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The Die is Cast For Better or For Worse.

CHAPTER XXII. The Man Who Was Rejected. Osborne turned quickly, with the alertness of a man to whom the rapidity of motion has become habitual, because of the frequent necessity for it. He had been thinking of Eva, and the harsh voice of her future husband came with sudden unpleasantness into the midst of his thoughts. "Oh, good evening, Lord Herndale," he said quite civilly. "Beautiful evening, isn't it? Like myself I suppose you are taking advantage of it for a stroll."

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FINE GROUND (FOR USE IN PERCOLATORS)

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CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

of a command. Miss Lyndhurst may not have the same reason, may not even have the desire to lose an acquaintance, let me say—friend."

Herndale's face grew black, and he breathed shortly. "I want no argument," he said. "I want simply to know whether you will cease to pester Miss Lyndhurst with your attentions, whether, in short, you will treat her as a lady whose acquaintance you have forfeited."

Osborne was silent for a moment. His conscience told him that the angry man had right on his side. "See here, Lord Herndale," he said gravely, "I fancy you think you have the right to make this request. I'm not sure that you haven't. Anyhow, I will comply with it. But in justice to myself and to Miss Lyndhurst, I must inform her of what has passed between you and me, and must explain to her why for the future I must treat her as if we were strangers."

Unwittingly he had said that which was most likely to fan the flame of fury and jealousy in Herndale's breast. "You are a specious scoundrel!" he said huskily. "I forbid you to address Miss Lyndhurst!"

Osborne's brows came together. "You are going beyond your prerogative, Lord Herndale," he said. "I'm not a scoundrel, as you know, and I will not consent to behave toward a lady as if I had forfeited her respect. I shall certainly tell Miss Lyndhurst of this interview and your strange request."

He raised his hat and turned away. Herndale stood panting with rage, his stick clutched by the ferule end. Carried beyond himself by an ungovernable passion, he stole behind Osborne, raised the stick and aimed a blow at his head. To his amazement and discomfiture, the blow fell not on Osborne, but on a man who had sprung between Osborne and his assailant. The heavy silver handle of the stick had fallen on the side of the face of the interposer and had instantly drawn blood. Osborne swung round with an exclamation, and there the three men stood looking at each other in profound silence.

Before Osborne could speak, Herndale had recovered from his passion sufficiently to realize the situation. With a muttered oath, he swung on his heel and strode off, and the preserver and the preserver were left confronting each other. "Good God!" said Osborne aghast, as he saw the blood streaming down the other man's face. "He struck you! It was meant for me. I'm—I'm awfully sorry! I'm afraid you're very much hurt. Here, I'll go after the band-aid—for that's what he must be, to aim a blow at a man behind his back!"

"No, no!" said the preserver. "Better let him go—for the present. What can you do? The fight is over. If he had stayed, as a decent chap would have done, I could have taken him on. I shall later, I hope. And I'm jolly glad the blow fell on me and where it did, instead of on you. The beggar aimed for the back of your head; and you'd have gone down if he had struck you."

Cheeks Like The Wild Rose For all complexion ills—for Pimples and Blisters and Sallow Skin—take the one thing that will cleanse the system of impurities. Dr. Wilson's HERBINE BITTERS Creams and ointments and lotions won't do it—because they only treat the skin. The trouble lies deeper—in the blood. Purify the blood—cleanse the stomach—regulate the Liver—and you will have a complexion like the wild rose.

CHAPTER XXIII. Startling Intelligence. Osborne took Lashmore to the former's modest rooms in Vincent Street. They had to go in a cab, because Lashmore's blood-stained face and handkerchief attracted too much attention. As Lashmore entered the sitting-room, which was littered with trophies of the chase, savage weapons and utensils, skins and stuffed birds, roughly drawn maps and plans, he swung round on Osborne and said eagerly: "You're not Owen Osborne, the traveler, explorer?"

Osborne nodded, as he got a bowl of water and a sponge. "By George! I'm delighted to meet you," said Lashmore, with irrefragable admiration; "and I'm jolly glad I took that blow instead of you. Fancy such a man as you, such a valuable life, being at the mercy of a chance blow from a fool and a coward!"

"Yes," said Osborne, "I'm afraid our friend is both of those—hold you! he had a little lower. I'm relieved to find that, as you said, it's not much more than skin deep. I'm going to put something on it that will heal it up in no time, a lotion some quaint people up Uganda way use. It's a secret—until I tell it, a patent-medicine man could make a million out of it."

"Make it yourself," said Lashmore. Osborne shrugged his shoulders. "No use for money," he said. "I might have wanted some a little while ago; but I'm not sure that I do now. You're all right now, or will be soon. I should like to thank you for what you've done for me; but I can see you are the sort of chap who wouldn't like it."

"I shouldn't," assented Lashmore. Osborne nodded. Look here, have you had anything to eat? No? Let us go and get something. I know a nice little restaurant round here, cheap and good."

"Oh, about that fellow. I'm not curious, and of course I don't want you to tell me anything you don't want to tell me; but I feel as if I ought to get even with that gentleman with the stick. I don't think he ought to get off scot free, do you?"

such steps—I shouldn't have done so if he had hit me instead of you; but, of course, if you would like—" "Oh, no!" said Lashmore promptly. "I may meet him some day and level matters in my own way."

Osborne nodded and smiled. "I can picture him now," he said, "waiting for a policeman and a summons. I'm much obliged to you for taking my view of it. The fact is"—he hesitated a moment, but a glance at Lashmore's handsome, and, still better, frank and open countenance, led him on—"the fact is, we have quarreled about a lady. It is the lady who is engaged to marry him; but I happen to want her to marry me. Hence these tears. Of course, if I thought she was happy, I should clear out; but I don't. It's rather a strange and mysterious business. I can't tell you all of it; I wish I could, because somehow I feel as if I should like to. I have had my doubts about the gentleman's—what shall I call it?—uprightness. And these doubts have been strengthened by a singular communication, too vague to be called a communication, from an extraordinary kind of person. I've got the notion that it would be a bad thing for this lady to marry Lord Herndale."

Lashmore was filling their glasses from the bottle of modest claret, and he started so suddenly and so violently, that he upset the wine. "What name did you say?" he asked swiftly, his face flushed, his eyes fixed on Osborne's with a stare of amazement. Osborne bit his lip, and looked rather annoyed by his slip. "I didn't mean to mention any names," he said, "but it slipped out. The man who struck you, instead of me, is the Earl of Herndale. He has not very long come into the title. But we won't talk any more about him. I see you've heard of him—and of nothing much to his advantage, judging by your face. But let it go. He has unwittingly done me a great service in bringing about our acquaintance. Let's have another bottle. I like your account of that place of yours, and I should think you've got a fortune there."

They sat and talked for some time, and at parting arranged another and speedy meeting, and they shook hands with a warm grip and looked into each other's eyes with the expression which Englishmen wear when they have taken to each other. Lashmore went home, pondering on the strange coincidence: the man who had struck him was his cousin, the man who now bore the title, and owned the estates, which Lashmore, until recently, had regarded as his own!

At sight of his master's face, Forbes uttered an exclamation of alarm and dismay; and it took Lashmore some time to reassure the old man and convince him that the injury was a mere nothing, the result of an accident, which, Lashmore said brightly, might happen to anyone. "Yes; I'll have a soda and whisky presently and a pipe," he said. "No news, I suppose? Any letters?"

"No letters, my lord—sir," said Forbes, still all in a flutter; "but that gentleman has called again. He asked for you straight out; and, when I began to refuse him, he smiled and shook his head in a curious way, and said it wasn't any use, because he had seen you go out of the house. He seems a very persistent gentleman, Master Harry." There was a ring at the bell as he spoke, and Forbes almost jumped. "I shouldn't wonder if that isn't him again," he said. (To be Continued.)

EXAMINE YOURSELF Are you troubled with constant headaches? Do you have backache and aching limbs? Have you painful, crawling sores and joints? Are you subject to Rheumatism or Gout? Have you urinary troubles? In nearly every case the above ailments can be traced to impurities of the blood, due to defective kidneys. The whole blood stream passes through the kidneys every three minutes, for the removal of all impurities. GIN PILLS FOR THE KIDNEYS restores affected kidneys to regularity. GIN PILLS have restored health in thousands upon thousands of cases. All druggists sell GIN PILLS at 50c. 25c. or 6 boxes for \$2.50. BRAYLEY DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED, TORONTO, ONT.

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#2053—Ladies' Dress, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths. This style is especially nice for embroidered voile, linen or bordered material. It is also nice for batiste, wash silk, lawn and crepe. The skirt is straight and gathered. The waist is shaped at its lower edge to meet the gathered skirt. The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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#2055—This style is good for linen, percale, tub silk, gabardine, voile, repp, drill, chambray and linen. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for an 8-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Form for ordering a dress pattern, including fields for Name, Address in full, and Size.

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Corduroy Velveteens

we have cleaned up in tremendous quantity and have now only left in colors of Cardinal, Violet and Saxe Blue. We called for some, some time ago and have now got invoices both from firms in Manchester and London for these goods; and to those of our customers who are awaiting our deliveries, we would say that, barring accidents, we expect to show a full range of colors inside of a fortnight.

Henry Blair

List of Letters Remaining in the G.P.O. to April 30th, 1917.

- A Andrews, C. R., Queen's Road Anderson, Miss Nellie, Military Road Amberman, Arthur
B Bartlett, Mrs. James, New Gower St. Barnes, J. J. Barrett, Capt. J., Monroe St. Badcock, George H. Bennett, Paul, Water Street Benson, R. G., card Breen, James, Job's St. Brennan, Miss Helen Bell, Paul, Nagle's Hill Brine, Wm., Casey St. Bugden, Mrs., Gordon
C Clark, Miss Mary P., Mullock St. Cochran, A. J., Cabot St. Collins, Wm., Carter's Hill Collins, Harold, Pleasant St. Cook, Miss Annie, Long's Hill Crumwell, Miss Mary J. Churchill, James B. late General Hospital Connors, Thomas
D Davis, Miss Sadie Dave, James, card, Nagle's Hill Davis, F. Dickson, Frank A. Dunphy, Mrs. D., care G. P. O. Dunham, J. M.
E Evans, Wm., care Joseph Evans Evans, Miss Mollie, care G. P. O. Emile, Mrs., Bamberick St.
F Fabey, Mrs. Mary, Flower Hill Freeman, Sarah, Forest Road French, George, Flower Hill Fitzgerald, Miss A. H., Monroe St. Ford, Mrs., Pilot's Hill
G Garland, Miss Annie Gibbons, Miss Bridget, New Gower St. Goodyear, Fred. Goff, Miss Mary J., Leslie St.
H Haynes, William Hann, Miss Annie, care Charles Gill, Barter's Hill Hammond, Miss H. Harvey, Miss Doris, Central St. Holmes, Adolph, Hayward Avenue Hudson, John T., c/o Gen'l Delivery Hustins, Arthur, John Street Hurley, William Gower St. Hillyer, Mrs. T.
J Jarvis, E. L.
K Kennedy, John J., Barron St. Kennedy, H. E. Keats, Miss Clara, Water St. King, Miss Irene, South Side King, Samuel, Dear Street
L Lamah, Richard, Goodview St. Lang, Joseph, Alexander St. Lacey, Harry, Water St. Lewis, Miss M., P. O. Box 609
Lloyd, Wallace Lundrigan, James, Carter's Hill
M Manuel, R. W., care G. P. O. Maynard, Francis J., care G. P. O. Mercer, Isaac, Springdale St. Moore, Miss Annie, Cochran St. Moore, Alfred, Prince's St. Moore, Michael, care Gen'l Delivery Morehan, Miss Lizzie, LeMarchant Rd. Murray, Miss C., Gower St. Murphy, James, care Gen'l Delivery Murphy, E. J. Murphy, Miss Bessie, Gower St.
N Noseworthy, Mrs. Albert, South Side
O Oliver, Mrs. Violette O'Shea, Miss P., Prescott St.
P Parsons, George, Pennywell Road Parrell, Wm., Long Pond Road Pihson, Miss Ellen, Hamilton St. Puhkie, Nathan, Cabot St. Power, Mrs., Water Street Power, Miss Josie, New Gower St. Parsons, Mrs. Edward, slip New Gower St. Peyton, Hubert, slip
Q Quick, Mrs. Margaret, care Mrs. T. A. Pippy. Quigley, George, Long Pond Rd.
R Ryan, Miss M. C., card Ryall, James, Monroe St. Ring, Mrs. Philip, care Mrs. Driscoll, Hamilton Ave. Ring, Mrs. Richardson, W. G., Hamilton St. Rowe, Mrs. J., Allandale Road Roberts, George, Freshwater Road Ross, T., Pleasant St. Russell, Miss Viola, Cross Roads
S Sheppard, Miss Ada, East End Post Office Sells, Bert Sheppard, N., c/o Mrs. Noseworthy, South Side Strickland, Miss Maud, Duckworth St. Strong, Miss Annie, Hayward Ave. Snooks, Miss Annie, card Skeanes, Miss Millie, James' St.
T Turbey, J. M. Tucker, J. J., Signal Hill Road Tuff, C. R., Boncloddy St. Thompson, Wm., care Geo. Richardson
V Vaters, Patrick, Burke's Square
W Walsh, Miss Rita, care Miss McCarthy, Leslie St. Walsh, Miss Alice Wells, John, Duckworth St. Willis, Mrs. John, South Side White, J. H. Worold, Miss W., Water St.
Y Yates, Ernest
J. ALEX. ROBINSON, P. M. G.

Twe... American Forces on Western Front Within Six Weeks

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