

FATS DIRT
CLEANS AND DISINFECTS



GILLETT'S
FAT FREE SOAP

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

WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER XXXII
The Trail.

"But I submit, my lord, that my learned friend has not sufficiently proved my client's"—he did not use the word "prisoner," it was noticed—"identity. The motive—the motive for this crime is all-important. One witness is not sufficient!"

The judge nodded.

Mr. Sewell bent down and whispered to the solicitor; he shrugged his shoulders. There was a pause. Then a strange coincidence happened. There was a movement in the crowd. It parted, and a young man forced his way to the dock, and with a cry of "Clydesfold!" seized the prisoner's hand.

The spectators shouted, the usher yelled "Order!" the judge leaned forward and first looked amazed, then frowned.

"Bertie!" sprang from Olivia's white lips.

He turned, still holding Faradeane's hand, and looked at her. Ah, such a look! No pen can describe it; no poet, no painter could convey it.

"Order!" said the usher, sternly.

McAndrew tugged Sewell's arm, and "I call Viscount Granville," he said, instantly.

Faradeane smiled down at him sadly, and drew his hand away; and, with a wild, angry look on his handsome face, Bertie was led by the arm to the box.

"You are Lord Granville?"

"I am," he answered, in a low voice.

"You know the prisoner at the bar?"

"I know Lord Clydesfold," he responded. "He honors me with his friendship!"

The court thrilled.

"Yes, honors me!" he repeated, looking at Faradeane with mingled affection and indignation. "And I say that to accuse him—"

"You may stand down, my lord," said Sewell.

"One moment," interposed the judge's grave voice. "You have only just arrived in court, Lord Granville?"

"I have, my lord," said Bertie, eagerly. "I have been abroad"—he looked at Faradeane—"and reached England yesterday, midday. I heard of this—this ridiculous charge against my friend only this morning, a few minutes ago. I know that he is as utterly incapable of committing a crime as—"

He stopped, almost breaking down. The judge bore with him in patient sympathy and silence for a moment, then he said:

"Do you know anything of the prisoner's marriage?"

"I know nothing of it, and I do not believe it," replied Bertie, instantly.

A buzz of applause rose, and was instantly quelled by the usher.

"When did you see the prisoner last?" asked Mr. Sewell.

"I—I can't give you the date—the day I left England. Here at The Dell."

"Did you ask him—did he tell you—"

"Oh, my lord!" said Mr. Edgar. "Fearsay evidence! Really!"

But Bertie rushed on:

"No, I do not know why he was living under an assumed name. He would not tell me. I wish he had; but he refused."

He stopped, feeling all eyes upon him. He had spoiled the effect his affectionate greeting and indignant assertion of the prisoner's innocence had produced.

"You may stand down, my lord," said Mr. Sewell.

He went and stood beside Olivia, and took her hand.

Then Mr. Sewell called the landlord of the George Inn, where Bella-Bella had stopped; Faradeane's man, who had prevented her entering The Dell—the case looked blacker—and then he called William Alford.

It was Bessie's turn to shrink and cry now.

"You were passing The Dell, the prisoner's cottage, the night of the visit of the deceased. Tell us the conversation you heard between her and the prisoner."

Alford, with a piteous look at Bessie and Faradeane, hesitated.

"I—I don't remember. I couldn't hear distinctly."

Mr. Sewell looked at him sternly:

"Come, sir; were these words?" and he repeated Bella's speech, which in a tipsy moment poor Alford had blurted out one night at the George.

"You heard her say that she knew the prisoner wished she was dead, that he would like to kill her? Answer, sir!"

"Oh, Mr. Faradeane, what can I do, sir?"

"Answer," said Faradeane, in a grave, compassionate voice.

"Silence!"

"Well," with a groan, "I did!"

CHAPTER XXXIII
A Gypsy's Evidence.
We must leave the court—now ad-

Just try this Coffee



SEAL BRAND
COFFEE

PREPARED BY CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL

SEAL BRAND
Coffee

In 1/2, 1 and 2 pound cans. Whole—ground—pulverized—also Fine Ground for Percolators. 172

jourled for luncheon—and follow Bartley Bradstone.

He reached home more dead than alive after his fright in the woods, and as he recovered his scattered senses, there flashed upon his remembrance the note inclosing the confession. He would destroy that the first thing, then he would pack his portmanteau, and obeying Faradeane's instructions, run over to the Continent.

He thrust one hand into his coat-pocket, and drew a candle toward him with the other. Then he felt back, white to the lips, and with an inarticulate cry. The packet had—gone!

He felt in every pocket, though he knew well that he had put it in his overcoat breast-pocket as he stood on the steps of the Grange—shook his coat, unfolded and shook his handkerchief, and examined the room. With quaking limbs he put on his hat, and scrutinizing every inch of the way, retraced his steps through the house and down the drive, along the road and up the Grange avenue, almost as far as the railings where he had seen the apparition, but not quite so far. Even to recover the fatal letter he could not bring himself to face that awful spot again.

But the letter was nowhere to be seen. Worn out with anxiety, he went back to The Maples and flung himself into a chair. To leave the place with that damning confession of his guilt he knew not where, he felt was an impossibility. A dull kind of despair seized upon him, and held him in complete thrall. He crawled up to bed at last, but not to sleep. All night he tortured himself by imagining the discovery of the confession by some one who would either carry it to the police station or to Olivia. If the person who found it followed the former course, then all was over with him, and tight would be useless. Before he could reach London—now—the telegraph would be in operation, and detectives would be waiting for him at every station. If, on the other hand, it should be carried to Olivia—well, she would, she must send for him, and he would have to face a new phase of the danger.

He went downstairs the next morning casting restless, suspicious glances

over the balustrade, expecting to see a policeman in the hall; but as the day passed and no one came—no detective, and no message from Olivia—his spirits rose somewhat.

"I may have dropped it as I stood leaning against the railing; it must have come out with my handkerchief when I saw—" He stopped with a shudder. "Perhaps luck is going to stand by me still, and the cursed thing has been blown into the wood and is hidden under the bracken. If so"—he got up with renewed energy—"if so, let it lie there until after the trial, after I come back. He will be put out of the way then!"

This view of the case was so encouraging that he dwelt on it, repeating it over and over again, and then went upstairs and secretly began to make preparations for his departure. He prepared the way by reading one of his letters, while the butler was in the room, and uttering exclamations of impatience and annoyance.

"Tut, tut! I shall have to go to town, I'm afraid," he said.

"Yes, sir," said the butler, as he removed the untouched breakfast.

"Yes. But I'm not certain. Let me see, what are the trains?"

"There's the one at midday—you have just lost the morning one, sir—and the evening train."

Bartley Bradstone thought rapidly. It was just possible that even now, or later in the morning, some one might pick up the letter and take it to Olivia, and he might hear from her. He would wait until the evening train.

He passed the day going over his papers and letters, destroying some and placing the others in the safe. He had not opened it since the wedding day, on which he had taken out the revolver, and he stood before it, looking into its depth with a dull apathy. It was difficult to realize that he—Bartley Bradstone—was a murderer; that but for the noble heroism and self-sacrifice of the man he hated most in the world, he would at that moment be in the cell, instead of Faradeane, awaiting his trial!

He had been a cunning, an unscrupulous man, an adventurer who had never hesitated at any mean or base action, so long as it was just within the law; who had never hesitated to secure or push an unfair advantage, at whatever cost to others. But murder! With a shudder he shut the safe to, as if he would shut out all remembrances of his crime.

Having secured and destroyed his papers, he finished his packing. He had always been lavish in decking his person with jewelry, and the trinkets and odds and ends of gold and gems which he possessed represented a large sum of money. He thought of packing them and taking them with him, but ultimately decided to leave them behind, and locked them in his safe.

Then he forced himself to eat a little of the early dinner which had been provided for him, and at last got into the carriage and was driven to the station. He noticed the Grange carriage standing at the steps, but he saw that it was empty, and concluded that it had been sent to bring the squire, who may have been travelling up the line on some business.

He did not see Bessie, who was standing in the shadow; and, more important still, he did not see Seth and the woman who entered the train just as it was starting.

Coiled in a corner of a first-class compartment, he tried to sleep, but every jolt and rattle of the train seemed to voice that sudden shriek which rose from the lips of Bella-Bella as the bullet struck her, and he tossed and turned in that hideous, acute wakefulness which is a signpost on the road to madness.

Then it suddenly occurred to him that possibly the note had been found and the police were already searching for him! If so, to alight at the London terminus would be to step into the arms of his captors. His ready brain met this new difficulty and danger. He resolved to get out at one of the stations on the line this side of London, and, after some consideration, fixed upon Basingstoke.

When the train pulled up at the station, he called a porter to take his portmanteau, and stepped quickly, but not hurriedly, from the train and passed into the refreshment room.

(To be Continued.)

BUY YOUR Floor COVERINGS

—FROM—
BLAIR'S
Because they will Save you Money.

They are offering a big variety of patterns in the New American Floor Coverings at

\$1.10 yard.

You can buy these same Floor Cloths somewhere else for \$1.20 and that is the usual price, but Blair's say September being a kind of a quiet month they can easily cut more Floor Cloths than, so the cut in the price cuts two ways.

They say according to the prices the manufacturers are now quoting, these coverings would cost them all this to land.

They show a big range of Block and Floral Patterns, as they have the manufacturers of three different materials, viz.: Congo-leums, Feltoleums and Neponets, and show the best patterns of each make. These are much better than cheap Floor Canvases, of which the cheapest to-day is about \$1.00 per yard.

This is mainly because the basic material for Cheap Floor Canvas is Burlap or Brin, and the immediate demand for that is tremendous. It is estimated that for the making of sand bags and the wrapping of foodstuffs, etc., for the Army, that the British Government calls for sixty million square yards per week. Therefore the price of brin has more than doubled. But Blair's are trying to help you all they can on prices, therefore remember—

BLAIR'S FOR FLOOR COVERINGS

J. J. St. JOHN.

Before Flour goes higher put in your stock.

1500 barrels on hand and to arrive, of best brands.

Pork, Beef, Jowls.

Spare Ribs at \$19.00 bbl., or 10 lbs. for \$1.00.

Molasses—1st runnings.

Tea, Sugar, Kero Oil.

Oats, Bran & Cattle Feeds.

Our ECLIPSE TEA is the best in Newfoundland at 45c. lb.

J. J. ST. JOHN,
Duckworth St. and LeMarchant Road.

Toys! Toys! Toys!

NEW TOYS FOR GIRLS & BOYS.

A Big Stock Just in—New Dolls, New Teddy Bears, Toy Dogs, Toy Elephants, Toy Sheep, Toy Stoves, Toy Washing Sets, Toy Guns, Toy Rains, Toy Automobiles, Toy Beds, Toy Sets, Toy Tea Sets, Toy Trains, Toy Soldier Outfits, Toy Soldier Caps, Toy Soldier Hats, French and English, Toy Targets, Toy Pistols, Toy Banks, A B C Blocks, Building Blocks, Picture Blocks, Toy Esquimaux, Toy Rabbits, Rubber Balls, Rubber Dolls, Dolls and Dresses, Toy Whips, Toy Expresses, Toy Skipping Ropes, Rocking Horses, Velocipedes, Games, Parcheesi, Authors, Roodles, Pit, Snap, Pumpkins, Old Maid, Nations, Word Making, Busybodies, Checkers, Chess, Kindergarten Games, Water Pistols, Toy Spades, Toy Shovels, Toy Signaling Games, Children's Companions, School Sets and Painting Sets—a veritable Toy Palace. See our Window and see our Showroom. Bring the children along and give them a real treat.

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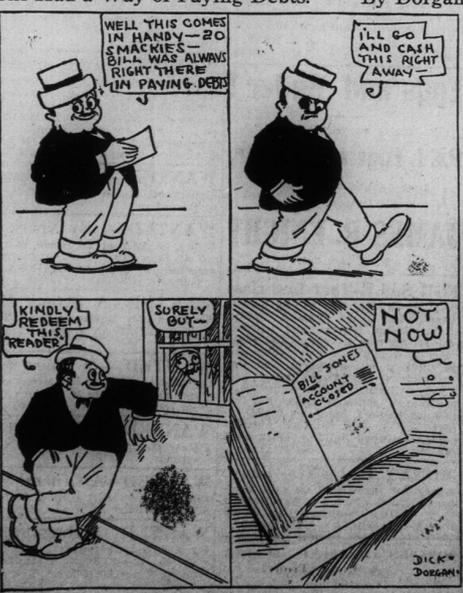
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MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIS-TEMPER.

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WELL THIS COMES IN HANDY—20 SMACKIES—BILL WAS ALWAYS RIGHT THERE—IN PAYING DEBS.

I'LL GO AND CASH THIS RIGHT AWAY.

KINDLY REDEEM THIS RECEIPT.

SORELY OUT—

NOT NOW.

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You can't sleep because the nerves are irritable and exhausted. Nerve Food cannot give you any lasting help, but Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can.

It cures sleeplessness, irritability, nervousness, headache, etc., by restoring vigor and vitality to the run-down and exhausted nervous system. The benefits obtained are both thorough and lasting. 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.50. All druggists, or Edman-son, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

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That's the kind of roof you get by using **EVER-LAS-TIC READY ROOFING**, 40 per roll. EVER-LAS-TIC—because it lasts; it's not rubber in it. Rubber rots, you know that.

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PARTICULARS:
Each roll contains 108 square feet; one roll will cover 10 square yards. Multiply the length of your roof by its width, divide by 100 and the answer will be the number of rolls required to cover your roof.

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We are meeting with great success with our new style two collar effect Overcoats.

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In single or double-breasted is made long with belt at back, and can be worn with lapels turned back or buttoned up to the chin with motor collar. Made in a great variety of prices and goods.

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SCREENED OLD MINE North Sydney Coal.

Ex Steamer \$10.00.
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Also, all Sizes Anthracite Coal, \$15.50.
Buy before prices advance.

A. H. MURRAY, Beck's Cove.

Is the Fate of the Zeppelin a Portent?

Can We See In It a Symbol of God's Defeat of Frightfulness?

"From accounts there was some thing sublime, like the fall of Lucifer in the fate of the Zeppelin which attacked London on Saturday night," says the Morning Post.

"This unlucky unit in a fleet of thirteen went flaming headlong through the ether sky in hideous ruin and combustion." For one great moment it lit up the night and then shrank to a bar of fiery red, which descended slowly to earth with its brooding crew.

"While it would be an affectation to mourn over the fate of people who were trying to drop high-explosive bombs down our chimneys, mere humanity might perhaps suggest that the War Lord should not think it necessary to make any more such burnt offerings to the good old German God. But if the Germans desire to turn any more of their people into incandescent burners, let them go on sending their Zeppelins, and we shall go on doing our humble best to bring them down.

"Certainly the loss of their ships is better calculated to touch the German heart than the loss of our babies, and it is a comfortable reflection that the skill of our gunners and the daring of our airmen are being manly might perhaps suggest that the War Lord should not think it necessary to make any more such burnt offerings to the good old German God. But if the Germans desire to turn any more of their people into incandescent burners, let them go on sending their Zeppelins, and we shall go on doing our humble best to bring them down.

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Tracked by Searchlights.

The sight of the falling, blazing Zeppelin was amazing, and was seen by thousands of people within a radius of 30 miles from Cuffley, where it fell in a lonely field, over 13 safe miles from the heart of London. Some soldiers saw the great sight from the big stand at Lord's cricket ground.

One of the best descriptions of the last 20 minutes of the career of the Zeppelin is given by a correspondent of the Morning Post.

"About half-past-eleven the searchlights began their work. No quarter of the sky from which an aerial raider could possibly, under the existing conditions, hope to approach the London area was left uncolored or unwatched again and again with its wonderful trellis-work of subdued and penetrative beams. Gradually the group of lights was concentrated on particular areas of the sky, at first an irregular and broken circle, but as the circle narrowed, the gaps between the lights were filled. The circle remained almost stationary, but other lights flashed round about it incessantly.

"There She Is."

"Steadily round the edges of the large cloudbank the circle rested. There were any Zeppelin behind it, but only hope of remaining undetected.

T. J. Edens

By S. S. Stephano, Sept. 30, 1916

N. Y. Chicken.
N. Y. Corned Beef.
Bananas.
California Lemons.
20 cases California Oranges.
Table Tomatoes.
Am. Beauty Butter, 1 lb. prints.
Fresh Oysters—in shell.
Cranberries.
Pears—brils. and half brils.

APPLES!

By S. S. Stephano:

50 brls. No. 1 GRAVENSTEINS.
50 brls. No. 2 GRAVENSTEINS.
50 brls. No. 3 GRAVENSTEINS.
10 brls. CRABAPPLES.

Boneless Codfish, 2 lb. boxes.
Rakeapples in tins.
50 cases Boyer's Early June Peas.
Peanut Butter.
Small Pearl Onions.
Preserved Raspberries in glass.
Preserved Strawberries in glass.
Gem Peas in glass.

Bulldog Brand TEA

45c. lb.
5 lbs. for \$2.00.

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