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No loss from leakage. You use every drop you pay for. The modern, clean, economical method of handling oils and kerosene. The full purchase price of the steel barrel is refunded on its return which, on kerosene, means a saving of over 2c. on the net cost per gallon. We recommend the steel container but will supply the wood cask if you prefer it.

THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY
Limited
ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND

The Die is Cast For Better or For Worse.

CHAPTER XIV.

A South American Dance.
She wandered on, lost in the labyrinth of the perfumed shrubbery, her mind dwelling on the past, the present lost to view. She sank onto a seat, and, with a long-drawn sigh, looked up at the moon, across which the fleecy clouds were drifting. Suddenly, as she sat lost in the rhapsody of her memory, she heard the faint sounds of footsteps. She did not heed them until they were close upon her; then she turned her head slowly, and saw a man approaching her.

It was a tall figure, upright as a dart. She smelled the smell of a pipe—it recalled to her the gala nights of her father and the boys—and the scent of the tobacco came nearer, the figure moved into the beam of moonlight which swept across the seat on which she was sitting. The figure was passing, it raised its cap; then, suddenly, as he gasped for breath, it stopped, turned, and looked at her. She rose all unsteadily, and clutched the arm of the seat, for the figure seemed familiar to her, with a familiarity which struck her to stone, and made her heart stand still. The man stopped; she saw that he was dressed in every day clothes, a rough riding-suit. He looked tall, gigantic, in the moonlight; and she regarded him expectantly, with a wild throbbing of her heart.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I hope I have not frightened you."
She knew the voice. It was Lashmore's. The throbbing of her heart seemed to choke her, and her hand went to her throat. Unconsciously, she turned her face toward him; the moonlight shone on it, and he saw her distinctly. He had been passing on, but he stopped suddenly and stood as if he also had been turned to stone; then he threw up one hand, with a gesture of amazement, of incredulity, and gasped:
"Eva!"

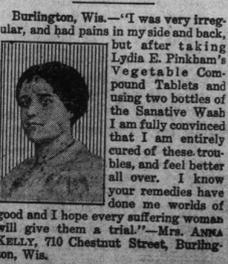
CHAPTER XV.

The Die is Cast.
"Eva!"
It needed the sound of his voice to convince her that he was really standing before her, that she was not dreaming. When she had seen the name of Quirapata on the map, she knew that she was going to the country in which he had settled; but since she had arrived she had realized its vastness, and had thought that she was almost as far away from him as she had been in England. And he was here, standing before her! She could not speak, her face was white, her breath coming painfully. She was face to face with a terrible crisis; she would have to confess that she had been guilty of a cruel deceit, that she had tricked him, that she was not Eva Lyndhurst, but Kittie Norton, "hand" at a collar-factory, the com-

panion, the servant, of Mrs. Vanstone. Her heart recoiled from the task; and yet it must be done, and at once. But he gave her no time. He caught her hand and gripped it so tightly—he was trying to realize by actual touch that it was she—that he hurt her.
"Eva! It is you, really you! Heaven and earth! I thought I was dreaming; not for the first time, I am always seeing you, hearing you! And you are here! Speak to me! Are you frightened, dearest? Why did you come—how?"
He sank onto the seat, and drew her down beside him.
"My beautiful angel! To think that you are here—I don't realize it, I can't. It is by the merest chance that I am here, I meant pushing on to Patana in the moonlight, but somehow I felt as if I must stop here. And something drew me to the garden. I am so full of amazement, so confused. Quick! Tell me, Eva, tell me all! You are staying here, with these people, the Murrays? But how did you come?"
She was fighting for time; she would break it to him gradually. Her hand was still in his grasp; she had not courage to withdraw it—yet.
"I—I—came out with a lady, Mrs. Vanstone, as her companion," she said, her voice scarcely audible, her bosom still heaving with mingled rapture and agony; for now that he was near her again, she knew how passionately she loved him, how she had dwelt upon the memory of every look and word of his. Oh, it was hard, hard to resign him! She could in imagination already see the ardent love in his face turn to indignation and bitter scorn.
"As—as her companion?" he said, as if he were puzzled. "Then—then you have parted, quarreled with your father? You have told him, and he—of course he was angry—and you

PAINS IN SIDE AND BACK

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This good old root and herb remedy has proved unequalled for these dreadful ills; it contains what is needed to restore woman's health and strength.
If there is any peculiarity in your case requiring special advice, write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass., for free advice.

stood by me, stood by your pledge? I see it all! And I see what a coward I was, dearest, not to have told him myself. To leave you to bear the brunt of it! Yes, I was a coward." He drew a long breath. "And you would not give me up? God, how faithful a woman can be! And you left him and came to me—all this way, the long journey! Eva, what can I say to you, how can I try and tell you how my heart throbs with gratitude and love? I'm not worthy to touch the hem of your dress—and you have left father, home, everything for me! God bless you, my angel!"
Kittie sat transfixed, overwhelmed, by the way in which her crooked way was made straight, the continuance of her deceit made not only possible, but easy. She was trembling, panting, and was forcing the words of her confession to her lips, when a man came to the window, and called:
"Miss Bowman! Are you there?"
Kittie shrank back into the shadow, and the man, after peering about him, returned to the room.
"Miss Bowman? Does he mean you?" said Lashmore.
He drew her from the seat to another, deep in the shrubbery, and, putting his arm round her, held her to him. There was silence for a minute as his lips sought hers in a passionate kiss.
"Miss Bowman?" he said. "You have taken that name? I see! Tell me everything, dearest." But it seemed as if he could not wait for a precise statement; and he hurried on with question after question, still unconsciously shaping Kittie's way for her. "You left home at once, suddenly? You found some one who was coming out here. You brave girl! And all for love of me! Is it any wonder that I feel half-mad, as if I couldn't believe my senses? Let me look at you." He held her a little way from him, and his eyes flashed over her with worship, admiration in them. "How beautiful you look! And in that dress. Of course, I remember it. Why, I've lain awake at night and thought of the evening you wore it."
"And spilled the wine over it," murmured Kittie, almost unconsciously. She started when she had said it; but it had been said and could not be recalled; she had welded another link in the chain.
"I remember, of course!" he said, with a laugh. "I was filled with remorse. And I remember the night when we parted, there in England, and you gave me the little bunch of roses. See, dearest!"
He took the crushed bunch of artificial flowers from his breast pocket, showed them to her, and kissed them as he put them back. Another link!
"And to think that this beautiful angel is my own, is my very own. Have you kept my ring, dearest?"
Scarcely knowing what she was doing, she fumbled in her bosom, and took out the ring, suspended on a narrow ribbon.
"Happy ring!" he murmured. "I am half-blissed myself with joy, with pride! I want to take you on my arm into the house, there, where they are dancing, and say, shout: 'Ladies and gentlemen, this is my future wife!'"
She shrank from him slightly. "No, no!" she breathed.
"No?" he said. "You don't want them to know? I understand. I don't want to make it awkward for you, to place you in an embarrassing position. You don't want these people to know?"
Surely, now was the time to make her confession. But how could she, with his arm round her, his eyes devouring her, the love-laden tones of his voice hypnotizing her, deadening her conscience, making only one thing worth having—his love?
"I understand, dearest," he said. "I will do whatever you wish. You have only to command me. Yes; that's it. And it is your due. You have made this tremendous sacrifice for me; and I will do anything, everything, you wish."
She found her voice. "Tell me—tell me about yourself," she said.
He threw back his head and laughed. "Soon told, dearest," he said lightly. "I am the luckiest man in the world!" He pressed her to him. "I've fallen on my feet here. The man I told you about—he's a brick, we get on splendidly together. I'm

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The moment "Pape's Diapepsin" reaches the stomach all distress goes.
"Really does" put bad stomach in order—"really does" overcome indigestion, dyspepsia, gas, heartburn and sourness in five minutes—that—just that—makes Pape's Diapepsin the largest selling stomach regulator in the world. If what you eat ferments into stubborn lumps, you belch gas and eructate sour, undigested food and acid; head is dizzy and aches; breath foul; tongue coated; your insides filled with bile and indigestible waste, remember the moment "Pape's Diapepsin" comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. It's truly astonishing—almost marvelous, and the joy is its harmlessness. A large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin will give you a hundred dollars worth of satisfaction or your druggist hands you your money back. It's worth its weight in gold to men and women who can't get their stomachs regulated. It belongs in your home—should always be kept handy in case of a sick, sour, upset stomach during the day or night. It's the quickest, surest and most harmless stomach regulator in the world.
his right-hand man, almost like a son. He's somewhat of a rough diamond, but he's one of the first water. It's a huge farm; a ranch, they call it; there's plenty of work, but I like it. I may be a partner some day. Anyway, we can be married."
Married! Every nerve in her body thrilled. To be his wife! His wife! To be with him every day, as long as life lasted! The temptation was irresistible, though she tried for a moment or two to resist it, to draw away from him. But he thought it was only her maiden modesty shrinking sweetly from the word.
"Yes; that's it!" he said, drawing her more close to his bosom. "We must be married right away. I must make arrangements."
"No, no!" she forced herself to berate.
"You want it to be quiet, on the secret, dearest?" he said. "I understand. I can manage it."
Again a voice came through the still night air. "Miss Bowman! Are you there? This is our dance!"
Lashmore laughed at the frenzied accents of the caller.
"They want you, dearest. And no wonder! But I've got you, here in my arms. You belong to me!"
"I—I must go," panted Kittie.
"Must you, darling?" he said, with a long breath. "It's rather hard. But I suppose you must. How soon shall I see you again? To-night?"
She shook her head. "No, no! I could not come out; they would miss me."
"Why shouldn't they?" he said. "Ah, yes; I forgot. You don't want them to know that we are engaged? But, dearest, I am staying in the house; I shall meet you at breakfast."
He saw that she was alarmed, anxious; and he pondered for a moment or two.
"It wouldn't be the slightest use my pretending we are strangers, dearest," he said. "I should give myself away in the first five minutes; they would see by my face. I have it! I can have met you in England; old acquaintances; of course, they will see that I am in love with you; they would be truly blind if they didn't; I shall not be able to stay long; I am going after stores, and must start soon after breakfast. How long are you going to remain here?"
"I don't know," she faltered. "A fortnight, a month."
"A fortnight will be long enough," he said resolutely. "I can make the arrangements in that time; I don't quite know what they are out here; but there's a person staying at a place not far from ours; he will tell me. Why do you tremble so, dearest? But I'm shaking myself! It seems too good to be true; my wife in a fortnight!"
Footsteps were heard on the veranda. Kittie drew away from him affrightedly.
(To be Continued.)

SCOTT'S EMULSION
RELIEVES SORE, TIGHT CHESTS

Telegram 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 SMART AND SERVICEABLE DRESS.



Waist—2008. Skirt—2010.
Comprising Shirt Waist Pattern 2008, and Skirt Pattern 2010. The waist is ideal in that it is made with a convertible collar. It is especially nice for slender figures. The skirt has a very practical belt finished with tab portions that may be buttoned over the pockets. One could combine striped and plain gingham or suiting for this design, or the skirt could be of serge, linen, drill, coruroy, pique, and the waist of chambray, lawn, batiste, tub silk or crepe. The Skirt Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. The waist in the same sizes. It will require 6 1/2 yards of 36-inch material to make skirt and waist of one material in a 16-year size. The waist separate requires 2 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. The skirt of cloth or suiting will require 3 1/2 yards of 44-inch material.
This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH pattern, in silver or stamps.



2011—Juniors' One-Piece Dress, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths. Dotted or figured challie, organdie, Swiss, batiste, lawn, silk, crepe and chiffon are all nice for this model. The front is gathered a raised waist-line under the band trimming, which is crossed over back and front and tied in sash effect low on the skirt portion. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 4 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for a 14-year size.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

No.
Size
Address in full:—
Name

List of Letters Remaining in the G.P.O. to April 18th, 1917.

- A**
Adams, Mrs., Duckworth St.
Andrews, C. R., Queen's Road
Avery, Mrs. Sarah, Cabot St.
Andrews, Miss Irene, Quidd Viad.
Anderson, Miss Nellie, Military Road
Amberman, Arthur
- B**
Bartlett, Mrs. James, New Gower St.
Badcock, H., South Side
Barnes, J. J.
Barrett, Capt. J., Monroe St.
Badcock, George H.
Barnes, Miss Nellie, LeMarchant Rd.
Bennett, Paul, Water Street
Benson, R. G., card
Breen, James, Job's St.
Brennan, Miss Helen
Blawie, George H.
Bell, Paul, Nagle's Hill
Bishop, Miss Josie, card
Mullock Street
- C**
Brine, Wm., Casey St.
Bonner, Alfred, Cochrane St.
Brown, Miss Ethel, Carter's Hill
Butcher, Miss Emma M., Queen's Rd.
Bursay, Arthur L., Cochrane St.
Bugden, Mrs. Gordon
Bugden, A., Monroe St.
Butler, Mrs., Newtown Road
- D**
Clark, Miss Mary P., Mullock St.
Cochrane, A. J., Cabot St.
Cook, Hilda
Cook, Miss Florence
Cole, Miss Jessie, McFarlane St.
Collins, Wm., Carter's Hill
Cooper, Miss Annie, Spencer St.
Coffin, Mrs., Newtown Road
Coffin, Mrs., Newtown Road
Churchill, James B., late General Hospital
Connors, Thomas
Crocker, Miss Violet, card (P).
Barter's Hill
- E**
Davis, Miss Sadie
Dawe, Fred, Hatchings' Rd.
Dawe, James, card, Nagle's Hill
Davis, F.
Dickson, Frank A.
Driscoll, Hubert, Cornwall Avenue
Dawson, Miss L., Gower Street
Dorothy, Miss Jennie, Casey St.
Dooley, J. M., Duckworth St.
Drover, Mrs. Archibald, late Whitbourne
- F**
Durocher, J. O. P.
Dunphy, Mrs. D., care G. P. O.
Dunham, J. M.
Davis, Miss Mary
Dawe, Eleazar, Monroe St.
- G**
Evans, Wm., care Joseph Evans
Evans, Miss Sarah, Theatre Hill
Evans, Miss Mollie, care G. P. O.
Eagan, Frank
Emile, Mrs., Bambrick St.
Ellis, Miss C.
- H**
Fahy, Mrs. Mary, Flower Hill
Fagan, John
Freeman, Sarah, Forest Road
French, George, Flower Hill
Fisher, Miss Mary, Duckworth St.
Flynn, Miss Alice, Parade St.
Fitzgerald, Miss A. H., Monroe St.
Foley, Miss Annie, Lime Street
Foley, Miss Aggie, West End
Forsey, Miss Mabel
Ford, Mrs., Pilot's Hill
- I**
Garland, Miss Annie
Green, Miss Jennie, Newtown Rd.
Glynn, Mrs. Cornelius, Barter's Hill
Gibbons, Miss Bridget, New Gower St.
Goss, Baxter
Goodyear, Fred
Grouchy, Mrs., Adelaide St.
Goff, Miss Mary J., Leslie St.
Gushue, Miss Minnie, c/o W. Whiteway
- J**
Haynes, William
Hann, Miss Annie, care Charles Gill, Barter's Hill
Hall, Miss Annie, Gower Street
Hammond, Miss H.
Harvey, Miss Doris, Central St.
Hayward, Miss Sadie, Water St.
Hatcher, Charles, Merrymeeting Rd.
Heath, Miss Margaret, Military Rd.
Hibbs, Miss Janie, Park Place, Rennie's Mill Road
Holmes, Adolph, Hayward Avenue
Hudson, John T., c/o Gen'l Delivery
Hudson, Wm. B., c/o Gen'l Delivery
Hustins, Arthur, John Street
Humby, Mrs. J.
Hurley, William Gower St.
Hickey, Mrs. John
Hillyer, Mrs. T.
Hamlyn, Alex., slip, Holloway St.
- K**
James, A., Monroe Street
Jarvis, E. L.
Kennedy, Miss Susie, South Side
Kenny, John J.
Kennedy, Mrs., Barron St.
Kennedy, Thomas R., care General Delivery
Kennedy, H. E.
Keats, Miss Clara, Water St.
Kearney, Mrs. Peter, Newtown Rd.
Kent, William, Patrick St.
King, Miss Irene, South Side
King, Samuel, Gear Street
- L**
Laman, Richard, Goodview St.
Lang, Joseph, Alexander St.
Lacey, Harry, Water St.
Ladrew, Miss Alfreda, Gower St.
Lewis, Miss M., P. O. Box 609
Lloyd, Wallace
Lundrigan, James, Carter's Hill
Lundrigan, Miss Lizzie, Pleasant St.
- M**
Marsh, Miss Josie, Freshwater Rd.
Manuel, R. W., care G. P. O.
- N**
Maynard, Francis J., care G. P. O.
Mainland, Mrs. M. A., Pilot's Hill
Martin, Miss Maggie, Brazil's Square
Mercer, Isaac, Springdale St.
Mercer, Ida, c/o Mrs. Jos. Sparks, Springdale St.
Moore, Miss Annie, Cochrane St.
Moore, Alfred, Prince's St.
Moore, Michael, care Gen'l Delivery
Morehan, Miss Lizzie, LeMarchant Rd.
Murray, Miss C., Gower St.
Murphy, James, care Gen'l Delivery
Murphy, E. J.
Murphy, Miss Bessie, Gower St.
Maldment, Mrs., Newtown Rd.
- O**
McDonald, Mrs. Archie, card.
care Jas. Lynch
- P**
Noseworthy, Miss Annie, card (R)
Noseworthy, Miss J., LeMarchant Rd.
North, Miss Jean
Newhook, Miss J., New Gower (or) Water St.
Noseworthy, Mrs. Albert, South Side
- Q**
Owens, Mrs. Thomas, Burke's Square
Oliver, Mrs. Violette
O'Brien, Bride, card, Hamilton St.
O'Shea, Miss P., Prescott St.
- R**
Parsons, George, Pennywell Road
Parsons, Chealey, Hamilton St.
Payne, Mrs. Kenneth, Duckworth St.
Parrell, Wm., Long Pond Road
Parrell, Miss Annie, East End Way Office
Peadar, Mrs. Wm., care G. P. O.
Peckford, Miss S., care Mrs. Adams, Duckworth St.
Peach, Miss Bessie, Duckworth St.
Pretty, Miss J., care Mrs. Nichol
Puddle, Miss C., Williams' St.
Pinsent, Miss Ellen, Hamilton St.
Pike, Arthur, late Carbonear
Pushie, Nathan, Cabot St.
Pynn, Charles, card, Nagle's Hill
Pinsent, Miss Sophie, Queen's Rd.
Power, Mrs., Water Street
Power, Miss Hannah, New Gower St.
Power, Miss Josie, New Gower St.
Purchase, Wm., Cabot St.
Perks, Mrs. J., c/o Mrs. Fred. Pitcher
Parsons, Mrs. Edward, slip, New Gower St.
Payton, Hubert, slip
Quick, Mrs. Margaret, care Mrs. T. A. Pippy
Quigley, George, Long Pond Rd.
Quigley, Miss Maggie, 28 — St.
- S**
Ryan, Miss M. C., card.
Ryan, Miss Gertrude, card, Fergus Place
Ryall, James, Monroe St.
Raymond, Miss Mary, LeMarchant Road
Reynolds, John J., Water St.
Ring, Mrs. Philip, care Mrs. Driscoll, Hamilton Ave.
Ring, Mrs. Driscoll, Hamilton Ave.
Richardson, W. G., Hamilton St.
Rowe, Mrs. J., Allandale Road
Robins, Miss D., LeMarchant Rd.
Rogers, Mrs. Victoria St.
Rodgers, Wm., Springdale St.
Roberts, Miss Susie, Monroe St.
Rolls, Miss Mary, Signal Hill Road
Roberts, Mrs. George, Freshwater Road
Ross, T., Pleasant St.
Russell, Miss Viola, Cross Roads
Ryall, R., card (P)
- T**
Sheppard, Miss Ada, East End Post Office
Sells, Bert
Sheppard, N., c/o Mrs. Noseworthy, South Side
Smith, Fred.
Smith, Miss Eva B., care General Post Office
Strickland, Miss Maud, Duckworth St.
Sheffman, S.
Stimms, Miss G., c/o Mrs. White, Springdale Street
Strong, Mrs. Patience, Gower St.
Strong, Miss Annie, Hayward Ave.
Snooks, Miss Annie, card
Snow, Mrs. Wm., Patrick St.
Strong, Miss Annie, Hayward Ave.
Spurrell, Miss Jane, King's Road
Smeaton, Fred, Patrick St.
Sweetapple, James, Allandale Rd.
Skeanes, Miss Millie, James' St.
- U**
Taylor, Miss Myrtle, Queen St.
Thistle, Joseph, Plank Road
Thistle, Peter, Plank Road
Tilley, Henry Jas., Duckworth St.
Turner, Miss Hannah, Henry St.
Turley, J. M., Signal Hill Road
Tucker, J. J., Signal Hill Road
Tuff, C. R., Boncloddy St.
Turby, Joseph M.
Thompson, Wm., care Geo. Richardson
Thistle, Peter, Plank Road
- V**
Vaters, Patrick, Burke's Square
- W**
Walsh, Mrs. Martin, New Gower St.
Walsh, Miss Rita, care Mrs. McCarthy, Leslie St.
Waddleton, Miss L., New Gower St.
Wall, Miss Mary, 8 Convent Square
Walsh, Miss Alice
Walsh, Mrs. Patrick, Queen St.
Whalen, Robert, Plank Road
Waddleton, Miss Victoria, Cathedral Square
Ward, Miss Violet, Lower Battery
Wells, John, Duckworth St.
Weymouth, Miss Lizzie, Victoria St.
White, J. H.
White, Miss Dorothy, Military Rd.
Wiseman, Miss Mary, No. 4 — St.
Wright, Wm., card
World, Miss W., Water St.
- Y**
Yetman, James, Barron St.
Yates, Ernest
- J. ALEX. ROBINSON, P. M. G.**

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Its appeal is irresistible, how simple and safe it is to ride in—how and your family.
Compare this four-cylinder car in its price and qualities, its beautiful boot to match.
In appearance and all.
And it comes to you with Electric lights, 4-cylinder buttons on the steering springs, 4-inch tyre advantage and convenience—yet, this Overland comes in and see it.
The Willys-Knight 114 inch wheelbase.
T. A. M.
City Club Building
The Willys-Knight Toledo, O.
A Comic Army
The rocky islet of San Marino under the protection of the peninsula of Italy. When Italy last drawn into a quarrel with ancient foe, Austria, San Marino not require to send in an ultimatum. The old one still stood, issued years ago. She was already in a state of legal war with Austria.
The explanation is that when two countries, Italy and Austria, rolled many years ago, San Marino so chopped in, and declared sympathy with Italy. But when war was made she was forgotten and signed her bit at all. Hence she continued to be at war. Unfortunately she is not big enough to make a difference, still less to turn the scales of victory or defeat, or whole army would not furnish a leg battalion.
In this respect, however, she is Monaco, the tiny sovereign State capital is Monte Carlo, the city whose "bank" somebody once the city sacred to gambling.
This State is in the happy

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