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MINNEAPOLIS TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

The Die is Cast
For Better or For Worse.

CHAPTER XIX.
Wedded Bliss.

Lashmore took her up there in the first week of their honeymoon, and she was surprised to find the place so comfortable, not to say luxurious. Mr. Coke made much of her and treated her with a mixture of paternal kindness and chivalrous deference which won Kittie's heart; but she would have liked him in any case, because of his evident affection for Lashmore, whom he now treated as a partner as well as a son. In the dining-room there was a goodly quantity of books, for Mr. Coke was a great reader; and as he saw her eyes wander wistfully toward them during supper, he said:

"Fond of books, Mrs. Lashmore? I hope you'll find something there that you haven't read; if so, you come and take 'em whenever you want 'em; come and get 'em whenever you've a mind. They've passed many a lonely hour away for me, especially before Harry came out to keep me company. It's a regular mixture; there are all sorts there; and I dare say you'll find something to amuse you. Harry's not much given to reading."

Lashmore laughed—the laugh of the man who is thoroughly happy. "No time," he said. "And I never was much of a hand at books. But Eva will be delighted to avail herself of your offer; she goes in for everything. You ought to hear her play, Mr. Coke," he added, his eyes dwelling with fond pride upon his beautiful bride.

Mr. Coke said nothing, but nodded thoughtfully; and some little time afterward she and Lashmore, returning from a long day's outing, found a piano in the corner of their sitting-room. Kittie exclaimed; then her eyes filled with tears, and she hid them on Lashmore's breast.

"Oh, Harry, how good of him! How good everybody is to me. I—I don't deserve it."

He laughed as he pressed her to him and shared in her delight.

"I told you he was one of the best, dearest," he said.

"So unselfish!" sobbed Kittie. "He might have had it up at the Great House, and I could have played when I was there."

"That isn't his way," said Lashmore. "He wanted you to have it for your very own. Go and play something, darling."

The three words that tell the whole story of a perfect cup of coffee, from plantation to breakfast table—
"SEAL BRAND" COFFEE.

In 1/2, 1 and 2 pound tins. Whole-ground-pulverized—also fine ground for Percolators. Never sold in bulk. 187
CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

She went to the piano, but stopped as suddenly, and the color rushed to her face. She had had lessons during some of her spasmodic schooling, and was born with the gift of music; but she had remembered that a Lyndhurst was certain to be a skilled pianist; Harry would discover the difference. She shook her head and turned it away from him.

"No, not now," she said. "It is so long since I played. I should like to practise a little first by myself."

He ascribed her refusal and agitation to the sudden shock of a memory of the past, and he said no more, but took her in his arms and kissed her. When he had gone the next morning she sat down to the piano and played, with only brief intervals, all day. Mr. Coke had thoughtfully ordered a pile of music to accompany the piano, and Kittie, who was a quick reader, practised some of the pieces. They invited Mr. Coke down that night, and she played for them after supper.

She was nervous at first—for she was conscious of her peril—but she was soon lost in the music. The two men were enthusiastic in their praise, and Lashmore was more proud of her than ever; and she breathed a long sigh of relief, for she saw that she had passed through the ordeal successfully.

Another one soon cropped up. One evening Lashmore brought a handsome horse to the door.

"Yours, dearest," he said, with boyish pleasure. "I've had my eye on her for some weeks past, but the fellow wouldn't sell. I've got her at last, though."

Kittie's face went pale. She was not afraid of the horse, but she had never been on one in her life, and she knew that he would discover her ignorance in a moment.

"I haven't a habit," she said, in a low voice.

"That doesn't matter, dearest," he said; "you can ride in a skirt. But I haven't a saddle and bridle for her yet; it will be here in a day or two. Meanwhile I am going to try her with a sack, to see if she's quiet and will carry a lady. I won't have you get on her until I'm quite sure she's safe."

"She looks quiet enough," said Kittie, as she leaned against Harry, and stroked the horse.

"Quiet as a lamb, I believe," he said, "and she seems to have taken a fancy to you. We'll take her into the stable; you get a feed of corn for her; get her used to you."

Kittie went for the corn and stood at the bin for a moment, her hand pressed tightly to her heart. She would have been spared her anguish and anxiety and dread if she had known that Lashmore had never seen Eva Lyndhurst on horseback; but she did not know this. She rose to grapple with this ordeal as she had done that of the piano. The mare proved quite quiet, and Kittie fed it with her own hands, and of course they grew fond of each other; so fond that Kittie carried out a resolution she had made, and one day, after Lashmore had gone to his work, she sent Polly up to the Great House on an errand; then she slipped an old bridle on the mare, led it out, mounted on a chair and rode the horse, bare-backed, on the grass beside the house.

It was a daring deed and characteristic of Kittie's pluck. She expected to come off, and after a while she did; but she was not hurt, and she mounted again. The mare was as careful of her as if it understood the whole business, and to her intense delight she found that she was presently able to retain her seat on the broad back, even when the horse was going at a trot, or a soft canter. She practised every day, and was filled with delight

Back to Nature

For common ills that flesh is heir to, old Mother Nature gives us the cure in her simple, healing herbs. When the Liver gets sluggish—when the Blood becomes laden with impurities—and that miserable dragged-out feeling comes over one—then it's time to go back to Nature for the remedy and take

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by the joy of the novel exercise. Without saying a word to Lashmore, she lengthened and altered a dark-blue serge walking-skirt into something like that of a habit; so that when Lashmore arrived one day with the saddle and bridle she was ready for him.

There was reason for the pride that shone in his eyes when she came out to the horses, for the effect of the lithe, graceful figure was accentuated by the riding-dress she had concocted; and, though she was a trifle pale, she seemed to radiate health and happiness. Lashmore looked at her, with his lips half apart, in speechless admiration. Amongst the books she had got from the Great House was a cheap little hand-book on riding; she had studied it carefully, and she was therefore not awkward and embarrassed when he lifted her to the saddle, and she knew how to hold the reins. There was something almost awe-inspiring and certainly dangerous in Kittie's quickness to acquire anything she wanted to know.

As they rode off side by side Lashmore watched her, then laughed with satisfaction.

"You're enjoying it, aren't you, dearest?" he said.

"Yes," she breathed; then she added falteringly: "I—I haven't ridden much lately."

"You'll be all right presently," he said easily; "you'll get into the old way of it. It's just as it was with the piano. You look well on horseback, Mrs. Lashmore." He nodded at her with a look in his eyes which a woman loves to see, which sets her heart beating, and draws her toward the man she loves by invisible threads. She wanted to say out loud, "Harry, I love you!" but though she did not say the words, her eyes spoke quite plainly enough.

He would not let her go far that day, in case she should be tired; but it was a heavenly ride. Love cast its glamour round them, the hoofs of the horses beat out soft music on the grassy way, the birds sang to them, the sun shone in benediction. After that day she accompanied him almost all days when he went on horseback; they saw the country as they could not have seen it any other way; she learned the details of his daily work, and took the deepest interest in them; the herds of cattle did not frighten her; no journey seemed too long or too rough. It would have been difficult for any one to have recognized in Harry Lashmore's wife the pinched and pale-faced girl who worked in the collar-factory and spent weary hours in registry-offices seeking employment.

Notwithstanding their hard work, and, so far as Lashmore was concerned, its roughness, their lives did not lack the element of refinement; for instance, though they did not put on evening dress, they changed their workaday clothes for supper. Harry smoked his pipe, while she played and sang or read to him. Sometimes they went up to the Great House and Mr. Coke came down to them; and it is scarcely necessary to say that he grew fond of Harry's beautiful and accomplished young wife.

No visitors had come to them, or were likely to come, unless some wayfarer chanced their way, and these three persons led self-contained lives and were bound up in each other. Lashmore never alluded to the past; it seemed as if the agreement they

had come to on their wedding-night was regarded by both of them as sacred; and Kittie, absorbed in her happiness, almost forgot the past. Remorse was dead in her; indeed, if it had arisen like a grim specter, she would have been able to lay it to rest with the reflection that her deceit had brought happiness to the man she loved as well as to herself. And her love for him grew day by day. He never left her but her heart sank; he never returned but it leapt in her bosom. She was lover as well as wife, just as he was lover as well as husband.

The weeks slid into months, and their happiness was without alloy. When the winter came it was but to intensify the comfort of their little home. She read a great deal, books of all kinds, and, with her retentive memory and acute intelligence, she sucked the pith out of all she read. Oddly enough, in Mr. Coke's odd collection there happened to be a book of etiquette. It was not so absurd as most of them, and Kittie grasped the salient points and stored them away in a pigeon-hole of that wonderful brain of hers.

Presently trouble came, as it always comes sooner or later. The mare, startled by a bird which rose suddenly from under her feet, shied with a terrific bound and threw Kittie. She was unconscious for a minute or two; but, fortunately, they were near home, and Lashmore hurried her to the cottage. He was half-beside himself with anxiety; Mr. Coke, almost as anxious and cut up, rode for the nearest doctor. He came and sentenced Kittie to bed for a fortnight. She was very ill during part of that time; and not only Lashmore, but Mr. Coke and Polly, went about as if they were sentenced to death, but might just hope for a reprieve.

Under ordinary circumstances the trouble might have been a serious one; but Kittie had not been living a life in the open, had not been feeding on joy and happiness for nothing. She passed the crisis and began to get well, and very soon Lashmore carried her down stairs and laid her on the sofa beside the fire. The accident had robbed them of a great hope; but they were young, and Lashmore counted the disappointment as nothing compared with the welfare of his beloved wife. He and Polly and Coke waited on her hand and foot, as if she were a goddess; and Kittie repaid them with a love and gratitude which beamed from her eyes, though her lips said very little.

One afternoon, when Lashmore was out stock-riding, she felt rather listless and bored, and she got up from the sofa and wandered about, as convalescents will. She thought she would tidy the bureau, and she unlocked it and looked at the confusion with a little dismay, for Harry was the most untidy of mortals; and the bureau, which he used exclusively, was crowded up with all sorts of articles—cartridges, account-books, and horse-medicines, seeds, tobacco, fishing-tackle. She set to work to arrange them, and felt somewhat amused by the task. Presently she came upon a gold match-box.

(To be Continued.)

Everyday Etiquette

"Should girls ask young men to call or should the men ask the girls?" asked Gwen.

"If a man shows a girl some attention, she may ask him to call and leave it to him to follow up the invitation by asking for a special night," was her mother's advice.

WHAT CAUSES YOUR DISTRESS

Impure blood is at the root of many ailments. When nature fails to do her proper work of elimination through the kidneys, the bladder, or the bowels, the blood stream is not purified. That is why

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FOR THE KIDNEYS

have been found the one reliable remedy for pains in the back and sides, swollen joints, urinary troubles, stone, gravel, constant headaches.

Gin Pills are daily relieving cases of Rheumatism, Sciatica and Lumbago.

Gin Pills restore the functions to regularity, the poisons are eliminated and health is restored.

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Fall and Winter Suitings and Overcoatings made in the MAUNDER Style.

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if we mentioned that we can have you properly cloaked so that you will not fuss about even the present weather. We have at present in stock a splendid assortment of

Ladies' Shower Coats and Raglans,

in the smartest styles and best quality cloths but still

At Prices that Defy any Competition.

We sincerely trust that this weather may not continue any longer, but still if it becomes fine this is the best chance to buy a good Shower Coat you are going to have for a long time, and you know that in this country you must always be prepared for the Rainy Day.

Henry Blair

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Thrifty mothers will find it to their advantage to see our New Stock of

Misses' and Children's One Piece Dresses.

Made of White Muslin and Colored Gingham, neatly trimmed and embroidered; sizes to fit from 2 to 14 years. Prices right. See them to-day.

William Frew.

Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A SIMPLE, SMART MODEL.

1921—Ladies' House Dress with Sleeve, in Wrist or Elbow Length. Serge, taffeta, gabardine, voile, linen, drill, gingham, chambray, seersucker and percale are all nice for this style of garment. The waist fronts show deep box plaits beneath pointed yoke sections. The sleeve may be finished with a band cuff in wrist length or with a turnback cuff in elbow length. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 1/4 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3 yards at the foot.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1906—A NEAT "COVER ALL" APRON

1306

Ladies' "Middy Apron" to be Slipped over the head, or closed at the Back.

Dotted percale, with trimming of white linene is here shown. This style is also nice for gingham, jean, chambray, lawn, saten, or alpaca. It is cut in kimono style, and low at the throat, where it may be finished with or without a collar, in sailor style. A generous pocket is added to the front, and the short loose sleeve is comfortable. The fulness at the waist may be free or held in place by a belt. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 5 yards of 36 inch material for a Medium size.

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MINARD'S LINIMENT BELIEVES NEURALGIA

War News

Messages Received

BRAZIL NEUTRAL
RIO JANEIRO
The Brazilian Government has proclaimed neutrality with respect to war between the United States and Germany.

IN MACEDONIA
LONDON
Severe fighting continues in Macedonia front, where the British took the offensive last week. The announcement reports the British effort to capture the British positions captured had been successful.

TURKISH LOSSES
LONDON
The Turkish losses during the fighting against the British in the Taurus mountains from April 13th to 23rd are estimated officially to-day to be 15,000. The announcement reports the British entrenching fifteen miles north of Mara, after their recent success in British in the fighting in the Taurus place.

NO SEPARATE PEACE
PETROGRAD, via London
It is evident from the latest Telegrams that the attitude of the democracy towards peace is misconstrued by the foreign press. The desire for peace has been widely spread and articulated as a revolution, but it is based on different conceptions from those entertained during the old days. New conceptions have developed with premature peace proposals as a matter of fact they have not taken any definite form, but are emanating from the spirit of the people which wishes to build up a new world for a durable world peace. The idea of a separate peace does not exist in the old regime.

FRENCH OFFICIAL STATEMENT
PARIS
During the night of the 29th military action occurred in the Toul, Metz, and in Troyes, Reims, and Craonne regions. The French continued their destructive operations against German organizations. Moronvilliers area several attempts against our small posts in Hurlbuis, towards Mount Cornillet and brette failed under our fire. Elsewhere, quiet night. The night enemy aeroplane several bombs in Dunkirk, Belfort, regions; no victims or insignificant damage. On the night of 28-29 our armoured planes executed several numerous projectiles being on Font Everger and stations, and on bivouacs Epoye.

THE SUBMARINE MESSAGE
LONDON
Replying to questions in the House to-day, Sir Edward Carson, First Lord of the Admiralty, said the number of German submarines had been increased, the shipping must be expected to be in proportion. As a matter of fact during April, he said, the loss of tonnage in the English Channel had less than in any of the previous three months. This was partly the increase of submarines in the area and partly as a result of increased number of patrol boats in the English Channel. Generally First Lord said, the losses were decreasing.

PRISONERS AND GUNS CAPTURED
LONDON
The capture of some prisoners and machine guns in minor operations reported in the official statement.

HITLER

GEE GUS—THE LIFE BECAUSE I STAYED OUT LATE LAST NIGHT ME OUT IN SOMETHING GET IN SOMETHING