

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

E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

The Die is Cast For Better or For Worse.

CHAPTER XXX.
The Deed of a Coward.

Lashmore and Herndale sat at dinner. Lashmore had been silent for some time; every now and then he had glanced round the softly lit room, at the noiseless servants, at the massive plate, the richly cut glass, at the calm, self-possessed face of the man opposite him. He felt as if he were in a dream, as if the familiar room with its old-time splendor must presently fade away and give place to the sitting-room in the little cottage at Quirapata.

He had come down with Herndale on the previous evening, and Herndale had played his part with consummate skill and graceful ease. As they went over the house and Herndale pointed out the improvements he had made, he adopted the manner of a man who has been in charge and is resigning his guardianship to the owner of the property. He took a secondary place, as it were, and indicated it by gesture and voice; and he was so successful in his assumption that Lashmore's dislike and mistrust of his cousin almost vanished. At another time, under other circumstances with Kitten by his side, this return to his old home would have filled Lashmore with delight; but it

Dead Sea fruit, and left a bitterness in the mouth. What use were rank and wealth, this reinstatement in his old post, with his wife lost to him?

He walked about the grounds with his cousin, abstracted, absorbed, with hanging head and lagging step. He spoke but little, but Herndale kept up the flow of talk with a cold facility; but beneath his apparently pleasant

and frank demeanor a fire smoldered within him, which threatened now and again to overmaster him. As he sat at dinner with the man to whom he had resigned everything—for a price—his hatred of Lashmore stung him like the lash of a whip. But the cold eyes revealed nothing of this, and the smooth, even voice never faltered. Even when the servants opened their joy at Lashmore's return and his presence in the house as master—Herndale had insisted upon his taking the head of the table—Herndale revealed neither by word nor look his irritation and chagrin; and in the servants' hall they marveled at the easy way in which his "late" lordship was taking things.

Lashmore had been leaning back in his chair in silence, turning his empty wine-glass in his hand, and presently, without looking up, he said:

"I must go back to London to-morrow."

"Must you?" said Herndale. "Can you not manage to stay a day or two longer? Strange as it may sound, I have enjoyed your visit." He laughed with a sadronic note which Lashmore, absorbed in his thoughts, did not notice. "I suppose I am feeling the glow of conscious virtue. Of course, I could have kept you out of this—he waved his cigar—for a deuce of a time. But it is better as it is. I have lost it"—he waved his cigar again—"but I hope I shall retain your friendship. How warm it is!"

He rose and opened the tall window. There was a full moon, but heavy clouds now and again obscured it. As he looked across the Italian garden to the park beyond, Herndale's eyes gleamed and his teeth closed with a click. Did the fool, who sat moping there, realize all that he was depriving Herndale of?

"We are going to have a storm, I think," he said; it won't come yet, but it's threatening."

As he turned from the window, a faint report, proceeding from the woods beyond, broke the silence. Lashmore, roused from his reverie by the sound, looked up sharply.

"What was that?"

Herndale shrugged his shoulders and smiled contemptuously. "Poachers," he said. "They're at work in the plantation. They will always dodge that fool of a keeper; he's worse than useless. I'll sack him to-morrow." He bit his lips at the slip, and the smoldering fire within him reddened in his face. "Pardon!" he said with a laugh. "I meant that you ought to sack him."

"I'll see," said Lashmore, already fallen into abstraction again.

Herndale poured out another glass of wine for himself—he was usually a temperate man, but, unnoticed by Lashmore, he had drunk a great deal during the dinner—and he pushed the decanter toward his companion. Lashmore shook his head, rose, and went to the window and looked out. Herndale drank the wine at a draft

Windsor Table Salt



The Standard of Quality

THE CANADIAN SALT CO. LIMITED

and refilled the glass; it was port, and the strong wine added fuel to the fire within him. The presence of the other man grew unendurable; for the spirit of Cain was stirring in Herndale, and the savage impulse which had caused him to aim a blow at Osborne was beginning to assert itself and growing stronger every moment. He pushed his chair back and rose a trifle unsteadily, not from the drink as much as from the impulse which tortured him.

"I have a letter or two to write," he said. "You'll excuse me?"

"Yes, oh yes," said Lashmore absently.

Herndale went into the library and paced up and down noiselessly. That sullen fool was all that stood between him and this that he was losing. The thought was a torment and an incentive. And yet he could do nothing; the man was there, young, strong, likely to live to ninety. Herndale uttered no melodramatic curses, made no melodramatic gestures, but he felt his brain grow hot and the roof swim around him. He tried to console, to pacify himself, with the reflection that he had managed to grab a large sum of money, that he was going to marry Eva, that she admired him for his great renunciation, that all the world would applaud him for having behaved with Quixotic generosity; but at this moment the reflection, the self-flattery, brought him no ease; his hatred of the man in the other room, the owner of the title, the master of Herondyke, burnt fiercely, suffocatingly.

And yet apparently he was quite cool when he returned to the dining-room. A couple of footmen were clearing the table. Lashmore was not there.

"Where is—Lord Herndale?" he asked, with an involuntary pause before the title.

The butler, coming from behind the screen, replied:

"His lordship has gone out for a stroll, sir."

He emphasized the "lordship" and "sir" unctuously. He was an old servant, and, like the others, adored Lashmore and disliked Herndale; and yet Lashmore as a boy had been hot-tempered, impatient, and somewhat tyrannical; and Herndale was never ill-tempered and always courteous; but Lashmore had been attached to everybody about the place, and, even as a boy, had listened to their troubles and sympathized with them; in a word, had won their hearts, which had remained sealed to Herndale, and would have so remained if he had retained possession of the title for fifty years.

"Please tell Lord Herndale, when he comes in, that I am in the billiard-room," said Herndale, as he left the room.

The footman smirked at the butler. "Pretty rough on him, ain't it, Mr. Yule?" remarked one of them. "But he do stand up against it well, don't he? 'Asn't turned a hair."

"No, he hasn't," assented Yule; "but it's in the blood, and he's a Herndale, after all. There's another gun! I'd wonder what Harker can be about to let them poachers ravage the preserves in that open way!"

Herndale went to the billiard-room and lit another cigar. In a corner was a cabinet containing some wine and spirits and the odds and ends which collect in a billiard-room. He got himself some brandy; there was no water in the room, and he drank the spirit neat. The footmen's manner, Yule's emphasis on the respective titles, irritated Herndale to a point of madness, which concentrated in an ever deepening hatred of Lashmore, and a burning desire to be rid

of him, to stand in his place again, to discharge every servant, to assert himself as master of Herondyke once more.

The brandy burnt like fire in his veins, the spacious room seemed hot and stifling; he went up to his dressing-room, put on his boots and a soft cap, and came down to the hall; an old coat-hung on the rack, and he put it on and went out by the back hall-door. The moon was covered with clouds, and he went along the terrace and across the lawn to the park unobserved; from the park he passed into the wood; and as he did so the moon emerged and pierced between the trees. A shadowy form, half-crouching, crossed a small clearing within twenty paces of him. Herndale stepped behind a tree and watched.

The man was a poacher, carried a gun, and had a bag over his shoulder. Presently there came a low, soft whistle, and a voice from amongst the trees said cautiously:

"Hi, Jim! Bring the bag along!"

The man stood his gun down against a tree and hurried, still crouching, in the direction of the voice. When he had gone, Herndale came out stealthily, took up the gun, and was about to follow the man, but he hesitated; he was a coward and was asking himself if the game was worth the risk. He decided that it was not, and with the gun under his arm, and a muttered curse for the inefficient keeper, he turned in the other direction. He had almost reached the edge of the wood when he stopped abruptly, for he saw another figure, not crouching or crawling, but walking upright with an alert and determined aspect in his attitude.

It was Lashmore. He had put on a light overcoat over his dress smoking-jacket, and carried a thick stick in his hand; he was no longer preoccupied, and it was evident to Herndale that he had come out in search of the poachers. Screened by a tree, Herndale watched him with a malignant gleam in his cold eyes; his burning hand gripped the gun with a kind of feverish care, as if it were some fierce living thing he could control or let loose at will. The spirit of Cain surged through him and made him shake; his teeth were clenched, his face livid.

He watched, motionless, until Lashmore had passed him; then, as if indeed, the gun were a living thing, it seemed to glide to his shoulder; he took careful aim, every limb as if braced with ice, and fired. Lashmore stopped, threw up one arm, uttered a faint moan, and, away and staggering, fell on his back.

Herndale stood, as if turned to stone, his eyes fixed on the prone figure, with its arms outstretched, its face turned up to the placid moon. He remained thus for what seemed to him an eternity, then, crouching, as the poacher had done, he went to his victim. He bent over the white face, stained now with blood, and wiping his car down to the parted lips listened intently. He raised himself and drew a long, shuddering breath through his clenched teeth. The stumbling-block was removed from his path, the man was dead. Herndale, was master of Herondyke again and Earl of Herndale.

(To be Continued.)

Blue stitching is frequently the only ornament on black taffeta suits. Old vests sometimes provide all the interest for a very simple costume.

Back to Nature



For "common" ills that flesh is heir to," old Mother Nature gives us the cure in her simple, healing herbs. When the Liver gets sluggish—when the Blood becomes laden with impurities—and that miserable dragged-out feeling comes over one—then it's time to go back to Nature for the remedy and take

Dr. Wilson's HERBINE BITTERS

This reliable tonic and blood purifier contains the curative principles of Dandelion, Mandrake, Burdock and other medicinal herbs that clean, purify and enrich the blood and build up the whole system. 25c a bottle. Family size, five times as large, \$1. At most stores. As The Braxley Drug Co., Limited, St. John, N.B.

Telegram 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.

A NEW AND JAUNTY STYLE.



2067—Ladies' One-Piece Dress with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

Satin, gabardine, serge, linen, voile, drill, gingham and other wash fabrics are nice for this style. Back and front are shaped over side sections. The sleeve in wrist length is finished by a shaped cuff in two sections. In short length, the sleeve has a turn-back cuff. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires for a 36-inch size, y yards of 44 inch material. The dress measures about 3 yards at the foot.

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

A Dainty Dress For Mother's Girl.



2058—Girls' Yoke Dress.

This model is fine for embroidered voile, flouncing, batiste, nainsook, challis, nun's veiling and lawn. The fulness of the dress is gathered to the square yoke. The sleeve is loose and cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 years. It requires 2 yards of 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.

No.

Size

Address in full:—

Name

New Made Butter!

Ex rail, in 2 lb. blocks, Very Choice
P. E. I. NEW BUTTER.
Send your order to

JAMES R. KNIGHT

Dental Service



Dr. A. B. LEHR,
The Senior Dentist,
203 Water St.

Teeth Extracted without pain 25c.
Artificial teeth repaired and made as strong as ever.
Full Upper or Lower Sets, best quality \$12.00
All branches receive careful and personal attention.

Address:

A. B. LEHR,
The Senior Dentist,
203 WATER STREET.
MAR 14 1916, U.S.A.


J. J. St. John.

In Stock and to Arrive:

- 800 brls. Flour—All Choice Brands.
- 150 bags Yellow Corn.
- 100 bags Corn Meal.
- 200 bags Bran.
- 150 bags Black Oats.
- 50 brls. Granulated Sugar.
- 30 brls. Ham Butt Pork.
- 25 brls. Libby's S. P. Beef
- 10 brls. Pork Loins.
- 50 cases Sunlight Soap—12 oz. bars.
- 25 cases C. C. Beef—6 lb. tins.
- 25 cases C. C. Pork—6 lb. tins.
- 250 gross Sengdog Matches.

J. J. St. John,
Duckworth St. & LeMarchant Road.

PRINCE ALBERT



CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND
CIGARETTE TOBACCO

PRINCE ALBERT TOBACCO.
The smoker's delight; does not bite the tongue.

Wholesale and Retail.

JAS. P. CASH,
Distributor.

Just in, the latest Quarterly Division of
Spare Moments
(Incorporating The London Journal.)

CONTENTS:—Fine Serials, Short Complete Stories, Chatty Moments, Moments with the Past, Poems for Recitation, Prize Stories, Prize Jokes, People of the Moment, Interesting Articles, etc., etc.
Forty complete stories. Five serials.

Price, 35 cents.

Pastpaid, 35c.

Garrett Byrne,
Bookseller & Stationer.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GOUT & RHEUMATISM

Let Us Fill Your Order From Fresh Supplies.

ELLIS & Co.
LIMITED.
203 Water Street.

Fresh New York Turkeys.
Fresh New York Chicken.
Fresh New York Ducks.
Fresh N. Y. Corned Beef.
Boneless Corned Navels.

Fresh Halibut.
Fresh Salmon.

New Asparagus.
New Green Peas.
Artichokes.
Fresh Celery.
Fresh Lettuce.
New Cucumbers.
Fresh Tomatoes.
New Onions.
New Cabbage.

Fresh Smoked Finnan Haddies.

Bananas.
Bartlett Pears.
California Oranges.
Dessert Apples.
Grape Fruit.
New Rhubarb.
California Lemons.

American Beauty Butter, 1-lb. blocks.

Stone's Graham Flour.
Flake Tapioca.
Fresh Post Toasties.
Self Raising Buckwheat.

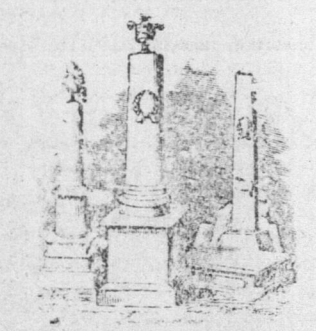
Remember OUR Telephone,
482 and 786.

Hodder & Stoughton's
35c. Novels,

Containing some of the best books ever published. Come in and see them.

GARLAND'S Bookstores
177-9 Water Street.

SKINNER'S
Monumental Works,
ST. JOHN'S, N.F.



(Established 1874.)

329 and 333 Duckworth Street.
On hand a nice selection of Headstones and Monuments. All sizes—all prices. Our beautiful new photographic catalogue of our original designs sent free to any address on receipt of postcard. Also our Mail Ordering Form, which makes ordering by mail safe and easy.
Special designs for soldiers, and also some beautiful designs in Church and Lodge Memorial Tablets.
N.B.—Superior carvings and durable lettering, combined with long experience, gives us the superiority. Genuine stone—frost-proof sockets are supplied free with each order.
REASONABLE PRICES AND A SQUARE DEAL.
apr12,6m,tu,th,s

The Newfoundland Year Book.

This book needs no introduction in Newfoundland; it is indispensable to the business man as well as the private library. You cannot afford to be without one. Only 10c.; 2c. extra for postage.

GARLAND'S Bookstores
177-9 Water Street

MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES RHEUMATISM

Your M...

All kerosene—but it does to your...

SK...

Clean burnin...
Costs less by...
Is better for...
climate than...
uniform high...
buretor adjust...

STANDARD OIL
Franklin's Agencies

Our Volunteers

Five new outposts...
cruits reported at...
quarters yesterday. During the day most of the volunteers now in training were through drill on the Parade Ground.

I. S. P. U.

OPPOSE CONSCRIPTION.

At a large gathering of members of the Longshoremen's Union held last night in their hall, Victoria Street, a glowing resolution was unanimously passed:—

WHEREAS in an interview of Edward Morris published in the local press, there is a veiled intimation of his intention to introduce Conscription into this country.

AND WHEREAS the people of this country have grown up under democratic institutions and force or compulsion is repugnant to their ideas of free people.

AND WHEREAS the staple industries of this country are of such a character that they cannot be carried on except by men in the prime of manhood because of their hazardous nature and the hardships and risks involved.

AND WHEREAS at least ninety per cent of those who have volunteered for overseas service have been recruited from the ranks of the professional classes and any further diminution of their ranks of the kind contemplated spells ruin and disaster to every man in Newfoundland.

AND WHEREAS the best manhood of our country have already sacrificed with their lives their devotion to the Empire and to the Cause of Freedom and Justice.

BE IT THEREFORE RESOLVED that the Longshoremen's Protective Union in protest assembled hereby protests against the introduction of this country of Conscription in any shape or form.

AND BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that the members of this Union promise themselves to resist by all lawful means any attempt at legislation of this character.

AND BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Press of this city.

JAMES McGRATH,

President.

FREEMAN MORRIS,

Financial Secretary.

LEFT FOR STRAITS. A sealer steamer, laden with fishery supplies for the Straits, left here yesterday afternoon, calling at Trinity on her way along to take on board fishery crews.

"We never leave our house, we make good of it—
Have you ever—
—with Chase
"SEAL BRAND"

In 1/2, 1 and 2 pound tins. The fine ground for Percussion

CHASE & SANBORN

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GOUT & RHEUMATISM

MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES RHEUMATISM

MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES RHEUMATISM

MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES RHEUMATISM

MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES RHEUMATISM

MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES RHEUMATISM

MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES RHEUMATISM

MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES RHEUMATISM

MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES RHEUMATISM

MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES RHEUMATISM

MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES RHEUMATISM

MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES RHEUMATISM

MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES RHEUMATISM