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Has been Canada's favorite yeast for over a quarter of a century. Bread baked with Royal Yeast will keep fresh and moist longer than that made with any other, so that a full week's supply can easily be made at one baking, and the last loaf will be just as good as the first.

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E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER XXIV.

To the Man and the Coward.

He bent down.

"It is I," he said. "My poor Bella!"

The shadow of a smile, swept over her face.

"Poor Bella, eh?" she gasped, so low that he could just hear her, and no more. "You—you didn't speak like that last night, Cly! No! But—but why am I lying here—what's this pain in my side? Ah!" a shudder ran through her; "I—I remember! Cly, he—he shot me! The coward! the coward! He didn't give me time!—If he had—" She tried to raise her arm. "Cly," and a spasm quivered on her lips, "am I—am I—going to die? Tell me the—truth? You always did that."

"My poor girl!" dropped from his lips again.

She closed her eyes, and for a second or two remained silent; then she opened them with a lurid light in them. "Cly, listen to me. Take—take down what I—I tell you. The man who shot me—was Bartley Bradstone! You know—him?"

He made a faint gesture of assent.

"He—he is a scoundrel; the worst, the meanest; he—he's married an innocent—girl—this morning, and—and—he wanted to put me out of the way."

She gasped for breath.

A strange change flashed into Paradeane's face. Was it a sudden hope—a sudden, almost overwhelming relief?

"Bella!" he whispered, hoarsely, "what was there between you? Was he your husband?"

She understood the significance of his tone, the hope that shone so vividly in his dark eyes, and she managed to shake her head.

"No! Yes—we were married, but—he is not my husband. You—"

Her breath failed her; the hope died out of his eyes, but he raised her into a more comfortable position. Both had forgotten the miserable wretch who crouched near them, listening as well as the tolling of the death bell in his ears would let him. After a pause—during which she struggled for breath—she panted, her voice almost inaudible:

"Don't—don't spare him, Cly! It's—he isn't—worth it! Ah—I—I can't tell you! And there's so—so much, so much! If I could, you'd—you'd forgive me! Yes, you would! Hold me higher, Cly! Have pity on me, and—and forgive me! I'm not so—so bad as you—think! Oh, if I could tell you! Cly—there's—there's a mistake! I—I—a low cry of terror and dread, a piteous cry rang from her lips, and her eyes dwelt upon his face with a terrible intensity. "Forgive me, Cly, it's—it's not so bad—you are—Forgive—"

She stopped. Death, who had been hovering over with outstretched hand, let his iron fingers fall and grasp her. A slight tremor passed over her face, and then—

Will it be remembered when the

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Why be a straggler in the rear guard limping along half dead with nerves, chronic indigestion and lower vitality? Desert to-day from the army of General Debility and enroll under the banner of General Good Health. You need assistance? Zoetic is a faithful friend that will put you on your feet again. This famous health tonic supplies in a most pleasant form just those elements which your nerve torn fibres are crying for. Take it for two weeks. And if you cannot report real progress toward renewed health we will refund the purchase price. That's how sure we are of it. So how can you longer trifle with this urgent matter of getting well again? Sold by T. MacNab & Co., Sole Distributing Agents for Newfoundland.



Low spirits, discouragement, the blues usually result from a tired brain and exhausted nervous system. Start the rebuilding process to-day by beginning the use of the greatest of nerve restoratives.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

"Answer no questions; keep silence. Now go," and he pointed to ward the drive.

Bartley Bradstone took a step, then with a shudder he looked at the still form at Paradeane's feet.

"There—there's something of mine there," he said, hoarsely. "If—if it's found I'm—I'm lost."

"Take it," responded Paradeane, grimly.

He bent down, then shrank back, shuddering.

"I—I can't!" he gasped. "I can't touch her! It's—it's a watch and my cigar case—"

Paradeane bent down and reverently took the things from the dead woman's pocket, and dropped them at Bradstone's feet.

"Go, quick!" he said.

Bradstone snatched at the things, and turned; then he stopped and looked over his shoulder.

"What—what are you going to do?" he asked, hoarsely. "I—I haven't thanked you; but by Heaven—"

"What I am going to do rests with me," came the stern response. "Let it be what it may, it is not for your sake, but for her sake!"

He raised his hand again, and Bartley Bradstone, with one last parting glance at the woman he had murdered, staggered from the glade.

Paradeane leaned against a tree, and hid his face in his hands, and thought. And, incredible as it may seem, it was not of the woman who had ruined his life, and who now lay dead at his feet, not of the awful peril in which he had placed himself in shielding the murderer, not of Bartley Bradstone; it was upon Olivia his mind was fixed.

Surely never was a woman placed in a more awful, a more heartrending position. The wife of a scoundrel who had stained his hands with blood upon her wedding day!

"Oh, my darling, my darling!" broke from his lips in a despairing moan. Then he let his hands fall and looked up at the bright sky which shone through the thick branches of the trees. "Something I can save you from, something of the shame, the misery; but yet how little, how little! Oh, my darling! my poor, poor darling!" and in his burning eyes the hot tears gathered—tears wrung from his heart by the thought of the anguish which awaited her. "Yes, something I can save you and I will! I can save you from him even now! Thank God, thank God it is not too late!"

The thought restored him somewhat, and struggling for self-command, he looked around him. A small, shining object, lying on the moss caught his eyes. It was the revolver which had dropped from Bradstone's nerveless hand.

Paradeane took it up and looked at

Chronic Skin Disorders

Now Overcome Quickly

There is no hope of getting rid of disfiguring skin and blemishes until the blood is purged of every trace of unclean matter.

Wonderful results follow the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills which provide the blood with the elements it needs to become rich and red.

Quickly indeed the blood is brought to normal strength, is filled with nutrition, is given power to drive out of the system the humors that cause rashes, pimples, pasty complexion and kindred ills. Don't delay. Get Hamilton's Pills to-day; they go to work at once and give prompt results. Mild, efficient, safe for men and women or children. Get a 25c. box to-day from any dealer.

Minard's Lintment Cures Diphtheria.

it absently. He thought a moment. Then he took out his penknife and scratched some initials on the glittering surface of the weapon.

He glanced down at his clothes as he did so, and a shudder ran through him. Two or three red spots stared up at him from his white wristband; there were similar spots on his coat and waistcoat.

He dropped on the trunk of the fallen tree, and with clasped hands and set face—waited!

And the sun streamed through the trees brightly, the birds flitted over the accursed spot with joyous trills, and, but for the music of their song, the echo of the villagers' voices, and the ringing of the wedding bells, all was silent.

Olivia started awake with a low cry of fear, as Bessie's gentle hand and loving voice aroused her.

"It's time, miss," she said, regretfully. "I'm sorry; I waited till the last moment—"

"I'm ready," said Olivia, rising pale and wearily. "Have I been asleep long, Bessie?"

She tried to smile, but her strength of will, great as it was, failed her, and the smile was a look of agony.

Bessie turned away and caught up the travelling dress.

"Oh, try, try and keep up, miss!" she said, in a low, imploring voice. "Let me get you something—a little wine?"

Olivia shook her head.

"No, no; I do not want it. Don't be afraid," and she laid her hand on Bessie's. "If I have kept up till now, I can—"

Bessie trembled at the stony, icelike touch, and went on with her work.

"I—I shall go down with you, miss," she whispered.

"Yes, keep with me, dear," said Olivia, calmly now. "Don't—her lips quivered—"don't leave me alone with my father."

Bessie understood the prayer. Her beloved mistress might endure all else on this day, but not a scene with the father she loved so passionately, and was leaving.

"Yes, miss, I understand," she murmured.

"Shall we go down?" said Olivia, as Bessie put on her hat. "I am ready!" and she raised her eyes to the glass mechanically.

The sight of her white, deathlike face startled her.

"I—I look as if I were going to die," she said, dully. "Oh, if it were but true! If I could die now—now!" and a spasm convulsed her face.

"Hush, hush, dear, dear mistress!" implored Bessie. "Wait; there's a little time left still. Wait till they send for us."

She flung on her own jacket and hat, and then, going on her knees beside Olivia, put her arm round her.

(To be Continued.)

THE BULLY.

You've doubtless encountered that terrible fellow, the bully, who'll fight at the drop of the hat, who wanders the village, on trouble intent, as sassy as Thomas H. Cat. He says he's the Terror from Bittercreek Bend, who never was a divorced man from his goat, and he will consider that person a friend who treats on the tail of his coat. He bullies the undersized people he meets, and wrenches the cripples off most of the streets, and tramps on the patriarch's toes. The chief of the police, when the bully's around, has duties important elsewhere; he's pinching an orphan for beating a hound, or chasing a hen to its lair. It may be for months and it may be for years, men stand for this delegate bad; but finally someone un-daunted appears, and spreads him all over the grid. Then people rejoice with a hearty good will, no longer distraught and afraid; the bully they take to the dump on the hill, and put him to bed with a spade.

The odds and ends of meats can be made into a very delicious mixture for sandwiches. Run the meat through the chopper. To each pint of chopped meat allow one heaping teaspoonful of gelatine, dissolved in one cupful of boiling water. Add salt, pepper and celery seed to taste. Mix well, pack in jelly glasses and put into a cold place until needed.

Ungar's Laundry and Dye Works, HALIFAX.

Messrs. NICHOLLE, INKPEN & CHAFE, St. John's, Agents for Newfoundland.

aug.7,31,60d

Minard's Lintment Cures Diphtheria.

End of the Season Sale.

Bargains! Bargains!!

Ladies' Straw Hats at Greatly Reduced Prices.

Children's Straw Hats from 10c. each up.

Flowers—Regular 25c. and 30c. at 15c. each only.

Ladies' Summer Dresses, at less than cost. Prices from \$1.25 each.

Ladies' White American Blouses. Reg. \$1.00 at 75c. ea.

Ladies' White Silk Blouses from \$1.45 each only.

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Ladies' White Embroidered Underskirts from 45c. each only.

Turkish Towels from 8c. each upwards.

Cotton Hand Towelling at 5c. yard only.

Lot of White Embroidered Tea and Tray Cloths at 25c. each only.

Congoleum, Feltolium and Neponset, for floor coverings, 2 yards wide. Reg. value \$1.20 yard. Sale Price \$1.10 yard.

Suit Cases—Cheap for the holiday season. Sale Prices \$1.25 and \$1.35.

Highest Grade Talcum Powders only 15c. and 20c. tin

Lot of High Grade Curtains in Swiss makes. Reg. \$8.00 to \$9.00. Now only \$4.00 pair. This lot of Curtains are magnificent values. We also show many other extraordinary values in Curtains at Clearing Prices.

BIG VALUES IN HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR.

Too numerous to itemize.

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Convertible Collar

OVERCOATS.

We are meeting with great success with our new style two collar effect Overcoats.

This Coat

In single or double-breasted is made long with belt at back, and can be worn with lapels turned back or buttoned up to the chin with motor collar. Made in a great variety of prices and goods.

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JUST RECEIVED:

1917 Model Overland.

Call and see them, they are beauties. No waiting for Cars to arrive, we deliver at your door one hour after your order is received.

Read the letters from satisfied "Overland" owners which will appear in the Daily News.

SERVICE COUNTS.

T. A. MACNAB & Co., (Overland Distributors for Newfoundland) CITY CLUB BUILDING.

This Dry Cleaning Process Has a Wonderful Scope.

Our process has a wonderful scope for cleaning all sorts of garments and material. Elaborate or fragile texture, as laces, silks, chiffons, and all tender materials, which cannot be cleaned by this process without injury.

Ungar's Laundry and Dye Works, HALIFAX.

Messrs. NICHOLLE, INKPEN & CHAFE, St. John's, Agents for Newfoundland.

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Full Upper or Lower Sets \$12.00 Good Clean Extraction Without Pain 25c.

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it, we cut the choice meats we offer you. Come in and tell us what you want and how you want it and see how satisfactory

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M. CONNOLLY. mar.14,th.t.f

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A NEW AND TOTALLY DIFFERENT TALCUM POWDER

For men after, smoother, more satisfying than any other, but distinguished by the "True Oriental Odor," a delicate perfume in its subtlest and most charming.

In addition to Massatta, we carry a complete line of Luxell's Famous Soaps, including the most exquisite perfumes, delightful Toilet Waters, superb Creams and Powders of Luxell.

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MINARD'S LINTMENT LUBRICANT MAN'S FRIEND.

War News

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.

FRENCH ENLARGE POSITIONS

PARIS, Sept. 13.—The French have enlarged their positions on the Somme, the British on the Arras front, and the south of Prie, says the official statement to-night. After desperate fighting the Germans recaptured the town of Labbe Wood and Hill 76, but were retaken by the French. The French maintained all their gains on the Arras front and the British on the Somme. Yesterday and to-day were 2,300 men, 10 guns and 40 machine guns.

GENERAL SITUATION UNCHANGED

LONDON, Sept. 13.—The War Office communication this evening says concerning fighting on the British front in the general situation continues unchanged. An attack made last night on our lines from the region of quiet Farm was stopped by our troops and the enemy driven back to trenches with considerable loss. No artillery activity is normal.

SERBIAN OFFICIAL SALONIKA, Sept. 13.—The Serbian official issued this statement: A violent artillery duel started by the Serbs yesterday against the Serbian infantry at many points. The Bulgarians from the advance positions occupied by them. The Serbs' counter attacks in the night were completely successful. Serbian attacks carried out during the night were successful.

RUSSIAN DESTROYER REPAIRED

SUNK. BERLIN, Sept. 13.—A Russian destroyer has been in the Gulf of Riga by a German submarine squadron, says a report from the German Admiralty to-day. The man naval planes also have a Russian sea forces in the Black Sea off Constanta.

NO PRISONERS TAKEN

LONDON, Sept. 13.—The Bulgarian troops who have taken the Danube fortress of Silistra, Roumania, the capture of which was announced by the German war office on Sunday, apparently did not take any prisoners any considerable number of Roumanians. The official statement of September 13, received here to-day, says the Roumanians retired on both sides of the Danube pursued by our cavalry, though this translation of the Bulgarian statement is taken literally, it indicates that the Bulgarian report of the passage of the Danube, is probably the Bulgarian report, meant to convey this meaning. Bulgarian report the following makes no mention of any such thing.

THE GREEK PREMIER'S

LONDON, Sept. 13.—Special despatches from Athens say that former Minister of Finance, Demitracopoulos, after reaching understanding with the King, has founded the views of the Entente powers and decide whether to accept the Premiership. Demitracopoulos' despatches add, is of opinion that the departure from neutrality part of Greece is the only result.

End

As we have into the matter cut the prices show:—

MEN'S SUN CHILDREN'S CHILDREN'S

Regular CHILDREN'S MING BO CHILDREN'S

Regular CHILDREN'S BOYS' ROMP LADIES' OVE MISSES' STR LADIES' WH LADIES' STR

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Don't fail wonderful value

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