

**FLOORLUSTRE**

**Dries in a Few Hours and Hardens Over Night**

Make the floors ready for summer. You can easily finish one room every night with "Floorlustre". It will be a pleasure—not work—and then the floors will be fresh and bright when carpets and rugs are laid away.

**FLOORLUSTRE**

IS THE PERFECT FLOOR ENAMEL. It will not show scratches—can be washed with soap and water.

One gallon covers 500 square feet. All colors for floors, verandahs, porches and steps.

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MONTREAL, HALIFAX, ST. JOHN, TORONTO, WINNIPEG.

# Tale of Mystery

CHAPTER XXIII.

## TRAPPED.

The calculations which the Count had made as to the probable actions of the two sisters were singularly shrewd and accurate; and the moment he had led them they set to work to plan out their best course of action.

"What does he mean to do, Daphne?"

"It is impossible to say yet," was the reply. "He has probably gone away to think over a new position and to make some fresh plans. He won't give in without a big effort; and much of that effort will depend upon how far he thinks he can get off scot free from any investigation into the murder of the Indian. If he is sure that my conviction will be secured without any risk to himself, my arrest will take place within five minutes. He will bring the first policeman he meets up here."

"Oh, Daphne," cried her sister, with an expression of pain.

"I am not afraid, dear. I have taken up the cross and I'll carry it now. Better the trial now than the uncertainty that lingers like a canker, killing every hope. I didn't kill the man. I didn't even rob him, as robbery is understood in criminal courts."

"But if I am not to live a life of constant disguise and fear discovery, the trial must come; and so far as I am concerned the sooner the better."

"I can't endure the thought of it."

"If I can, you may," said the elder sister, curtly.

"I don't mean for my own sake only. The thought of your having to face a whole court of people, and—"

"It's not that I flinch from," said Daphne, interposing. "The world and I have been on terms of mutual dislike and distrust, and one more chance of showing it won't count for much with me. Besides, I had my fling, and must pay the cost. I'm no coward. But I'm not by any means sure that it will come to that. I thought so when you first came to me; and I'll own I was scared. But this scoundrel has too much to hazard to risk it thoughtlessly."

"He is such a desperate man, Daphne."

"Desperate, yes, but always with

one eye to his own interest. Let him have what influence he may with this fool of a friend of yours—this Mrs. Markham—the knowledge that he is really Collyer and Leppard rolled into one—a convicted murderer in the one character, and a very probably one in the other—would certainly prevent her marrying him. To accuse me and rake up that horrible scandal will mean the wreck of his marriage hopes, therefore, at the start, and he won't do that without strong reason."

"But we are going to stop that marriage in any case; and he knows it."

"No, he only knows we've said so. He is too accustomed to threaten on thing and mean another to take every threat of ours for gospel."

"Yet I do mean it," said Daphne firmly. "I wish we had done what he asked—given him these wretched jewels and let him get out of the country with them as soon as possible, and be quit of him." She took them out of her dress as she spoke and tossed them on to the table. "I can save Dora now it is as much as I want, and he can have the rubies with pleasure."

"It will be time to think of that when we know really what he means to do. So long as those rubies remain in your possession you can make your own terms with him. Let him get them, however, and we shall both be at his mercy. At present he clings to the hope that he can both win the rich wife and force or juggle us out of the jewels. To-morrow he will know that Mrs. Markham at any rate is lost to him—that is if we can find her—and then these stones will have a much greater value in his eyes. Keep them. You had better keep them not I. If they were found on me, supposing I am arrested, things would probably go much harder with me. I should take them back to the safe if I were you."

"I will," said Daphne, "but I am anxious to go and find out the truth about Dora Markham. Even an hour's delay may be serious now."

"Then you'd better go at once."

"But what will you do, dear?"

"Wait here for what happens. I have made up my mind. Do you think I am not as resolute as you?" and Daphne smiled. "You won't be very long away in any case, and I shall put on my uniform and be Nurse Morland once more. If anyone comes for you I shall be only a nurse waiting to see you for journalistic purposes, or some such excuse. We nurses are used to exercising patience. Get back as soon as you can, and then we shall settle our next step."

Daphne was not many minutes getting ready.

"What shall I do with these?" she asked, when she was ready, holding out the rubies. "I can't carry the cigar case about with me, nor the tobacco case. I think I'm a little nervous about having such valuables on me at all."

"There's not much fear in 'broad daylight,'" replied the other. "But wait, let me look where we can best hide them. Not your stays—that's the first place everyone thinks of. Better here." She unhooked the girl's dress skirt, and in a few minutes had stitched the rubies into the top of the skirt at the back, where the gathers effectually hid all sign of them.

"There now, even a professional searcher might run her hands over you and miss them."

They laughed at the precaution thus taken and with a kiss parted, Daphne running lightly and quickly downstairs. As she closed the heavy door

behind her, and stood a moment on the top step, she glanced round, the thought in her mind being to make sure that the Count de Montalt was not waiting for her; and seeing nothing, she walked off at a brisk pace.

"She had barely turned the first corner, however, when she found her way barred by a number of women, gaudily dressed in flaunting but shabby clothes.

"They formed a semi-circle in front of her, and one of them came close to her and held out her hand.

"Ulo, Molly, old dear, who'd a thought of seeing you here? You are a toff, you are. Wo's your lay now?"

"What do you mean? I don't know you," said Daphne, quickly, feeling not a little alarmed at the women's looks and gestures. They all burst into a loud, discordant laugh when she spoke, and the one who had addressed her turned to the rest and said, with an oath:

"My ain't she proud, the bloomin' hussy. Look 'ere, Moll, that ain't good enough for me. You may be a fine lady—as you thinks yer are, praps—but you never paid me that arf quid you borrowed, not you. No nor even shelled out for them boots as yer sneaked. I dessey yer all right; but, if so, shell out now, and e—to you."

"I never saw any of you before in my life," said Daphne, "and of course you all know that well enough. I'm only a hard-working girl, like any one of you, and—"

"Ar'd workin' gell be sugared," cried the spokeswoman. "I ain't ar'd workin' gell, and you knows that well enough. No more aint you. But I want my coin—that which yer borer, and that for all the things yer sneaked; and what I want to know is—are yer gell ter pay or take the consequences? I don't care which and so that's straight, eh gells?"

A chorus of approbation came from the four women, and this was followed by an evident disposition to change from words to something more serious. They jostled Daphne, abused her for having borrowed money and stolen things, and closing round in a small semi-circle shut her up against the wall of a house, and barred every way of escape.

The incident did not last more than a minute or two, but it quickly developed so threatening an aspect that Daphne was thoroughly frightened, and looked in all directions for the help which did not come.

When it had reached its height, a brougham drove by rapidly, the occupant called, in a loud voice, to the driver to stop, he jumped out, and before the women seemed to have realized what had happened, Sir Edmund Landale pushed his way into their midst, gave his arm to Daphne who was now trembling and frightened, and handed her into the carriage.

"You can explain afterwards," he said, as he handed her into the brougham. "Let us get away first. Who on earth are these creatures? he exclaimed, as the women crowded round the carriage gesticulating and shouting as if in anger at having been balked in their purpose.

"I haven't the time to have a look of doubt. 'Are you going very far?'"

"Oh, no, the place is only about five minutes' ride from here, or at the outside; and really you will be quite as soon at your friend's. From Holborn to South Kensington via Finchley road is not the shortest cut, of course; but it is quicker behind a pair of horses like mine than in an omnibus, and much safer than on foot. But I should like to tell you what this little business is of mine. You are a woman journalist and knock about a good deal; so you'll really be a judge. You writers pick up all sorts of odds and ends of useful knowledge, and I dressey you know a lot about singing birds. Do you? I've been asked to buy a wonderful cage bird—a great beauty, and a splendid singer and talker; extraordinary that for a small bird, isn't it? And to tell you the truth I have rather jumped at the chance of having you with me to see it. There are so many scores of ways in which a man gets taken in in things of the kind, where a woman's sharp eyes can see the imposture in a moment. And you know I have unbounded faith in you." He laughed lightly as he added: "I hope you won't be awfully angry with me for having brought you so far out of your way on such an errand."

To be continued.

Markham's house in Edgcombe Square."

"I am going to South Kensington myself," returned her companion. "Let me drive you there. You will get there at least as quickly as if you go by any other means. I have one call to make by the way which will not take up much time, and my horses travel fast. What say you?"

He asked the question in a tone of such apparent genuine solicitude, and Daphne was so really grateful to him for the service he had just rendered her, that she consented. She was without a suspicion that anything was wrong or that the whole incident was not due to quite natural and innocent causes.

Sir Edmund Landale turned the conversation into the safe grooves of small talk; chatted with her about her work, told her he had bought copies of all her books, pressed her to tell him what she was writing, urged her to make use of him in any way to get her writings better known, and was altogether so pleasant and agreeable that when the carriage turned out of Oxford Street to the north toward Finchley, instead of paying any heed to the fact more or less to accept the explanation he volunteered that he was just going to make the business call he had before referred to.

The brougham went at a great pace along Baker Street and across into St. John's Wood, and when they had passed the shops and were rattling through the squares and streets of private houses, Daphne began to feel a vague uneasiness.

"I am really in a hurry," she said at length, and her face wore a look of doubt. "Are you going very far?"

"Oh, no, the place is only about five minutes' ride from here, or at the outside; and really you will be quite as soon at your friend's. From Holborn to South Kensington via Finchley road is not the shortest cut, of course; but it is quicker behind a pair of horses like mine than in an omnibus, and much safer than on foot. But I should like to tell you what this little business is of mine. You are a woman journalist and knock about a good deal; so you'll really be a judge. You writers pick up all sorts of odds and ends of useful knowledge, and I dressey you know a lot about singing birds. Do you? I've been asked to buy a wonderful cage bird—a great beauty, and a splendid singer and talker; extraordinary that for a small bird, isn't it? And to tell you the truth I have rather jumped at the chance of having you with me to see it. There are so many scores of ways in which a man gets taken in in things of the kind, where a woman's sharp eyes can see the imposture in a moment. And you know I have unbounded faith in you." He laughed lightly as he added: "I hope you won't be awfully angry with me for having brought you so far out of your way on such an errand."

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"I am only too glad I happened to be passing and saw you. What a lucky coincidence! But now, where are you going? Let me put you in safety, at any rate." The brougham was being driven at a quick pace along Oxford Street, in accordance with de Montalt's instructions.

"I will get out here, I think," said Daphne. "Anywhere will do. I am quite myself now, I'm not likely to be worried twice in a day by such an adventure."

"I think you had better wait a little longer yet. Besides, it is so pleasant for me to have you here, to drive with me, that I hope you won't hurry. Where are you going?"

"To South Kensington—to Mrs. Markham's house in Edgcombe Square."

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## A WOMAN'S ADVICE TO WOMEN

TAKE GIN PILLS

TRINITY P. O., ONT. "I received your sample of GIN PILLS and after using them, I felt so much better that I got a box at my druggist's, and now I am taking the third box."

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Mrs. T. HARRIS. Thousands of women, right here in Canada, owe their robust health, their strength and vigor, their bright eyes and rosy cheeks—to GIN PILLS. And they know that GIN PILLS will cure the Kidney and Bladder Troubles with which so many women suffer.

Do just as Mrs. Harris did—first, write for a free sample box of GIN PILLS and try them. Then, if they do you good, get the regular size boxes at your dealer's. Your money promptly refunded if GIN PILLS fail to give relief. National Drug and Chemical Co., Dept. N. Toronto.

The original Gin Pills, made by National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada Limited, Toronto, are sold only in this box.



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**R. H. TRAPNELL,** Eyesight Specialist, St. John's.

**A. J. Herder, B.A.,** Barrister-at-Law.

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## UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G. P. to MAY 19, 1911

|  |   |   |   |
|--|---|---|---|
| A<br>Adams, John<br>Adams, Annie, card<br>Adams, J. Queen's Road<br>Andrews, C. B. ret'd.<br>Ackerman, W. H., ret'd.<br>Barrett, Miss Annie, Pleasant Street<br>Brady, Mr.<br>Bassie, Mrs. Eddy, Cabot Street<br>Braithwaite, Miss Evelyn, care Gen'l Delivery<br>Barnes, Harvey, care Cabot Street<br>Bannister, Miss P., late Hospital<br>Ball, Albert, ret'd.<br>Brady, Michael, Gen'l Delivery<br>Best, Miss, ret'd.<br>Bennett, F. P., ret'd.<br>Beddescombe, Mr., Allandale Rd.<br>Bennett, Herbert, care G. P. O.<br>Brien, Michael, care G. P. O.<br>Breen, M. J., ret'd.<br>Brown, Patrick, late Sound Island<br>Brown, Martin, late Eotwood<br>Butler, E. J. Mt. Scio Rd.<br>Butt, Miss Margaret, care G. P. O.<br>Budden, Miss L., Gower St.<br>Butler, George, Long Pond Road<br>Brushett, Miss Teresa, New Gower Street<br>Bussey, Alfred, ret'd.<br>Burns, Master Wm., Butt, N. H.<br>Butler, Azariah, card, Lion's Square<br>C<br>Clarke, Pricella, ret'd., care G. P. O.<br>Cannings, W. F., late Carboneau<br>Cave, F., care Reid Nrd. Co.<br>Caldwell, W. T., Engineer<br>Callahan, George, Water St.<br>Clarke, Willis, care G. P. O.<br>Cash, A. B., Carey, Bob, South Side, St. John's<br>Coughlan, Bernard, care Henry Blair<br>Caldwell, Miss Jennie, Brazil's Square<br>Costello, Fannie, Adelaide Street<br>Collins, Mrs., Military Rd.<br>Cotter, D., Nagle's Hill<br>Cole, Reuben, card<br>Carbery, Mrs. George, ret'd.<br>Cooper, Edward, Scott St.<br>Cloney, Miss Aloysius, Middle Street<br>Cuddihy, Richard, St. John's<br>D<br>Dave, Gordon, Gower St.<br>Delaney, Miss, card<br>Dyke, Hannah J., Place | Dwyer, Michael, Nagle's Hill<br>Downs, Miss Lillie, care Gen'l Delivery<br>Down, Mrs. Wm., care Gen'l Delivery<br>Downey, Miss K., card<br>Duffy, Thos., ret'd.<br>Dalton, Bridget, George's Street<br>Edgar, Joseph<br>Edney, Mrs. Lucy, card, Flower Hill<br>Escott, Miss Maggie, St. John's Place<br>F<br>Farrance, P. H., care G. P. O.<br>Frampton, John, care Jas. House, Bond Street<br>French, Miss Fannie, Cabot Street<br>Fitzgerald, Mary, Carter's Hill<br>Fitzgerald, Mr., Carter's Hill<br>Fitzgerald, Mrs. Fred., Central Street<br>Fisher, Miss L., ret'd., New Gower Street<br>Froud, Phillip, care Nathaniel Froud<br>Foster, Miss N., card<br>G<br>Grant, Miss Alice, ret'd.<br>Greene, Miss Lizzie, card, care Gen'l Delivery<br>Greene, Minnie, card, care Gen'l Delivery<br>Greene, Miss Ethel, care Gen'l Delivery<br>H<br>Hallett, Mrs. Tics., Bond Street<br>Hanlon, P. J., card<br>Harvey, John<br>Harding, Mary, New Gower Street<br>Hawcks, Miss Sarah, Middle Street<br>Hanlon, J., Hanlon, Mrs. M., ret'd.<br>Herbert, A., Heartery, Minnie, card, Gower Street<br>Heart, Miss L., care Mrs. Geo. Hear<br>Hiscock, Miss Jessie, Brazil's Square<br>Horse, Fred., ret'd.<br>Hollett, Miss E. J., card, Bond Street<br>Hutchings, Miss Minnie, card<br>Hussey, N., card, Hamilton Street<br>I<br>Isaacs, Alfred, late of Charlottetown<br>J<br>Jacobson, N., Bond St.<br>James, Thomas<br>Jackman, Mrs.<br>Johnson, Miss M., Moore Street | Jackson, Archibald, late Witless Bay<br>Johnson, Miss B., care Mrs. P. P. Pretty, Miss Lucy, Brazil's Square<br>Jacobs, Winnie, card, George's Street<br>James, S., slip<br>Kelly, Mrs. St., Pleasant Street<br>Killy, John, care Gen'l Post Office<br>King, Miss May E., Kirby, Charles, Water St.<br>King, Martha, ret'd.<br>Lane, William, Linnwood, George Larder, A. C.<br>Lewis, Patrick, ret'd.<br>Lynch, Mrs. Thos., Field St.<br>L<br>Lane, William, Linnwood, George Larder, A. C.<br>Lewis, Patrick, ret'd.<br>Lynch, Mrs. Thos., Field St.<br>M<br>Martin, Agosto, care Gen'l P. Office<br>Mayer, Albert, care Mrs. Jas. Lester<br>Martin, Miss B., card, Middle Street<br>Martin, care Gen'l Delivery<br>Maywood, Miss Jenny<br>Marshall, H., oak's Hill<br>Mercer, Wm., Cornwall Avenue<br>Miller, Wm., Pleasant St.<br>Miller, John, Wickford St.<br>Miles, Mrs. O., care Gen'l Delivery<br>Miller, Miss Ethel, care Gilbert Street<br>Morgan, Mrs. Wm., Moore Street<br>Moore, Wm., Moore St.<br>Moyst, John, Mundy P. Road<br>Molloy, Mrs. Mary, ret'd.<br>Moore, Peter D., Cabot St.<br>Morgan, R., Mullooney, Miss Annie, Waterford Bridge<br>Murphy, M. J., care Gen'l Delivery<br>McMartin, John, St. John's<br>McCormack, N., ret'd.<br>McKay, James, card, Prince's Street<br>McDonald, Florence, Holloway Street<br>N<br>Nosworthy, Wm., care Geo. Knowledge<br>O<br>O'Neil, John, Water St. West<br>O'Brien, Maria, ret'd.<br>O'Brien, Maggie, Prescott Street<br>O'Connell, Miss Mary, Spencer Street<br>Parsons, Frederick, ret'd., Pardy, Eli | Parsons, Miss L., Avenue<br>Pearce, Mrs. Robert, care Mrs. Katie Roache<br>Pedgett, Mrs. John, Water Street<br>Pretty, Miss Lucy, Brazil's Square<br>Peckham, Thomas, Water Street<br>Pilly, Master George, Adelaide Street<br>Pippy, Alfred<br>Piercey, Miss Grace<br>Pynn, G. W., Power, Miss Katie, Balsam Street<br>Power, Miss Lillian, card, Henry Street<br>Porter, M., Duckworth St.<br>R<br>Reid, Miss G., Heardon, Robert, ret'd.<br>Riley, John, 46<br>Riley, H. C., ret'd., care Gen'l Delivery<br>Roache, Miss Margaret, care Mrs. Katie Roache<br>Rose, Monsieur Eugene, Roberts, Geo. slip<br>Roberts, Geo., slip<br>Rowles, James, late of Sussex Place<br>Roberts, Mrs. Mary, ret'd.<br>Rogers, Katie, ret'd.<br>Rogers, Mrs. Maggie, Stephens Street<br>Russell, Edward, Blackmar Road<br>S<br>Stamp, Edward, ret'd.<br>Shaw, Anna, ret'd.<br>Saunders, Mrs., ret'd.<br>Stamp, James, ret'd.<br>Shaw, Mrs. George, card<br>Sparrow, Mrs. Katie, card<br>Stewart, Mrs. Albert, ret'd.<br>Sheppard, S. L., Moore St.<br>Serrick, George<br>Sheehan, H. J., Seivour, Mrs.<br>Smith, Miss Dolly, Hamilton Street<br>Snow, Wm., College Street<br>Snow, Wm., Snow, J. C., ret'd.<br>Sullivan, Nicholas, Taylor, Arthur<br>Taylor, Mrs., Colonial St.<br>Tobin, Miss Bride, Turner, Mrs. Jas.<br>Turner, Wm., card<br>Taff, George<br>W<br>Walsh, Martin, Mount Scio<br>Way, Annie, card<br>Wheeler, Elizabeth, G. P. O.<br>Westbrook, George<br>Taff, George<br>Whelan, Miss Lizzie<br>Wersall, K. J., Whitefield<br>White, E. R., Wilkinson<br>Williams, Miss M., White, Miss Thelma<br>White, Miss Thelma<br>Yetman, Moses, George's St. |
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H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

## SEAMEN'S LIST.

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| A<br>Arnebury, H. S.,<br>B<br>B schr. A. K. MacLear<br>Ayers, Simeon, s.s. Beatrice | G |
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