

H.P. SAUCE

is made in England and enjoyed all over the world.

The delicious flavour of H.P. Sauce is obtained not from one fruit, but many of the choicest Oriental fruits and spices perfectly blended—that's the secret—no one flavour predominates.

That's why connoisseurs prefer H.P.—in fact, they always use it—DO YOU?

Tale of Mystery

CHAPTER XV.
DESSIE'S RESOLVE.
(Continued.)

She was a brave, staunch little soul, but as she sat looking out upon the country through which the train rushed, she felt woefully forlorn, and weak and miserable. As the distance between her and London increased so her sense of depression increased; and as the train was steaming under the series of short tunnels that cover the line close to the terminus, the thought occurred to her that in all the millions of hearts in the big city none was more gloomy and heavy laden than her own.

"I suppose I shall get over it in time," she thought. "They say that people get used even to penal servitude or to some long lingering, wasting illness; but to-day I can't feel that it's possible I shall ever shake off the awful weight that seems trying to drag me down, and to think it could never happen if it had not been for that chance exchange of bags that day at Birmingham. What fools we are to think anything can be a trial!"

When the train drew up in the station she jumped out quickly and walked at a brisk pace along the platform; but she had barely left the carriage when she met the Count de Montalt, who raised his hat, and greeted her with his usual overdone politeness.

"It was thoughtful of you to let me know that you would arrive by this train, Miss Merriam. The moment Mrs. Markham showed me the telegram, despatched from Grantham, I

SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED

This Woman Had to Insist Strongly, but It Paid

Chicago, Ill.—"I suffered from a female weakness and stomach trouble, and I went to the store to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, but the clerk did not want to let me have it—he said it was no good and wanted me to try something else, but knowing all about it I insisted and finally got it, and I am so glad I did, for it has cured me.

"I know of so many cases where women have been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I can say to every suffering woman if that medicine does not help her, there is nothing that will."—Mrs. JANETZKI, 2963 Arch St., Chicago, Ill.

This is the age of substitution, and women who want a cure should insist upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound just as this woman did, and not accept something else on which the druggist can make a little more profit.

Women who are passing through this critical period or who are suffering from any of those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of the fact that for thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills. In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

g guessed that you were en route, and a single reference showed me the time of your arrival. You knew, of course, that I should be anxious as to the result of your visit to your sister at Middlebridge, and I presumed you wished to let me know it at the earliest moment. I thank you for your consideration. I always appreciate little attentions of the kind, and am grateful. Well?"

"It was easy to see that he was hiding some anxiety under this assumption of lightness. You know perfectly well of course, that what you are saying has not the slightest shadow of foundation; and that the last thing in the world which I could desire is that you should be here to meet me, and give me a single unnecessary minute of your presence."

He twisted his moustache, and thrust one end of it between his teeth, keeping his eyes fixed on her closely as she spoke. He seemed to be balancing every word, and indeed attempting to interpret every tone of her voice.

"Well, I am here, at any rate," he said, conveying by his manner a suggestion that while he was naturally anxious to hear what she might have to tell him, he was still dangerous and to be feared.

"I am going first to my rooms; I think you know where they are," said Dessie, pausing and looking at him.

"I have been under the necessity of calling there for you in your absence," he replied, guessing instantly that she and Landale had met, and that she knew of his visit. "Though I did not see you yourself, it was not altogether a useless call," he added.

"I know now what you stole," answered Dessie.

"Do you think I am a thief?" he cried, as if indignantly. He stopped and looked at her with an expression of angry protest. They had left the station now and were in the Euston Road.

"I do not think it; I know it," answered Dessie, quietly.

"Ah, that is too much. We will test this now, if you please. There is a policeman. If I am a thief you shall give me in charge at once. Here, constable," he called to the policeman, who came up leisurely and suspiciously. "This lady has been robbed, and she wishes to give the thief in charge. Now, you can do what you think best," and he looked at her, as if daring her to give him in custody.

"I have no charge to make. I do not want you," said Dessie, sharply, to the policeman, and walked away at a quick pace, the Count at her side, while the constable looked after them puzzled for a moment, his perplexity evaporating in a smile, as he scanned them very shrewdly and then resumed his beat, mentally catalogued them as a "couple of rum 'uns," turning now and then to look after them, till they crossed the Euston Road and were lost in the distance.

"I understand all now," said the Count, quietly. "And I congratulate you on your excellent common sense. You have found out now that when I say a thing I mean it, and that what I threaten, I can perform." He was confident and sanguine again now. The little incident had shown him that Dessie did not mean to set him at defiance, and thus interfere with his plans; and with that all his anxiety vanished.

He had still a point to make, as he meant to drive home the conviction into her mind that her only safe course was absolute alliance and secrecy. He would accept no other terms.

They walked some distance without exchanging a word, but when they were crossing one of the Squares near to her rooms in Bloomsbury the Count said:

"I have no wish to trespass any longer than is necessary, Miss Merriam; and, indeed, I am overdue in South Kensington. If you will take one turn round this Square, I can say all I wish to say."

"We had better go on to my rooms," answered Dessie, curtly. "They are close here, as you know. We can then speak without interruption, and I have probably more to say to you than you to me."

"As you will," he assented, airily; and they finished the walk without another word.

As they entered, the housekeeper came to tell Dessie that Tom Chertton had called more than once the day before, and again that morning. Then she recognized the Count, and he saluted her gaily with a laugh.

"More successful this time, you see," he said. "Not got to wait a long time to-day without seeing Miss Merriam; and the woman curled in remembrance of his two shilling tip—'Save you the trouble of your asking her to identify me,' he added, lightly, to Dessie, as they went up the staircase. "And that was, of course, one of your reasons for bringing me here." Dessie made no answer. His impudent audacity appeared to baffled her. Then he threw himself into a chair, and looking round, said:

"There's not much out of order, you will find. I'm sorry I couldn't manage to shut the safe again. That's the only thing; but if you'll get it done and send me the little bill, it'll be only too pleased to settle it. It's been a splendid investment."

"You need not boast about having come to the place like the thief you are—"

"Stay, Miss Merriam, please," he cried, in an altered tone. "Don't make this business harder than it need be by this kind of insult. Timpresses, and we have more to do than lose our tempers. In the first place listen to me, for now I am in debt, earnest"—his manner was in thorough keeping with his words. "I know perfectly well your errand to the north. I know what you have found out there—because I know the truth I know the alternative course you have to decide; and I can see how you have decided. You have resolved to hold your tongue; and a very wise decision, too. If you want to save your sister's neck and your own identity and history and false name from being the public property of every reader of every half-penny sensation rag in the country. You've fought the game well, and you're a plucky girl, but all the pluck in the world can't fight down the odds against you. You know my terms—secrecy for secrecy, with restoration of the Robilkund rubles. But mark you, not a sign or sound or syllable of what you know to any living soul. And mark this—least of all Mr. Chertton. I know you will be tempted to tell him. But

"Dear Sir,—

I have received your medicine, I take great pleasure in recommending it to all concerned. Your Gum Salve is worth its weight in gold. Recently I burnt myself badly with grease catching fire, which caused most excruciating pain. Only one application of your Gum Salve was necessary to render immediate relief. Trusting that someone may read this and give your Gum Salve a test, as I did, and wishing you every success.

Respectfully yours,
F. F. TAYLOR,
Station Operator, Macoun, Sask.

Available by all Druggists or Dealers at 25c. Note: If your Druggist or Dealer cannot supply you send 25c. (in stamps) to us direct.

OVIL MANFG. COY.
30, John's, Nfld.,
St. Montreal, Can.

HOW OFTEN ACCIDENTS HAPPEN AND NO RELIEF IS AT HAND!

As a remedy for this state of affairs, every family should always keep ready for use a box of Dr. Bovell's Herb and Gum Salve, Nature's Healer for Burns, Cuts, Scalds, Chapped Hands, Pimples, Piles, Corns, Sores, etc. Read the following case.

"I have received your medicine, I take great pleasure in recommending it to all concerned. Your Gum Salve is worth its weight in gold. Recently I burnt myself badly with grease catching fire, which caused most excruciating pain. Only one application of your Gum Salve was necessary to render immediate relief. Trusting that someone may read this and give your Gum Salve a test, as I did, and wishing you every success.

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breathe a word to him, and I swear by the devil that the very moment I hear of it I will tell the police where to lay hands on the notorious Red Deliah. You know what will follow. This is no child's-play. Now what do you say?"

He read in her face all that it meant to her; but he read also that she was sure to win, and that she dared not refuse. He waited, therefore, without impatience, while she fought for enough self-command to reply.

"On certain conditions," she said steadily, though her voice was low. "I will hold my tongue; but only on conditions."

"And give up the jewels to me?" "And give up the jewels to you."

"Do then, and you will find me grateful." He stopped as his quick ear caught the sound of footsteps on the staircase, and with a rapid instinct of self-preservation, he added with passionate concentration—"But remember, not a word or hint to a soul as you value your sister's life."

The words were scarcely out of his lips when a hurried knock was struck on the door panel, the handle was turned quickly, and Tom Chertton burst in excitedly.

"I heard from the housekeeper you were back, Dessie, but not that the gentleman was with you." He stopped midway in a rush to take the girl in his arms, and looking angrily at the Count, he asked—"What business have you here?"

A hot answer rose to the Count's lips, but he pressed it back, recognising the folly of pushing Dessie too far at such a moment.

"The merest accident," he answered courteously. "I was charged with a message to Miss Merriam from her friend, Mrs. Markham, and was so fortunate as to find her. I had delivered it, and was on the point of going when you arrived. Miss Merriam, wish you good afternoon. You will not forget?" He shot one glance at Dessie, and she turned.

Tom Chertton held the door open and stared fixedly and insultingly at the Count as he went out, and continued to look for a few moments as he went down the stairs. Then he shut the door with a loud vicious slam.

"I hate that fellow, Dessie," he said angrily. "And I swear I'd give five pounds to have helped him down the first flight with a kick. What did I want here, polluting the place? An idea did he mean about telling you not to forget, and warning you with look like that, eh? Why, girlie, you look ill and miserable. What on earth's the matter?" he asked, in a caressing tone, and went to take her in his arms. But she shrank from him, and put on her hands to keep him off, saying:

"No, Tom. You must not come near me, and when he looked at her in the deepest astonishment she threw up her hands, and with a heavy sigh, cried: "I am the most miserable girl in the world, and all is over between us!"

To be continued.

Goetz and Hackenschmidt.
Chicago, Ills., May 10. — Frank Goetz, world's champion wrestler, last night announced that he would sign articles to-day for a championship match with Geo. Hackenschmidt, the "Russian Lion," to be decided in the Chicago-American League baseball park on September 24. Goetz will receive \$21,000 for his share of the purse, win or lose.

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Commission 2 1/2 per cent. to 5 per cent. Trade Discounts allowed. Special Quotations on Demand. Sample Cases from £10 upwards. Commitments of Produce Sold on Account (Established 1814.)

WILLIAM WILSON & SON
25, Abchurch Lane, London, E. C. Cable Address: "ANNUARY LONDON"

The Evening Chit-Chat

By RUTH CAMERON



Will you please write and tell me whether it is customary to acknowledge Valentine postcards? I do not know, and I am so anxious to do the courteous thing.

So a young person wrote to me a few weeks ago. I answered her to the best of my ability, but I confess I could not help smiling at that last sentence. You see it didn't seem possible to me that any one who was really "so anxious to do the courteous thing" could have written asking a favor without enclosing a stamp, to say nothing of a self-addressed stamped envelope.

She has many brothers and sisters in this lack of courtesy. Almost daily some epistle comes to me asking for help or information or advice, and omitting to do the decent thing by supplying me with the vehicle in which to send what is wanted.

It seems to me rather like going over to borrow something of a neighbor, and not only expecting her to supply the molasses and milk, but nonchalantly announcing that a you didn't see fit to bring a cup and that she will have to supply that, too.

Only in the case of a stamp, is it a gift, not a loan, that's asked.

Yes, I know two cents is a very little matter. But a hundred two cents is more, and a thousand two cents means a good deal to most of us.

Incidentally you might be interested to know that I do not supply the stamps, so that my protest is quite an impersonal one.

And now, while I'm talking to my correspondents, I might as well say one or two things which have been on my mind for some time.

I wish you people who write and ask me questions, the answer to which could only be of very limited interest, would sign your names, thus giving me a chance to answer you by private letter, instead of expecting the answer in the column. You see my column is my open letter to many thousands of people, and I do not feel that I ought to take up the space with matters that will only interest one person, or at best, a very few people.

Please do not be afraid to sign your names, whatever you write. I have never published a name, and I never will without the owner's express permission.

I cannot close any talk with my letter friends and acquaintances without once more expressing my thanks to the dear old folks who have sent me words of appreciation and cheer and constructive criticism.

Dear friends, do you know my heart just aches with happiness sometimes to think there are such kind people in the world, and that fate should have brought me in touch with them, when I so little deserve that wonderful good fortune.

That you should think such kind things to yourselves would be sweet enough of you, but that you should actually take the time and make the effort to put them on paper and send them to me—it is wonderful.

I often say from the bottom of my heart, "God bless you and prosper you as you deserve." May others gladden your lives with the word of appreciation and encouragement spoke at the right moment, as you have mine.

Ruth Cameron

The Fountain Head of Life Is The Stomach

A man who has a weak and impaired stomach and who does not properly digest his food will soon find that his blood has become weak and impoverished, and that his whole body is improperly and insufficiently nourished.

Dr. PIERRE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY makes the stomach strong, promotes the flow of digestive juices, restores the lost appetite, makes assimilation perfect, invigorates the liver and purifies and enriches the blood. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder and restorative nerve tonic. It makes men strong in body, active in mind and cool in judgement.

This "Discovery" is a pure, glyceric extract of American medicinal roots, absolutely free from alcohol and all injurious, habit-forming drugs. All its ingredients are printed on its wrappers. It has no relationship with secret nostrums. Its every ingredient is endorsed by the leaders in all the schools of medicine. Don't accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this time-proven remedy of known composition. Ask your neighbors. They must know of many cures made by it during past 40 years, right in your own neighborhood.

World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. K. V. Pierce, Pres., Buffalo, N. Y.

Household Notes.

A laundress says that one cannot be too particular to rinse the soap out of a garment in the washing, for it is the soap that causes the bluing to appear here and there in the garment.

A little melted paraffin wax poured round the corks of home-made pickle jars will prevent air from entering between the cork and the glass and keep catsup and chutneys fresh and free from mould.

Put a good-sized lump of salt into a cup of vinegar and put it into a vessel that is discolored and let it stand for half a day. Wash well with hot water and soap and the sediment will come off easily.

In making a skirt every seam should be pressed twice. As soon as the seams are sewed they should be pressed. They should be pressed again after being finished with the so-called tailor stitching.

An economical housewife has discovered that if lemons are heated by being plunged into hot water before squeezing the amount of juice obtained is surprisingly increased. The same is true of oranges.

When making collars for thin waists you will find that they will fit much better if a perfectly fitting collar of paper is sewed on the waist; first and the strips of lace and insertion are based on it.

If the wash goods are scorched soak at once in the lukewarm water. Sprinkle with salt and lemon juice as it dries. When the stain disappears wash thoroughly in cold water.

When sewing lace at the top of the collar so that the stitches will come on the right side, drawing the thread moderately tight. This will make the lace stand up neatly around the neck.

"I have coughed and coughed until my lungs are sore and weak." Go at once to your doctor. Do not delay another hour. Ask him all about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Then take it or not, as he says.

"Standard" Bread

made from Standard Flour is a meal in itself! White Bread is not.

ELLIS & Co. Limited,
203 Water-st.,

Just received the first consignment of the

Celebrated STANDARD FLOUR.

What is STANDARD BREAD? STANDARD BREAD is the old farm-house loaf, made by milling good, sound, sweet dry wheat, and taking out of the Flour the coarser bran.

STANDARD BREAD is not a patent food, or a patent bread. It is just good sound BREAD, and it is called "STANDARD" by everyone, because it agrees with a standard fixed by eminent medical men in the "Daily Mail" on January 26th, 1911, and since widely republished by the newspapers of the world.

Since the doctors first published their Manifesto, STANDARD BREAD has been welcomed everywhere. For years it has been supplied to the King and Queen at Windsor Castle, and at Buckingham Palace. It is eaten by rich and poor, by young and old, by healthy people and sick people.

STANDARD BREAD has been used for years at many of the great hospitals for Consumption.

STANDARD BREAD made from STANDARD FLOUR has been completely summed up by a Harley Street Surgeon in this statement:—

"The short stature, the pale face, the weak chest, and the general degeneracy of the present generation, are greatly due to the WHITE bread diet."

STANDARD BREAD made from STANDARD FLOUR is all right.

Doctors and learned scientists have declared with one certain voice for the plain, unadorned product of the WHEAT BERRY.

The trouble started when a man commenced to "Paint the Lily" to improve on nature.

STANDARD FLOUR contains 80 per cent. of the WHOLE WHEAT, including the germ and semolina.

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203 Water St.

New Milk BUTTER!

1 lb. Blocks Creamery.
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Best Choice Quality.
Send Order to
JAS. R. KNIGHT,
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You know how white and is the clean. Best fresh this in tin or two.

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