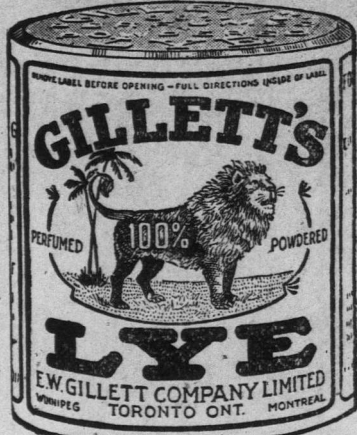


## GILLET'S LYE EATS DIRT



## Aubrey's Revenge.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Carroll Fitzhugh had never been so amazed and puzzled in his life. He stood irresolute a moment, his gaze fastened on the girl's face.

How beautiful she was, surpassing any woman he had ever seen, and he loved her with a selfish passion.

"I'll risk it," he mentally decided. "Once mine, I can mould her to suit my will."

"Very well," he said quietly. "I'll agree to your terms. May I put this ring on your finger?" he added, producing the great, white, blinking solitaire.

Kelpie put forth her slender hand. "You may put it on," she said, softly.

Carroll grasped her hand with eager passion, and in defiance of her command, as he slipped the ring on her finger, he bent his handsome head and kissed her white wrist with passionate fervor.

"There, now," she cried, snatching away her hand, "that makes our contract null and void. You have broken your promise, and I can do the same at my pleasure."

Carroll laughed pleasantly in reply to this defiant little speech.

Accustomed to, and wearied as he had been from his boyhood up by, the adoring attention of women, the young aristocrat found his petulant and self-willed little sweetheart immensely attractive, and was more in love with her than that night, when she repulsed and held him at a distance, than he had ever been before.

"You don't mean a single word you are saying," he said pleasantly. "You couldn't, you know. It would be too cruel. But have your own sweet way about it, my darling. I am content to bide my time, believing and trusting, with all my heart, that as you used to care for me in the happy summer days down at Thatcher's Rock, you will learn to care for me again. My life belongs to you, dearest, and you cannot have the heart to make it miserable."

Kelpie turned from him in silence, and her mother, entering the room at the same moment and chancing to catch a glimpse of the great solitaire blazing on her finger, took her in her arms and kissed her with fond pride, while Carroll looked on with envious eyes.

"My precious children, this is the happiest day of my life," the lady assured them again and again.

At the grand opera a little later, when her friends clustered about her box and Mrs. Vancouver came up with the rest, leaning on her son's arm, Mrs. van Cortlandt's triumph was

complete, and she beamed and smiled in the most gracious manner.

"I've got the sweetest secret to tell you," she whispered, in an audible aside: "My dear little daughter is engaged, and I am the happiest mother in the world."

Before noon of the following day the betrothal was announced in all the society journals.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"When man wills, the devil drives." It was this old saying, or something conveying the same idea, that flashed through Aubrey's mind as, muffled from head to foot in a black waterproof, she made her way out of the rear door of the Van Cortlandt mansion, and, hurrying across the courtyard, plunged into the darkness and silence of the street beyond.

It was a back street, unfrequented at that hour of the night, especially in stormy weather, and the girl could not have explained the impulse that was leading her thither. She desired to get out of the house, out of the gorgeous rooms, with their gilded luxury and flashing lights, out into the wild wintry storm and darkness, where she could give free rein to her bitter anguish and wild desire for revenge.

Mrs. van Cortlandt and her dear children, as she fondly called Kelpie and her betrothed lover, accompanied by a few very dear friends, had gone to the grand opera.

Aubrey had not consented to make one of the party, though Mrs. van Cortlandt had been gracious enough to invite her, after a fashion.

"Aubrey, my dear, wait a moment," she had said, as the girl, whether by accident or intention we will not pretend to say, passed through the drawing room in which the recently betrothed lovers were still standing. Carroll with his pretty fiancée's opera cloak on his arm, and a half-amused, half-dubious expression on his handsome face.

"Aubrey, my dear, wait a minute. You've got to know the secret. I suppose, and I might as well tell you at once. Those two happy young people over there"—indicating the couple by a nod—"are engaged, and will be delighted, no doubt, to receive your congratulations."

"I shall be delighted to offer them, I am sure," was Aubrey's prompt reply.

Without an instant's hesitation or the faintest betrayal of surprise or emotion, she crossed the room and stood, calm and smiling, before the two.

"Allow me to offer my best wishes for your future happiness," she said, with charming graciousness. "I suppose, my dear Carroll, you feel very proud to have won the prize of the season at this early hour."

She offered the young man her hand as she spoke, and, taking it mechanically, he was electrified to find that she still wore the ring he had put on her finger when in the dim, religious light of a quaint old church they had breathed the solemn vows that were supposed to make them man and wife.

The shock was a trying one, but Carroll stood it well, meeting the steady gaze of Aubrey's strange eyes with a smiling, half-insolent glance.

"I am more than proud," he answered, with emphasis; "I consider myself the most fortunate fellow under the sun. Thanks for your congratulations, my kind friend."

With a profound bow he touched his lips lightly to Aubrey's hand as he relinquished it.

It was an incomparable bit of acting, which came within a hair's breadth of ending in a tragedy.

## If Catarrh has Spoiled Your Hearing Get Cured To-Day by "Catarrhazone"

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If you were sure you had catarrhal deafness you would use a real cure at once—of course you would.

There is a cure for you—one that is inexpensive—pleasant to use—and sure to do its work thoroughly.

Catarrhazone is no experiment for deafness.

Thousands before you have cleared Catarrh out of their heads by the aid of Catarrhazone and have thereby been cured of deafness.

No batteries or miniature telephones to bother you—no internal medicine to take—you have simply to follow special directions for the Catarrhazone Inhaler. Do this—and you'll find a wonderful improvement in short order.

Any druggist can supply you Catarrhazone, or you can for \$1 secure it post paid under plain wrapper from the Catarrhazone Co., Kingston, Canada.

## Remember

whenever you are troubled with minor ailments of the digestive organs, that these may soon develop into more serious sickness. Your future safety, as well as your present comfort may depend on the quickness with which you seek a corrective remedy.

By common consent of the legion who have tried them, Beecham's Pills are the most reliable of all family medicines. This standard family remedy tones the stomach, stimulates the sluggish liver, regulates inactive bowels.

Improved digestion, sounder sleep, better looks, brighter spirits and greater vitality come after the system has been cleared and the blood purified by

## Beecham's Pills

Worth a Guinea a Box  
Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.  
Sold everywhere in Canada and U. S. America. 1s boxes, 2s cents.

Aubrey stood breathless an instant, her head bent, a smoldering fire in her deep eyes, almost determined to tell her story then and there.

But impelled by a desire to make her vengeance as complete as possible, she changed her mind and turned away. The time had not yet come, she told herself; the hour was not yet ripe for revenge. Soon! ah, very soon!

Mrs. van Cortlandt watched her curiously as she disappeared behind the heavy portieres, a sudden suspicion taking shape, for the first time, in her none too active mind.

"I wonder if there was ever anything between that miserable girl and Carroll Fitzhugh?" she said to herself. "I must get her out of my house before she does mischief in some way."

The lady did not dream that the mischief was already done. Being of a vain, rather weak, easy-going disposition, she was always slow to act upon any of her ideas and impulses. Meanwhile Kelpie went off with her newly betrothed lover to the opera, and Aubrey sought the seclusion of her own room, but was too miserable to remain there.

So, when the carriages had rolled away, and the great, gloomy, grand house was silent, she wrapped herself in a black mantle, and stealing downstairs, went out into the wild, wintry darkness.

Snapdragon, whose yellow eyes, like a cat's, saw everything, watched her from a window as she scudded away.

"That girl is bent on mischief," she said to herself, "but I shan't follow her. I've warned my mistress, and it's no concern of mine."

Aubrey sped on like a spirit of evil, her strange eyes gleaming like a wild animal's in search of prey. She could not have told whether she was going or what purpose prompted her. She was dumb and dazed with pain for the time, conscious of nothing but a wild desire for revenge.

A vague thought of following the lovers to the opera house and stealing behind them as they sat together, and stabbing the girl in her pretty finery, filled her mind.

She had a sharp dagger hidden in her bosom which would do the work well, but to murder her rival would be such a poor, commonplace revenge. She wanted to disgrace Marlon, to drag her down in the dust, and trample her heart beneath her feet, and make her suffer as she was suffering.

Ah, if she could; if some unseen power would only help her, and then, as she sped along, the old saying flashed across her mind: "When man wills, the devil drives."

"I wonder," she said, half aloud, with a laugh that filled the darkness with strange echoes, "I wonder if I should will with all my soul if the devil would drive for me?"

As if in answer to her question, a figure emerged from the darkness and stood in front of her.

The girl was human, and she darted aside with a stifled shriek, but the dark figure put out a detaining hand and grasped her arm.

"Don't be a fool," he said, in a voice that sounded very human. "I want a word with you, that is all."

"Who are you?" the girl demanded, controlling herself.

"No matter about my name; I want a word with you. Do you come from Van Cortlandt Place?"

"Yes," replied Aubrey, shivering with terror, yet conscious of a curious fascination. "Why do you ask?"

"I think I have a friend there, and I would like to send her a message." The stranger drew his breath hard as he spoke, and Aubrey could see his eyes gleaming in the dark.

"A friend?" she repeated. "A man or woman?"

"A woman, of course."

"If you tell me her name, perhaps I may know something about her," ventured the girl.

"Her name used to be Kelpie, but she may have changed it since I saw her last."

Aubrey's heart leaped to her very throat. Had the devil taken her at her word and come to drive for her?

"No, she hasn't changed her name," she replied; "she is still called Kelpie, but she is a very grand lady."

"Is she married?"

The question leaped from the man's lips like a pistol shot, and Aubrey felt the heat of his breath on her face.

"Not yet, but she will be in a very short time," she answered quietly.

"To that city chap, I'll warrant. Carroll Fitzhugh was his name."

"Yes, Carroll Fitzhugh is the man."

A sound that was more like the snarl of a wild beast than the cry of a human being burst from the man's lips, and, seizing Aubrey's arm a second time, he drew her so close to him that she could feel the mad throbbing of his heart.

"Who are you?" he demanded. "Tell me quickly!"

"Only a poor, friendless girl, who works for her daily bread," she answered artfully.

(To be Continued.)

## Makes Hair Grow

The time to take care of your hair is when you have hair to take care of.

If your hair is getting thin, gradually falling out, it cannot be long before the spot appears.

The greatest remedy to stop the hair from falling is SALVIA first discovered in England. SALVIA furnishes nourishment to the hair roots and acts so quickly that people are amazed.

It destroys the dandruff germ, the little pest that saps the life that should go to the hair from the roots.

## Servia Loses One Hundred Doctors

OUT OF 350 IN TYPHUS SCOURGE.

New York, March 27.—Servia is in the grip of an epidemic of typhus more virulent and attended by greater fatality than the world in modern times has ever been called upon to combat, according to Henry James, Jr., of the War Relief Commission of the Rockefeller Foundation, who arrived here last night from Liverpool.

"The epidemic of typhus," said Mr. James, "was brought into Servia presumably with the first consignment of Austrian prisoners, said to number about 60,000."

"Indicative of the seriousness of the epidemic, Servia lost 100 out of 350 of the physicians working among the victims of typhus during January and February. While these figures do not indicate the average mortality of the country from typhus they do indicate that the doctors cannot control it under the present conditions. They are hampered by lack of facilities, conditions of barracks, improper and inadequate sanitary equipment, and other drawbacks."

"No matter about my name; I want a word with you. Do you come from Van Cortlandt Place?"

\* BUSINESS AS USUAL \*

## A Pleasing Contralto

AT THE CRESCENT.

Mrs. Hannaford sang "When the Dew is on the Rose," at the Crescent Picture Palace yesterday. This lady possesses a rich and pleasing contralto voice and received hearty applause from the large audience present, both in the afternoon and night.

The picture programme is perhaps the best ever shown at this popular house and the management is to be congratulated on their efforts to please their ever growing clientele, the perfect system of ventilation and appearance generally of the Theatre was the theme of very favorable comment, and Crescent patrons are well looked after in this respect; altogether the Crescent is second to none in the city as a picture house. The same programme is being repeated to-day and we advise all our readers to visit the popular Crescent and see a good show. Two o'clock in the afternoon, 7 o'clock at night.

## Cheer Up!



"PRESCRIPTION A" will cure that "down and out" feeling. One dose gives relief. Everyone needs a Spring Tonic and

Prescription "A."

is what you need. Try it to-day. You'll feel better to-morrow.

Price—Trial Size, 25c.; postage, 5c. extra.

Price—Large Size, 50c.; postage, 10c. extra.

Prepared only by DR. F. STAFFORD & SON, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Manufacturers of 3 Specialties: STAFFORD'S LINIMENT, STAFFORD'S PRESCRIPTION "A", STAFFORD'S PHORATONE COUGH CURE.

REGULAR HOURS. 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

I hit the hay at ten o'clock, and then I sleep around the block till half past five; I hear the early robin's voice, and see the sunrise, and rejoice that I'm alive. From pain and katzenjammer free, my breakfast tastes

as good to me as an meal; I throw in a couple of buckwheat cakes and a scrambled egg and sirloin steaks, and braised veal. And as downtown I gayly wend, I overtake a friend who's gone to waste; "I stayed up late last night," he sighs, and now I have two bloodshot eyes, and dark brown taste; I'd give a piece of my life for I'm so full of grief that I can hardly walk; I'll have to brace the drugstore clerks and throw some bromo to my works, or they will balk." But yesterday I saw a man to whom had been attached the can, by angry boss; he wassalled all the night away, and then showed up for work by day a total loss. Don't turn the nightmare into day, or loaf along the Great White Way—that habit grows; if to the front you hope to keep, you must devote your nights to sleep—I tell you those.

WALT MASON.

S. U. F.

At the British Hall to-night the members and friends of St. John's Lodge, No. 5, S. U. F., will be addressed by Mr. W. H. Goodland, F.M., on "Some Incidents and Humours of the War"; Mr. Geo. House, P.M., on "Character Sketches of Some Great Leaders"; J. S. Curlew, P.M., on "The Origin of the Flag."

Recitations will be given by Mr. J. C. Phillips, P.M., G.S., and Mr. E. Spurrell. A collection will be taken up in aid of the S. U. F. Widows and Orphans Fund.

Billiard Tournament.

Last night D. Williams (Plain) won over J. Aylward (Spot) by 97 points.

J. Walsh (Plain) defeated H. Brouhy (Spot) by 89 in the B. I. S. tournament. Plains are 477 ahead now. About a dozen games remain unplayed and these will finish at the end of the week, the dinner taking place a fortnight later.

FRASER ENGINES.

Buy Our Fraser Engines. We are here to look after you, and give you service.

Fraser's run on Kerosene and use much less oil than other makes.

FRANKLIN'S AGENCIES, LTD. feb19,15

STRANDED CHINESE.—The thirty-three stranded Chinese seamen are expected to get a passage to Halifax or New York by the Stephano, sailing this afternoon.

## Easter Foot-wear!

Don't neglect your Easter Footwear! The Shoes of every well dressed Man or Woman should be as faultless as the balance of their Easter Attire! We invite every Man, Woman and Child to come to see our large and attractive lines of HANDSOME EASTER FOOTWEAR! Many of our handsome Styles are entirely exclusive with us. We've just the Shoes a well dressed Man will want to go with his new Suit—or an elegantly dressed Woman will want for her Easter Gown. Shoes, Oxfords, Pumps, Colonials, Slippers, &c.

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## MILL SUPPLIES, ETC.,

Rubber Belting, 4 and 5 ply.  
Leather Belting, Single and Double.  
Belt Lacing.  
Circular Rip Saws  
Circular Cross-Cut Saws.  
Steam Jointing, Rubber Insertion.  
Rubber Sheet, Asbestos Gaskets.  
Asbestos Sheet, Asbestos Cement.  
Steam Packings, High and Low Pressure.  
Superheat, Rabbit Metals.  
Magnolia Metals, Rubber Fire Hose.  
Cotton Mill Hose, Condenser Tubes.  
Hex Bolts and Nuts, American Axes.  
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Our TEAS have nearly doubled their sales the past few months. We are not surprised as we are selling at old prices, notwithstanding three advances the past few months. Our ECLIPSE and TIP-TOP are our two leaders, 40c. and 55c. lb. We find buyers for these from Petty Harbor to Bauline and from Freshwater to Signal Hill.

PURE IRISH BUTTER is another leader; in fact we can't keep enough stocked, as ours is the only real Irish in the market. Price now 45c. per lb.

BEANS, 5c. lb. PEARL BARLEY, 7c. lb.

Make your purchases from us, get your free Coupons and see how pleased you will be at Xmas.

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