

'Margaret,' The GIRL ARTIST, OR, The Countess of Ferrers Court.

CHAPTER XXII. I do not think I have at any time held up Lord Blair Leyton as an example to youth, and I am less likely than ever to do so now, now that he has reached an epoch in his life when, like a vessel without a rudder, he drifts to and fro on life's troubled sea, heedless of his course, and perilously near the rocks of utter ruin and destruction. But at any rate, I can claim one quality for our hero—he was thorough.

A wilder man than Blair, before he fell in love with Margaret, it would be difficult to imagine; it would be harder to find a better one, or one with better intentions, than he was during his short married life; and, alas, no wilder and more reckless being existed than poor Blair, after Margaret's supposed death.

He was quiet enough while he was ill, for he was too weak to do anything but sit still all day and brood.

He would sit for hours staring moodily at the dim line where sea and sky meet, without uttering a word—all his thoughts fixed upon his great loss, the sweet, lovable, lovely girl whom he had called wife for a few short weeks.

He never mentioned Margaret's name, and Austin Ambrose was too wise to disobey his injunction as regards silence. He made no further inquiries, and even if he had been desirous of doing so, there was no one of whom to make inquiries, for the Days had left Appleford, and no one knew anything more of Margaret than the common record, that she had been seen on the rock, and then—not seen!

Emaciated and haggard, Lord Blair sat day after day waiting for the renewal of strength, his sole employment that bitterest of all bitter amusements—recalling the past!

Austin Ambrose was his only companion, Austin leaving him only for short intervals, which he spent in town.

Vigilant as a lynx, untrusting as a sleuthhound, Austin Ambrose kept continual watch and guard. By a series of accidents, Fate had assisted his schemes, and he felt himself the winner almost already. A few turns more of the wheel, and he would have Violet Graham at his feet.

Revenge is a powerful motor, so is the love of money; but when they act together, then the man who harbors them is propelled like a steam engine—swiftly yet carefully, and, therefore, barring accidents, surely.

Gradually the long, absent strength came back to Blair. As the doctor had said, he had a wonderful constitution, and it did more for him than the great Sir Astley or the great "Sir" anybody else could have done, and at last one morning he remarked, in the curt manner which had now become habitual to him:

"I shall go up to town, Austin."

"To town?" said Austin Ambrose, raising his eyebrows. "Do you think you are fit, my dear Blair?"

"Yes," replied Blair slowly. "I am sick of sitting here day after day, and lying here night after night. I think I could"—he paused, and smothered a sigh—"sleep in London. This place is so infernally quiet—"

"Very well. Only don't run any

WOMAN AVOIDS OPERATION

Medicine Which Made Surgeon's Work Unnecessary.

Astoria, N. Y.—"For two years I was feeling ill and took all kinds of tonics. I was getting worse every day. I had chills, my head would ache, I was always tired. I could not walk straight because of the pain in my back and had pains in my stomach. I went to a doctor and he said I must go under an operation, but I did not go. I read in the paper about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and told my husband about it. I said 'I know nothing will help me but I will try this.' I found myself improving from the very first bottle, and in two weeks time I was able to sit down and eat a hearty breakfast with my husband, which I had not done for two years. I am now in the best of health and did not have the operation."—Mrs. JOHN A. KOENIG, 502 Flushing Avenue, Astoria, N. Y.

Every one dreads the surgeon's knife and the operating table. Sometimes nothing else will do; but many times doctors say they are necessary when they are not. Letter after letter comes to the Pinkham Laboratory, telling how operations were avoided and were not performed, or if performed, did no good, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was used and good health followed.

If you want advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass.

risks," said Austin Ambrose.

Blair looked at him with a hard smile.

"If I thought I should run any risk, as you call it, I should go all the sooner. Will you wire and tell them at the Albany that I am coming?"

"I'll do better than that," said Austin Ambrose, who did not by any means desire that their whereabouts should be known. "I'll run up and see that things are straight and comfortable for you, old man."

Blair looked at him moodily.

"Don't know why you take so much trouble for me, Austin," he said. "I've no claim upon you; you are not my brother—"

"Wish I were, especially your elder brother!" said Austin Ambrose, smiling, "then I should have all the Leyton property, and be the Earl of Ferrers, shouldn't I? Well, I don't know quite why I fuss over you; I've done it so long that I can't get out of it, I suppose. It is wonderful, the force of bad habit. So you have made up your mind to go to London? Well, heaps of fellows will be very glad. Violet Graham amongst them."

Blair frowned.

"Why should Violet Graham be glad?" he said, coldly. "Why should anybody?"

"Oh, I don't know," Austin replied, carelessly; "but I suppose they will. You always were popular, you know, my dear fellow."

So Mr. Austin Ambrose, impelled by his extreme good nature and friendship for Lord Blair, ran up to town first and saw that the chambers were put straight, and the valet, who had been put on board wages, and kept in complete ignorance of his master's movements, warned of Lord Blair's return.

And in the evening, after he had done all this, he went to Park Lane.

Violet Graham was still in London, although like the last Rose of Summer, "all her companions" had gone. She had pressing invitations to country houses in England, Scotland and Ireland—shooting and fishing parties clamored for the presence of the popular hostess; but in vain. She declared that she hated eating luncheon in wet turnip fields, and that fishing parties were a bore, and intended remaining in London, at any rate, for

he present. The truth was that she could not tear herself away while there remained a chance of Blair's return.

Austin Ambrose found her sitting before the fire in the drawing-room, crouching almost, her hands clasped in her lap, her eyes fixed on the glowing coals as if she were seeking the future in the red light; and she started up as he entered with an exclamation of surprise:

"Austin!" then she looked beyond him, as if she hoped and expected to see some one else with him, and not seeing him, her face fell.

"Well, Violet," he said, with his slow, calm smile.

"Where have you been?" she demanded, moving her hand toward a chair, "I thought you were dead."

"I am alive," he answered, "and I have been wandering up and down like the gentleman mentioned in history. You are early with your fire, aren't you? It is quite warm out."

"It is quite cold within," she replied; at least, I am cold, I always feel cold now. Well?" she added, with abrupt interrogation.

He smiled up at her.

"You want my news?" he said, shortly.

"Yes! Where is he? Where is Blair?" she demanded, and as she spoke his name a red spot burnt in either cheek, and her eyes grew hungry and impatient. "Why does he not come home or write? One would think you were both dead!"

"Blair is alive," he said, holding his hands to the fire, though he had said it was warm, and watching her with a sidelong look under the lowered lids. "He isn't dead, but he has been very nearly."

She uttered a faint cry, and put her hand to her heart.

"I knew it!" she murmured huskily, I felt that something was wrong with him. Don't laugh at me," she went on fiercely, for the smile had crept into his face again. "I tell you I felt it. It was as if some one had passed over my grave. Blair nearly dead! And you never told me! What brutes men can be!" and the angry tears crowded into her eyes.

"Don't blame me," he said. "It was Blair's fault. I should have written and asked you to help me nurse him, but he wouldn't permit me to tell any one, even the earl."

"But why not?" she demanded.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"As well ask the wind why it blows north instead of south, or east, or west. Blair is whimsical; besides, he hates any fuss, and—forgive me, Violet—but he may have known that you would have made a fuss."

"I would have gone to him to the other end of the world, and have given my life to save his, if you call that making a fuss!" she retorted angrily.

"Exactly," he said; "and that is just what Blair didn't want."

"Where was he, and what was it?" she asked, dashing the tears from her eyes with a gesture that was almost savage.

"He got a fever at Paris," said Mr. Austin Ambrose promptly. "It was a narrow squeak for him; but we pulled him through."

Violet Graham's face went white, and her lips shut tightly.

"We?" Then—then she was with him? She is with him now?" and her hands clenched so that the nails ran into the soft, pinky palms.

"She was," he answered, gravely; "but she is not now."

"Not now!" she echoed, with a quick glance at the calm, set face. "Where is she, then? Has he sent her away? Tell me, quick!"

"He has not sent her away, but she has gone. Violet, prepare yourself for a shock. The poor girl is dead!"

She sprung to her feet, and stood staring at him for a moment, then sank into her chair, a light of relief and joy, almost demoniacal in its intensity, spreading over her face.

TO SAVE EYES

Thousands of people suffer from eye troubles because they do not know how to do. They know some good home remedy for every other minor ailment, but none for their eye troubles. They neglect their eyes, because the trouble is not sufficient to drive them to an eye specialist, who would, anyway, charge them a heavy fee. As a last resort they go to an optician or to the five and ten-cent store, and sometimes get glasses that they do not need, or which, after being used a few months, do their eyes more injury than good.

Here is a simple prescription that every one should use: 5 grains Bon-Opto dissolved in 1/2 glass of water. Use three or four times a day to bathe the eyes. This prescription and the simple Bon-Opto drops are very effective in clearing the vision and quickly overcomes inflammation and redness of the eyes. Many reports have been received from those who have used it, and it is a great relief to those who have tried it. It is good for the eyes of those who are near-sighted, and it is a very valuable remedy for those who are far-sighted. It is a simple and effective remedy for all eye troubles. It is a simple and effective remedy for all eye troubles. It is a simple and effective remedy for all eye troubles.

at him with a glance half fearful.

"Did you—had you any hand—"

She could not finish the sentence.

He looked her full in the face, then let his eyes drop.

"Better not ask for any of the details, my dear Violet! Take the thing in its bare simplicity. If I had, as you delicately suggested, any hand in bringing about this consummation you so devoutly desired, what would you say? Are you going to overwhelm me with reproaches and cover me with remorse?"

The two spots burnt redly on her cheeks, then, as she turned and faced him, her face went very white.

"No. Do you think I have forgotten what you said? You asked me if I was prepared to separate them at any cost, and I answered 'at any cost. I have not forgotten. I do not retract my words. I said what I meant—"

"Even if it meant—murder!" he remarked, coolly.

She shuddered, and glanced toward the door fearfully, then she met his gaze defiantly.

"Yes, even if it meant murder!" He smiled at her thoughtfully.

"You are a wonderful woman, Violet," he said, reflectively. "One would not expect to find a Lady Macbeth in a delicately made little lady like yourself! You don't look the character. But don't be uneasy; there are other ways of disposing of a person who is inconveniently in the way, than the danger and poison cup. The way is—"

"She put out her hand. 'Don't tell me.' He laughed sardonically. 'I told you that you would not want the details,' he said, 'and you are wise to let the fact suffice. Margaret Hale is dead, and Blair is free once more.'"

"Free!" she murmured. "Free!" and she drew a long sigh. "And where is he?"

"On his way to London," he replied. "He will be here to-morrow." (To be Continued.)

Look at a Child's Tongue When Cross, Feverish and Sick

Take no chances! Move bowels from liver and poisons at once.

Mothers can rest easy after giving "California Syrup of Figs," because in a few hours all the clogged-up waste, sour bile and fermenting food gently moves out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, and they become tightly packed, liver gets sluggish and stomach disordered.

When cross, feverish, restless, see if tongue is coated, then give this delicious "fruit laxative." Children love it, and it can't cause injury. No difference what is your little one—of full of cold, or a sore throat, diarrhoea, stomach-ache, bad breath, remember, a gentle "inside" cleansing should always be the first treatment given. Full directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups are printed on each bottle.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," then look carefully and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." We make no smaller size. Hang back with contempt any other fig syrup.

It's always more economical to measure materials in cooking than it is to guess at them. It is the greatest economy to purchase the best spices; poor ones are usually adulterated.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Evening 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 CHARMING GOWN.



Waist 1658—Skirt 1659. Composed of Ladies' Waist Pattern 1658, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1659.

As here illustrated, white linen embroidered in self colour was used. The waist is smart and up-to-date, with the surplice vest portions. The skirt may be finished with or without the drapery. Serge, jersey cloth, taffeta, volaire, batiste, crepe, gingham, tub silk, gabardine and nun's veiling are all nice for this style.

The waist pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 7 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for the entire gown for a 36-inch size.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents FOR EACH pattern, in silver or stamps.

A SMART FROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.



1652. Girl's Dress, with Sleeve 'in either of Two Lengths, and Collar in either of Two Outlines.

As here shown, brown and white gingham was used, with trimming of white linen. The right front of the dress overlaps the left at the closing. The sleeve may be in wrist length, finished with a hand cuff, or with the turnback cuff in short length. The skirt is a three-gore model.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a 6-year size. A Pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A. Iddolls, H. J. Jennings, Frederick, Richmond St. Johnston, J. McBride's Hill Joy, Mrs. John, Lime St. K. Kennedy, Edward Kennedy, Terrence, New Gower St. Kent, William, Patrick St. Kin, Mrs. Bertha L. Learning, Joseph, late Alexander Bay Lewis, Patrick, Booman St. Lewis, Mrs., card, Brazil's Square Lyons, Gregory, care Gen. Delivery Laurence, Miss Nance Lynch, Miss Julia, Prescott St. Lynch, Thomas, Newtown Road Long, Mr., City

STEEBO IS COMING.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GALT GET IN COWS.

List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to April 19th, 1916.

- A. Ash, Miss E. Adams, George Ayward, Miss M., card, New Gower Street Andrew Brothers Abel, B. Anderson, Miss Katie, card Austen, Chas., Freshwater Road B. Barrow, Miss Susie, Freshwater Rd. Babcock, T. C. Baird, M., Freshwater Road Barnes, Mrs. Wm., New Gower St. Bratton, Mrs. John Barrett, Miss Ethel Byrne, Miss A., Duckworth St. Bell, Wm., Mt. Seio Bellow, Miss J., Water St. Bride, Thomas, Water St. Brown, Mrs. Samuel Butler, Walter Brown, Mrs. George (of George) Bollen, Miss Charlotte Bowler, Mrs. Dobbin, Gower St. Bowman, William Blundell, Hezekiah, Spencer St. Burton, Major and Mrs. Butt, Samuel H. Butler, Walter Barrett, Miss Annie, Pennywell Rd. Bartlett, Ernest Baldwin, Miss Charlotte, Gower St. Buddon, Joseph Butler, James, Brine St. Bell, H. T. Brown, Alfred C. Carrigan, Mrs. John, Flower Hill Clancey, Mrs. H., Newtown Road Cavanagh, Mrs. Simon, Water St. West Coady, Michael Cole, Arthur, care Harvey & Co. Coady, M. Collins, Miss May, Victoria St. Coleman, Mrs., Spencer St. Conder, Mrs. A. E., Water St. Crocker, Miss Minnie Coleman, Thomas, Barter's Hill Connors, P. J. Cullen, Miss Lillian, care G. P. O. Coles, Miss Mary Crowley, Miss May, Job's Square Chalk, John, Williams' Lane Cole, Mrs. John, Parade St. Carbery, M. J., Bell St. Cook, Miss G. L., card Colbert, Miss Clara, New Gower St. D. Day, John Davis, Willis Dalton, Mrs. Annie, card, Gower St. Dempsey, Catherine Dean, Thos., care General Delivery Doyle, Miss Margaret, Monkstown Rd. Donnelly, John, card Doody, John T., Mundy Pond Rd. Dorothy, Miss Jennie, Casey St. Doyle, Mrs. Jas., Casey St. Duff, Michael, card Duke, Patrick Duff, Alice J., Water St. Dunphy, A., Victoria St. Dunphy, Thomas Dunn, Andrew Durrant, Mrs. James, Lime St. Day, George V. Dwyer, Mrs. J., Holdsworth St. E. Ebsary, Albert, S. S. Glencoe Elliott, Rev. W., care Gen'l Delivery Emblem, Ruth K. Ellisworth, Pte. G., George's St. F. Fraser, Miss Minnie, care F. B. 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Hopkins, Mr. Horwood, R., card Houllihan, Mary, care Mrs. Cooper, LeMarchant Road House, Gordon, care G. P. O. Hallamore, C. W. Hayes, Wm., Central St. Houllihan, Miss Mary, Freshwater Rd. I. Iddolls, H. J. J. Jennings, Frederick, Richmond St. Johnston, J. McBride's Hill Joy, Mrs. John, Lime St. K. Kennedy, Edward Kennedy, Terrence, New Gower St. Kent, William, Patrick St. Kin, Mrs. Bertha L. Learning, Joseph, late Alexander Bay Lewis, Patrick, Booman St. Lewis, Mrs., card, Brazil's Square Lyons, Gregory, care Gen. Delivery Laurence, Miss Nance Lynch, Miss Julia, Prescott St. Lynch, Thomas, Newtown Road Long, Mr., City M. Malyan, F., Gower St. Malone, Michael, late Badger Manuel, C. A. Martin, Mrs. S. Martin, Mrs. George, Casey St. Malley, Mrs. Thomas, Water St. Marshall, Mrs. M., King's Rd. Martin, Mrs. T. H., Forest Rd. Madden, Mrs. J. Madden, John, South Side Mercer, S. R., care G. P. O. Mitchell, Mrs. Adelaide Street Miller, Mrs. H. C., Gower St. Mitchell, Mrs. H. C., Gower St. Molloy, Mrs. Mary Moore, Miss A., Carew St. Moore, Pte. Leo., ret'd. Mills, J. J., Pennywell Road Mills, T. C. Morley, James Moore, E. B., or C. Moses, Robert Moore Neddie, Butterine Factory Murphy, Frank Muford, Miss Mabel, care Mrs. Spence Murphy, Patrick, Riverhead Murphy, Patrick, care Mrs. Jas. Spence Moores, J. Mc. McD. L. E., Ronald, Patrick St. McKenney, Miss Nellie, Gower St. N. Noseworthy, Miss Minnie. LeMarchant Road O. Olsen, Miss Nellie, care G. P. O. O'Brien, Thomas, James St. O'Brien, Mrs. Reuben, George St. Omond, Miss A., New Gower St. Omond, Miss Della, late Grand P.O. O'Connell, James P. Parsons, H. C. Parsons, H. H., Hamilton St. Parsons, Wm., Neagle's Hill Pease, H. T. Pye, Edward, care General P. O. Penny, Thomas W., Freshwater Rd. Pennell, James Pennington, Mrs. Spracklin, Water St. Penny, Bert, Carnell St. Penny, Mrs. M. Pike, Miss Blanche, care General Delivery Pinsent, Chesley, G. P. O. Phillips, E. J., G. P. O. 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A New Straw Hat for 25 Cts.

WITH DY-O-LA Straw Hat Color DY-O-LA STRAW HAT COLOR is an ideal Straw Hat Color in every way—Not too glossy and still fast and water-proof. Makes old hats look just like new and like old hats painted over. Also works well on Satin Slippers and Basket Work. 25¢ A BOTTLE WITH BRUSH Ask your Druggist or Dealer. Ltd. by the Johnston-Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal, Can.

War News.

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

DISTURBANCE IN DUBLIN. LONDON, April 25. Augustine Birrell, Chief Secretary of Ireland, announced in the Commons to-day that a grave disturbance broke out in Dublin yesterday. He added that troops had been sent to the Irish capital, and that the situation was now well in hand. He said that twelve persons were killed before the disturbance was quelled. Birrell made this announcement in reply to a question immediately after the assembling of the Commons. He said that the Post Office had been forcibly taken possession of and telegraphic communications cut. In the course of the day, Birrell said, soldiers arrived from the Curragh, and the situation was now well in hand, although, as communication still was exceedingly difficult, he would not be able to give any further particulars, but the House he continued, might take it from him that the situation was well in hand. There had been arrests, but he could not give any names. At seven last night, Birrell said, four or five different parts of Dublin were in possession of the rebels, but he said they did not control the place.

CASEMENTS' ARREST.

LONDON, April 25. The arrest of Sir Roger Casement in a deal with by the Pall Mall Gazette in an editorial which is extremely significant at present, but which for obvious reasons, cannot be detailed upon. Before Germany took the trouble to send arms to Ireland, says the newspaper, she must have been satisfied of the existence of agents in that country, who were prepared to receive and use them in her interest; that is to say, she must have been in communication between Irish traitors and their confederates in Berlin. Birrell, says the newspaper, has been in communication with the Irish traitors and their confederates in Berlin, and a cargo of arms from their confederates is landing place in that country. It becomes highly desirable that the

T. J. Edens

A BARGAIN

JAMS and PICKLES,

English Pack PURE FRUIT JAMS, 2 lb. pots. 20 doz. Marmalade . . . 40c. ea. 5 doz. Rasp. Jam09c. ea. 5 doz. Apricot Jam35c. ea. 5 doz. Damson Jam35c. ea. 6 doz. Plum Jam35c. ea. 6 doz. Rasp. & Apple Jam35c. ea. 6 doz. Gooseberry & Apple Jam35c. ea. 3 doz. Damson and Apple Jam35c. ea.

100 dozen STAPLE & STRONG'S PICKLES 16 oz. lid, \$1.50 doz.

Hay! Hay!

Another shipment Codroy Valley Hay, prime quality. We are offering this lot at 11-2c. lb.

Keeping Prices Down.

Canadian Oatmeal4c. lb. Rices, Cleaned Rangon4c. lb. Pheasants Sliced, 3 lb. tins, 18c. White, Navy Oranges35c. doz. Valencia Oranges, 18c. 25c. doz. Heinz's Spaghetti & Tomatoes20c. tin

T. J. EDENS.