

MAGIC BAKING POWDER



Arter the Ball; OR, The Mystery Solved at Last.

The man turned to her reverently.

"Not much, miss, thank you. I never heard of a bite as give less trouble."

"How do you account for its being so easy?" asked Chudleigh.

"The ointment it was as put it right, sir," he replied. "I never seed such a queer-looking stuff afore; it were in a silver box, and as green as grass. The gentleman—his honor, the parson, I mean, miss—weren't sparin' with it, nor with his money, nayther."

Maud's eyes sought the table.

"Tell me how it all occurred," she said, as gently as before.

And the man, nothing loath, went through the story, winding up with: "You see, miss, it weren't altogether my fault. I'd no notion that there were any one livin' in the rectory, and seein' the light, I made sartin sure that it were thieves. There's been a suspicious-looking character a-dawdlin' about the village for nigh upon a week, and I thought o' him directly I saw the light."

"A suspicious character, eh, what's that?" said Sir Fielding, entering the room at that moment, and stopping to kiss Maud on his way to his chair.

Whereupon the story had to be repeated again, this time by Chudleigh, in a concise form.

"Maurice Durant back!" exclaimed Sir Fielding, in a tone that was half of pleasure, half of regret. "Heaven bless me! you must have that arm seen to, Barber, immediately."

"Thank you, my lord," replied the man, who never could be brought to understand that Sir Fielding was not a peer.

"And what's this most suspicious character, too—eh?"

"I was just saying there's a suspicious-looking man a-dawdling about, my lord. He's most allers to be found at the 'Chequers Tap.'"

"That doesn't make his suspicious—eh, Barber?" said Sir Fielding, with a ow chuckle. "If so, there's scarcely one of you but would come under that head."

"No, it ain't that altogether," said Barber. "It's the look on 'im my lord. He's from Lunnon—one of them rough-looking persons, short hair, with a blue neckcloth, Lunnon heavy boots and a broken nose; he air very suspicious, my lord, I assure you. You'd say so yourself if you saw him."

"Oh, I can take your word for it, Barber," said Sir Fielding, getting tired of the subject, and engrossed with his papers.

"You must keep a sharp lookout on the birds and hares and—Why, bless me, here's Tyndall's article on 'Light and Its Relevant Heat' at last! Eh? Oh, Barber, go into the house-keeper's room and tell her she's to give you—eh?—oh, what you like."

"A bottle of wine from the butler and some luncheon," said Chudleigh, kindly.

And dismissed with a nod, the man, filled with gratitude, bowed respectfully to his beautiful young mistress, whom he adored, stepped from the terrace.

"Come up the steps, Barber; I want you," said Chudleigh, and the next minute the man stood in the room.

"How is your arm now?" said Chudleigh, kindly.

"All right, sir, thank you," said the man, glancing around uneasily at the handsome room.

"Are you in any pain?" asked Maud, gently.

CHAPTER XVIII.
In the Depths of Despair.

"I don't think there is any occasion," replied Chudleigh. "It seems Maurice Durant left him by the bank while he fetched some ointment of some sort from the house. This he put on Barber's arm, giving him relief at once."

Maud said nothing, and Chudleigh as he opened the letters, continued: "He—Maurice Durant, I mean—is the most singular being I ever read or heard of. The power he seemed to possess over that dog was something extraordinary. After Maurice Durant had bathed the wound, he said something, and the dog at once commenced to fawn on the man and lick his arm."

"Barber has the old cottage at the corner of the wood, has he not?" asked Maud, in a low voice.

"Yes," said Chudleigh. "Why do you ask, Maudie?"

"I—I was going to see him, and ask if he was hurt," she replied, flushing. "You can do that without going to the cottage," said Chudleigh, rising with his toast in his hand. "He's at the back here somewhere. There he is," he said, as a tall, fine-looking young fellow, with his arm in a sling, walked across by the hedge.

He touched his hat respectfully as Chudleigh threw up the window and called to him, and walked up to the terrace.

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Weakened by Anaemia Doctors Gave No Hope

Said She Was Threatened With Consumption, and Gave Her Three Weeks To Live.

Anaemia is indicated by thin, watery blood. The gums and eyelids grow pale, there is great weakness and fatigue and digestion fails.

Since Dr. Chase's Nerve Food forms new, rich blood, it is naturally most suitable as a treatment for anaemia. This letter proves its efficiency in the most severe cases.

Mrs. J. Adams, Port Hope, Ont., writes: "About six years ago I was taken with very weak spells and though I doctored with the family physician and used other medicines for two years, I got very little relief and, in fact, continued to grow weaker. I was so weak I could not wait on myself or raise my hand to my head and decided to go to my daughter in Toronto. When examined by Toronto doctors they pronounced me to be in a dangerous condition, threatened with consumption and other ailments and said I would not live for three weeks. One day I was looking

through Dr. Chase's Almanac and read about the cure of anaemia by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I began the use of this treatment at once and am now well on the way back to health, after having used the Nerve Food for six months. I want my friends to know that my cure was effected by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food alone and after my discouragement from the use of other treatments, I feel it my duty to let everybody know about this remarkable cure."

As a restorative for persons who are pale, weak and run down there is no treatment to be compared to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Gradually and naturally the red corpuscles are increased in the blood, the color is restored to the cheeks and the strength comes back to wasted nerves and muscles. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

and leaping over the terrace, disappeared.

CHAPTER XIX.
Love and Croquet.

She's beautiful, and therefore to be wooed; She is a woman, therefore to be won. —Henry VI.

Some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me. —Richard III.

Little shall I grace my cause In speaking for myself. —Othello.

Let no man abide this deed But we, the doers. —Julius Caesar.

THERE was once to be seen in the city which, perhaps, the French still call the metropolis of the world, a small picture by a clever young artist, representing Cupid, the god of love, daintily attired in a soup-basin hat, training a pair of turtle doves with a croquet mallet. It was a clever idea, and not far from being a truthful one, for there are more love matches made over and through croquet during the season than any other game extant.

Being fully aware of this fact, the Misses Gregson coaxed their papa into giving a croquet party, and issued invitations to half the county.

It was to be a "gathering of the c-c-clans," as Lord Crownbrilliant expressed it, and a great number of acceptations were expected.

Mr. Gregson, once having given way to his daughters' "confounded nonsense," immediately set about making the best of the matter, and brought down a host of workmen from town to build gorgeous marquees of crimson and gold, erect artificial shrubberies and solid-looking fountains, and turn the Folly grounds into as close an imitation of the Versailles gardens as they could possibly be made.

For two weeks before the event, the house, as Tom said, was "flung out of window."

Great chefs took possession of the kitchen, cunning artificers seized the drawing-rooms and knocked them in to theatres—for there were to be some charades played by a London troupe of actors, specially engaged.

Decorators marched up and down the halls, and the family were driven in despair to the only places of refuge—the dining-room and bedchambers.

"It's a dreadful piece of fuss," admitted Miss Lavinia.

"A confounded nuisance," growled Tom.

"A diabolical piece of stupidity!" roared the father.

But, although every one was out of temper with the nuisance, stupidity or fuss, each and all were persuaded that it was the proper thing to do, and that great results would follow, although if asked of what nature were the good results they expected, they would severally have been rather puzzled to say.

Notwithstanding Tom's repeated assurance for weeks beforehand that the particular Monday fixed on for the fete would be a wet one, the day opened with a glorious burst of sunshine and without a single cloud.

The invitations had been pretty freely accepted, and a shining host of bethelied people was expected.

There was to be Lord Cornthwaite, the greatest and grandest man in Armthorpe, with my lady and their son, the Marquis of Graventon, a most frightful character, who in any other rank in life would have been sent abroad for his country's good, but

Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A SIMPLE BUT PRETTY GOWN FOR DANCING OR OTHER DRESS OCCASIONS.



1960—Dress for Misses and Small Women.

Crepe, net, mull, chiffon, satin, charmeuse, messaline, tulle, nun's veiling and cashmere are all lovely for this style. The lines are simple. The design is easy to develop. Embroidered voile or flouncing could be used. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 4 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for an 18-year size. The skirt measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A PRACTICAL SET FOR THE "LITTLE ONE."



1945—Child's Set of Short Clothes.

This model comprises a simple dress with round yoke, and long or short sleeves, a style of drawers, comfortable and practical, and a slip with added skirt, portion at the back and with or without ruffle. Cambric, lawn and muslin are good for the slip. For the dress, batiste, lawn, cambric, percale, flannellette, challie or cashmere could be used. The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6 months, 1 year, 2 years, 3 years and 4 years. It will require for the Dress, 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. For the Drawers, 3/4 yard. For the Slip, 1 1/2 yards, for a 2-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

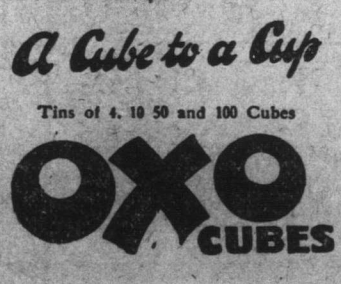


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Oxo Cubes mean health, strength and irrepresible vitality to the little folk, and an immense saving of time and trouble for mothers and nurses.

Oxo Cubes are also a splendid safeguard against the little ailments which give mothers such anxiety. A daily cup of Oxo during the long dark winter months will ward off many a chill, and lessen the danger of being exposed to damp, inclement weather.

An Oxo Cube in a cup of hot milk is a nourishing and easily-digested diet. For delicate and anemic children it is invaluable.



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Stanfield's Unshrinkable Wool Underwear

is therefore what you require. It has been tried out in the wash in more ways than one. It will not shrink, go out of shape, or get hard, and is the best Underwear for hard wear. You can benefit now by our

SPECIAL Sale Prices,

and you will find that our prices are lower than procurable elsewhere. Also that we have a full assortment both of weights and sizes for Men, Women and Boys. Buy the good Stanfield Wool Underwear from us and save on your pocket and health both.

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Constant Headaches Indicate Kidney Trouble

There is always a cause for a headache. Constant headaches are often the result of Kidney or Bladder trouble—a warning of worse evils to come if the remedy is not found. **Gin Pills** have removed the cause in a great many cases of this kind by healing and soothing the Kidneys and restoring the normal function.

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Do not let your kidneys go from bad to worse. Do not wait until you have to quit work before you seek a remedy. Accept the warning of the headaches, or backache, or pain in the side, swollen joints or ankles, urinary trouble, stone or gravel. It is time to take **Gin Pills**. Sold by all druggists at 50c. a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50. Sample free on request to

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WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE BOX



War News

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

NEGOTIATIONS BROKEN.
LONDON. Negotiations between the Ambassador, Field Marshal, and the Austro-Hungarian Government have been broken off, reports Berliner Tageblatt, as the Exchange Telegraph says, from Copenhagen to-day.

ARRIVALS AT NEW YORK.
NEW YORK. Twelve American, British, Belgian, Swedish and Danish ships, most of them freighters, here to-day, many of them European ports after German marine policy was announced. Arrivals from the war zone single day, and the greatest in one day since Feb. 15, 1917.

BRITAIN'S WAR LOAN.
WASHINGTON. Notice of the danger to the North Sea, because of the war against Germany, has been given the British Admiralty. A notice, dated Feb. 13, issued by the State Department, warns shipping that areas of the prescribed area, including waters of Germany, Denmark, Holland and Denmark, are dangerous and should be avoided. The new notice says that unrestricted warfare against Germany at sea by means of submarines, not only against the Powers, but also against shipping, and the fact that shipping are constantly being sunk, and that the British fleet is that on and after Feb. 1917, the mentioned areas of the Sea will be rendered dangerous to shipping by operations against submarines, and should therefore be avoided.

THE WAR LOAN.
LONDON. The Weekly Nation says the War Loan is a great success. Sums have been mentioned that the collection of the War Loan is approaching one billion. Arthur Neville Chamberlain, General of National Service, at Bristol to-night, said to predict the result of the War.

