

GILLETT'S LYE

HAS NO EQUAL

It not only softens the water but doubles the cleansing power of soap, and makes everything sanitary and wholesome.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

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

CHAPTER XXXIV.
A BEATEN CUR.

"YOU!" said Stephen Rawdon. "Ah! I see; you think you can make a criminal charge of the little affair at St. John's Wood the night you left for India. Ha! ha!" and he laughed. "I have not forgotten to take that into consideration. It was rather risky, but you forget, Mr. Derrick. A wife cannot give evidence against her husband, and your evidence alone wouldn't convict!" and he sank into the chair, leaned back, and rubbed his hands, his thin face working with triumph.

Hastley Derrick turned and leaned one arm on the mantelpiece, looking down with a contemptuous smile of approval.

"Excellent! You add a dash of legal lore to your other accomplishments, Mr. Rawdon. Are you as well up in the foreign judicial code as you appear to be in the English? Doubtless you know something of the criminal jurisprudence of Belgium."

The smile of triumph faded slowly away, and the haggard face looked all the more wan for the rapid change.

"What—do you mean?" he asked, with an effort at easy indifference.

Hastley Derrick nodded, as a man might do who was about to play a card that would win a point in a well-contested game of skill.

"One of the questions with which I was compelled to bore you earlier in this pleasant evening was as to the length of time which had elapsed since your arrival in England."

"Well, and I told you I had never left it," said Stephen Rawdon, with a nod.

"True, you did so reply, but falsely," assented Hastley Derrick. "Now, from certain facts and dates in my possession, I should imagine that you have been in England about—let me say a few months, more or less."

Stephen Rawdon bit his lip and clenched his hands, but he smiled and sneered.

"I don't understand what you are driving at," he said. "You have the fun all to yourself—I will have a little more brandy, if you have no objection."

"Do—you will want it directly," said Hastley Derrick.

Stephen Rawdon poured out some spirit, and sat with the glass in his hand.

"Now," he said, "what are you driving at?"

"You will see directly," replied Derrick. "As I said before, I have a good memory. I have been out in India—as you know—and, as you may, perhaps, also be aware, time hangs rather heavily there. We fall back upon all sorts of amusements and pastimes; sometimes it is too hot for many of them; but it is never too hot to listen to gossip and read the papers. Now, several months after my arrival, a friend came out. He had been running round the Continent, and had brought with him a bundle of news, and, what was more, a batch of foreign newspapers."

"Among them—won't you drink your brandy?"

Stephen Rawdon had been sitting, with a set look on his haggard face, and his hand clenched tightly round the slender stem of the Venetian goblet. At Hastley Derrick's mocking question, he started, and half-emptied his glass.

"A bundle of papers. In one of them the Brussels Times, there was an interesting account of a robbery of bank notes, which had been committed by a young Englishman, who called himself John Smith—that being an uncommon English name."

"My friend had happened to be in Brussels at the time—you don't know Brussels? Charming city! I should recommend you to visit it when you get a chance."

Stephen Rawdon set his teeth hard and breathed quickly. Hastley Derrick put up his hand to conceal a smile.

"He happened to be in Brussels at the time, and, having nothing to do on the evening of the trial, looked in to get an idea of how they administer the criminal law in the capital city of Belgium."

"Well, to cut a long story short—I am afraid I bore you—he was so struck by the appearance of the prisoner, his white face framed in dark hair, his hollow, restless eyes, and half-sullen, half-ferocious manner—I am merely quoting my friend, of course I did not see the unfortunate young man—that my friend brought to India a lively recollection of the whole affair, and used to describe the scene and the prisoner, perhaps twice a week, until we got quite tired of the whole affair, and begged at last that he would at least allow us to forget it, if he could not. Well, on my way home I happened to drop in at Brussels, and had quite forgotten the bank-note robbery, when a placard stuck on the outer walls of a police court recalled my friend's stock story."

"From this placard it appeared that the young Englishman, with the uncommon name of Smith, had made his escape as cleverly as he had managed

the robbery, and my friends, the Brussels detective, were very anxious to renew his acquaintance. I read the bill attentively, and I discovered something else about it. Can you guess what it was?"

He paused, and smiled with a terrible glitter of crushing power in his eyes.

Stephen Rawdon did not move, but sat clutching the glass.

"No!" went on the cold, incisive voice relentlessly. "It was a photograph of the prisoner!"

Scarcely were the words out of the thin lips, than the glass dropped from the stiff hand, and the bent figure in the chair sprang upright and darted toward his tormentor.

But Hastley Derrick had been warned by something in the glaring eyes, and, with a quick movement, he had snatched his rapier from where it hung against the wall, and, stepping back, pointed it full at his assailant.

"The photograph of the bank-note robber, of John Smith," he went on, between his teeth, "was an excellent likeness of my friend, Stephen Rawdon."

He lowered the point of the rapier, for his opponent had fallen back against the table, the edge of which his hands were clenching hard to support his trembling frame. Panting and breathless, he glanced at the man who had mastered and conquered him as a dog that had been beaten might have done, longing to fall upon him and tear him, and yet knowing that, cur as he was, he was powerless through fear and actual weakness combined.

CHAPTER XXXV.
THE LAST CARD.

HASTLEY DERRICK bent the rapier to and fro playfully, and watched the distorted face with a smile of self-satisfaction and amusement for a minute or so, then he waved the rapier toward the chair.

"Sit down," he said. "Wait; get another glass and take some more brandy. Fortunately, my carpet is thick, or my delicate Venetian goblet would have been smashed to atoms. May I trouble you, Mr. Smith—parade! Mr. Rawdon, to replace it on the table. Thanks!" he added, as the cowed man obeyed every command; then, after a draft of brandy—it was soft, and old, and priceless—he sank into the chair, and, covering his face with his hands, cried like a child.

Hastley Derrick hung up the rapier in its place; he knew that he should have no further need of it, and then lit a cigar and sat down to enjoy his leisure this strange specimen of the genus man.

"Come," he said at last. "When you can sufficiently control your emotion as to listen to me, I shall be glad to say a few words."

Stephen Rawdon shuddered—the cold, hard voice went through him like a knife—and he leaned his head on his hand, which at the same time shaded his face.

"You see now that your little scheme for blackmailing Lady Hetherdene cannot be executed. Thoroughly realize the fact that Grosvenor Square is the most direct route for Brussels. I assure you that the day you venture to make your existence known to any one in connection with Lady Hetherdene, that day, that same hour, if possible, I send a line to Scotland Yard."

"I promise—" began Stephen Rawdon brokenly.

"But, spare yourself," interrupted Hastley Derrick. "I rely on something more substantial than your promises—upon your cowardice. That is quite good enough security for me. Now, then, where are you hiding?"

"Where do I live? I have a miserable garret at number twenty-four Mercy Street, Pentonville."

"Good! I shall not forget. Hand me that certificate."

Without a word, the miserable wretch took out the roll of paper and placed it on the table—without a word, but with a quiver of the silent lips.

Hastley Derrick did not offer to take it.

"Yes," he said, thinking a moment, "yes, that is all, I think. Now you may go and crawl into your hole, my good jackal—jackal—it is a good name; you are the lion's provider."

Stephen Rawdon rose, looking more bent and worn and aged than when he had entered, all the brandy notwithstanding. With one hand on the table to steady himself, he turned his bloodshot eye upon the pale, intellectual face.

H.P. SAUCE

continues to arrive from England.

Has a new and delicious flavour, no sauce just like it.

Wouldn't it be worth your while to try a bottle now?



"Can I ask one question?" he said hoarsely.

"Twenty, if you like. I do not promise to answer half a one."

"I would ask," faltered the miserable man, "what your motive may be for—troubling yourself in this matter. Is it hate—or—love?"

Hastley Derrick puffed at his cigar and smiled as he watched the smoke circling to the ceiling.

"Both he answered; "a little of hate and a great deal of love."

Stephen Rawdon inclined his head, with a heavy sigh.

"Love!" he said hoarsely, eyeing the indolent, but alert figure. "Love—God help her!"

"She'd better be in my hands than yours."

Hastley Derrick pointed to the door.

"Got!" he said. "Stop! you will want some brandy; get it with that." And he threw two or three sovereigns on the table.

Stephen Rawdon picked them up without a word, and, with lowered head and trembling limbs, passed out.

Hastley Derrick sat, with closed eyes, motionless for some minutes; then he rose, and walking across the room to the easel, unlocked the mahogany door, and throwing it open, revealed a woman's face—a face beautiful enough for a poet's dream, with dark, lustrous eyes, and lips curved in a wistful, touching, and subtly bewitching smile.

It was Olive!

He stood before it, his eyes devouring it, for five, ten minutes in silence; then, as if reluctant to leave it, he shut the door slowly, and turned away, murmuring:

"Mine! mine!"

(To be Continued.)

Everyday Etiquette.

I was recently introduced to a very nice young man and he has asked permission to walk with me from the office upon several occasions. What should I do?" inquired Edith.

"Give him an invitation to call at your home and if he does not, I should be very careful about carrying the acquaintance any further," replied her elder sister.

Where Quality Does Count!

BECAUSE an egg, aged in cold storage, has lost its flavor, has nothing to do with the eggs which the farmer brings fresh from the barn.

Because you can't make a good cup of coffee with poorly nourished and improperly roasted coffee beans; has nothing to do with the coffee you can make with

SEAL BRAND COFFEE

"SEAL BRAND"—from the best plantations, cultivated by experts. Then, blended and roasted and ground by those who have made a lifetime study of the subject.

"Seal Brand" is a rich, full-bodied, delicious beverage—wholesome, invigorating, fragrant.

In ½, 1 and 2 pound tins—in the bean, ground or fine ground for percolators.

"PERFECT COFFEE, PERFECTLY MADE" is our new booklet, we are mailing free to coffee lovers. Write for a copy.

CHESE & SANBORN, MONTREAL

MILNARD'S LINIMENT CURES GARTER IN COWS.

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Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

JUST WHAT YOUR LITTLE ONE NEEDS FOR A SET OF SHORT CLOTHES.



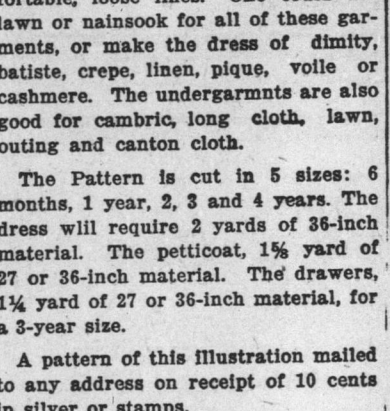
2416—The dress is ideal, in that it is comfortable, neat and easy to make.

The sleeve, cut in one with the body portions, may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The slip petticoat could do duty as a dress for warm summer days. The drawers are cut on comfortable, loose lines. One could use lawn or nainsook for all of these garments, or make the dress of dimity, batiste, crepe, linen, pique, voile or cashmere. The undershirts are also good for cambric, long cloth, lawn, outing and canton cloth.

The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6 months, 1 year, 2, 3 and 4 years. The dress will require 2 yards of 36-inch material. The petticoat, 1½ yard of 27 or 36-inch material. The drawers, 1¼ yard of 27 or 36-inch material, for a 3-year size.

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

A COMFORTABLE GARMENT FOR THE SMALL CHILD.



2393—This model will make an excellent play suit. It is good for galatea, gingham, rearsucker, pique, drill and other wash fabrics, also for serge, flannel and flannelette.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 1 year, 2, 3 and 4 years. Size 4 requires 3¼ yards of 24-inch material.

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

No.

Size

Age in full

Name

Address

Send to:

Now Landing Anthracite Coal, All Sizes. M. MOREY & CO.

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'Tis Strenuous Shopping These Days

But our ads. will help you some (at least we intend them to do so). The buying and getting of goods is for us difficult, and sometimes we are short of some items. Just now we have received some things, long expected, that you may want. They are:

LADIES' BLACK RUBBER COATS.
LADIES' BLK. & WHITE BUCKRAM HAT SHAPES.
A Small Selection of MILLINERY VELVETS.

Don't Wear Out Your Boots tramping the town looking for

LADIES' WOOL GLOVES (barring White ones),
LADIES' KID GLOVES.
BLACK BEE HIVE, 4-ply fingering.
BLACK CRESCENT, 4-ply and 5-ply fingering.
RIVERSIDE FINGERINGS in Brown, Heather, Black and Navy.
BOYS' NAVY SERGE SUITS.

We can give you the best values in these and many other items you may be searching for. We have been thinking about you. As a matter of fact we are trying to make your shopping excursions

A Pathway of Flowers as far as possible. With this end in view we are this week showing

A Job Line of Flowers, Prices only 10c., 12c. and 15c.

Get in amongst these early and pluck the best, don't wait for the last rose of summer. Be one of the wily crowd that watches the buying opportunities here.

Henry Blair

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. mar,6,ed,tf WM. WHITE, Manager.

SEVERE GERMAN ASSAULT PULSED.

LONDON, April 1. Telegraphing from French headquarters to-day, Reuters' correspondent says: The repulse of the German assault yesterday between Lassigny, A and Mont Didier was the severest that the enemy has suffered since the beginning of the offensive. The attack was conducted in familiar manner, dense aggregations marched up to the assaults by battalions and literally melted under the fire of the French 75s. Moreuil was retaken by the French and Canadian soldiers charging together. Reports sent back by the French army leave no doubt but that the enemy suffered terribly and did not gain an inch of ground. North of Mont Didier the Germans held a Cantigny about two miles west of the Arras. East of Lassigny they claim to have taken Mount Renaud, a steep

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French, They Make Imp

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GERMAN ATTEMPT FRUSTRATED

With the French Army in France April 1.—A daring attempt to break the Disce-to-day