

GILLETT'S LYE. FOR MAKING SOAP, SOFTENING WATER, CLEANING AND DISINFECTING SINKS, CLOSETS, DRAINS, AND FOR MANY OTHER PURPOSES.

Plot That Failed; Love That Would Not Be Denied.

CHAPTER XXXI. "Don't move, please," said Mr. Dockett to the company in general...

"You cannot believe this—this idiot!" he exclaimed. "Silence!" said Mr. Dockett. "I put a question to you, Captain Murpoint. Will you give in, and make a clear confession of all, or shall I carry the matter through? For, mark me, this young lady shall know all, whether I tell her or you do!"

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and throwing over the cliff at Penruddle! The captain rose, white and desperate. "You cannot prove it!" he said. "Where is your witness?"

"Here," said Mr. Dockett, and he beckoned toward the recess. Out stepped Job, very pale, but very determined. "I am a witness, captain," he said. "I see you in the master's room, and I see you going up the cliffs. It's all over, captain. For Jamie Sanderson found the knife—your knife—and this gentleman has got it clear and straight."

"It's a false, vile concocted plot!" hissed the captain. "James Starling died by the hand of Leicester Dodson! I saw him do it! If he didn't do the murder, where is he? Why doesn't he come back like a man and prove his innocence? Not he! He's snug away somewhere, and he doesn't come back!"

"He does, and he is here!" said a voice, and the curtain was swept away by a strong hand—Leicester's own—as he stepped into the room and caught Violet in his arms. "Leicester!" she cried, with a voice, whose tones baffle all description. "Leicester! I have been asleep—dreaming. Oh, horrible dreams! Wake me, Leicester, my darling, wake me!"

"There was a rush and confusion as she fainted. The door opened, and Ethel and Bertie came in. Then there was such a handshaking and kissing, and such terrible excitement, that for the moment the cause of all the terrible crimes and trouble was forgotten.

He saw the moment, and slipped something small and composed of glass from his pocket. Scarcely had he done so when Mr. Dockett and Mr. Giles had seized his arms.

He struggled for a moment, then, as the group round Leicester and Violet, sobbing and crying and laughing and talking, turned to confront him, he suddenly stood still, and the old daring smile flitted across his livid face.

"You are mad, all of you!" he said. "You think because your idiot is back and the secret is out that you have done for me forever. But you are wrong. I know something of law. I am rich, and I will set you at defiance. You talk of robberies, of smuggling, of forgery, of murder! Bah! where is the motive for it all? Convict me of forgery upon the evidence of one man? You cannot! Convict me of murder upon such evidence as you hold? Impossible! I laugh at you! I am Captain Howard Murpoint, a respectable officer in her majesty's service! Why should I kill my servant, James Starling? Beware! Lay me by the heels, and I can and will give evidence sufficient strong to hang that idiot!"

And he pointed to Leicester, from whom all sense but that of gratitude for the possession of his darling seemed to have passed. "I can hang him, and I will, for I dare you to show why I should murder my servant, James Starling!" At that moment the door opened and a short, little man in a coater-monger's cap entered. It was Stumpy. Very quickly he pushed his way through the throng until he was close beside the captain, then he grasped his arm suddenly, and, ripping up the



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White crepe de chine gowns are enriched with little embroidered bodices in color. There is no doubt about the note of black running strongly through the spring fashions.

Little girls are wearing extremely short empire waists, sleeveless effects and flaring skirts. The ermine dress is a fact, and it is made with gathered sections, forming the skirt.

Some of the straw in the new hats shows three colors. Red, yellow and black are often used. Coats and suit jackets are modeled right on the lines of the real ones worn by the soldiers.

In tailored millinery, hats high at one side and made higher still by quills, are favorites. Cases for women are coming. Soon it will not shock one to see them carried on the street.

Top-coats ripple at the bottom and are in medium and short effects with narrow shoulders. New taffeta silk blouses, made of silk very much like the "pussy willow" taffeta, will wash.

Among the tailored suits are soft checks; rose, gray and brown; made with belted coats and pleated skirts. White petticoats are again to have their place, and there is a rumor that they will even have starch in them.

Aubrey's Revenge.

CHAPTER III. How many times since that change-ful April day had Kelpie lived this one little romance of her life over again?

It was mid-winter now; the spring blossoms had faded, the summer was gone, and the gray old tower was shrouded in icy mist. How the wild winds shrieked and howled down below, and the voice of the sea came up to her like the moaning of a human soul in dire distress.

She sat in the watch room, her hands clasped together, watching the great, glittering lenses sending a golden track across the storm-tossed sea, wondering within herself, as she had wondered scores of times before, if, when the wild, cold winter was over and the summertime came back, the hero of her little romance would make good his promise and return to New Castle Light?

Down below, leaning on the railings of the parapet and listening to the mysterious voices coming up from the black depths below, Tom Holland was thinking of the same thing—not with longing hope, however, but in the bitterness of despair and jealous pain.

"When the winter's over, and the summer is here again, will he come back and win her from me forever? Ah!" he asked himself, with a bitter sigh, "why didn't I let him go down that night? Why did I save him from death?"

A great sea broke against the tower at this instant, sending a shower of spray high overhead, and a wild gust took it up, whirling it hither and thither like a storm of snowflakes. Then came a fluttering sound, and the beat of innumerable wings against the sides of the lantern, and, as Tom looked upward, and listened to the piteous cries and twitterings of the bewildered birds, beating out their lives in a blind attempt to reach the light, something fell with a thud at his feet. He stooped mechanically, and picked it up.

It was a white sea bird, and as it shrieked and fluttered in his grasp, the glitter of a chain, half hidden under its silver-white feathers, caught his eyes.

When he examined the strange mystery he saw that the chain was fastened by means of a clasp, from which a thin, flat locket was suspended.

It was a strange thing to happen, but Tom divined its meaning by a sort of intuition, and his strong hands trembled like a woman's as he unclasped the chain and disengaged it from the bird's neck. He had scarcely done this when there was a stealthy step behind him, and a heavy hand grasped his arm.

The dead bird fell from his hand, and, slipping the chain in his pocket, he wheeled around, to find himself face to face with Tulliver.

"Well, Tulliver, what do you want?" "The assistant's eyes gleamed, and an ugly smile revealed his strong white teeth, as he answered: "You're in my way to-night, and I'm going to put you out of it, that's all!" "The fellow's gone daft," thought Tom; but he demanded, in the same breath: "What do you mean, Tulliver?" "You'll soon see!"

Tulliver uttered the words in a sort of hissing whisper, and almost before they had left his lips he sprang upon his unsuspecting companion with the fury of a wild beast. "You're in my way," he panted; "so I'm going to throw you into the sea, then there won't be a soul in the tower but us two."

The horrible suggestion deprived poor Tom of breath for an instant, and in such emergencies every breath of time counts. (To be Continued.)

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1226.—A SIMPLE, BECOMING AND ATTRACTIVE MODEL.



Ladies' Waist with or without Rolled Collar, and with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

This model may be worn over a separate gumpie, if collar is omitted, or, for high neck a chemise could be added. As here shown striped taffeta in blue tones, with white pique for collar and cuffs, was used. Georgette crepe, white satin, or crepe de chine, are all fashionable materials for this style. It is equally effective in voile, linen, madras, cashmere, flannel or ratine. The sleeve with deep cuff is new and smart but the short length is equally popular. The pattern is cut in 8 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 40 inch material for a 36 inch size.

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1220.—A Dainty Lounging Sack or Neglige.



Ladies' Dressing Sack.

This pretty style was made of white lawn figured in pink. The edges were bound with pink wash ribbon, and the closing affected at the side. A fancy button ornamented the front. The style is unique, simple, and the model will make a comfortable sack, easy of adjustment and becoming. It could be developed in any pretty shade of French or Scotch hannel, or in pretty novelty crepes. Embroidered scalloping or feather stitching would be a pretty finish. The sleeves may be in either length illustrated. The pattern is cut in three sizes: Small, Medium, and Large. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for a Medium size.

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Per S.S. "Lephano."

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Henry Blair

The Men of Roumania

are very fond of dress, and they have a popular saying which runs, "the stomach has no mirror." Its meaning is that rather than be shabby a Roumanian should go hungry. The peasant costume of Roumania is very artistic, every village having its own set of colors. By the hue of his dress a peasant shows the locality he hails from. The Roumanian is most particular regarding his personal appearance, like thousands of people who patronize our Dry Cleaning establishment.

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Holy Name Sunday

AT ST. BRIDE'S, P. R. Sunday, the 21st February, was a most imposing spectacle in the church practically, not every man, young and old, but men and girls, received Holy Communion. Of course this is not unusual for since our present parish came to us, our very dear Fr. O'Callaghan, it is a daily witness large numbers at Holy Communion. But last Sunday was more remarkable because of the assistance and charm which our parish church lent to the mission scene. Assuredly do we owe a debt of gratitude to our good priest. Father O'Callaghan formed workers since coming. Our church hitherto unpainted is now uncommonly beautiful and richly decorated and adorned by Mr. Duffy was revered priest has brought Fr. John's, and Mr. Duffy is an excellent. Not only the interior of the exterior has been attended to, but two towers have been added, a charm, hitherto absent from the church. We are all exceedingly proud of our church now and of the house which, too, has had the thought of good Fr. O'Callaghan lavished upon it, and no finer residence, we venture to say, is found in Newfoundland.

We are proud of our parish priest who, every day, is instructing us in the truths of our religion, and who is always at call immediately, and who, as most forcibly impresses us with powerful and eloquent sermons, was it said when he left St. John's, that "St. John's loss was a great gain." May God leave him long to labour for us and comfort our souls. To see the men, young and old, flock around him and giving his time and labour day after day, cage and anxious to be at his side, we are now getting ready to build a beautiful new school hall and to beautify the ground around the church and prosper the site of the new hall and church. We often heard of Fr. O'Callaghan's phenomenal success in St. John's everything he undertook, and as a sign to St. John's people his and his were very numerous, but the best with success. How he has the membership of Societies in the Holy Name at the Cathedral adding upwards of one hundred members in the one year during we learn he was Chaplain, and he closed the saloons at St. John's and a multitude of other good things. But we question very much, as much as he did in his own mind and fearlessness, accomplished in St. John's, than he has done in this parish in one year. How, how no rum or other intoxicating beverages, no beer shops. The same have just over one year it was not so. The whole atmosphere with the absence of the above mentioned abominations entirely changed. Daily masses largely attended—result—more intelligent, happier people. May God bless and spare us a good king priest to us is this old, old and young, and this is but a weak outpouring of what we feel for our highly esteemed priest. A PARISH PASTOR. March 4th, 1915.

YOUR BOY AND GIRL

Encourage a boy to have his clothes. He will be none the less for being "a bit of a dandy." If he is not allowed to be extravagant, a little legitimate pride in his cut of his clothes, and his collar, will produce a tidy, disinclining slovenly ways, with a ledge of what to wear and wear it. It is believed that every year's is imprinted upon our mind. This is the case, how important to plant the brain of a little child good sensible ideas, that will stand in due course bear good fruit. There are smart belts in style; they may be made of leather and white calf or of cloth with white leather.

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