

**ROYAL YEAST**  
 Has been Canada's favorite yeast for over a quarter of a century. Brand 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 loaf will be just as good as the first.  
**MADE IN CANADA**  
**R.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED**  
 WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

**WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.**

CHAPTER IV.  
 A Woman-Hater.

Dinner was over at the Grange, and Miss Amelia and Olivia were in the drawing-room waiting for the appearance of the squire, who, for form's sake, lingered behind for a quarter of an hour in the dining-room to sip a glass of the famous Vanley port.

It was Miss Amelia's custom every evening during this quarter of an hour to enjoy a peaceful snooze in an armchair carefully placed by the footman out of the light of the lamps, from which she awoke on the appearance of her brother to declare with a start that really in another moment she should have been asleep.

Olivia was sitting as usual with a book in her hand; but this evening the volume remained open at the same page, and instead of reading she was thinking of her strange meeting with the "mysterious stranger" of The Dell.

It need scarcely be said that Olivia was not sentimentally. She was the last girl in the world to invest any one with a romantic halo or to "get up a sentiment" over any man; but try as she would she could not dispense the remembrance of the handsome face with its sad eyes, and the grave voice with its almost tragic tones, from her mind, and it was with a feeling of actual relief from her own too persistent dwelling upon him that she heard the door open, and, looking up, saw her father enter.

Miss Amelia heard it too, and jerked herself upright with the usual "Is that you, Edwin? Another moment," etc.

Olivia, looking at her father, saw that instead of the smile of amused incredulity with which he usually received Miss Amelia's assertion, his face wore an anxious and thoughtful expression, and as he came up to her to get his cup of coffee, she said in a low voice:

"Is anything the matter, papa?"

"Anything the matter?" he repeated, with a little start. "No. What should be the matter?"

"I don't know," said Olivia, "but I thought you looked father worried, dear."

"No, no," he said, with a forced kind of cheerfulness. "I am a little tired, I think, that is all. I am sorry Bertie did not stay to dinner."

"So am I," said Olivia, promptly. "How well he looked! Dear Bertie!"

The squire glanced at her.

"Or Mr. Bradstone," he said. "I thought he meant staying."

"Yes," said Olivia in a colder voice. "A good fellow, Bradstone!" said the squire, stirring his coffee. "I don't think Bertie did him justice this

**Health Food**  
 As age advances the blood gets thin, the nerves exhausted, and vitality runs low.  
 By building up the nerve force of body and mind Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is an unbounded blessing to people of advanced years.  
 25 cents a box, all dealers.  
**Dr. Chase's Nerve Food**

afternoon. If he knew him as well as I do—

"But you do not know him very well, papa," said Olivia, gently. The squire frowned slightly.

"I don't know why you should say that, Olivia," he said. "I—you—have seen a great deal of him—"

"That is true," responded Olivia, dryly, "and all we have seen is to his credit. Don't let us discuss Mr. Bradstone, papa," she was saying almost pleadingly, when the butler entered, and, approaching the squire, said something in a low and guarded voice, and the squire's face changed.

But Olivia's ears were quick, and she caught the word "accident."

"Oh, papa! what is it? Tell me, Fleming," Fleming, the butler, glanced from her to the squire. "Something has happened," she said, growing pale, but speaking calmly and composedly, for Olivia was not hysterical by any means. "What is it? Why do you not tell me, papa?"

"Don't be alarmed," said the squire, putting his hand upon her arm. "There has been an accident. Tell us again, Fleming; you need not be afraid of your mistress."

"It's Bessie Alford, Miss Olivia," began the butler.

"Ah!" breathed Olivia, with a little piteous catch in her voice. "Poor Bessie! the pony!"

"Yes, miss," said Fleming, gravely. "The pony—she was driving him home—has run away with her. I always told Alford that it wasn't safe for her to drive. He's run away and Bessie is hurt."

Olivia's face grew pale.

"Bessie hurt!" she murmured piteously.

"What's that? Who's killed?" exclaimed Aunt Amelia, springing to her feet like a jack-in-the-box. "Don't attempt to keep it from me. I will know who is killed! Oh, dear! I feel—I feel as if I were going to faint. Fleming, a glass of water. Oh, Edwin, I know something dreadful is going to happen!" she wound up with a groan and a wall.

Fleming stolidly got her a glass of water; no one else took any notice of her.

Olivia stood for a moment pale and thoughtful; then she moved to the door.

"I must go to her, papa," she said. "Where is she, Fleming?"

"At the lodge, miss," he replied, gravely. "The pony fell down or was stopped not far from there—I have not got the rights of it quite, miss—and they carried Bessie home."

Olivia opened the door, and, disregarding her aunt's shriek of "Where are you going Olivia?" ran into the hall and caught up a shawl. The squire, without a word, put on his hat, and they went out together.

"Poor Bessie!" murmured Olivia, as they ran down the drive. "I warned her against the pony this afternoon."

They say lights moving behind the windows of the lodge, and in response to the squire's knock a boy opened the door.

"I will wait here; send for me if you want me," said the squire.

Olivia passed in, and ran noiselessly up the stairs, and pushed open the half-closed door of Bessie's room.

For a moment she saw only the pretty, innocent face lying white and pale upon the pillow; then as she entered she saw, in the flickering of the solitary candle, a tall figure bending over the bed.

It moved as she entered, and, turning, presented the face of Mr. Bradstone.

For a moment the two, girl and man, looked at each other, and she saw in that moment that the face was paler even than when she had seen it in the afternoon, and that there was a blood-red mark across the left temple. Alford stood by—stupefied and useless.

She drew near the bed, and went

down on her knees beside the unconscious girl, and was about to murmur her name when she felt a hand upon her arm, and a voice said in low accents of command:

"Don't speak to her, please."

Olivia looked into the grave, handsome face with a meekness utterly novel and strange to her.

"Can I—can I do anything?" she whispered. "Poor Bessie!"

"Yes," he said in the same low, calm tone. "Get me some cold water."

**WOMAN GIVEN TWO DAYS**

To Make Up Her Mind for Surgical Operation. She Refused; Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"One year ago I was very sick and I suffered with pains in my side and back until I nearly went crazy. I went to different doctors and they all said I had female trouble and would not get any relief until I was operated on. I had suffered for four years before this time, but I kept getting worse the more medicine I took. Every month since I was a young girl I had suffered with cramps in my sides at periods and was never regular. I saw your advertisement in the newspaper and the picture of a woman who had been saved from an operation and this picture was impressed on my mind. The doctor had given me only two more days to make up my mind so I sent my husband to the drug store at once for a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and believe me, I only took four doses before I felt a change and when I had finished the third bottle I was cured and never felt better. I grant you the privilege to publish my letter and am only too glad to let other women know of my cure."—Mrs. THOS. MCGONIGAL, 3432 Hartsville Street, Phila., Pa.

CHAPTER V.  
 The Key to the Riddle.

The squire looked after the retreating figure in astonishment, and then at Olivia. She was trembling slightly, and the red and white were chasing each other on her downcast face.

"What is the matter? Who was he? Why did he go off like that?" he said. Olivia was silent for a moment.

"That is the gentleman who has bought The Dell, papa. Mr. Faradeane."

The squire started.

"It was he, was it? And he saved Bessie's life?"

"She says so, papa. He was hurt. Did you see the marks on his forehead?"

"No," said the squire. "I scarcely saw his face, and yet, from what I saw of it I should say, emphatically, that he was a gentleman."

"Oh, yes!" murmured Olivia, drawing her shawl round her.

"Most certainly a gentleman. It was a striking face. What nonsense was it that Sparrow was talking of a collier or something of that kind? He could not have seen the man."

"It was not Mr. Sparrow, but Mr. Bradstone, who suggested that Mr. Faradeane was a collier," she said in a low voice.

"Nonsense!" said the squire, almost impatiently. "That is not the face of a man in hiding from the consequences of some vulgar crime. There was not a trace of vice in it. Sad and melancholy it was, without doubt, but—

Why did he go off like that?"

Olivia was silent for a moment.

"You heard what Mr. Sparrow said, papa. He is a woman-hater."

"What, Sparrow?" exclaimed the squire, staring at her.

"No, no; this—this Mr. Faradeane."

"And he takes the trouble—and gets knocked about—in saving a girl's life. What rubbish!" he said. "That is a poor kind of woman-hater. Sparrow has got hold of some cock-and-bull story. I scarcely listened to him this afternoon, and don't remember what it was he said; but it is nonsense, utter nonsense. This man is a gentleman. I never saw a finer face." He paused and knit his brows. "Now I recall it, I seem to think that I remember having seen it before."

Olivia drew nearer to him with an eager expression, in her beautiful eyes.

"Papa!"

"Yes," he said, "I have a vague kind of impression, but I can't fix it. Are you coming now?"

Olivia breathed a short sigh of disappointment.

"I thought you might have remembered she said, 'I will come in one moment, papa. I must just see Bessie again.'"

"All right, I am in no hurry," said the squire, and he sat down on the settle outside the door, and instantly, as it would seem, was absorbed by his own thoughts.

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**IT'S A MOOT QUESTION WHETHER SUN OR RAIN MOST HURTS A ROOF, PLAY SAFE AND GET EVER-LAS-TIC.**

It's made to resist the action of both sun and rain.

It isn't rubber—rubber rots, whilst EVER-LAS-TIC lasts.

If you're in doubt, ask your carpenter about EVER-LAS-TIC; he knows.

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 (The Senior Dentist)  
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**Our Great Summer Sale,**

Now in full swing. Wonderful Bargains in LADIES' BLOUSES, LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDREN'S ONE-PIECE DRESSES, DRESS MUSLINS, PERCALES, GINGHAMS, ETC., ETC.

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**William Frew.**

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Patented April 4, 1915.  
 Acknowledged by old and new wearers the most highly IMPROVED and SCIENTIFICALLY constructed Artificial Limbs made in the world.

Liberal guarantee—Reasonable prices—Efficient service. For Demonstration or Circulars write or call on our Representative, MR. ELLI LILLY, No. 6 Allan's Square, St. John's, Nfld.

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 61 HANOVER ST., BOSTON, MASS.  
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**Cabbage, Oranges & Bananas.**

Just received 5 M CABBAGE PLANTS.  
 50 crates Cabbage—green.  
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 50 cases California Oranges—all counts.  
 PRICES RIGHT.

**BURT & LAWRENCE.**

**Boys' Washing Suits**

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**ROBERT TEMPLETON.**

Sept. Patterns and Fall Fashion Book NOW ON SALE.

Outports—Cash must accompany order. Patterns, 17c. Fashion Books with 15c. free pattern your choice.

**CHARLES HUTTON,**  
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**Furness Line Sailings!**

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 S. S. DURANGO . . . . . July 15th July 24th Aug. 2nd Aug 5th  
 S. S. TABTSCO . . . . . July 26th Aug. 6th Aug. 14th Aug. 17th

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 June 8, s.t.u.t.

The "Evening Telegram" is read by over 40,000 People daily.

**War News**

**Tuesday's Late Message**

NET RESULTS OF BRITISH OFFENSIVE.

PARIS, Aug. 2.—The net results of the British offensive on the River Somme from the 15th of July, is stated today. The whole of the German position between Oville, Montauban, and the greater part of the second German position in British hands. Seven villages were retaken and 12,000 officers and men were taken prisoner. Military operations included 35 field guns captured, 21 enemy aeroplanes brought down beyond question, and were seen falling head down to the earth. The German losses were estimated at 100,000 men, and the statement was very serious. The Germans call numerous reserves, and brought to the Somme front the best period of their training, which were reposing or in operations. The average loss, estimated, is about one division.

LONDON BUDGET.

LONDON, Aug. 2.—The second anniversary of the Russian declaration of war against Russia finds the relative position of the belligerents very different from those of the first anniversary. Entente Allies are now pursuing successful offensive on all fronts. The Central Powers are everywhere on the defensive.

Emperor William celebrated his 50th birthday yesterday. His Majesty's navy and army have breathed a spirit of confidence of ultimate victory for many months.

Operations on the eastern front have surpassed those of the dramatic interest. Military progress great. The Russian tactics, one important object of which in their opinion has been to drive the Austrians from the German lines on the Russian front. This now claimed, has been virtually accomplished by the Russians of a wedge into the Austro-German lines along the front of the Kovel-Vladimir Volynski. The view is that if the Russians have the completed the severance of the lines from the Austrians, the decisive result of the whole of the Russian General Brusiloff's attack will have been obtained. It is believed by military observers that the German support the Austrians will become demoralized and lapse. They say the Austrians between the Lipa, and Dneister are doomed. There has been confirmation of the reports received from Rome that Kovel and Vladimir Volynski have been evacuated, but is usually well informed on Russian news. A correspondent with the Russian forces has reported that the roads towards Kovel are black with the retreating enemy. Exactly General Brusiloff's next blow fall is not known. The Russian virtually within the same distance from both Kovel and Vladimir Volynski and also are pressing to Lemberg.

Since Sunday's combined attack on the Somme line by the British and French, the situation there has comparatively quiet.

FURTHER PROGRESS.

LONDON, Aug. 2.—A late official bulletin says that the progress has been made by British troops to-day to the east of the river in the River Somme region.

FRENCH TAKE GERMAN POSITIONS.

PARIS, Aug. 2.—North of the River Somme last night, French troops took possession of German positions between Hen Wood and Monaca farm. It was officially announced by the French War Department this morning.

TO PROLONG PARLIAMENT.