

**CLEANLINESS IS HEALTH**

By the use of Gillett's Lye, house cleaning is made a pleasure instead of a drudgery. It softens the water and cleans thoroughly whether the dirt is visible or invisible. Destroys all bacteria and infectious germs, removes obstructions from drain pipes, closets, sinks, etc. Refrigerators are made delightfully fresh and clean by using one teaspoonful of Gillett's Lye dissolved in two gallons of water.

**"GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT"**

Made in Canada.

**For Love of a Woman, New Romeo and Juliet.**

CHAPTER XXIII.

Two hours later she was seated in the train following that which had borne Lord Cecil to London, and her telegram lay at the office to be forwarded to Mr. Spenser Churchill at eight the next morning.

Lord Cecil reached his chambers in the grey of the summer morning, looking like a man who had received sentence of death, and yet hoped that by some chance a reprieve might save him.

Not until the train started had he remembered that the steam packet-office would not be open until ten o'clock, and, yielding to the respectful entreaties of his man, who was deeply attached to him, and saw with dismay the change which the last few days had made in him, Lord Cecil threw himself on the bed. But he found it impossible to rest there, and spent the long hours pacing up and down, vainly trying to draw encouragement from a remembrance of Lady Grace's assertion of faith in Doris.

"She believed in her, and she does not know her; how much more should I trust in her, who do know her? And yet this letter!" and he took it out and read it for the hundredth time.

Long before ten he had a bath, drank a cup of coffee to appease his valet, and, dressing himself, went down in a cab to the office of the Australian Steamship Company.

He was there before the office opened, and had to wait for a quarter of an hour. While he was pacing up and down, smoking a cigar, with fierce impatience, a quietly dressed man, in a brown top hat, sauntered up, glanced at him casually, and passed by; then, as if he had remembered something, took out his watch, and returned at a quick pace, so quickly, indeed, that he almost ran against Lord Cecil, and offered profuse apologies.

A few minutes after ten a yawning boy wound up the iron shutters, and Lord Cecil went into the office.

"I want to know—" he commenced; but the boy, struggling with a yawn which threatened to bisect his face, said, languidly:

"Clerks not here yet. Don't know nothing myself."

Lord Cecil enquired when they were there, was told five minutes, ten, perhaps; lit another cigar; was informed by the intelligent lad that he mustn't smoke in the office; flung the cigar away, and strode to the door, nearly knocking over the quiet-looking gentleman in the brown hat, who was looking in at the door enquiringly.

Ten minutes—a quarter of an hour passed, and at last a clerk arrived; and Lord Cecil made for him as if he were going to demand his life.

"Can you tell me whether a lady of the name of Marlowe sailed by the 'Orion' for Melbourne?" he began, with suppressed eagerness.

The clerk eyed him with the charming impassibility and indifference which distinguishes some of his class, and read a letter which lay before him before answering.

"You will find her name in the passenger-list if she did," he said at last.

"Then, for Heaven's sake, give me the passenger-list!" said Lord Cecil, with suppressed fury. "I have been waiting—"

He pulled himself up on the verge of an outbreak, and the clerk, with a great deal of dignity, got down a huge ledger and leisurely found the proper page. Then he proceeded to read off the names. There seemed a million of them to poor Cecil, who leaned against the counter, his eyes fixed on the book, his lips tightly compressed.

"Mr. and Mrs. Browne, Mr. and Miss Thompkins, Mr. Garland, Miss Doris Marlowe. Yes, she sailed," said the clerk.

Lord Cecil gripped the counter hard, and stared in a dazed, blind way at the open page.

"Mr. Garland! Miss Doris Marlowe! Great Heaven! then the marquis had spoken the truth, and she had jilted him; had left him for the other man—this actor. In a moment he recalled the young fellow, the handsome Romeo, who played so well to her Juliet. And she had gone with him! She—Doris! Doris, the girl he loved; whose faith and honour and truth—ah, and innocent purity of mind and soul—he would have sworn by.

The clerk stared at his white face and compressed lips curiously. It was not the first time anxious inquiries had been made respecting missing persons at the office, but no one had taken the information given as this handsome young gentleman took it. He seemed, as the clerk put it afterwards, when recounting the incident to his fellow-clerks, "as if he were struck dumb and deaf and blind."

"Is there anything else I can tell

you, sir?" he asked.

Lord Cecil raised his head and regarded him vacantly.

"Anything else? No," he said, with a grim smile. "That will do, thanks. When will the 'Orion' arrive?"

The man referred him to a calendar and told him.

"There or thereabouts," he said.

"She's a fine vessel," said Lord Cecil, not knowing what he was saying; and, wishing the clerk good-day, he made his way out.

At the door he paused and took off his hat in a confused kind of way, as a man does who has received news which is either too good or too bad to be realised all at once; and as he stood there, he felt a hand upon his shoulder. Looking round, he saw that it was the persistent personage in the brown hat.

"Lord Cecil, Viscount Neville, I believe?" he said, quietly and respectfully enough.

"Yes, I am Lord Neville," said Cecil. "What do you want?" he added, with weary surprise.

The man took a paper from his breast-pocket.

"I'm sorry to trouble you, my lord," he said, "but I'm a sheriff's officer, and I have to arrest you on a debt-warrant."

"Arrest me?" said Lord Cecil, not with the surprise the man doubtless expected. Lord Cecil would not have been surprised that morning if he had been arrested for murder. "I don't understand—"

"If you'll step aside for a moment," said the man, very respectfully, indeed, and apologetically, "I will show you. These are the items," and he took some papers from a greasy pocket-book and read them off.

Lord Cecil recognised them as some old debts, bills and I O U's, which he had almost forgotten.

"Yes, that is right, I expect," he said, gravely, and very wearily. "But I thought," he said, as the idea occurred to him, "that there was no arrest for debt now?"

The man smiled almost pityingly.

"Nor is there, my lord; it's called contempt of court now. You've been ordered to pay these sums by the court, and you haven't done it, therefore it's contempt, and they take you on that."

"Ordered to pay them?" said Cecil. "When? I have heard nothing of it."

The man looked incredulous of so much innocence for a moment, but, after a long and steady scrutiny of the pale, grave face, with its frank honest eyes, he looked puzzled.

"Hem! I don't quite see. Ah, yes, I do! These processes have been served on your lawyers, no doubt, my lord. Haven't they let you know?"

"No," said Lord Cecil, quietly. "I have been away in Ireland. I've seen no letters—"

"It's plain enough, my lord," said the officer. "You ought to have had your letters forwarded. The court has been under the impression that you've neglected the order out of sheer contrariness, and so these creditors have got the warrant. Ah, my lord, no end of mischief comes of you swell gentlemen not opening your letters. I'm very sorry, but here's the warrant, and I'm bound to execute it."

Lord Cecil did not by any means fully comprehend the man's meaning even yet.

"What do you want me to do?" he said, gravely. "Ah, I see, you want to take me to prison!"

"Oh, no, no; my lord, certainly not," said the officer, respectfully. "If your lordship will settle the amounts; the banks are open, and close at hand. We might walk to your lordship's bank, and you could give me a cheque."

"Let me see the paper," said Lord Cecil; then his face flushed. "I have

not one quarter of this in the bank," he said, quietly.

The man looked rather nonplussed.

"Well, I don't know what's to be done," he said, looking at the pavement with a frown. "Your lordship has got friends—I'll go anywhere—to your lordship's rooms, while you communicate with them. Of course I must have the money. Duty's duty. As a soldier, your lordship knows that."

Lord Cecil nodded.

"Come to my rooms," he said.

The man called a cab, and they got into it and were driven to Clarges St.

To attempt to describe the valet's face when he saw the kind of person whom his master had brought back with him would be difficult, and quite impossible to picture it when Lord Cecil requested him to get this person breakfast.

"I will telegraph to my uncle, the marquis of Stoyte, while you are eating it," he said; but the man looked up reproachfully.

"Will you send your man, my lord," he said, significantly, and Lord Cecil started, for he realised that he was a prisoner.

He sent the telegram, requesting the marquis to order his bankers to pay the sum to Lord Cecil's order; then went and stood by the window and looked out on the street; and in a few minutes he had forgotten the presence of the officer and all pertaining to him.

"Mr. Garland—Miss Marlowe," rang through his brain to the exclusion of anything else.

A couple of hours passed, and the return telegram arrived. It was short and emphatic:

"Sorry. Quite impossible. STOYLE."

Lord Cecil read it, and, with a grim smile, tossed it across the table to the officer, who was enjoying himself with one of Cecil's choicest cigars and a glass of whiskey-and-water. He looked aghast.

"Good gracious, my lord! What's to be done?"

"I don't know," said Lord Cecil, shrugging his shoulders, very much as the marquis might have done.

"But—look here, my lord, this is getting serious! Isn't there any other friend? Surely your lordship must know ever so many friends as would only too gladly lend you the money? Think, my lord!"

Lord Cecil shook his head.

"I am afraid it is of no use thinking," he said; "I cannot pay the money, and—"

He leaned against the window and smiled. "But there is no hurry, I suppose? You can finish your drink."

Before the man could reply, a voice floated through the open window.

"Lord Cecil!"

He started, and looked out. A handsome cab was pulled up opposite his door, and Lady Grace was leaning out and looking up at him.

"Lady Grace!" he cried, in amazement.

"Yes; it is I," he said. "Will you come down? I want to speak to you. I could not wait."

He made for the door; but the man rose.

"My lord! my lord!" he said, reproachfully.

Lord Cecil turned pale; then he laughed, and going to the window, said, grimly:

"Lady Grace, I cannot come down to you. Please go. I will see you tomorrow."

She seemed to hesitate for a moment; then he saw her alight, and in a moment or two afterwards she stood in the door-way of his room.

(to be continued.)

**Fashion Plates.**



2905—This could be made from "all over" embroidery, or dimity, lawn, batiste, nainsook, Swiss, silk, crepe and washable satin. Straps of ribbon or material hold the cover over shoulders and arm.

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

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or 1c. and 2c. stamps.



2916—This attractive design is made in one piece effect. It has an underbody over which the blouse is worn, and to which the skirt is attached. The design is lovely for the new satins and foulards, also nice for gabardine and serge.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 4 1/2 yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge is about 1 1/2 yard.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or 1c. and 2c. stamps.

**The Newest 1919 Trench Coats!**

The Trench Coats for men we are now showing arrived on the last English boat and are quite the finest Coats we have ever handled. They are the product of a first class English firm, famed for its Military Tailoring, are built of fine quality Gabardine in all shades of Khaki, well-lined with smart-patterned Twill Plaid. Pockets velvet lined. Three very special features in these Coats are: (1) Extra high and well-fitting storm collar; (2) extra wide revers, forming when fastened ample throat and chest protection; (3) an entire interlining of Oilskin, rendering them not only doubly waterproof but absolutely wind and cold proof as well; forming an ideal Coat for all weathers. All Coats are belted and strapped at wrists. All sizes.

PRICE FROM \$30.00 UP.

**U.S. Picture & Portrait Co.,**  
Men's furnishing.

**Our Stock is Complete**

- | ENAMELWARE.                | TINWARE.            |
|----------------------------|---------------------|
| Double Saucepans.          | Milking Pails.      |
| Pie Dishes.                | Flour Sifters.      |
| Tea Kettles.               | Tea Kettles.        |
| Dish Pans.                 | Bread & Cake Boxes. |
| Saucepans (all varieties). | Patty Pans.         |
| Milk Kettles.              | Pie and Cake Pans.  |
| White Water Pails.         | Wash Boilers.       |

Copper Nickel Plated Kettles, Nos. 6, 7, 8, 9.  
Steel Frying Pans, Steel Fire Shovels.  
Sad Iron Handles, Meat Mincers.

**JOHN CLOUSTON'S,**  
140-2 Duckworth Street, St. John's.  
Phone 406. P. O. Box 1243.

**The Winsor Rigging Works,**

Workshop: Adelaide Street. Office: 26 Water St. West.

We invite you to get our prices on any Rigging work you may have. We have competent tradesmen to do our work.

**ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.**  
may17, eod:tf

**John Cotton's Smoking Mixture Tobacco.**

We have just received from the land of the Heather a shipment of this famous brand. It is a Smoking Mixture of Highest Class and Exceptional Quality.

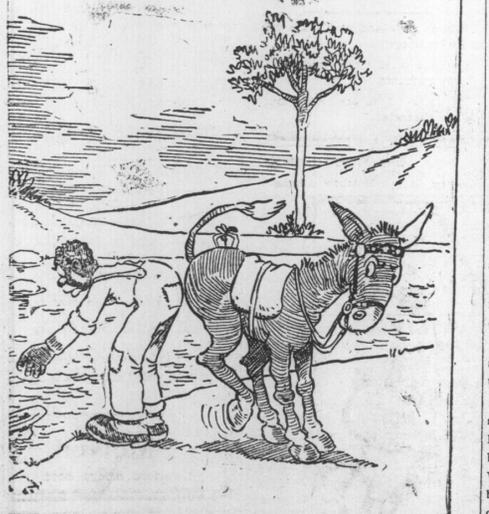
1/4 lb. tins, Nos. 1 and 2.

**CASH'S**  
TOBACCO STORE, WATER STREET.

**FOR SALE by J. J. ST. JOHN**  
50 Casks  
**LUBRICATING OIL,**  
For Motor Boats. Also,  
1 COD TRAP, about 14 fathoms square, with gear, at a low figure.

**J. J. ST. JOHN, Duckworth St.**

**And the Worst is Yet to Come—**



Wellington

**Typewriter Paper.**

A new lightweight special high grade paper with a hard, crispy finish.

**Hammermill Bond** combines all the strength, durability and fitness of texture most essential to good work on the various writing machines now in use.

Boxed 500 Sheets.  
**Per Box, \$2.75.**

**GARRETT BYRNE,**  
Bookseller & Stationer.

**European Agency.**

Wholesale indents promptly executed at lowest cash prices for all British and Continental goods, including:

Books and Stationery, Boots, Shoes and Leather, Chemicals and Druggists' Sundries, China, Earthenware and Glassware, Cycles, Motor Cars and Accessories, Drapery, Millinery and Piece Goods, Fancy Cases from \$50 upwards, Fancy Goods and Perfumery, Hardware, Machinery and Metal.

Jewellery, Plate and Watches, Photographic and Optical Goods, Provisions and Oilmen's Stores, etc., etc.

Commission 2 1/2 p.c. to 1 p.c. Trade Discounts allowed. Special Quotations on Demand. Consignments of Produce Sold on Account.

(Established 1814.)  
25 Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.  
Cable Address: "Annuaire, Lon."

**William Wilson & Sons**

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIS-TEMPER.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIS-TEMPER.

War  
Fi  
Most o  
truct  
Span  
ing.  
LLOYD GE  
Premier Lloyd  
geared in the  
day, announced  
attention in his  
to deal only  
trade relations  
position, inclu  
problems. Ma  
they expected  
announce the G  
Ireland, and  
ment, that this  
cussed by Mr.  
ly every month  
Commons was  
Speaker took t  
galleries, and  
were crowded  
Ministry arriv  
billion pounds  
declared in his  
on the financ  
ation. Most of  
that the chang  
conditions wou  
the change fro  
first outstand  
situation was  
trade balance  
tions which w  
list, the Prem  
the British m  
munity of mak  
which otherw  
ried here from  
Premier said t  
United Kingdo  
ceipts from t  
present are

10  
F  
during  
tees, v  
Wicke  
Wicke  
Baby  
or  
Exten  
Burea  
fr  
Dresse  
Bedste  
T

Miss Info