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**The Die is Cast
For Better or For Worse.**

CHAPTER XXXII
Forgiven!

That meeting had not yet taken place; but Kittle knew that it must come some day, and her heart shrank at the thought of it. Lashmore, of course, also knew it must come; but for Kittle's sake, he avoided it.

One day Osborne, who met them frequently, came with an invitation. It was from Lady Lorchester. She begged that Lord and Lady Heralde would come to see her that same evening.

"Sir Talbot and Miss Lyndhurst will be there, Lashmore," said Osborne quietly; "but perhaps it would be as well if you did not mention the fact to Lady Heralde."

Lashmore understood, and nodded as he pressed Osborne's hand. Yes, they would go; and he would say nothing about Eva Lyndhurst to Kittle.

"I suppose I shall have to be very smart to-night, Harry dear," she said all unsuspectingly.

"Yes, I should put on all your war-paint," he replied.

And when she came into his dressing-room in her smartest frock, with the Heralde diamonds sparkling on her white neck and arms and in the soft raven hair, he kissed her, and holding her at arm's length, said to himself: "Surely no man, not even a woman, could be hard on so beautiful, so tender a creature! If I could only save her from this—but I can't, I can't!"

Lady Lorchester was alone when they arrived. She started when she saw Kittle, for the resemblance not only amazed, but puzzled her; but the dear good lady concealed her astonishment as well as she could, and greeted Kittle very warmly.

"Your husband is an old friend of mine, my dear," she said; "and I am delighted to meet you. I never did like that other man, there was always something about him—but I mustn't speak of him. It's very tactless of me! But I'm a foolish old woman; and I must say how delighted I am that your husband has proved to be the right man. Come and sit down, my dear, and let us have a talk before the others come."

Kittle was grateful to the old lady for her kindness; and they were talking together quite confidentially when a footman threw open the door and announced: "Sir Talbot and Miss Lyndhurst, and Mr. Osborne."

Kittle's eyes turned slowly toward the door, the blood ebbed from her face, and, unconsciously, she rose, her face white as death, her eyes fixed, with a piteous appeal, on the face of her double. Eva turned her head, as if she felt that gaze, and, starting, stared with amazement at Kittle. Naturally enough, there was something more than amazement, there was a touch of anger and indignation in her face and attitude, for she could not forget that this other woman had stolen her name, had taken her place. The two women gazed at each other in profound silence; and at that moment Kittle's punishment was complete in all its bitterness.

His heart melting with love and pity, Lashmore went to her and, taking her hand, led her up to Eva.

"My wife!" he said, in a low voice. Eva drew a long breath and her eyes looked over Kittle's head. She bowed; she wanted to put out her hand, but she was too confused, too bewildered at the moment to do so. Before she could regain her composure and offer the hand, Sir Talbot, with a cry, hurried to Kittle and seized, rather than took, her hand, gazing at her with an almost painful scrutiny.

"You are Mr. Lashmore's—Lord Heralde's wife? This extraordinary resemblance—forgive me!—there is some mystery, but I think I can explain it. Will you tell me your name—I mean your maiden name?"

Kittle knew what was coming; she could scarcely force her trembling lips to answer; but presently, in the intense silence, there fell from them the words:

"Norton—Kittle Norton."

Sir Talbot uttered an ejaculation.

"I thought so! I suspected the truth!" He swung round to Lady Lorchester. "You remember my younger brother, De Courcy? Poor De Courcy! He disappeared. He was wild and reckless—nothing worse, nothing worse!—he cut himself off from us, disappeared. He made an unfortunate marriage!—I beg your pardon, my dear—I should have said that he married beneath his station. My father was angry—you know what he was, Emily? De Courcy cut himself off from us and we saw no more of him. He was proud, like the rest of us; too proud to have anything to do with the family who would not acknowledge his wife—my dear, I assure you there was nothing but difference of station. You must be his daughter—that accounts for the extraordinary resemblance between Eva and you! I suspected that this was the solution of the mystery. I ought to have solved it before this—but I have been busy, worried."

Kittle clung to her husband's arm, her breath was coming painfully, her eyes were downcast. Eva stood, breathing as painfully as Kittle, and looking at her with quite a different expression to that with which she had before regarded her. For blood is thicker than water, and Eva's heart was melting at the sight of Kittle's distress.

Sir Talbot swung round to Eva. "You understand, Eva?" he said. "This is your cousin, my niece. Her father called himself Norton; but his name, hers, was your own, Lyndhurst. You don't look surprised, my dear?" he said to Kittle.

"I—I knew," faltered Kittle. "I discovered it from—some papers of my father's."

She swayed a little, as if she were about to faint, and Lashmore drew her nearer to him; but Eva went to her and took her hand.

"Let her come with me," she said

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The Bravley Drug Co., Limited, St. John, N.B.

A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER I
(continued)

She was extraordinarily quick with her fingers—and her tongue; was possessed of that peculiar pluck which is the birthright of the young English girl, and was firmly convinced in her mind that her mission in life was to act as special providence to the beautiful sister whom she worshipped as a goddess of beauty and genius.

At intervals, as she worked at the blouse, she glanced at the lovely face now bent slightly over the keys of the piano, now, slanted, as the deep blue eyes gazed dreamily at the rather grimy ceiling; and there was love and admiration and that peculiar tenderness which only women's eyes can wear in every glance; and this commingling of affection and worship made the shrewd, green-grey eyes very pleasant to look upon.

Presently Maida's long, white fingers struck a chord softly, a quiet one, she bent still lower over the piano, then, with a slight start, as if she had awakened from a dream, she looked round and in a voice, remarkable for its clear and mellow tones said, with a touch of gentle self-reproach:

"Are you there still, Carrie? I wish you would not! You have been working so long—how long is it? I have forgotten! Will you not put it away, to please me, dear? It does not matter, indeed, it does not. I can wear my old one; it looks very nice and fresh."

"Oh, no, you won't," said Carrie, cheerfully but emphatically. "The old one never was very nice and certainly is not fresh; anyhow it is not good enough for such an occasion as this, an occasion which, like father's whiskey, is 'extra special.' I'm afraid you're selfish, Maida; you want all the glory. If there should be any reports there—and of course there will be, for don't all the swells insist upon having accounts of their entertainments in the society rags—"

"Rags?" murmured Maida, as she leant against Carrie's chair and drew the girl's long hair between her fingers.

Carrie nodded.

"Ricky again. A rag, my sweet and simple maid, is a paper—see? You'll want them to rave about your voice and your—what is it, 'rendition'—"

—what a word! I wonder whether half of them know what it means?—but I want them to stick in a line about your togs—sorry, but it's so much easier than costume—Miss Maida Carrington who so exquisitely rendered Owen Meredith's masterpiece, has been greatly favoured by the gods, who, in addition to great mental and histrionic gifts have endowed her with charms of form and feature beyond those which fall to the lot of most women. We noticed that her attire—this is where I come in, my child—was as instinct with a grace and taste which matched the extraordinary talent displayed so lavishly before the brilliant audience gathered in the salon of the hospitable Countess of Glassbury—"

Maida laughed softly.

"I'm afraid they won't say anything half so nice, Carrie; though I admit they ought to grow enthusiastic over the blouse, dear. It will be very kind of the 'brilliant audience,' as you call them, if they condescend to listen to me—as a rule they begin to talk as one goes to the piano—"

"Not when you're playing," put in Carrie, decidedly. "You forget that I've been with you once or twice, Maida. You could have heard a pin drop—I wish I could hear them drop; I shouldn't lose so many for father to pick up in his feet when he's hunting for his slippers. Do you think it will be a success to-night? But it is sure to be. It is a new thing, isn't it?"

"I don't know. One minute I'm afraid it will not be, the next I am hopeful. I would try it over for you, but you know how nervous I am, and how I dread making it stale. I haven't said it myself yet, not plainly; I want it to come quite fresh and spontaneously, a surprise to myself as well as to them. If I rehearse it aloud—ah, well, it is like taking the bloom off a peach, the dew from a flower— Are you laughing at me, Carrie?" she broke off.

"Laughing at you!" responded Carrie, indignantly. "What are you thinking of? Laughing! I should as soon think of laughing at the Church Catechism."

There came a knock at the door, and a boyish head was thrust round it.

"Learning the Church Catechism? Dear me, I was under the impression that you always confined yourselves to the Marriage Service. Ah, would you?" he broke off, a reel of cotton propelled by Carrie's skilful and by no means weakling hand just missed his laughing face. "May I come in, or is it something I oughtn't to see? Say the word and I retire with my usual grace and modesty."

Without waiting for permission the boy entered. It was Richard, otherwise Ricky—Clark: a youth articulated to the law and lodging in the attic above; the friend of the family in general and the playmate, the butt, and the pleasing torment of Miss Carrie Carrington in special. The two had made acquaintance on the stairs common to the whole house, an acquaintance which had rapidly ripened into one of those unrestrained friendships which are the blessed privilege of the young. Carrie and the boy fought each other with a candour and freedom which always amused the absorbed and dreamy Maida, and sometimes filled her with amazement and a dread lest their quarrels should be permanent; but though Carrie's sharp tongue would often send Ricky banging out of the room, he always returned the next day; and Carrie invariably received him as if nothing of an unpleasant nature had occurred.

(To be Continued.)

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Another shipment just opened.

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Ready to Wear
Straw,
Tagel, Raffia,
Leghorn
and Imitation
Panama.

UNTRIMMED.
Tagel, Chip,
Fine Straw &
Leghorn.
Black Grinoline,
Fine Straw
and Tagel.

CHILDREN'S---In Silk, Straw and Imitation Panama.

Flowers, Fruit, Foliage.
Wreaths and Trails,
Black Flowers and Grapes,
White Flowers and mounts.

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OUR BARGAIN TABLES
have been replenished with New Goods. Wonderful values.
Come early and get your pick.

The C. L. MARCH CO., Ltd.,
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"SEAL BRAND" COFFEE.**

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

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Windsor Table Salt

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THE CANADIAN SALT CO., LIMITED

Brown sugar is excellent for pickling.
In handling milk in the home, do not pour it from one receptacle to another until just before using it.
One way to prepare rice is to put it in a cotton bag and drop the same into

Household Notes.

A kettleful of boiling water.
Round steak will be much more tender if beaten with a hammer until the fibres are somewhat broken.
Where roaches harbor put plenty of borax powder.
Buckwheat makes an excellent breakfast cereal.
New potatoes are more delicious baked than old ones.

The most economical way of preparing fish is by steaming.
Potato salad with sardines and olives is an agreeable change.
A card catalogue of tried recipes is an excellent gift for a housekeeper.
All blankets should have a thorough airing at least once a week.
Never put strongly flavored foods in the refrigerator if you can help it.

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Bauline Asks for a Telephone System.

Could be Extended From Pouch Cove.

The following reaches us from Bauline, where the need of a telephone system is badly felt.

"We, the inhabitants of Bauline some time ago petitioned the Government, requesting the extension of the telephone system from Pouch Cove to Bauline, but hitherto no notice has been done in this connection (except as we know), and as St. John's East is at present represented by one member only, and whilst we deeply regret the death of one of our members, Mr. John Dwyer, we rejoice and congratulate the other, Mr. J. M. Hall on his promotion to the Bench, and feel happy in having so able a man as Mr. W. J. Higgins to look after our interests, we want the telephone, and an earnest of our sincerity in this matter we make the following offer, with the hope that our representative, Mr. Higgins, will not only help us out, but see that the matter is commenced and brought to a finish without delay.

We, the people of Bauline, are willing to give free labour in assisting to erect the poles and otherwise to be in having the work completed, provided it is begun at once and so as not to interfere with fishery operations. Well done, Bauline! Well done, Higgins! Be up and doing; and whilst we do not want any Election this fall, nor till this terrible War is ended, we do not mind of the good done us through your influence when the proper time arrives."

Fishery North

The following is a report from the fishery between Twillingate and Trump Island, as received by the Board of Trade: The total catch is only 60 qtls. and prospects are not good at present. Owing to the rough water and prevailing strong S.W. wind blowing on the shore, only a few traps could be set, and these in very sheltered places. One in a sheltered berth did very well for three days but owing to the increasing wind could not continue. Four traps are being set but no dorries, skiffs or boats and regular operations have not commenced.

Fishing Rods, Trout Lines, Baskets, Wading Stockings, Fly and Bait Hooks, to be had at BOWRING BROS., Ltd., Hardware Dept.—May 25, 1917.

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