

**FATS DIRT**  
CLEANS AND DISINFECTS

**MADE IN CANADA**

SOME OF ITS USES:  
For making soap.  
For washing dishes.  
For cleaning and disinfecting refrigerators.  
For removing ordinary obstructions from drain pipes and sinks.  
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

**E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED**  
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

**'Margaret,'**  
OR,  
**The Countess of Ferrers Court.**

Margaret laughed; a short laugh of scorn and contempt.

"Believe you!" she said, and that was all.

Her report seemed to render the girl desperate.

"You know it is true!" she cried. "You knew that he was married—that I am his wife. He is Lord Blair Leyton; his uncle is the Earl of Ferrers. He is my husband, and you have stolen him from me—"

"You lie!" burst from Margaret's white lips.

The passion that had been smoldering within her bosom leapt like an all-devouring flame to her lips, and she stood over the pale-faced, crouching girl like a goddess, her tall, graceful figure drawn to its full height, her eyes blazing, her hand outstretched as if it held the lightning of Jove.

No wonder the girl shrank and covered.

She did more than cover; she hesitated. For in that moment she quailed with fear, and half melted with pity, and shrank with loathing from her hellish task.

It was only for a moment. She had gone too far to go back now. To draw back would lead to exposure and ruin.

"Oh, hush, hush!" she whined. "You are too cruel! You know I speak the truth. We were married on the twelfth of March at St. Jude's—you do not believe me—see there, then; there is the certificate!" and she drew a paper from her breast and held it out, keeping firm grip of it, however.

Margaret stared at her without moving for a moment; then she bent down. For awhile she could see nothing, the paper and the characters on it danced before her eyes. Then her vision cleared, and she saw, still obscurely, the printed and written lines.

It was the certificate of the marriage of Blair, Lord Leyton—it set forth the long string of his Christian names—and Lucy Snowe, at the church of St. Jude, Paddington, on

**Baby Afflicted With Eczema**  
**Dr. Chase's Ointment Cured**

The Family Doctor Tried in Vain to Heal the Sores—Another Tribute to This Great Healing Ointment.

It may be interesting to note that Dr. Chase's Ointment was originally compounded to cure a case of eczema on a child. The disease had spread almost over the entire body and defied all the regular treatment for such troubles. The doctor was perplexed but finally hit on the formula of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and, as many say, "it worked like a charm," healing up the nasty sores, and leaving the skin soft and smooth.

That was a good many years ago, and since then many thousands of cases of eczema, both in children and adults, have been cured, until to-day Dr. Chase's Ointment is recognized as the standard cure for itching skin diseases.

Mrs. Gen. McNair, River Charles, N. B., writes as follows: "We use Dr. Chase's Ointment in our home, and would not wish for anything better for cuts, burns and bruises. A few years ago a friend of mine, whose

March the twelfth of the present year.

She tried to grasp the paper, but her fingers refused to close on it, and fell limp and useless at her side, and she stood glaring down at the crouching figure at her feet as at some monster.

"Are you convinced?" wailed the girl. "Do you believe me now? Oh, how do you think I should have the heart to tell you such a story? And now—what will you do? Oh, give him back to me! I don't utter a word of reproach against you! No! I know, I feel that he has deceived you—Ah!" she broke out as if she had been stung. "Don't tell me he has married you! If he has, if he has dared to, I'll punish him! I'll send him to penal servitude. I'll—"

Margaret's swooning senses caught the threat, and she held out her hand. It was her turn to plead.

"No, no!" she panted almost inaudibly. "he—he has not! He is nothing to me! You—you shall have him back! Oh, Heaven! Oh, Heaven!" and, with a cry that rang through the room, she fell forward on her face.

CHAPTER XVI.

Lottie Belvoir looked down at the prostrate figure of Margaret with a pallor that made the carefully-applied paint on her face look yellow by contrast.

For a minute or two she felt frightened and had an idea of calling for help. Lottie was not altogether a bad girl; indeed, the persons who are either altogether bad or altogether good do not exist in real life, but only in the pages of some novels.

She had been brought up in a hard school, in which each has to struggle for itself, and where each knows that without doubt the devil will take the hindmost.

Mr. Austin Ambrose had worked upon her feelings and tempted her to do this thing, and she had done it. But in the doing of it she had felt distinctly uncomfortable. In the first place she had discovered that Margaret was a lady; if she had been one of Lottie's own class, Lottie would have had no compunction whatever. Then Margaret's beauty, which affected everybody more or less, had had its effect upon Lottie; then again, Margaret had treated her so kindly and gently; and altogether Lottie Belvoir had not had a particularly good time of it.

She got the glass of water and sprinkled it over the white beautiful face, and chafed her hands, and presently Margaret opened her eyes, and smiling faintly, murmured—"Blair!"

Then, as memory returned to its seat, the white features were convulsed, and shrinking away from Lottie she said in a ghastly whisper:

"It is all true, then? I—I thought that I had dreamt it."

"Yes, it is all true," said Lottie, rather sullenly. "And now I want to know what you are going to do, miss?"

Margaret winced at the "miss." More surely than any other word could have done, it brought home to her the fact of her ruin and degradation.

Slowly she dragged herself to a chair, and sank into it, refusing with a slight shudder Lottie's proffered arm.

"What am I going to do?" she repeated in a dull, benumbed fashion. "I do not know! Yes, I—I must go

**Quality**  
Chase & Sanborn's  
Coffees have been  
dependable for  
more than fifty  
Years

**SEAL BRAND**  
**COFFEE**

**Try SEAL BRAND**

In 1/2, 1 and 2 pound cans.  
Whole—ground—pulverized—  
also Fine Ground for Percolators.

away! I must go at once, before—before he returns."

"That is the best thing you can do, miss," said Lottie. "It goes against me to drive you away, but what can I do? He is my husband—"

"Yes, yes," gasped Margaret, as if she were choking. "He is your husband—he is nothing to me. I have no right to stay here now. I will go."

"Perhaps you'd like to see him again, like to see us face to face and have it out with him?" suggested Lottie, doubtfully, and watching Margaret's face covertly.

"No, no," she said, instantly, and with a shudder, "I—I never wish to see him again."

"He has behaved cruelly, shamefully to you, miss," said Lottie; "to both of us, in fact, and he isn't worth fretting about, though he is a lord."

Margaret sat staring at the gayly patterned carpet, almost as if she had not heard the last words, then she looked round the room in a kind of bewildered fashion.

Lottie rose and let down her veil.

"There is a train in an hour," she said, with a sympathetic sigh, "if you'd like to go to London, or perhaps you'd like to go abroad. If there should be money wanted—"

She had almost gone too far.

Margaret rose and looked at her with wild eyes.

"I will go," she panted, "do not be afraid. I will never see you—your husband again. But leave me alone! Do not offer me money—then her face changed, and with a sob she cried—"forgive me. It is you who have been wronged as well as me. I—I did not mean to speak so—but, ah, if you would only go and leave me to fight against my misery."

Lottie turned pale again under her paint, and moved toward the door. There she paused, and a strange look came into her face. It was the shadow of coming remorse casting itself before its steps. Even then there was a chance for Margaret, for at that moment Lottie's womanly heart was beginning to assert itself, and the impulse to fling herself at Margaret's feet and tell her the truth—the real truth—was making itself felt; but at that instant she caught sight of a man's figure coming up the winding path, and with a quick step she came toward Margaret.

"I am going," she said, in her ear; "you will not see me again. Go to London—abroad—somewhere away from Blair, and—from Mr. Austin Ambrose!"

These last words were not in her part, but for the life of her, though she lost all. Lottie could not have helped whispering them. Then, without waiting for any response, she went out and turned down the path. A hundred yards from the gate, on the narrow path, she met Austin Ambrose.

"Well," he said, quickly, "is it over?"

"Yes, it's done," she said, looking at him with anything but a pleasant countenance; "and a nice job it has been! Why didn't you tell me she

was a lady?"

He made an impatient gesture.

"What does it matter? Where is she?—how did she take it?"

"She is in there," said Lottie, shortly; "and she took it—well, it would have been almost as easy to have murdered her! Indeed, I shouldn't be surprised if it did kill her. She fell at my feet as if she were dead."

"Tut!" he said, with a cold smile. "She is not of the sort that die easily. She will get over it. But there is no time to lose. You get over to Paris; catch the down-train to the junction, and travel by the night mail."

"And you—what are you going to do now?" she asked.

He smiled.

"You need not trouble about that," he said. "You have done your part, and I'll see that you get your reward."

She nodded.

"If it was to be done over again," she began; then she moved on a step, but stopped, and, with a spot of red, said:

"I advise you to get her away before Blair comes back. If he should happen to turn up"—she shrugged her shoulders—"I wouldn't give much for your life!"

He nodded and laughed, and his eyes flashed evilly.

"Blair will not turn up!" he said. "The tone of confidence startled her. "Why? What have you done with him?" she asked.

"Now, my dear Lottie," he said in a low voice, and looking round cautiously, "don't interfere with my part of the play. It doesn't concern you. Get off as fast as you can, and make your mind easy. Stop! you'll want money; and he put his hand to his pocket; but, with a deep flush and a tightening of the lips, she refused it—as Margaret had refused hers.

"I've got enough money to go on with," she said. "You can send it to the Hotel de Louvre at Paris, if you like," and, with a nod, she sped quickly down the path.

Austin Ambrose waited for a minute or two looking at the sky. The blue that had been so unbroken a short time since was streaked with fleecy clouds, that might later grow black.

Then he opened the cottage door, and walked into the room where Margaret sat, her head resting upon her outstretched arms.

While one could count twenty he stood and looked down at her, then he said, in a low voice:

"Miss Margaret!"

She did not start, but raised her head and looked at him, and a shudder seemed to convulse her whole frame.

"You here?" she said, scarcely audibly.

He inclined his head with a sorrowful gesture.

"Yes, I am here. I have come to see if by any chance I can be of assistance to you."

"Then—then you have heard it?" she panted.

He dropped his eyes and sighed.

"Tell me," she cried, catching at his arm and holding it with a grasp of steel, "tell me the truth! Is what she said—this woman!—is it true?"

He waited a moment.

"It is true, alas!" he said.

Margaret's hand fell from his arm, and she shrank back.

"I only learnt it just now," he said, as if in explanation. "Early this morning, Lady Leyton—I beg your pardon, but I fear it is her legal title—met me at the station, and recognizing me as a friend of Blair's, told me her story."

Margaret hid her face in her hands.

"She has been here, I suppose?" he said.

"Yes," breathed Margaret.

He sighed.

"I feared so! I wish that I could have reached you and broken it to you before she came, but I wanted to learn if her story was true, and I telegraphed to the clerk of the church at which she said she was married." He paused to see if Margaret was fully realizing his words, then went on slowly and impressively. "I received an answer promptly. They were married at St. Jude's on the twelfth of March."

Margaret remained motionless.

"But I need not have taken this precaution, for I met the one person who could set all doubt at rest."

(To be Continued.)

**ALWAYS A**  
**SQUARE DEAL**

**At the Popular Furniture Store.**

Spring is upon us, and Housecleaning too. We want to say a word in season relating to our Easy Payment Plan.

**The Art of Home Furnishing**

at low cost and easy terms, is an art we have studied long and deeply, and just now we are looking forward to a greater Spring business than ever in the furnishing of homes. The whole store is budding into its Spring commercial bloom, the pleasant suggestion of longer days and warmer weather meets the eye everywhere. If careful preparation and generous value giving count for anything, we shall have a Spring business that will tax even our splendid facilities. The keynote of our policy in selecting Spring Furniture and selling can be given in 5 words—

**Reliable Goods at Moderate Prices.**

From this on we shall be pleased to extend to people who value it the convenience of our weekly or monthly payment system. Our policy in this regard is reasonable and fair. This is a store for all the people. Drop in when up town and talk it over with us.

**The C. L. MARCH Co., Ltd.,**  
THE POPULAR FURNITURE STORE.

**2 Big Millinery Specials**  
**To-Day!**

**No. 1.**  
Matrons' Black, Crinoline and Chiffon Hat, Tcque Shape, with Hussar Mount, for **\$1.80.**

**No. 2.**  
Young Ladies' Black Satin Sailor, with Silk Roses on Rim, for **\$1.80.**

**See Our Windows.**

**S. MILLEY.**

**New Goods.**

**CABBAGE** in bris. heavy weights, sound, sweet, good.  
**CHEESE**—Twins and wholes; Fancy Cream Cheese.  
**BUTTER**—The delicious and unrivalled Maypole in boxes.  
**FRESH EGGS**—Guaranteed sound and good.

All at prices you will find—as you have found for past quarter century—Honest and Right.

**EDWIN MURRAY'S.**

**ADVERTISE IN THE TELEGRAM**

**Our Volunteers.**

Recruiting continues to go along briskly. The total number of enlistments at the C. L. Armoury to date is 300, the following having enlisted yesterday:

Jos. Maloney, Bay Bulls  
Samuel Pearce, Twillingate  
Keewood Hildon, Twillingate  
Peter Rose, Twillingate  
Nelson Sherrin, Point Leamington  
Thos. Ridout, Grand Falls  
Lawrence Paul, Bishop's Falls  
Archibald Ball, North Arm, Botwood  
John Squires, Round Hr., N. D.  
Reg. Kearley, Little Burnt Bay  
H. Bertram Bartlett, St. John's  
Sidney Cox, St. John's  
Harold Geo. Coullas, St. John's  
Wm. P. Taylor, St. John's  
Chas. Pearcey, St. John's  
John Garland, St. John's  
Ford Winsor, St. John's  
Samuel Pennes, St. John's  
John Mahon, St. John's  
Jas. Seviour, St. John's  
Sidney Bennett, St. John's  
J. J. Strang, St. John's  
Caleb Thorne, St. John's  
Lionel T. Daley, St. John's  
Eric Holden, Topsail Road  
Jas. Wm. Osborne, Channel  
Victor L. Billiard, Channel  
Michael Jackman, Renewes  
John T. Ellsworth, Carmarville  
W. Rowell, Leading Tickle, N.D.B.  
Newman Branton, Collier's Bay  
Cora, T. B.  
Job Gilley, Bonne Bay  
Frederic Stone, Little Bay Islands  
Ernest Humphries, Newtown, B.B.  
John Matthews, Pogo  
Wm. Jas. Maidment, Badger  
Geo. Hooper, Rock Hr., P. B.  
Ed. J. Ryan, Bell Island  
John J. Neville, Topsail  
Herb. Bebbin, Country Road, B.B.  
Roberts  
Wm. Mercer, Country Road, B.B.  
Robert  
Prof. Gardiner, British Harbor  
Jabez Stead, Musgrave town, B.B.  
Clarence Winsor, Badger's Quay, B.B.  
Donald Forsyth, Scotland  
Duncan McLeod, Scotland  
Evanior Campbell, Scotland

**Grand Lodge S.U.F.**

**ELECTION OF OFFICERS.**

The annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of the Society of United Fishermen was held in the British Hall last evening. The report for the past year shows a substantial increase in membership. There is now 45 Lodges of the roll of which 2 were added during 1915. Considerable legislation was enacted for the further advancement of the Order. The Grand Master, J. A. Cliff, K. C., addressed the brethren on a resolution referring to the large number of the members who have volunteered for active service, several having paid the supreme sacrifice. A roll of honor that will shortly be completed will be forwarded to each Lodge in the country. The election of officers then took place and resulted as follows:

Worthy Grand Master—Bro. J. A. Cliff, K. C.  
Grand Chief Officer—Bro. A. Edgewood  
Grand Second Officer—Bro. George Bead  
Grand Chaplain—Bro. Geo. House  
Grand Purser—Bro. J. Curlew  
Grand Quarter Master—Bro. W. McGilvray  
Grand Lookout—Bro. A. E. Withycombe  
Grand Secretary—Bro. J. C. Phillips

**Funeral of Dr. Thomas**

Attended by Clergy and Doctors.

All that was mortal of the late Dr. W. Russell Thomas, was consigned to mother earth in the Church of England Cemetery yesterday afternoon. The service was conducted by the Rev. A. G. Stamp, and amongst the mourners were Rev. Canon Smart, R. D. of Heart's Content; Dr. Keegan, Dr. Fraser, Dr. Brehm, Dr. Cowperthwaite, Dr. Anderson, Dr. Chaytor, members of the Masonic Fraternity and a large number of citizens.

**Hr. Grace Notes.**

The steamer Mary arrived yesterday from Bell Island with a load of coal to the Harbor Grace Coal Co.

Mr. Ambrose Parsons, for the past eight or nine years clerk in the county of Mr. E. Parsons, has severed his connection with the business and leaves for Boston in a few days. Ambrose is one of the most popular clerks in this town, and all his friends wish him very much success in his new home.

Private Chesley Holmes of the Ntd. Regiment took a run over on Saturday night, spent Sunday with his parents, Rev. and Mrs. Holmes, and returns to St. John's to-day.

Mr. Andrew Wood, of Bay Roberts, and his bride, arrived in town by Saturday night's train and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Selby Parsons for a few days. We take this opportunity of wishing Mr. and Mrs. Wood a long and happy married life.

Mrs. R. W. Duff and Miss Ruth Duff spent the past couple of weeks in Casimere visiting their many friends there.

A miniature blizzard raged last night while our citizens were at prayers. On leaving the churches all were surprised to see the change that had taken place in such a short time, the ground being covered with snow. But Old Sol took a look round this morning and the snow soon disappeared again.

**CORRESPONDENT.**

Harbor Grace, April 10, 1916.

**RECRUITS COMING IN.**—Some of the young men that volunteered at the big patriotic meeting at Springdale, N. D. B. last Friday night, and others from points along the railway arrived by train yesterday. A squad from the Admiralty were at the station to receive and escort them to headquarters.