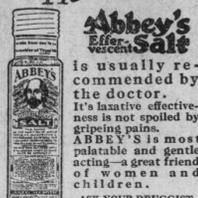


R for Happy Smiles



Abbey's Effervescent Salt is usually recommended by the doctor. It is a laxative effective, pleasant and gentle acting—a great friend of women and children.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST

ABBEY'S VITA TABLETS

For Nerves and Blood—50 Cents a Box

Arter the Ball;

The Mystery Solved at Last.

CHAPTER XX.
Too Late.

"I mustn't stay," said Tom, looking particularly happy. "Miss Chichester has been kind enough to give me the next dance."

"Oh with you, then," said Chudleigh, with assumed gaiety, and Tom hurried away.

The next was a waltz, and Chudleigh, hoping to lose something of his pain by a course of twirling, looked around for a partner.

"Will you give me this?" he said to Mrs. Vavasseur.

"With pleasure, Mr. Chichester," said lady. "I could not refuse so old a friend."

"Nor so true a one," said Chudleigh, with a touch of his father's courtliness, and he led her off.

"Thanks, thanks," she breathed, when they had been whirling for some little while. "I have enjoyed that so much. You have my very step. Tell me, Mr. Chudleigh, why do you not dance more?"

"I am getting an old man," said Chudleigh, with a smile that was not altogether a merry one.

The worldly beauty tapped him with her fan.

"That's a tact reproach for me," she said, with a bewitching smile. "Get me an ice, then you shall sit down."

Chudleigh got the ice, and sank down into the seat beside her.

"What a number of people are here!" she said. "They have the pick of the county. Well, they deserve it, for I never knew anything better done."

"Capitally managed," assented Chudleigh; "everybody enjoying themselves immensely."

"Excepting Mr. Chudleigh Chichester," thought the lady; then, aloud, she said: "Do you know Miss Lawley? Lawley, isn't it—the lady in the white dress with young Carsbrook? Lord Crownbrilliant looking at her—see?"

For Chudleigh had seemed slow in picking out the young lady alluded to. "Oh, yes," he said, indifferently, "very well."

"A very successful one, too," said Sir Fielding. "I am very glad. Gregson is a very worthy man—very."

"Very," said Chudleigh, almost bitterly.

"I thought so," replied Mrs. Vavasseur. "One can almost tell by a face. She flirts, though, I am afraid. I have seen her with Lord Crownbrilliant, in the true coquettish style. Ah, here is my next partner. My shawl—thanks."

Chudleigh could endure it no longer, and, parting the curtains of the tent, stepped into the open air, followed by a burst of music and the ripple and the buzz of laughter.

"How much longer?" he muttered, pulling out his watch. "I have vowed to stop it through or I would go. I would rather die a thousand times than watch her play with that idiot."

Was it necessary to brazen it out so to set the whole room agape? Oh, Carlotta, Carlotta!

As the words were wrung from him in his agony he fell into a rustic seat and his face in his hands.

The rustle of a dress started him, and looking up, he saw the woman he was calling upon come into the starlight.

In the dimness he could see that her face was white, and that her hand was pressed against her heart.

In a second his anger and bitterness had gone, and with all his love in his voice, he murmured her name, and strode toward her.

She started and turned, with a suppressed murmur, her face toward him. "Carlotta!" he breathed, huskily, "why do you shun me? At least you might have some pity—"

"Pity!" she murmured, vacantly staring at him with strained eyes.

"Yes, pity on me and yourself!" he repeated, stretching out his hand to take her arm.

But she shrank back, and with a shudder of horror cried, piteously: "Don't touch me—don't touch me!"

His heart seemed to die out in his bosom, and, pressing his hand to his forehead, he said, brokenly: "Carlotta, it is—"

"Too late—too late!" she moaned, covering her face with her quivering hands. "I am his."

Chudleigh lifted his hands, with a gesture of despair and entreaty, as a groan broke from his lips.

She was moved at the signs of his agony almost to madness; she caught at his clinched hand, but the next moment a man's figure came from the tent, and Lord Crownbrilliant's voice thick with wine and excitement, cried:

"C-Carlotta, I s-say, you promised me this last d-d-dance."

And the bent form raised itself to its full height as the beautiful voice—with a calmness that must have cost its owner untold agony—replied:

"And here I am, my lord—I never break my word."

CHAPTER XXI.
A Subtle Strain.

Love sought is good, but given un-sought is better. Shakespeare.

"YOU both seem worn out," said Sir Fielding, leaning back among the cushions of the carriage as it sped toward the hall, and stroking Maud's hand, which rested on his knee.

"I am rather tired," said Maud; "and I am so glad they did not keep it up very late, although I have enjoyed myself much."

All Children Love "Syrup of Figs" for Liver and Bowels

Give it when feverish, cross, bilious, for bad breath or sour stomach.

Look at the tongue, Mother! If coated, it is a sure sign that your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleansing at once.

When peevish, cross, listless, pale, doesn't sleep, doesn't eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad; has stomach-ache, sore throat, diarrhoea, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without gripping, and you have a well, playful child again.

You needn't coax sick children to take this harmless "fruit laxative"; they love its delicious taste, and it always makes them feel splendid.

Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. To be sure you get the genuine, ask to see that it is made by "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt.

Heigh-ho!" yawning. "I am sleepy. Ah! what's that?" he asked, quickly, as the carriage was brought to a sudden stop and the horses' hoofs could be heard stamping on the road.

Chudleigh opened the door and leaped out.

"What is the matter, Watson?" he asked of the coachman.

"I don't exactly know, sir," replied Watson. "The near horse started at something; indeed, they both seemed skereed."

"Frightened? Did you see or hear something?" asked Chudleigh, listening himself.

"No-o. I fancied I saw something strike across the road, but I'm not sure, sir," replied Watson, whose vision was slightly affected by champagne and port from the servants' hall.

"Poachers," said Chudleigh, wearily, returning to the carriage. "Drive on, Watson."

And the horses, after a little coaxing, trotted off again.

It was about three o'clock when Maud stood at her chamber door, with her tiny filigree candlestick in her hand, and kissed Sir Fielding and Chudleigh.

"Good-night, dear Chud. I am not at all tired now, sleep, but you look worn out."

"I am tired," said Chudleigh, avoiding her eyes. "Good-night, Maudie."

And taking her lovely face in his hands, he kissed her forehead, and strode off to his room.

"Poor Chud," murmured Maud, lovingly. "If I were Carlotta, I think I could not help loving him."

Then she sighed herself, and, sitting before her glass, covered her face with her hands.

"I wish I felt tired," she murmured. "I shall not sleep for thinking. How glad I am to be home alone again. I like to be alone—why, I wonder? Because, when all is quiet, I think of the soft, sweet music, and can see the grand, beautiful face."

And, sighing, she loosened the diamond clasp on her head, and let her hair fall in a glorious shower on her ivory shoulders.

As she did so, she looked down, and missed a little diamond cross that should have hung on her bosom.

"My cross!" she cried. "Papa's last gift! Oh, dear, what shall I do? Let me think. I had it when I started; it was safe when I was in the carriage, for I remember seeing it when I threw open my cloak for air. I must have dropped it on the stairs on in the room."

neck when she alighted from the carriage.

"Papa's present," she murmured, gazing at the huge door wistfully. "I do not like to lose it, and I am sure it is lying on the steps. I wonder if I could unfasten the door? No; it is too heavy! Wait! If I am brave enough, I could undo the drawing-room window and walk around! Oh, no, no! I am afraid! But papa's present! I will do it!"

And nerving herself to a pitch of courage that astonished her, she drew the silken cloak around her head and stole into the drawing-room.

It required a continual repetition of "papa's present" to keep her to her purpose, and her heart nearly stopped beating as the window creaked on its hinges and she stepped out into the night.

But the cool, fresh air sent a thrill of pleasure and renewed courage through her frame, and she ran lightly around to the front, by the grim lions that stood rampant on the huge marble slabs, and stooped down to search for the cross.

"Ah! here it is. I knew it would be here!" she exclaimed, as she saw the glittering bauble lying at the foot of the stone steps, and she sprang toward it.

At the moment her fingers touched it, a burst of the low, sad music that she knew so well broke out upon the air and floated toward her, and, pressing her hand to her bosom, she started to her feet, gazing in the direction from which it came with white cheeks and frightened eyes.

"He is here! here! He will see me!" she thought, and tried to dart away, but her feet seemed chained to the ground, powerless to move.

In two minutes the feeling of fear had given way to that of delight, the subtle melody was stealing over her senses.

"Near!" she murmured, through her parted lips. "Near! how near! It seems to call me. Does it, I wonder? If so, I must go!" and she commenced trembling.

The music grew more distinct. To her ear it assumed a voice calling, commanding her.

Slowly she stretched forth her hand and, with every appearance of a somnambulist, moved, quietly, slowly, in the direction of the wood.

Suddenly the music ceased, and with it the trance, if trance it was.

With a cry of love, alarm, surprise, all mingled, she stood still, and tremblingly wondered how she could get back.

While she stood so, a sound broke upon her ear, and sent the blood to her heart in a rushing stream.

It was a groan.

Whose? Whose else but the being's who had summoned her by the heavenly music?

Casting off all fear, she sprang into the wood, her shining hair half escaping the silken hood and falling in a sheen down her back.

Guided almost by instinct, she threaded the thick trees, and with a sudden cry fell on her knees beside the still figure of a man stretched upon the bright, mossy grass.

"It is he!" she moaned, bending over the grand, uplifted face of Maurice Durant, white, deathlike and set.

"He is dead. No, no. Oh, dear! oh, dear! What shall I do? He may die!" and she threw her arms around him, as if so doing she could hold him to life.

Then, with her hair falling in a flood upon her bosom, her agonized eyes, soft and luminous with the divinity of love, fixed upon his closed eyelids, her lips parted and letting the breath through in quick, noiseless, terrified gasps, she remained for a minute; then, she shrunk back, murmuring:

(To be Continued.)

Then she looked around the floor and about her feet, but could not see it.

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 CHARMING DRESS FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.

1969—Girl's Dress, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

Galatea, gingham, serge, linen or percale may be used for this model. It is also good for velvet, corduroy, taffeta, mixed cuttings, cashmere or gabardine. The fronts and back are cut long in panel effect, and the waist sections are lengthened by plaited portions, that may be trimmed with the pointed tabs. If preferred, a belt may be used as shown in the small view. The sleeve in wrist length has a hand cuff. In short length, a hand holds the gathers at lower edge. The pattern provides a chemisette for high neck finish. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 years requires 3 yards of 44-inch material.

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

A SIMPLE POPULAR STYLE.

1952—Ladies' House or Home Dress, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

This style has several attractive features. The collar is unique in its shaping. The sleeve leaves a choice of two effects in style and finish. The skirt is made with four gores, and has big, comfortable pockets. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3 yards at the foot.

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

Fall and Winter Suitings and Overcoatings made in the MAUNDER Style.

If you can't find what you want come here. Our Serges are guaranteed dyes, and very reasonable in price.

Samples, style sheets and measuring forms sent to any address.



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Against Colds, Pleurisy and Pneumonia, at present so prevalent, is

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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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Always in stock a large assortment of English and American Dry Goods At Lowest Possible Prices.

PLENTY OF WORK AT BELL ISLAND.—We learn from people who reached the city from Bell Island yesterday that there is a shortage of labour in the mines and that one of the Companies operating is looking for one hundred men to work in the deeps.

Estate W. A. SLATTERY.
Slattery's Bldg., Duckworth & George's Sts.
P. O. Box 236. Phone 522.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GARTLET IN COWS.



War News

Messages Received Previous to

TURKISH OFFICERS CAPTURED.

LONDON, Feb. 20.—The British official communiqué issued this evening says: "By a surprise attack captured the garrison, three officers and 100 men at a post which the British re-established at Diesel. The summit of the Sinai Peninsula while a of a similar post at Nekheh, 100 prisoners in the hands of the British."

YESTERDAY'S TOLL.
NEW YORK, Feb. 20.—The toll of yesterday's "warfare" was 203 tons.

EXPLOSION AT ARCHANGEL.
BERLIN, Feb. 20.—A Copenhagen telegram says: "The explosion at Archangel that the last great explosion in the war was much more serious than had been known in the past from Russia, says the Overseas Agency. The explosion took place at a naval station while the ammunition was being unloaded, from a ship. Not a trace of this steamer remained after the explosion which killed wounded every one within a radius of one kilometre, 1,500 persons killed and 3,000 wounded. The damage amounted to fifty million."

LEATHER SEIZED.
WASHINGTON, Feb. 20.—The British war office has announced possession of all leather in the Kingdom, the commerce department was informed by a cablegram from the Consul-General at London. All leather produced between 1914 and March 31st also will be covered. Another cable announced seizure of all unsold stocks of leather and the prohibition of leather in Italy.

ON THE BRITISH FRONT.
LONDON, Feb. 20.—The British official communiqué dealing with the fighting in Flanders issued to-night says: "Under heavy bombardment which destroyed our trench, strong detachments assisted by heavy mortar yesterday evening rushed to our small advanced posts near Transloy. We entered the trench."

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