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At the Mouth of the Treacherous Pit
STORY OF LOVE, INTRIGUE AND REVENGE

CHAPTER XXXI

"Ran away from his wife," was the brief reply. "And his daughter is on a visit to her mother's old friend, Lady Fielden."

"And her mother—is she living or dead?" asked madame.

"Her ladyship is living abroad—I believe with her other daughter."

"And Scarsdale?"

"Scarsdale is shut up; only the servants are living there; and a great loss it is to us at Deeping. Sir Karl was the best customer that ever came into this town. The grapes are three shillings. Thank you. Good afternoon."

The next minute Mme. St. Ange was standing in the sunlit street, scared and bewildered, and really more at a loss than ever.

She decided on going home and resting; and then, when the shades of evening fell, she would make her way to Fielden Manor. She remembered the keeper's cottage; she could call there under pretext of having lost her way, and talk to the keeper's wife—she could in that manner perhaps learn something of what was going on.

She lay down to rest, but she could not sleep. Karl's daughter! She must see her again. How cruelly she had repulsed her! When the gentle hands had touched her, why need she have shaken them off? Yet—strange contradiction—she hated her! It was growing dusk when she took the road which led toward Fielden Manor. It had been one of her favorite spots; she knew the grounds quite as well as she knew those of Beaulieu. She would like in the dusk to steal up to the windows and get just one sight of Gertrude in her evening dress, and then she would spend an hour or two in the keeper's cottage. She felt that the key of the mystery would be found there. So, in the falling evening light she stole round among the tall trees where once she had been proud to show her face. In

her dark dress, and with her light footsteps, she passed on, making no sound. She knew the road too well to make any mistake, and fortune favored her. The night was so dense and dark that it was almost impossible to see even one's own hand. The moon was hidden behind a mass of clouds. Madame hid herself behind the thick leaves and sprays of the creepers which clustered around the bay-window of the dining-room. The blinds were but partially drawn, and she could see into the room. In the dark shadows, with the thick, overhanging leaves, she was sure of not being discovered herself.

CHAPTER XXXII

It was a pretty home-scene that the miserable watcher gazed upon. The room was large and lofty, with a few priceless pictures, and a magnificent oaken sideboard with gold and silver plate, of which Lord Fielden had been very proud. She remembered every detail, and clinched her finger as she looked on the silver and glass, the fruit and flowers, gleaming in the full light from the chandelier. What a comfortable, luxurious room it was! She saw the footmen all on the alert, the butler solemnly occupied at his post, and then those whom she wanted to see entered and took their places. Lady Fielden, looking very satiny and beautiful even in her old age, was attired in a warm-looking dress of maroon velvet; a cap and fichu of delicate lace completed a most recherche costume. Lord Fielden looked handsomer than ever in his evening dress, and Gertrude bright and beautiful in a robe of white lace and rich ruby silk, a spray of white jasmine in her golden hair, and in the bodice of her dress.

As her eyes rested on the group, the miserable watcher at the window drew back, unable to restrain the burning tears and bitter sobs that would come in spite of her. Was it possible that she had once been young, beautiful, happy, and beloved, as that fair young girl?

She soon read Lord Fielden's secret, there could be no mistake about it. Harry could not help showing it in every line of his face, in every gesture, in every tone of his voice, it was plain and palpable to every one, and madame's dark, sad eyes were not deceived. Oh, for the days and the love that were past! Love is better than hidden well-water, than amber lying in cold seas, than gathered berries under snow.

Had this love of theirs anything to do with the advertisements? They seemed very happy. She watched them, fascinated; she could not withdraw her eyes. The handsome young lord was attentive to his mother—no want of hers seemed to escape him—but his heart was at bonny Gertrude's feet.

Gertrude, gleaning toward the window, by the purest accident, caught the gleam of the dark, miserable eyes and the white hair, on which the light shone. She started with a cry—a cry of fear quite unusual with her, for she was naturally brave.

"Harry," she exclaimed, "there is a face at the window—a woman's face!"

"A woman's face!" he cried. "Are you quite sure, Gertrude? It must have been the shadows that startled you."

She had quite recovered from her fright now, and walked at once to the window.

"It was no shadow," she said. "It was a woman's face, with wild, dark eyes and white hair; she was looking in through this pane of glass."

Lady Fielden came to her.

"I think," she said, "you must have been mistaken; no woman could get in here without the servants' knowledge, and they would not admit a stranger." She drew the lace hangings back. "I have no doubt," she said, "that it was one of the pale passion-flowers that blew against the glass."

Gertrude smiled. "You know, Lady Fielden," she said, "that I do not suffer from nervousness. I was startled for a moment, but by no means nervous, and I am perfectly convinced that it was a woman's face I saw. I noticed the dark wild eyes and white hair; there could be no mistake. You will wonder more, perhaps when I tell you that I am sure those eyes are familiar to me, that I have seen them before."

"My dear child, I am convinced it is fancy," said Lady Fielden, smiling—quite convinced.

Gertrude raised her hands with a pretty, graceful gesture to her temples.

"Let me think," she said; "where have I seen that face before?"

They looked at her in astonishment.

"Now I remember," she said, "and I can verify my words. I called in at Grey's, the fruiterer's, to purchase some grapes, and that woman was in the shop. I thought she was going to faint; but, when I spoke, she answered coldly—almost rudely, poor creature! I noticed her eyes then, how dark and wild they were, and what a weird contrast they presented to her white hair."

Lord Fielden was listening intently.

"Did she speak to you, Gertrude?" he asked.

"No—only a few words. I think she said, 'I am quite well.'"

"Did you notice her voice—any peculiarity in it?" he asked.

"No; I cannot say that I did. But you see, Harry, it was no fancy. Was it, Lady Fielden?"

"No, my dear, I begin to think not. Harry, you had better take a couple of men out with you and search the grounds. I feel uneasy."

"I will go first myself," he said; and he did.

But he found no one. Close to the window, however, there was a broken spray of passion-flower and some rose-leaves, as though some one had pulled aside the branches in order to look in. That was the only suspicious circumstance. Then the butler and two footmen accompanied Lord Fielden through the grounds. Mme. St. Ange, from her hiding-place amongst the ferns, saw the reflection of the light that they carried, but they failed to discover her.

Harry was grave and thoughtful that evening. Lady Fielden said that there was no cause for any anxiety; evidently it was a woman who had some idea of begging from them, and who was curious to see the inmates.

"Good-night, Gertrude," he said; "forget all about the woman peeping through the window, and sleep well."

"I do not think I shall ever forget her," was the answer, "but I am in the least nervous, if that is what you mean, Harry."

He watched her as she went up the broad staircase. She stopped half way, and, looking down at him, kissed her hand to him! He thought how like that fastest creature, Juliet, she looked.

How little they dreamed of what would pass before they would meet again! Gertrude went to her room, and soon forgot her troubles in sweet, sound slumber; while Harry, with the new idea growing in his brain, felt more and more sure that there was something in it, and determined to go out once more and see if he could discover anything before he retired to rest.

(To be continued.)

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July 7, m

Brought Good Luck

Guests who attended the wedding of Donald Shible, a photographer, to Miss Kathleen Mitchell, at St. Saviour's Church, Bath, recently witnessed an entertaining little spectacle. Just as the ceremony was drawing to a close a black cat entered with some late guests, set out on an expedition right up to the nave, and "kept on walking" till it reached the bridal couple, who were kneeling in prayer before the altar. "Felix" sat down behind them till the ceremony finished, and then accompanied the happy pair to the vestry.

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Lord Doune's American Bride

NAMESAKE OF HIS ANCESTORS.

LONDON, July 26.—(A.P.)—The marriage of Lord Doune, son of the Earl of Moray, to Miss Barbara Murray of New York, was celebrated on the famous estate at Doune Lodge by the usual custom of serving a cake and wine banquet to the help.

One of the older employees of the estate made a speech in which he said there hadn't been a Lady Doune for 114 years and that a curious coincidence was that the eighth Lord Gray, an ancestor of the present Lord Doune, married a Miss Barbara Murray in 1664.

Pearline for easy washing.

William Oldham

PLANS TO PEDAL ACROSS ATLANTIC.

MANCHESTER, England, July 24.—(A.P.)—Built in a 12-foot square office, a craft 12 feet long, will shortly start on a journey across the Atlantic with his builder and skipper, William Oldham, at the helm, according to an announcement given out by Oldham. The boat is made of steel, with eight water-tight chambers which the builder claims makes it unsinkable. Oldham proposes to propel the boat by his feet, and is using pedals for that purpose, but the pedals can also be used with the hands, which will give William's feet an occasional rest.

Soudans Future

Premier's Warning to Zaghlool Pasha—British Flag to be kept Flying.

In reply to the declaration made recently on behalf of the British Government that our position in the Soudan would be maintained, Zaghlool Pasha, the Egyptian Premier, made an important statement in the Cairo Assembly. It was as follows: "I declare on behalf of the nation and in your presence that Egypt will not cede the Soudan as long as she lives." Egypt would safeguard its rights against the usurper in every legitimate way. And if they did not attain their ends in their days then he would ask their children and posterity to continue the fight.

Zaghlool told the Assembly that unless he could obtain another basis for the negotiations pending with Great Britain he was prepared to resign. Zaghlool Pasha's declaration was received with enthusiastic cheering, and later he left for Alexandria, where he tendered his resignation to the King. In deference to his Majesty's representations, Zaghlool consented to remain in office, and on re-appearing in the Chamber he told the deputies that he had agreed to continue in office in order to try to secure the complete independence of Egypt and the Soudan. These events formed the subject of an important statement in the House of Commons by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, which in essence was a reiteration of that already made, and which amounts to this—that the British flag is to be kept flying in the Soudan—and that all it stands for is to be maintained. The Prime Minister explained that he had been hoping—that questions outstanding between Egypt and ourselves might have been settled in the calm conditions of personal negotiations between Zaghlool Pasha and himself, when by facing the realities of the situation they might have come to an agreement which recognized the interests and responsibilities of both countries. It was essential if those hopes were to be fulfilled that both the British and Egyptian Governments should in the meantime honourably and rigidly observe the status quo. "I regret," said Mr. MacDonald, "that statements have been made to the Egyptian Parliament and action taken to create trouble in the Soudan which can only be understood as an attempt to force my hand and deprive Zaghlool Pasha of liberty to negotiate." He explained that he had been looking forward with pleasure to the meeting and to a discussion of the best interests and the accepted responsibilities of the respective countries, and that he had desired to say nothing which would limit the freedom of discussion. In view of what has happened, added the Prime Minister, it is necessary to make it clear to all concerned that I do not believe that this House will accept any arrangement which will break our pledges given to the Soudan, or jeopardize the present administration and development of that country. I believe that hearty good-will between Egypt and ourselves is of the utmost importance to both of us, and I still trust that those responsible for the government of both countries will refuse to countenance any attempt which might destroy the prospects of such a settlement.

Idle games their hands are wringing, all the dragging hours are bores; but my aunt is always singing, she goes about her chores. Other aunts are vainly asking, "How shall we put in the time? While we loaf, on cushions basking, every moment is a crime." Weary are the aunts pursuing idle things, and trifles light; there is nothing worth the doing, only boredom is in sight. Here a maid or footman scuttles, saying, "They're all strou and strair; here a stately butler buttes, or a chuffer drives their wain. Not an obstacle surmounting, not an effort do they know; all their labor is but counting laggard moments as they go. And they are not singing gayly as they lounge in gilded state; life grows sadder, duller, duller, nothing can its gloom abate. But my aunt is always busy, making doodads out of flour; it would make an idler dizzy just to watch her for an hour. She is chasing to the garret, dust and cobwebs to pursue; she is sieving up a carrot and an onion for a stew. Dusting pictures, chairs and tables, she is making quite a stir; she is shaking out her babies, which are made of rabbits fur. She is cleaning nook and cranny, chafing dust where'er it lurks, and she's singing "Gentle Annie" every minute as she works. To improve the dally ration she makes pickles by the quart; and her only lamentation is because the days are short.

Every follower of cricket has heard of Lord's, the most famous of all

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cricket grounds, but few are aware that the present ground is not the original Lord's. In all there have been three grounds bearing the name. The first occupied the site of what is now Dorset Square, the ground being laid out by Thomas Lord, a Scotsman. In 1509 the ground was moved to Liason Grove, the dual more being made in 1814, when the present site was chosen. The word "move" may be taken literally, for those who play at Lord's to-day actually tread the original turf laid by Lord himself when he made the first of the grounds that have borne his name. The first match on the present ground was that played between the M.C.C. and Hertfordshire on June 22nd, 1814. Very little is known about the early matches; however, as the pavilion containing the records was destroyed by fire in 1825.

Pearline for easy washing.—July 17, t

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR HEADACHE.