealer, at work outside.

"You sent that note to Milda Wolda, I suppose, Brown?" he asked.

Brown straightened himself and shook his head.

"No, Mr. Tudor. I've got it here still. There was no chance of sending it. We wanted all the men we'd got to come on to help you."

Heroncourt strode off to find Dartford and communicated his fears for the safety of Milda Wolda.

"If you've no objection, Dartford," he said, "I'll take some of the men and ride over there. It's only about fifty miles. We could be there before nightfall. I'm told there are some women there and very few men."

Dartford nodded gravely.

"Right you are," he said. "But I'll go; you've had more than your share already."

"No, let me go," said Heroncourt. "I am quite fit. Besides, I'm restless, and feel as if the ride would do me good."

Dartford laughed.

"It's the tiger and the first taste of blood, eh, old man? Well, if you've made up your mind, it wouldn't be much use me trying to argue with you; I know of old. Take as many of the men as you want. We can get on very well here; they won't trouble us again; they've had too much already."

Heroncourt thanked him and went amongst the men for volunteers. Of course, they all wanted to go; but Heroncourt, with some difficulty, picked out half a dozen. He was for leaving Baxter and David Jones behind, that they might get some rest; but both Baxter and Jones quietly got their horses and respectfully, but firmly ignoring Heroncourt's remonstrance, rode with the others. Just as they were starting, Lucy came out of the shed, and threading her way amongst the horses, went to Heroncourt's side and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Don't go, oh, don't go, sir!" she pleaded.

Heroncourt bent down in his saddle, and whispered to her soothingly.

"It's all right, Lucy. Don't be afraid, my child. Lucy, there are women there, as there were here: you would not leave them to their fate—women, Lucy!"

Her hand fell from his arm, and she covered her eyes and kept them covered as he rode away.

The men were well-armed and in the best of spirits; in fact, they were delighted at the prospect of another brush with the ruffians who had nearly done them to death the preceding night. One of the little band acted as a guide; but at starting he had confessed that he had only a general idea of the direction they should take, and after about a score of miles he began to get uncertain, and presently admitted that he had lost the way though Brown had carefully described it to him.

After a time they picked up the route again, but some hours had been lost, and it was nightfall before one of the men caught sight of the lights of Milda Wolda. Heroncourt ordered a halt, and sent on two of the men to scout.

"If the ruffians are not there, we do not want to alarm the women by riding up in a body," he said. "If they are there, get back as sharp as you can."

While the scouts went on the others got off their horses to rest them; but in a very short time the scouts returned with the news that Milda Wolda was surrounded by the gang. Heroncourt gave the word to advance, and they rode forward as noiselessly as possible, and spreading themselves out so as to surround the bush-rangers, for bush-rangers they might well now be considered. As Heroncourt approached he heard the sound of firing, the barking of dogs, the yelling of the rangers; and he thrilled once more with the lust for battle. The night had now fallen, and in the darkness the flames of torches flitted to and fro, casting red patches of light upon the building and revealing the dusky forms of the attackers. Guided by these patches of light, Heroncourt was able to surround the house, and, suddenly shouting the word to charge, he bore down upon the assailants.

The attack was as sudden as it was unexpected, for the gang had been fully convinced that Heroncourt and his men would be too much occupied at Dartford to come to the relief of Milda Wolda; but the gang showed fight, and a fierce scrimmage took place in front of the house. Heroncourt was shot at several times, but, owing to the darkness, was fortunate enough to escape. He fought his way, rapidly using his revolver as he went, to the front door; his men, following his example, formed into a kind of

line with him, and, advancing from this base, as it were, bore down upon the gang, firing volley after volley, and drove them back. As the battle receded from the house and was carried into the darkness beyond the light from the windows, Heroncourt heard on his right hand the sound of approaching horses and not knowing whether they were friend or foe, he pulled up to wait and ascertain; and a moment or two afterwards a stalwart figure, on a slight, barebacked horse, dashed up beside him, levelling a pistol at his head. Heroncourt struck up the extended arm and turned his horse, and, in so doing, brought his face towards the light.

"Why, you are not one of them! Who are you?" demanded Robert, for it was he.

"Owen Tudor, of Dartford," said Heroncourt. "We came to help you; my men are driving them on, must have dispersed them by this time; you'd better come with me and see."

The two men rode side by side—strange allies!—and came up with the remnant of the fight. It was all over in a few minutes, and those of the gang who were not killed or wounded were riding off. Heroncourt called his men together, for he had no desire for more slaughter, and the hand gathered in front of the house with Heroncourt and Robert, still side by side, in their midst.

The door of the house opened, and in the light that streamed from it Mrs. Broseley appeared with some of the terrified servants at her back.

"I hope no one is hurt," said Heroncourt; "that we came up in time."

Robert Broseley shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know," he muttered. "I was away; I only had news of it a little while ago. My name is Broseley—Robert Broseley. That's my mother. You'd better come in—something to eat and drink."

He dismounted and led the way, disengaging himself from his mother's embrace.

"It's all right, mother," he said, impatiently. "This gentleman and his men came up just in time. It's all right, I tell you. Get us something to eat and drink, especially something to drink. Here, you there! get some whiskey. Come in here, all of you. Hi, William Henry, look to the horses. Come in! There's no damage done, except a few broken windows," he said to Heroncourt as, followed by his men, they went into the large living-room.

All was bustle and confusion. The women, scarcely recovered from their terror, hurriedly spread a cloth and brought out food and drink, superintended by Mrs. Broseley who, though outwardly calm, cast anxious glances towards Robert.

Robert signed to Heroncourt and the rest to sit down.

"I hear you've had a set-to with these gentry up at Dartford, Mr.—, I didn't catch your name."

"Tudor—Owen Tudor," said Heroncourt. "I am Lord Dartford's partner-manager. Yes, I am sorry to say that most of these ruffians are our men. They attacked us last night, partly burnt the station, and, if it had not been for the arrival of Lord Dartford and some men from another station, they would have been too many for us. We learnt that they intended coming on here, and"—he smiled with the modest apology of a man who has been of some service—"here we are."

"Much obliged to you," grunted Robert. "I'll be even with them—I'll teach them what it means to attack the Broseley property. I'll track 'em down and hang 'em for it; yes, if there's any law in Australia."

"I'm afraid you've been very much alarmed," Heroncourt said to Mrs. Broseley. "I am glad that no one has been hurt."

"No, no one," she faltered, her eyes resting on him for a moment, and going back to Robert who paced the room angrily and impatiently. "But God only knows what would have happened to us if you had not come up in time, Mr. Tudor. It was very kind; kind! it was noble of you after—after your own trouble last night. I am very grateful—my son is very grateful—you must not think he is not," she went on, apologizing for Robert's churlishness.

(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 SIMPLE NIGHT GOWN.



2138—Here is a model easy to develop, cut on the simplest lines. It is nice for lawn, dimity, batiste, linen, silk, crepe or cambric.

The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 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.

A PRACTICAL AND COMFORTABLE FIRST SET OF SHORT CLOTHES.



2139—Lawn, cambric, batiste, dimity or crepe, silk or challie, cashmere or gabardine could be used for the dress, while cambric, crepe or lawn are nice for dress and slip. Any desired trimming may be employed. The dress is in bishop style, with a comfortable raglan sleeve. The slip fastens on the shoulder, a style especially good for young children. The drawers may be in knickerbocker style or with straight lower edge and tucks.

The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. The dress will require 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. The slip 1 1/2 yard. The drawers 1 1/2 yard for a 4-year size.

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

Parasols are made of oddly figured silk. Beaded effects and silk tassels are favored.

The shoes should match the color of the dress.

Most hats of dark color have a facing of white.

There is no sign of the nipped-in-at-the-waist styles.

Jackets are so straight, they are almost exaggerated.

## A Table of Tables!

We give here a Table of Tables of all descriptions that are now in stock in our Furniture Dept.

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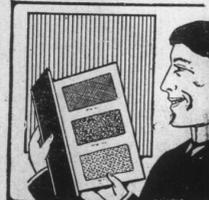
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## LONDON

LONDON, July 23rd.

**KAN ANSON'S ROMANTIC MAR**

The Hon. William Anson, who married an American actress, of the thirteen children of the Earl of Lichfield, and brother-in-law of the present peer. The youngest died in 1895, and all the other have now married. Members of the Lichfield family are noted for looks. Lord Lichfield, among them, are often called the "some Ansons." They are proud of their descent from a famous Round-the-World Admiral Anson, who was the peerage in 1747. Another son, Viscount Anson, of the century, married a girl of who had four children before twenty. At the wedding breakfast relative offered her a guinea would run round the table, and such a child. The bride-to-be raced round the table, and triumphantly claimed her reward.

## EMIGRATION BEGINS

Already the London office of Colonial Governments are busy with intending emigrants. Of them are men invited to army, or rejected on examination. Many men are making arrangements to leave England for the colonies. The authorities are confident after the war there will be a large number of emigrants. Naturally the number who are taken to the Dominions is restricted by the shortage of ships, and many men are holding off the present on account of the fee of getting passports. The situation in such ships as are reserved for discharged soldiers, and the officials are getting hands full in dealing with them. In one colonial case

**BREA**

Starts In Of

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