

**FATS & DIRT**  
CLEANS AND DISINFECTS



**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

EW. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED  
WINNIPEG TORONTO MONTREAL

**Arter the Ball;**  
OR,  
**The Mystery Solved at Last.**

CHAPTER XVI.  
Love is Blind.

"Then I'll go," said his lordship, with a sudden precipitation. "Good-morning, Mrs. Gregson; morning, Tom."

Coming to the gate near Lavinia, he said:

"Nice day, isn't it? What do you think of the horse? Pretty color? Yes, very. Good-morning."

And his lordship cantered off.

"Bella," said Miss Lavinia, "I'm afraid—"

And she shook her head.

"So am I," said Miss Bella, shaking hers, also.

At the cottage gate Lord Crownbrilliant's manner lost a great deal of the calm with which it had carried things at the Folly.

Indeed, his heart beat to such an extent as he dismounted that he felt half inclined to leave his card only, and return to the inn.

But as the servant opened the door, Lady Mildred crossed the hall, and the "card trick" fell through.

"I am glad to see you looking so well," said Lady Mildred, as he took her hand.

And they went into the drawing-room.

"You have had a sad loss—very sad. I remember Lord Crownbrilliant, your father, a perfect Adonis in his youth. I danced three times with him one evening at Lady Crushcrash's. I think; very wrong, I know, but he was perfectly irresistible. Dear me, dear me! how the time runs by!"

Lord Crownbrilliant murmured something, and Lady Mildred ran softly on:

"Have you called at the hall yet? Sir Fielding was speaking of you last night. He remembers Lord Crownbrilliant well, and was quite shocked to hear of his death. You must go and stay at the hall. Sir Fielding has already sent you an invitation."

"I had it this morning," said his lordship. "Very kind of Sir Fielding. I shall be glad to go. The hall's a pretty place, I think."

"Oh, very," with the slightest suspicion of pride. "I don't think there's a better old place in England, not even your castle at Lanard."

**Child Was Nervous, Irritable, Tired Out**

She Had No Appetite, and Her Complexion Was Pale and Sallow.

How many parents realize the strain which going to school means to the child who is naturally nervous and of delicate health?

You see them come from the schools daily with pale faces, many wearing glasses, and looking tired and worn. At home they are irritable, do not sleep well at night, and are upset by a little extra excitement.

If they are to grow to healthy manhood and womanhood their systems must have attention now. Such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food does wonders for children in this condition. We are constantly receiving letters from grateful parents telling what the Nerve Food has done for their children. This one is a fair sample:

Mrs. Stephen Hartman, Italy Cross, Lunenburg Co., N.S., writes: "My little sister at eleven years of age became nervous, irritable and seemed all tired out. She had no appetite, was

"I have never seen it," said Lord Crownbrilliant.

"Indeed?" said her ladyship. "You must go and see it at once. It is a beautiful place. I remember staying there three weeks, and thinking it the most delightful place in the world."

"It must be lovely if your ladyship speaks so highly of it," murmured Lord Crownbrilliant.

Then he commenced looking around the room in an aimless sort of manner, and answering Lady Mildred's questions at random, whereupon her ladyship, who was no dullard, rang the bell, and told the servant to inform Miss Lawley that Lord Crownbrilliant was in the drawing-room.

In three minutes, which at one moment seemed an age and at another a flash of a second to his enamored lordship, Carlotta entered the room.

How lovely she looked, in her simple dress of white muslin with black lace, her dark hair brushed from her pure white brow and her eyes lit up with a gentle sympathy he had never seen there before, Lord Crownbrilliant could not have described.

Her heart beat like a small bird against its prison bars, his face flushed, and for once, as he came forward and took her hand, he was perfectly natural.

What she said or what he said, they neither of them knew, one feeling only of extreme joy running through him as he glanced at the black lace on her dress, and thought that at least they had one thing in common—bereavement.

He did not remember that hers, indeed, was a bereavement, while his was merely the removal of the impediment to the title and estates of Brownbrilliant.

"Life is apt to be blind even to itself."

They walked through the garden into the conservatories, where Lady Mildred left them to fetch her sunshade.

His lordship, finding himself alone with his idol, got crimson and uneasy, but, stealing a glance at the regal face of his companion, was somewhat restored to his self-possession and affection by seeing that it was calm and perfectly unmoved.

"Pretty flower," he said, toying with a camelia. "Nice for one's coat. I knew a fellow whose mother used to lock him out of the conservatories because he picked the flowers."

Carlotta raised her eyebrows.

"That was cruel, though perhaps necessary," she said. "Shall I give you this?"

"Will you?" he said, eagerly.

"Oh, yes," she replied, with the calm indifference which made her so irresistible, "if you promise not to tell Lady Mildred."

"I promise," he said.

And Carlotta took a pair of tiny scissors from her pocket and cut the flower off.

"There it is," she said, holding it out to him, while she returned the scissors to her pocket.

He took it from her eagerly, and pressing it to his lips, placed it in his coat.

She seemed not to have noticed the action, and stood as calm and still in the bright sunlight as Pygmalion's statue before it caught the breath of life.

"How is the wiver getting on?" he asked, leaning over the light oak fence and gazing at it.

"Getting on!" she repeated, with a smile. "Very nicely and very quickly. See!" and she dropped a leaf in

**Dry, Hoarse or Painful Coughs Quickly Ended**

Home-Made Remedy that Saves You \$2—Beware the Worst Coughs!

The prompt and positive action of this simple, inexpensive home-made remedy in quickly healing the inflamed or swollen membranes of the throat, chest or bronchial tubes and breaking up tight, hoarse coughs, has caused it to be used in more homes than any other cough remedy. Under its healing, soothing influence, chest soreness goes, phlegm loosens, breathing becomes easier, tickling in throat stops and you get a good night's restful sleep. The usual throat and chest colds are conquered by it in 24 hours or less. Nothing better for bronchitis, hoarseness, croup, whooping cough, bronchial asthma or winter coughs.

To make this splendid cough syrup, pour 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth) into a 16-oz bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup and shake thoroughly. You then have 16 ounces—a family supply—of a much better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for \$2.50. Keeps perfectly and children love its pleasant taste. Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, combined with quinine and is known the world over for its promptness, ease and certainty in overcoming stubborn coughs and chest colds.

To avoid disappointment, ask your pharmacist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex" with full directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

"Here is Lady Mildred," said the beautiful girl, turning her face, which was deadly pale, toward the house. "It must be luncheon time."

"I won't stay, thank you," said his lordship, frowning. "I'm going at once, Lady Mildred. Horse tired of waiting, quite restless. Good-morning, Lady Mildred. Good-morning, Miss Lawley," and pressing Carlotta's ice-cold hand, he vaulted into the saddle and galloped off, muttering:

"By Jove! how beautiful! he! he! I frightened her—white as a ghost. All right, Clavence, old boy, all right!"

She went back to the garden and the river, but murmured nothing; perhaps she was fully occupied in listening to the stream, which seemed to mutter, brokenly, as it swept over the pebbles:

"You will keep your oath, and break my heart."

CHAPTER XVII.  
The Witty Italian.

When desperate men are brought to bay 'Tis well to think of action.—Congreve.

Pursuer close upon pursued, they run As close a race as shade and sun.

SCARCELY a quarter of an hour had elapsed since the wily Italian had glided down the old, worn-out stairs of the house in Chelsea, when a firmer tread sounded on them, and a tall, majestically-built figure unlocked the door and entered the room in which Spazzola had stood petrified with astonishment.

Removing his soft-brimmed hat and placing it on the table, the occupant of the room dropped into the hard chair, with a weary gesture and a sigh.

"What next?" he muttered, looking around the room. "Light nearly gone—too late to paint. Would to Heaven it were sometimes too dark and too late to think! That poor child I have left—she had the blue eyes, clear, terrestrial, far-seeing, that only those have who are already on their journey home. She will die to-night, or to-morrow, or the day after. Cui bono? What matters it? The fruit will moisten her pretty, bird-like throat," he mused, taking up a piece of crayon and almost unconsciously sketching the outline portrait of some poor child he had been visiting and crushing the crayon and flinging it into the grate with an air of utter weariness and despair. "What a hypocrite art thou, Maurice! Thou thinkest the child has won upon thee by her misery, her helplessness. Thou knowest 'tis because there is something in her face that thou thinkest like the girl's face thou lovest. Charity! It is but another name for self."

"Nine! 'Tis time I went out. Yes, why should I? To what purpose? I am weary, and shall not escape myself by treading the waterside or pacing the narrow streets any better than by sitting here. Oh, Heaven, how slowly the time goes! I fear I shall never see it fly again. 'Tis a lame bird for Maurice Durant. Ten it strikes!—later than I thought. Now for supper," and he turned to the piece of bread upon the table. "Supper! Why should I eat? To live. Why should I live? Oh, bitter question! What other answer is there than the mocking one, 'To die?' and he dropped the crust upon the table, burying his face in his hands and leaning his elbows on the hard deal.

(To be Continued.)

THE LADIES OF ST. JOHN'S MAY NOW HAVE BEAUTIFUL HAIR—ALL FIRST-CLASS DRUGGISTS SELL SALVIA AND GUARANTEE IT TO GROW HAIR, OR REFUND YOUR MONEY.

Your druggist is backed up by the manufacturers of SALVIA, the Great Hair Grower. It is guaranteed to grow hair.

SALVIA destroys dandruff in ten days.

The roots of the hair are so nourished and fed that a new crop of hair springs up, to the amazement and delight of the user. The hair is made soft and fluffy. Like all American preparations SALVIA is daintily perfumed. It is hard to find an actress who does not use SALVIA continually.

Ladies of society and influence use no other.

SALVIA is a non-sticky preparation and is the ladies favorite. A large generous bottle 50c.

**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 NEW AND ATTRACTIVE MODEL IN ONE-PIECE STYLE.



1958—Girl's One-Piece Dress, with Sleeve in Wrist or Elbow Length. Serge, gabardine, poplin, ropp, cashmere, linen, linene, galatea, fling-ham, chambray, velvet and taffeta are nice for this style. The front is made with a panel, attached to side portions. The back also is plaited under a round yoke. The fulness at the waistline is held by a belt that is slipped under the front through openings at the side. The closing is effected at the centre front with eyelets and lacing. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for a 6-year size.

A PATTERN OF THIS ILLUSTRATION MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF 10 CENTS IN SILVER OR STAMPS.

A PRACTICAL, ATTRACTIVE SET FOR SKATING, OR OUTDOOR WEAR.



1947—Skating Set for Ladies, Misses and Girls. The designs here portrayed are nice for fur, plush, velvet, corduroy and other pile fabrics; also for silk, serge, alpentine, chevot and broadcloth. Cap, Scarf and Muff may be made of velvet and silk, or fur and velvet. The bag may be of the same, or of contrasting material. The Pattern is cut in one size for Ladies, one size for Misses, and one size for Girls. The Ladies' size requires 3/4 yard for the Cap, of 24-inch material; 1 yard for the inside of Muff, and 1 1/4 yard for the outside, of 27-inch material, and 1/2 yard for the Bag, of 24-inch material.

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

**Fall and Winter Suitings and Overcoatings made in the MAUNDER Style.**

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**Stanfield's Unshrinkable Wool Underwear**

is therefore what you require. It has been tried out in the wash in more ways than one. It will not shrink, go out of shape, or get hard, and is the best Underwear for hard wear. You can benefit now by our

**SPECIAL Sale Prices,**

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Insurance Agent.



**War No**

Messages Received Previous to

FLATLY REJECTS WASHINGTON. The United States and Germany's offer to discuss onces between the two ruthless submarine in progress. In a note, Swiss Minister who presented orally the German Secretary of State Lamsdter United States does not enter into any discussion German Government's policy of the submarine against neutrals which is suing unless and until the Government renounces the fourth of May on the and acts upon these

BRITISH MAKE FIVE LONDON. The official report from headquarters in Paris reads:—We made our last night north of the Aisne road, where, as a small enterprise, limited front, we occupied yards of hostile trenches. Early in the night the our new positions south of was caught by our rage and machine-gun repulsed. The enemy entered by our patrols places. Southeast of of our raiding parties the ammunition dump and few prisoners. This enemy raiding party, during on the enemy's new northeast of Neville dispersed by our artillery bombardments were during the day north and in the neighbourhood of Ypres. In air fighting yesterday plane was driven down. One of our machines

AMAZING TO AMERICAN WASHINGTON. Formal notification in Germany of 72 Anzacs brought in as prisoners ship Yarrowdale was

"NO USE FOR LEMME GUY"

OF COURSE YOU POOR AS LONG