

RAMSAY'S
THE RIGHT PAINT TO PAINT RIGHT.
BEST for WEAR and WEATHER

This is the Paint you need for indoors and out. The guaranteed Ramsay Quality, that makes the house bright and cheerful. There's a Ramsay dealer waiting to serve you.

ESTABLISHED 1862
A. RAMSAY & SON COMPANY
MONTREAL TORONTO VANCOUVER
Makers of Paints & Varnishes since 1842



**IN THE TOILS;
But Happiness
Comes at Last.**

CHAPTER XL.
TRUTH WILL OUT.

She rose, and staggering, held the back of the chair, and looked down at him.

He started to his feet, and would have approached her, but she forced him back, smote him to stone by a gesture and a look of scorn.

"Do not come near me—do not touch me!" she breathed. "I—I know you now! You love me! You do not know what the word means. Keep back! I know you, you traitor! I know you now for what you are, and—I hate you!"

He started as if he had struck him. "I hate and loathe you!" she cried passionately. This is the friendship which you offered me! You have caught me in the toils—you have plotted and schemed to betray me! You offer me your love—love!—in place of ruin. I make my choice. Rather than fall into your clutches, Hastley Derrick, I would resign myself to the tender mercies of the creature whom you have made your tool!"

She paused, panting and breathless. Breathless and trembling, he stood before her.

"Be careful!" he said hoarsely. "You have your choice—choose between us. Choose between shame, disclosure, ruin, and my protection. Remember, you are Stephen Rawdon's wife, not Lord Heatherdene's."

The name seemed to madden her; she looked round wildly.

"Where am I?" she cried. "Help me! Charlie! Charlie!"

Hastley Derrick laughed sardonically; but suddenly the laugh died away. The curtain was dashed back, and Lord Heatherdene stood within the room.

With a cry, Olive sprang forward and knelt at his feet, clasping his arm. But for that movement, his hand would have fallen on the taunting lips of the tempter.

Hastley Derrick shrank back with an oath, then, quickly recovering himself, laid his hand on the back of the chair—the chair against which his victim had reclined so helplessly, and smiled sarcastically.

"You here!" he said, with a sneer. "Lord Heatherdene controlled himself."

"I am here," he said hoarsely.

Hastley Derrick shrugged his shoulders.

"I am sorry for you," he said.

Charlie's eye gleamed.

"I am sorry for you," he said between his teeth. "Derrick, you are a villain."

Hastley Derrick shrugged his shoulders.

"A villain," said Charlie; "a mean,

pitiful scoundrel. You shall answer for this."

Hastley Derrick smiled, and the white scar shone out without disguise.

"When and where you will," he said. "Though," and a mocking sneer distorted his face. "I don't know by what right you demand satisfaction. If on the lady's account, I fancy there is one who has stronger claims than either of us."

He paused, for Charlie had bent down and raised the drooping form to his breast.

"One whose claim cannot be denied or resisted. Before we proceed to hostilities, let us hand the lady over to the protection of—her husband!"

Lord Heatherdene trembled and clutched Olive convulsively, looking straight before him as if he were stunned.

"Her husband!"

Hastley Derrick, with his thin lips tightly set, smiled malignantly.

"I am sorry for you, Heatherdene; I pity you with all my heart. It was no work of mine that you should suffer this disgrace and shame. I tried to ward it off. If—if," he said mockingly—"if you had not been so unfortunate as to play the spy and snavedropper, the thing might have blown over. We could have got away quietly, and the fiasco could have been kroken a little more gently; but—you spoiled my charitable scheme, and brought about your own punishment."

The man he was torturing looked at him with hard, set eyes.

"Are you mad?" he said hoarsely. "or am I? Do you think that you can impose upon me as easily as you have deceived a helpless woman by your play-acting? Derrick, you are a miserable villain at the best, to trust to an accomplice and a forged certificate. Thank God, I can punish you, forger!"

"Hard words," sneered Hastley Derrick. "I can afford to overlook them. Forgery is not in my line. There is the certificate!" and he threw it on the table.

"You can use it in evidence when you prosecute me, if you like. I fancy you will find it only too genuine."

The malicious triumph in the tone of the assertion was only too palpable an evidence of its truth.

Lord Heatherdene's gaze dropped to the prostrate head against his heart, and his lips trembled. In an instant he forgot the false, treacherous fiend—forgot everything and every one else in the world but the woman whom he had loved and trusted; the woman whom he had cherished as his wife, but who was now to be severed from him; to be divided from him forever by a gulf of shame and misery which nothing in the world could bridge. Unconsciously, his hand rested tremblingly on her head.

"Adrienne," he said, utterly indifferent who heard him. "Is this true?"

She did not answer, but her white hands clung to him with a tighter clasp.

"Is it true?" he repeated brokenly.

"Are we not man and wife? Oh, heavens, I cannot believe it!"

Hastley Derrick smiled, and his thin fingers laced and interlaced convulsively.

"It is not a fair question," he said. "Do you wish her to incriminate herself. There is some one here who can answer with greater certainty. Have him face to face and ask your question."

He looked up.

"Rawdon!"

The bent, emaciated figure of Stephen Rawdon came slowly between the curtains. He stood, looking round shrankingly, with bloodshot eyes, that at last fixed themselves on Hastley Derrick. Heatherdene started, and shrank back as he might have done at the entrance of some noxious reptile; but Olive's eyes were fixed on the haggard face as if fascinated.

"Rawdon, our little benevolent plot for getting 'Lady Heatherdene' out of the way quietly has been spoiled. This gentleman is Lord Heatherdene. He wishes to know if that lady is your wife. I need not remind you that the arm of the law is long enough to reach and punish any attempt at imposition, and that a false statement will enable his lordship to lay you by the heels. Now, then, let us have the truth—the certificate—is it genuine or a forgery?"

Stephen Rawdon cleared his throat, and with the same fixed gaze, replied huskily:

"It is genuine."

Hastley Derrick looked across the room with a smile.

"And that lady is, then, your wife?"

Stephen Rawdon nodded slowly.

"Yes, she is my wife."

Heatherdene did not utter a sound, but with a convulsive shudder, he upwound Olive's arm from about his neck. She clung so tightly that he had to use force—gentle, but still force—and the movement seemed to recall Olive's senses. With a mean she raised her head, and looked with a stare of horror at the two men confronting her, then slid, as she had done before, to Lord Heatherdene's feet.

"She is your wife," said Hastley Derrick, with slow malignancy. "I know Lord Heatherdene too well to think for a moment that he would wish to rob another man of his dearest possession. My brougham is at the door; it is at your—and Mrs. Rawdon's service—" he looked significantly and commandingly at the prostrate figure, and Stephen Rawdon, not daring to disobey his master, made a step forward.

Lord Heatherdene's face worked, and his hands clenched ominously.

"Take care," he said hoarsely; "let her be whom she may; this—this lady—is under my protection."

Stephen Rawdon hesitated.

Hastley Derrick leaned forward.

"The man claims his wife," he said.

"Who is there to say he shall not have her? Not you, is it? Who else?"

"I," said a low voice.

(To be Continued.)

A Terrible Disclosure;
OR,
What Fools Men Are!

CHAPTER I.
WEALTH FOR LOVE.

AS Lord Edgar followed Clifford Revel up the staircase of Lady Debenham's mansion, in Grosvenor Square, he felt an intense distaste for the scene of gayety upon which he was entering, and only his promise to Clifford Revel kept him from turning back and going home to solitary brooding. He looked haggard and unhappy, and completely pre-occupied, so much so that those whom he passed looked after him with visible curiosity and surprise.

Clifford Revel, on the contrary, notwithstanding that he had been the cause of the trouble, looked as calm and self-possessed as if he did not know the meaning of an anonymous letter. Lady Debenham, who was a good-natured countess—or Clifford Revel would not have ventured to bring Lord Edgar without an invitation—welcomed the latter most amiably.

"I am very glad to see you, Lord Fane," she said, giving him her hand with a smile.

Lord Edgar murmured something in response, and made his way, with more or less squeezing, into the room.

H.P. SAUCE

has a flavour, a distinctiveness, and an excellence all its own.

Try it for yourself!



Why people who give parties of any description should ask just twice as many guests as the rooms will comfortably hold, and so subject the whole assemblage to misery and discomfort, remains a social problem which one despairs of ever seeing solved. Lady Debenham's was no exception to the foolish rule, and here, in the really magnificent salon, which would have held a hundred comfortably, were twice that number panting and often struggling for dancing room, in the warm June evening.

Clifford Revel whispered:

"You'd better dance; take my advice." But Lord Edgar shook his head, and still more fervently deploring his presence, made his way to a less crowded part of the room, and, leaning against a pillar, watched the gay scene, and saw nothing but the sweet face of Lela, which hovered tantalizingly before his mental vision.

Clifford Revel had given him a tolerably truthful account of his interview with the detective, and Lord Edgar was absorbed in conjecturing how long the man would take to make his search successful when he was aware of a slight stir among the company, the stir that announces the arrival of some one of note and consequence, and looking toward the end of the room, saw that the sensation—it is not too strong a word—was caused by the entrance of Edith Drayton.

Close beside her was a prince of the blood. It was a mere accident, of course, that they had arrived at the same moment, but it created a sensation, and Lord Edgar could see the heads of the dowagers drawing together, and heard the comments of one or two who were seated or standing near him.

"They said she would not come," he heard one old woman say. "She refused the duchess last night, and the Montmorency ball the night before; but I suppose the prince persuaded her!"

Lord Edgar listened half heartedly. He saw her sweep—she had the stature and the grace which gave to her movements an imperial gait and gesture denied to smaller and shorter women—through the lane which they made for her, and the sight of her, while it filled him with admiration, added to his melancholy, for he remembered that she was a schoolfellow of Lela's, and she recalled his darling.

She was tall, almost as tall as himself, and he, looking on at the dancing, could not fail to see her. He saw that the prince danced twice with her, and he noticed that Clifford Revel—notwithstanding the titled mob in the room—got a dance, and he would then probably have forgotten her—she was so full of Lela—but suddenly, almost before he was aware of it, she was at his side.

(To be Continued.)

Olive oil used in frying should not be thrown away but strained and used again.

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 SPLENDID DRESS FOR SCHOOL OR GENERAL WEAR.



2379

2379—This model provides for sleeves in two different styles. The fronts are laid in a deep plait at each side, to form a panel. The fulness is held over the sides and back at the waistline, under a straight belt.

The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 will require 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

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

A PRETTY UNDERGARMENT.



2407

2407—This style is very comfortable and suitable for crepe, lawn, batiste, dimity, washable satin and linen. The fulness may be confined at Empire waistline. Lace, embroidery or beading will be pretty and effective trimming.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size Medium requires 3 1/4 yards of 36-inch material.

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

No.

Size

Address in full:

Name

.....

THE LONDON DIRECTORY,
(Published Annually)

ENABLES traders throughout the English World to communicate direct with MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS in each class of goods. Besides being a complete commercial guide to London and its suburbs the Directory contains lists of

EXPORT MERCHANTS with the goods they ship, and the Colonial and Foreign Markets they supply;

STEAMSHIP LINES arranged under the Ports to which they sail, and indicating the approximate sailings;

PROVINCIAL TRADE NOTICES of leading Manufacturers, Merchants, etc., in the leading provincial towns and industrial centres of the United Kingdom.

A copy of the current edition will be forwarded, freight paid, on receipt of Postal Orders for 5s.

Dealers seeking Agencies can advertise their trade cards for 2s, or larger advertisements for 2s.

The London Directory, Company, Ltd.,
25, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.

The First Principle of Modern Business is SERVICE

That is where we shine.

Good Goods well made, moderately priced, and honest effort made to deliver on time. Expert accounting and satisfactory settlements of all claims.

The biggest clothing manufacturing organization in Newfoundland backs up its claim for Superior Service.

WHOLESALE ONLY.



Newfoundland Clothing Co., Ltd.
mar6,eod,lf WM. WHITE, Manager

Announcement!

In order to better serve the interest of our Wholesale Clients we decided going out of the retail business and offering our entire service to the Wholesale Trade.

We desire to thank our old and regular customers for their generous patronage during past years and appeal for their continued support to BAIRD & CO., who will do their utmost to merit all business committed to their charge by personal and immediate attention.

J. C. BAIRD, now

BAIRD & CO.,
Importers and Manufacturers Agents,
aprl,6i WATER STREET, ST. JOHN'S.


We are still showing a splendid selection of

Tweeds and Serges.

No scarcity at

Maunder's.

However, we beg to remind our customers these goods are selling rapidly, and cannot be replaced at the same price.



John Maunder,
Tailor and Clothier St. John's, N.

Rolled OATS!

Just arrived car

Rolled Oats,
Barrels and Halves.

GEO. NEAL

NO MATTER HOW FIRE IS CAUSED

If you're not insured, you're a loser. Take time to get about your policies. We give you the best company at reasonable rates.

PERCIE JOHNSON
Insurance Agent



FATS DIRT
CLEANS AND DISINFECTS

GILLET'S
LIVE
GILLET COMPANY LIMITED

MADE IN CANADA

SOME OF ITS USES:
For making soap.
For washing dishes.
For cleaning and disinfecting refrigerators.
For removing ordinary obstructions from drain pipes and sinks.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES
GILLET COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

Mr. Grace Notes.

The funeral of the late Dr. W. A. Grace took place at 9:30 this morning and was largely attended. Very great regret is expressed by all classes in town on the sad death of Dr. Grace, and much sympathy is expressed for his widow and son, as well as his other relatives.

Mr. Herbert Noseworthy came in yesterday from Bryan's Cove in his motor boat. Mr. Noseworthy is busy just now preparing for the coming fishing season.

A live codfish was picked up in the wash on the South Side a few days ago. We hope that this is a good omen of an exceptionally large voyage for fish for this bay this summer.

A very enjoyable concert and tea was held at Bryan's Cove on Monday night. The C. of E. teacher, Miss C. Ryan, took the main part and was well helped by the people generally. An enjoyable time was spent.

A little snow storm raged this morning, with wind N. E., but with the free rain later in the day the snow will not stand long.

Your correspondent has not been in health the past few days, and consequently his notes, or the lack of them, has been a relief to any not inclined to read them, but in future he hopes to give that class, if there are any, quite a lot of interesting items.

CORRESPONDENT.
Mr. Grace, April 6, 1918.

Cleanses Your Hair
Makes It Beautiful,
Thick, Glossy, Wavy

Try this! All dandruff disappears and hair stops coming out.

Surely try a "Dandierine Hair Cleanse" if you wish to immediately double the beauty of your hair. Just double a cloth with Dandierine and draw it carefully through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; this will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt or any excessive oil—in a few minutes you will be amazed. Your hair will be wavy, fluffy and abundant and possess an incomparable softness, lustre and luxuriance.

Besides, beautifying the hair, one application of Dandierine dissolves every particle of dandruff; invigorates the scalp, stopping itching and falling hair.

Dandierine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its exhilarating, stimulating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow long, strong and beautiful.

You can surely have pretty, soft, lustrous hair, and lots of it, if you will spend a few cents for a small bottle of Knowlton's Dandierine at any drug store or toilet counter and try it as directed.

Very wide ribbon belts are worn with sash ends, long or short.

Selective Conscription and a Newfoundland Victory Loan will help win the war.

ENGLISH M...

Large Stock of all sizes
Hand. Prospectively
Secure Their Requirements
Price Advance Further.

GEO. M. B...
AGENT

This name & can - your guarantee of "Coffee Satisfaction"


In 1/2, 1 and 2 pound tins also for Percolators.

Every lover of delicious coffee should have our booklet, "Perfect Coffee - Perfectly Made". Write for a copy.

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL



A Little Salt Goes A Long Way if It is



Windsor Table Salt
THE CANADIAN SALT CO. LIMITED