

Coal Oil Light **TEN DAYS FREE**

BEATS GAS OR ELECTRICITY

Make your home bright and cheerful, having one-half on oil. Government and leading University tests prove this wonderful new Aladdin lamp burns 75 hours on one gallon common kerosene (coal oil). No odor, smoke or soot. No poisonous gas to breathe. **WON GOLD MEDAL GUARANTEED.** Prove for yourself, without risk, by **Ten Nights Free Trial** that Aladdin has no equal as a white light. If not satisfied, return at our expense. \$1000 given away showing the oil lamp used in every way to this NEW MODEL ALADDIN.

GET YOURS FREE We want one user in each locality to whom we will loan coal oil. Be the fortunate one to write first for 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER and learn how to get one FREE.

MANTLE LAMP CO., 220 Adelaide Bldg., ST. JOHN'S

Lowest cost, oil, mantle, lamp, money on the wall. **WARRANTED** to burn money or full time. One year selling plan, please specify. Make big money without money. **Send for 10 Day Free Trial and Give Us Your Name when you become a distributor.**

Agents Wanted

Happiness At Last, Loyalty Recompensed.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

She shrugged her shoulders, and gazed at him through half-closed lids. His man's misery and rage gave her a kind of satisfaction, pleasure. She was as heartless and cruel as the faintest of old, and the infliction of pain upon this man whom she hated came as a relief after all she herself had endured.

"It looks like it doesn't hurt," she said. "And if I am—" He put his hand to his head.

"My God!" he said to himself rather than to her. "And you said that you loved me! You promised to be my wife—my wife!"

She laughed, and stretched herself into a still easier and more indolently careless attitude.

"Did I? It was a mistake. I never meant it. If you hadn't been fool enough to lose your head, you'd have seen that."

He looked at her as if he could not bring himself to believe he had heard aright.

"You never—" he gasped.

She smiled up at him.

"My dear fellow, if you mean that I never loved you, you are quite right. I certainly never did."

He struggled for breath.

"Why—why?" he panted.

She raised her head upon her hand, and looked at him coldly, contemptuously.

"Oh, for several reasons," she replied. "One, because Morgan wished me to keep you in tow; another, because—well, you were so mad that night that I was obliged to humor you."

He put his hand to his throat as if he were choking.

"Morgan—" he said.

She nodded.

"Yes, you may as well know the truth. You'd have discovered it sooner or later. You were useful to Morgan, you see."

He hid his face.

"He—he has robbed me!" he said, hoarsely, staring before him vacantly.

"Well, that's a coarse way of putting it. But it's your way to be coarse; it's your nature, and you can't help it. If you mean that Morgan—with my help—always managed to win, you're right. Don't blame me. I was under his thumb, and had to obey orders. Go and find him, and have it out with him. I don't mind." She laughed carelessly.

"You—you helped him!" he said, as if he were half-stupefied.

She nodded and gazed.

"Yes; like the good and faithful sister I am. I've often wondered you haven't detected us. I've seen you look up when I've been bending over you and making signs to him, telling him the cards you held." She laughed.

"My God!" he exclaimed.

"Don't blame me. Go to Morgan and call him to account."

"No," he said. "I don't blame you; you were in his power, under his thumb. But you did it, knowing all the time that I loved you. No," broke from his strained lips, "I won't believe it. Tell me that you are joking, that you are only saying it to tease me. Tell me, Laura."

He hung himself on his knees beside the couch, and tried to take her hand; but she whipped it behind her. He gazed at her piteously. He had meant to confront her, charge her with her faithlessness and treachery, and leave her overwhelmed by his scorn; but the sight of her, of the beautiful face, the graceful figure, had gilded his eyes. Even now that he had heard her confess, boast of her duplicity and deceit, of the fact that she had helped to swindle and rob him, he could not

resist the fascination of her presence her voice.

"Laura," he said, hoarsely, "I can't believe it. No woman—least of all you—could do it. See, dear, I know you are joking. You are saying it to—to try me." He laughed discordantly. "Well, I haven't risen to it; you can't take me in."

She looked at him with unconcealed contempt.

"You must be mad!" she said.

"I suppose I am," he said, helplessly. "I—I came here—I followed you to have it out with you, to break the engagement, to cast you off; but I can't—I can't. Even though I find you here in Deane's rooms. Where is he?"

He broke off with the abruptness of a man whose mind is in too great a whirl to act consecutively.

"I don't know," she said; "I haven't seen him."

A flash of hope smote across his misery.

"Then—then you did not come to—to meet him?" he said, quickly, with a sharp breath.

"Oh, yes, I did," she said, coolly.

"Then it was by that scoundrel's, by Morgan's orders?" he said, clutching at the hope that she had been forced to come.

She nodded.

"Yes."

"Thank God!" he breathed. "Laura, forgive me—forgive all my doubts of you. I might have known that—that you would not have been so false. Forgive me. I love you, Laura. Come away with me now—come home. I will protect you from Morgan. We will be married at once."

She shrank back from him, and stared with cold amazement.

"Come with you—marry you? Why, didn't I just tell you that I didn't care for you; that I only said what I did, promised to be your wife, because I was obliged? You must be stark, staring mad!"

He put his hand to his hot brow. Indeed her confession of her baseness, her treachery, had been forgotten for the moment.

"You didn't mean it!" he said, with a ghastly smile. "You are spoofing me, Laura. Come!"

He rose and held out his arms, and bent down as if to lift her from the couch. She sat up and pushed him away from her.

"Come with you? Marry you? Not if there wasn't another man in the world! I—hate you!"

He looked at her, the smile dying away on his face, his eyes distending.

"You—hate me?"

"Yes," she said between her teeth.

"I've always hated you from the first. Why, what is there about you to take any woman's fancy? Look in the glass!" She laughed heartily as she pointed behind him. "And you were always a bear and a savage. Many's the time when you've talked about your love and—touched me, that I've had hard work to keep myself from crying out. And even Morgan sometimes found it difficult to stand you. If it hadn't been for your money—and I suppose that's gone now, or most of it."

"Yes, it's gone," he said, dully, mechanically.

He felt and looked like a man in a dream, a hideous nightmare which paralyzed him.

She laughed.

"For Heaven's sake, go! Deane—or—or some one will come in, and there will be a scene."

He did not move, but gazed down at her with his under lip drooping, his eyes vacant and expressionless.

"Do you hear? Why don't you go? I've answered you plainly enough. I've told you that I hate you, and that nothing would induce me to marry you."

"Nothing—would—induce—you?" he said, after her.

"No! Besides," she yawned and stretched out her arms and looked at the bracelets upon them—"besides, if I were ever so fond of you, I couldn't marry you."

"Why—not?" he asked, thickly.

She laughed.

"Because I happen to be married already."

He stared at her, and his lips moved. He was repeating her words again, striving to grasp, to realize, their meaning.

"Married—already?"

She nodded.

"Yes."

"To—to him?"

She looked round the room.

She laughed. It amused her to mystify, deceive him.

"Yes—to him," she said.

"Secretly?" he breathed.

"Yes, yes, of course," she answered, impatiently.

"All—all the time; even when you said that you loved me—promised to be my wife?"

She made a gesture with her hands, as if she were utterly weary of his questions, his presence.

"Yes, yes! Oh, for Heaven's sake, go, and leave me alone! What's the use of staying and worrying me? I never want to see you again!"

She rose, and went past him toward the fire-place. Her movement seemed to break the spell, to release him from its benumbing influence.

With a low snarl, like that of a wild beast, he caught her by the arm and swung her round to him.

"You—devil!" he hissed.

She struggled and uttered a cry.

He covered her mouth with his hand, and forced her on her knees. As he did so, his foot struck against the Persian dagger which lay among the other things which had been overturned.

He caught it up, jerked the blade from its sheath, and raised it above his head. His hand still covered her mouth; but if it had not, her tongue would have refused its office, for she was paralyzed by terror. She fought and struggled with him, but in vain. He held her in the grip of a vise; his bloodshot eyes stared into hers, his hot breath scorched her cheek.

The shining blade was poised above his head for an instant or two, then it gleamed downward. There was a low, gurgling cry; then, as he released the blade, the body fell away from him in a ghastly heap on the floor.

He knelt beside it, looking at the dead face, at the tiny stream of blood which had already ceased to run. For a moment he did not realize what he had done; then, with a groan and a shudder that shook him from head to foot, he bent over her and moaned her name.

"Laura, Laura, Laura!"

Time moved down the fatal moments with its relentless scythe. It seemed to tick "Murder, murder!" as they fell.

Trevor remained on his knees, staring vacantly at the dead, white face for full five minutes, listening to the accusing clock; then he rose, and staggered backward to the fire-place; his eyes still fixed on the face, as if they were chained there.

Another five-minutes passed before he realized that he was in danger. Some one—his, her husband—her husband—might come in at any moment. He must fly!

With the instinct of self-preservation, the mechanical desire to conceal his deed, even for a time, he went to the body slowly, fearfully, and hitting it carefully, laid it on the couch. His eye caught Gaunt's fur coat, and he took it up and covered the body with it. As he drew it over the beautiful face—never more beautiful than it was now in the calmness, the placidity of death—he shivered as if with cold, and a low moan broke from his livid lips. He drew his eyes away slowly, and taking up his hat, went slowly—and still backward—to the door, and opened it.

There was no one in the corridor. A servant was singing in the servants' room. He closed the door softly, very softly, as if to avoid waking the woman on the couch, and passed quickly and on tiptoe down the stairs and into the street.

And it was not until he had reached the crowded thoroughfare at the end that he remembered that no one had seen him enter the house or leave it.

Decima found herself standing on the pavement outside the Mansions. She was scarcely conscious of how she had got there. She had put on her things mechanically, hurriedly, and fled from the house with uncertain feet.

As mechanically, hurriedly, she went up the street, and at the edge of the larger and busier thoroughfare, stood gazing vacantly before her.

A passing cabby halted her, and she got in. But she did not think to tell the man where she wished to be driven, and he had to ask her twice through the window in the roof before she could reply.

At Lady Pauline's door she stood a moment, looking up and down the street, with the same expression in her eyes; for she was asking herself whether it was really she, Decima Deane, who was standing there.

She rang at last, and the charwoman let her in.

"Oh, it is you, miss!" she said, gurglingly. "I've lighted a bit of a fire in your room, thinking it would be more comfortable. Would you like to go up now, or can I get you anything?"

"I will go up now," said Decima.

Something in the girl's voice rather startled the woman, and she turned and looked at her.

"You seem tired, miss?" she said.

"Yes—that is it; I am tired," said Decima, dully.

(To be continued.)

Fashion Plates.

A SMART COAT MODEL FOR THE GROWING GIRL.



Pattern 3373 is here depicted. It is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14 year size will require 3 1/2 yards of 48 inch material.

Serge, cheviot, polo cloth, evora cloth, velours, tricotine and also pile fabrics, velvet, corduroy and caracul are attractive for this model.

The collar may be worn closed high at the neck or rolled in reverse styles as illustrated.

A PLEASANT AND POPULAR DRESS MODEL.



Pattern 3429 is here depicted. It is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size will require 3 1/2 yards of 38 inch material.

Plaid or checked suiting, serge, challis, voile, gingham, percale, seersucker, taffeta and velveteen are attractive for this style.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 16c. in silver or stamps.

No.

Size

Address in full:—

Name

NOTE:—Owing to the continual advance in price of paper, wages, etc., we are compelled to advance the price of patterns to 15c. each.

The place for photographs and portraits is in the intimate rooms of the house.

1400 (Fourteen Hundred) pairs of Ladies' Sample Boots. Price to clear only \$5.50 per pair, at SMALLWOOD'S Big Shoe Sale.

DENTISTRY

A passing cabby halted her, and she got in. But she did not think to tell the man where she wished to be driven, and he had to ask her twice through the window in the roof before she could reply.

At Lady Pauline's door she stood a moment, looking up and down the street, with the same expression in her eyes; for she was asking herself whether it was really she, Decima Deane, who was standing there.

She rang at last, and the charwoman let her in.

"Oh, it is you, miss!" she said, gurglingly. "I've lighted a bit of a fire in your room, thinking it would be more comfortable. Would you like to go up now, or can I get you anything?"

"I will go up now," said Decima.

Something in the girl's voice rather startled the woman, and she turned and looked at her.

"You seem tired, miss?" she said.

"Yes—that is it; I am tired," said Decima, dully.

(To be continued.)

Dr. Lehr, DENTIST,

Has removed to

Strang's Building,

329 Water St.,

Three Doors West of

A. Goodridge & Sons

(To be continued.)

"COMPARE THE WORK."

THE ROYAL

CLEAN TYPE IMPRESSION—SPEED—ACCURACY.

DICKS & CO., Ltd.,

Sole Agents for Newfoundland.

The Economy Corner

Our New Department.

We are prepared to renovate your Mattress and make it equal to new at about half the cost of a new one.

We have special machinery for this particular purpose. Every particle of dust is eliminated and it is returned to you in a perfect state of hygiene, as many of our customers have informed us with thanks for economy effected.

We repair and upholster all kinds of Furniture, and have a specialist in that work.

GIVE US A TRIAL ORDER.

The C. L. March Co., Ltd.

Corner Water and Springdale Streets, St. John's.

P.S.—CARS STOP AT OUR DOOR.

P. F. FOR GOODNESS SAKE EAT PAT-A-CAKE and other PEEK FREEN BISCUITS. AT ALL GROCERS. Wholesale from P. F. FEARN & CO., Ltd. P. F.

A Set Time for Practice Hour.

What because of your practice hour to-day? Did it have to stand aside for other things? Did you push it further on in the busy day, because something else clamored to be done? And, finally, as you tumbled into bed, did you remember with a pang that the convenient moment had not arrived to begin it?

It is all very well for you to tell yourself that to-morrow that magic day that never comes—you will practice two full hours to make up for it. You won't—and you know it! For this is a battle that must be fought every single day. You will find it no easier to-morrow than it was yesterday, or the day before.

Here's a way that makes the winning of the practice hour a sure thing. It is this:

You have a set time for breakfast—for luncheon—for going to school—and for a host of things. Make a hard and fast time for the practice hour too. Having made that time, stick to it through thick and thin. It will be difficult at first till you get into the habit. But you will find it easier and easier; and instead of the practice hour being pushed aside for other things, it will gradually take its proper precedence and assert itself and the lesser concerns will have to wait.

Try this for a while and see how you will gain, both in solid technique and in something even more important—personal character.

FOR LADIES' COATS.—We have some splendid Blue and Brown Nap suitable for making a magnificent lady's coat at \$10.50 per yard. Worth \$15.00. SPURRELL the Tailor, Water Street. —not12.ppd.11

MINARE'S LINIMENT FOR DIPHTHERIA.

RUMFORD

Good cooks find uniform wholesomeness in the perfectly raised biscuits, muffins, waffles and cakes baked with Rumford.

Pure!

Rumford is absolute in purity, unsurpassed in quality. Its uniform strength, efficiency and dependability have made it the choice of good cooks everywhere.

G. D. SHEARS & SON, Agents.

THE WHOLESOME BAKING POWDER

Mosle

From B and ment British Cond Plans Doc

RUSSIAN-CONSTANTINOPLE

An agreement between the British and Russian forces in Constantinople, according to the following territorial international restoration of this in regions: 1. Turkey; 2. Turin; 3. Facilitate Russian delegation of the Russian country, Egypt, from foreign independence; 5. her territory integrity.

ASQUITH

The eagerly House of Commons was in the former of the opposition in the House of Commons. The taking of about Irish was a complete Independent, and the Dignity MacLennan, Asquith set forth in the what he termed policy on Ireland driven in Ireland of sympathy and indignation. The fact there was an end that first movement. THE

THERE ARE

Only Tablets are As

If you don't on the table not Aspirin. Your drug the genuine because it's made by American Co. There is no interest in the purchase ment. During the were sold as various other you can get stamped. P. F. Cross—Aspirin for Health, Rheumatism, and Headache. Buy Aspirin in Newfoundland from Bayer's Manufacturing of St. John's.