



## Aubrey's Revenge.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

He was crouching far back in the corner of the carriage, and something in his attitude suggested a beast of prey that meditated a spring. His face was horrible beyond conception, dark, exultant, devilish, the face of a madman.

To her dying day Kelpie never forgot the horror of that moment. Like a lightning flash she comprehended the situation and realized that she had been caught in a trap. She had gone to the corner of Myrtle Avenue, expecting to meet Tom Holland, and had fallen into Tulliver's hands instead.

The match flickered and went out, and with this awful conviction forcing itself upon her, Kelpie was again left in darkness.

Tulliver's horrible laughter broke the silence that followed. He seemed to be in a high good humor.

"You weren't expecting to see me, my dear," he said, when his laugh was over; "the look of surprise on your face when the light flashed out was too amusing. But you're glad to see me all the same, of course? You couldn't help being glad to see me when you and I were such good friends when we lived together at New Castle Light."

"You remember that last night, of course, when I wanted to put out the light, and you blazed away at me with that city chap's revolver? I told you then that I'd get even with you some day, and I've kept my word, you see."

"Let's have another look at your pretty face, sweetheart," he went on, and snap went another match, revealing the madman, still crouching in the corner of the carriage, and this time he held a glittering revolver in his hand, and there was an expression of fiendish triumph on his dark face.

Kelpie's heart stood still, but she kept back the cry of terror that leaped to her lips.

"It was your turn that night, at New Castle Light, but it's mine now," Tulliver went on, as the light of the match died out. "I've got you as snug and secure as if I had you shut up in a cage. The man on the box is a good friend of mine and he won't stop the horses until daybreak unless I pull the strap. Do you understand, my pretty Kelpie?"

Kelpie was silent, and Tulliver went on, his eyes glittering like a wild animal's in the dark.

"Why don't you speak? Has the cat got your tongue, as the children say, or are you too dignified now that you are playing the grand lady to speak to a poor fellow like me? You're going to marry that city swell who hung about New Castle Light last summer, they tell me. Well, now, my pretty Kelpie, bear in mind that I've got something to say about that; besides, as you have doubtless heard, possession is nine points of the law. I've got you, thanks to my clever management, and, what's more, I'm going to hold on to you!"

"Won't the city swell and your lady mother, as she calls herself, raise a racket when they find that you've run away! But no matter how much they fuss and fume, it won't mend matters."

### HEADACHES

Thousands of men and women suffer from headaches every day, other thousands have headaches every week or every month, and still others have headaches occasionally, but not at regular intervals. The best Doctor knows how to find the cause of many of these headaches, and in most other cases, knowing the cause, he does not know what will remove it, so as to give a permanent cure. All he can do is to prescribe the usual pain relievers, which give temporary relief, but the headache returns as usual, and treatment is again necessary. If you suffer from headaches, do not waste what their nature, take Anti-Kamnia Tablets, and the results will be satisfactory in the highest degree. You can obtain them at all druggists in any quantity, 10c worth, 25c worth or more. Ask for A-K Tablets.

**SICK-HEADACHES**  
Sick-headache, the most miserable of all sicknesses, torments the nerves when A-K Tablets are taken. When you feel an attack coming on, take two tablets, and in many cases, the attack will be wanted off. During an attack take one A-K Tablet every two hours. The next and onward with you, can be obtained in no other way. Genuine A-K Tablets bear the A-K monogram. At all druggists.

### See If The Child's Tongue Is Coated

Mother! Don't hesitate! If cross, feverish, constipated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, it is a sure sign that your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleansing at once.

When peevish, cross, listless, pale, doesn't sleep, doesn't eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad; has stomach-ache, sore throat, diarrhoea, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again.

You needn't coax sick children to take this harmless "fruit laxative"; they love its delicious taste, and it always makes them feel splendid. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. To be sure you get the genuine, ask to see that it is made by "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt.

I've got you, my pretty darling, and you'll be my lawfully wedded wife before the good friends you've left behind can pull themselves together and start out in pursuit of you. Won't that be no end of a joke?"

He laughed uproariously, and, putting the revolver on the seat beside him, drew an ugly-looking knife from his breast pocket and began to drag the keen blade across his sleeve.

It was still very dark, there was a tinkle of sleet against the carriage window, and the horses seemed to be going at a risky rate of speed. But Kelpie took no heed of this. She sat motionless, almost breathless, her eyes fixed, with a sort of fascination, on the dark figure in the corner.

"I had quite made up my mind to take your life," the madman went on, after a moment. "I've got a revolver and this knife besides, and it's got a fine, keen edge. It would be the easiest thing in the world to slip it across that pretty white throat of yours. I should like to do it immensely; then I'd put a bullet in my own head, and that would be the end."

Kelpie heard him get on his feet, and felt rather than saw that he was moving stealthily toward her. He got so near to her that she could hear him breathe, and see the glitter of his eyes in the dark. She did not move a muscle nor utter a sound.

That curious feeling of indifference that comes to us sometimes in moments of great peril made the little lighthouse girl strong and calm.

Sitting there in the dark with the crouching figure of the madman coming nearer and nearer, an incident of her lonely life flashed like lightning across her brain. She was out in a little dory with her grandfather when a storm overtook them and tossed the little boat about like an egg-shell, and when, trembling and terrified, she had clung to the old man, he looked down on her, calm and smiling, and said:

"What's the use of being frightened, little woman? We are in God's hands, and whether we live or die, He will care for us."

The words came back to Kelpie and gave her strength as she sat there in the dark, with the flash of the madman's murderous knife before her eyes.

"I am in God's hands," she said to herself, "and whether I live or die, He will care for me."

Tulliver came nearer, and, with a thrill of terror, she felt his touch on her wrist.

"I had made up my mind that we would die together," he said, his hand closing over hers with a grasp like hot steel, "but all things considered, it will be just as well to make you my wife. Don't you think so?"

"Why, of course I do," answered Kelpie, wondering at her own calmness.

"You're a sensible girl," said Tulliver, with an exultant chuckle. "Since you're willing to marry me, I'll hand you my weapons, and put an engagement ring on your finger. I've got a real diamond right here in my vest pocket."

He produced a ring as he spoke, and, not daring to refuse, Kelpie suffered him to put it on her finger.

"Why, how cold your hand is," he

said. "Dear little hand, it is mine now."

Raising it to his lips, he covered it with burning kisses.

Kelpie shivered with terror and almost unconsciously made an effort to free her hand, but her mad lover held it in a grip of steel.

"Maybe you don't like me to kiss your hand," he said, with an ugly laugh. "If you object, all you've got to do is to say the word. I'd just as lief draw the knife across your pretty throat."

Then, even as he uttered the horrible words, Kelpie felt the touch of cold steel on her face.

Frantic with terror, she tore her hand free of the madman's grasp, and, with the strength born of desperation, she threw herself against the carriage door. The glass crashed and shattered, the door gave way, and Kelpie was thrown out with terrible force.

Realizing what had happened, Tulliver leaped after her, with the yell of a demon.

The crash of the breaking glass had frightened the horses in the meantime, and they shot off at a breakneck speed, and instead of alighting on his feet, Tulliver was precipitated down an embankment with terrific force and landed amid the debris of an old mill race, where he lay like one dead.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.

In the meantime, having recovered from the shock of her fall, Kelpie rose to her feet and stood looking about her like one dazed. She felt a trifle dizzy, and her hands were cold and bruised, but otherwise she had sustained but little injury.

Her first thought was of escape. The frightened horses, with the carriage rattling at their heels, and the driver tugging vainly at the reins, had long since vanished from sight, and Tulliver, as has already been stated, lay down below, amid the debris of an old mill race; so the way seemed clear.

The night was bitter cold; a fine rain that congealed into sharp sleet before it reached the ground was falling, and there was not a rift to be seen in the lowering clouds.

The situation was not a pleasing one, but Kelpie drew a long breath of gratitude as she stood, solitary and alone, by the wayside, and again the words of her old grandfather came back to her:

"What's the use of being frightened, little woman, we're in God's hands, and whether we live or die, He will take care of us."

The little girl took heart of grace, and cast about her as to which way she should go.

Before she had made up her mind, the sound of approaching wheels fell on her ear. She darted into a thicket near by like a frightened bird. Was Tulliver coming in pursuit of her? In dismay, she watched from a covert of tangled vines with terror-filled eyes.

### A Million Corns Went Last Month

Last month, a million corns were ended in this easy, simple way. And every month a million more go like them.

To each corn was applied a little Blue-jay plaster. In every case the corn pain ended there.

Then the wax in the plaster—the B & B wax—gently freed the corn. In 48 hours nearly every corn came out, without any pain or soreness. A few stubborn corns required another plaster.

That's the story of some seventy million corns ended by this invention. It will be the story of your corns in 48 hours if you treat them in this scientific way. Your friends will testify to that.

If you don't do this, in all probability, those corns will stay for years.

### Blue-jay Ends Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists  
Sample Mailed Free  
Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York  
Makers of Physicians' Supplies

In a very short time a buggy, with a lamp burning brightly on each side, came in sight. Two men occupied the seat, a colored driver and a gentleman with a long white beard.

Kelpie's heart gave a curious thrill.

"He's an old man," she said, peering forth from her hiding place, "his beard's white like daddy's. I wonder if he wouldn't help me if I asked him. I shall freeze to death if I stay here."

Impelled by an impulse which seemed over and above her own will, she darted forth as the vehicle was passing by.

"Please, sir, won't you stop one moment?" she called.

The driver drew up instantly at the sound of the pathetic young voice.

"I'm a stranger here, and don't know where to go," explained Kelpie, going close to the wheels, "and it's so cold."

"Take her up, Jim," said the gentleman with the white beard, and a moment later Kelpie found herself tucked away under a buffalo robe, with a feeling of safety and security in her heart that made her eyes brim over with grateful tears.

"Don't attempt to explain matters to-night," said her protector kindly. "You're too tired. I shall put up for the night at a roadside inn, just a little way ahead, where we'll get supper and lodgings, and in the morning you shall tell me your story, and I'll do what I can to help you."

Kelpie's heart was too full for speech, so she hid her tired head under the warm robe and sobbed like a child.

The roadside inn turned out to be a very cheerful place, with roaring fires and a hot supper that filled the house with appetizing odors.

"I want you to take this young lady to a warm room," said the gentleman with the Rip van Winkle beard, presenting Kelpie to the landlady who came in for orders. "She's too tired to go to the table, so you'll kindly have her supper sent up to her."

(To be Continued.)

Sprinkle salt on the tablecloth when wine has been spilled. When the cloth has been removed, pour boiling water through the stain until it has disappeared.

### Let Us Fill Your Order from FRESH SUPPLIES!

ELLIS & CO., Limited,

203 Water St.

Fresh New York Turkeys.  
Fresh New York Chicken.  
Fresh New York Ducks.  
Fresh N. Y. Corned Beef.  
Fresh New York Sausages.

Fresh-Codfish,  
Fresh Halibut.

New Cabbage.  
Parsnips, Carrots,  
Ripe Tomatoes,  
Florida Celery,  
New Cucumbers,  
Fresh Lettuce,  
Parsley, Radishes.

Fresh Smoked Salmon.

Ripe Bananas,  
Dessert Apples,  
Russett Apples,  
Navel Oranges,  
Fresh Pineapples,  
Dessert Pears,  
California Lemons,  
Grape Fruit.

FRESH SMOKED HADDIES,  
FRESH SMOKED FILLETS.

Fresh Consignment  
Squires  
CONFECTIONERY

1/2, 1 and 2 lb. boxes.  
Remember our Telephones,  
482 and 784.

### Great Dramatic Playlet at Rossley's.

There was a very crowded house at Rossley's last night, when the Great Ballard Brown and Miss Madge Locke presented the beautiful one-act drama entitled "As it was in the Beginning," one of the most fascinating playlets ever seen here. The drama deals with a young Indian girl who has nursed back to health one of the Gordon Highlanders, who had been hurt while on a visit in America. Then comes the news of the war, when he is compelled to leave the Indian girl who has grown to love him; he must choose between love and duty and he chooses duty. The Indian dance is very fine. Mr. Brown sings the March of the Cameron Men, which brings unbounded applause; Miss Locke, with her marvelous voice sings two songs; and last night a prominent St. John's citizen asked for that great dramatic recitation "The Charge of the Light Brigade," and they finished with "Excelsior."

They were encored again and again; both have magnificent voices. "As it was in the Beginning" with the beautiful scenery and costumes, is worth ten times the price of admission. Besides the full house a large box party of the elite of the city were present. On Monday the act is entirely Irish, and Mr. Rossley has secured the film of the Regatta, also a film of the boys leaving Government House Grounds, going on board the Neptune and being transferred to the Dominion. See yourselves on Water Street, at the wharf; see the boys wave their last farewell to the crew of the Neptune when on board the Dominion, on Monday these wonderful films.

To whom it may concern: This is to certify that I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT myself as well as prescribed it in my practice where a liniment was required and have never failed to get the desired effect.

C. A. KING, M. D.

WHEN SHIPS COME IN.  
When our ships come in from the sea of dreams, where the sea-breeze zephyrs blow, all our cherished plans and our golden schemes will then in an hour come true.

No more to toil for a pauper's pay, no longer to hew and spin, we shall all be glad on that joyful day, the day when our ships come in. There are many things I would like to do, if I only had the price; I'd give the orphan a needed shoe, the widow a cake of ice; I'd help the pastor repair the church, but I'm always short of tin; to raise a dime takes a lengthy search, and will till my ship comes in. I'd help the poor in a lavish way, if I were a millionaire; I'd feed them oysters three times a day, and banish their grief and care, I'd like to battle with stark disease in slums that are dark with sin, but I can't get busy with things like these till my good ship comes in. I do no good as I plug along, for I'm always dreaming dreams; I haven't the money to combat wrong, or baffle the wicked's schemes. I'll do fine things on a future day—to that theory my faith I pin, when over the sea and over the bay, my beautiful ship comes in.

THEN SPAKE THE DEAD.  
It was a suit in Chancery, and there was a great gathering of the deceased's family, quarrelling, as relatives will, over the division of the spoils. The lawyers engaged chuckled, for the suit seemed likely to be prolonged and complicated.

There were many lawyers, too, and the judge marvelled at the immensity of the deceased man's family as silk and stuff rose in rapid succession, introducing themselves with the usual formula: "And I, my lord, am for the nephews, or nieces, or fifteenth cousins removed, as the case may be, of the deceased." The proceession seemed interminable, but at last it came to an end. Then a small voice was heard timidly saying from the back of the court, "May I be allowed to speak, my lord?"

There was dead silence as his lordship adjusted his spectacles and asked, rather dejectedly, "Who are you?" The answer was, to say the least, unexpected.

"I am the deceased, my lord," said the modest voice from the back of the court. That ended the action.

Quite unknown to his relatives, the deceased had turned up from the wilds of Rhodesia. Obviously a man of humour, he must have taken a delight in watching how "the best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gley."



WALT MASON

### Easter Footwear!

Don't neglect your Easter Footwear! The Shoes of every well dressed Man or Woman should be as faultless as the balance of their Easter Attire! We invite every Man, Woman and Child to come to see our large and attractive lines of **HANDSOME EASTER FOOTWEAR!** Many of our handsome Styles are entirely exclusive with us. We've just the Shoes a well dressed Man will want to go with his new Suit—or an elegantly dressed Woman will want for her Easter Gown. Shoes, Oxfords, Pumps, Colonial, Slippers, &c.

**OUR PRICES**  
Remember that a quoted Shoe price stands for nothing until you see the quality of the Shoes—and that this Shoe Store always says—  
**THE BEST SHOE AT ANY PRICE!**

**PARKER & MONROE, Ltd.**  
The Shoe Men.

### THE ALADDIN LAMP,

(KEROSENE OIL)

Surpasses all other Incandescent Burner Lamps. Testimonials from users throughout Newfoundland.

### 50 per cent.

Oil saved along with a brilliant light.

### 6 Times

greater than the ordinary lamp.

### Chesley Woods,

Sole Nfld. Agent and Distributor.

Inefficient eyesight means inefficient work and **INEFFICIENT PAY.** Don't allow defective vision to interfere with your work and say "See to it now."

### R. H. TRAPNELL,

Eye Specialist. Water Street.

By S. S. Carthaginian:

### "Camp" Coffee.

Per S. S. Florizel:  
**WINDSOR SALT.**

**T. A. MACNAB & Co.**  
Selling Agents for Newfoundland.  
Telephone 444. Cabot Bldg., St. John's.  
See 16, W.M.T.

### To Consumers of High-Grade Tobacco:

We desire to call your special attention to **OUR Master Workman TOBACCO.** Famous the world over for its rare delicacy and flavor. You can get the Genuine **MASTER WORKMAN** AT **CASH'S Tobacco Store, Water St.**

### At the House

THURSDAY, April 8th

Petitions were presented by Cosker from Brigus, Burnt Head, Head, Bryant's Cove, Job's Cove, Bay de Verde, asking for the appointment of a commission to fix the price of Labrador fish.

Billis relating to the Sale of Coal on the Labrador Coast; The Amendment of the Customs Act; Naturalization of Aliens; Administration of Local Affairs; the Seal Fish Patents and Trade Marks, were read a first time.

The Local Affairs and Sealing Bill will be discussed by a Committee of the House before going to the Committee for consideration.

The report of the Committee on the draft of the Address in Reply presented by Mr. Downey, after which a speech from the Throne was read with.

Mr. Clift in opening the discussion referred to the Great War, and reviewed the work of the Special Session in September last, when a war cloud hung over the world, which since then has been to some extent lifted. In a forceful speech emphasized the necessity of unity of purpose on the part of the House, the cause of the Empire during the great crisis. He paid a high tribute to the part played by Newfoundland since the outbreak of hostilities in equipping and sending of some of its men for both services. He said that authorities differ as to the probable duration of the war, and though he is assured by those who have charge of affairs that success will eventually crown our efforts we must prepare for the days that are to come. In response to the call of the Empire, he has indeed been a noble one, but the needs were brought home to the response would be still greater. He wished to heartily congratulate men who have offered their services on land and sea and the grand display of loyalty displayed by the sons of Terra Nova Newfoundland when they God speed, and feel sure that they will return with victory upon their banner. "Only because we have an Army and Navy," said Mr. Clift, "are we assembled here to-day, our trade and commerce are conducted as usual because of the protection to those who rally round the British flag. Therefore our paramount duty is to the Empire, and to show our loyalty to the Empire first and consideration."

It was gratifying to note that our per measures will be taken to provide for the assistance of those who will be left behind. Our soldiers and sailors have gone forth on their heroic mission to protect us and we should do all in our power to assist those whom they have left behind. He has indeed been a noble one, but the needs were brought home to the response would be still greater. He wished to heartily congratulate men who have offered their services on land and sea and the grand display of loyalty displayed by the sons of Terra Nova Newfoundland when they God speed, and feel sure that they will return with victory upon their banner. "Only because we have an Army and Navy," said Mr. Clift, "are we assembled here to-day, our trade and commerce are conducted as usual because of the protection to those who rally round the British flag. Therefore our paramount duty is to the Empire, and to show our loyalty to the Empire first and consideration."

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