



Arter the Ball,

OR,
The Mystery Solved at Last.

CHAPTER XXI
A Subtle Strain.

"If he recovers, he may be angry with me, may hurt me!" and, oh, marvelous mystery of love, a thrill of delight ran through her at the thought of being in his hands, even though they clasped her in anger. "He may kill me. What shall I do? Oh, Maud, Maud, courage! Water! Where is the stream?"

Quick as lightning, she sprang to her feet and caught up the rough cap lying beside him, then ran to the stream; in a minute more she was bending over him, moistening his dry, hot lips and cooling his forehead, her fingers lingering each moment with a caress.

While she did this, in the pale light of the stars, the bushes behind her parted suddenly, and a man's head was thrust forward.

As its dark, flashing eyes rested upon the two silent forms, they lit up with a blaze of savage glee, and a tawny, unburned hand was dashed against the full-lipped mouth to prevent the cry which the watcher in his joy almost uttered.

For two minutes he stood thus, drinking in the scene; then, with a fateful smile upon his sallow face, he stole like an Indian from the spot.

At a hundred yards' distance he paused, and, throwing up his hand, muttered:

"Am I dreaming? Am I mad, or have I found him again? Oh, ye saints, or friends, how ye do befuddle Spazzola. Found him again when all hope was gone, found him, and how? Who is the beautiful girl, his light-o'-love? No—he has no light-o'-loves. Ah, I have it. Spazzola, your fortune is made—thank the girl for it. Oh, ye friends, smile on, keep the luck with Spazzola still, and he is made," and muttering huskily, with a savage joy in his leopard eyes, he crept on.

At the fringe of the wood he stopped and imitated the cry of the cuckoo.

It was echoed once, twice; then three men came forward stealthily and soft-footed, like panthers.

"Well!" said the first, the thickest ruffian we have seen in the public house at Hatton Garden; "well!"

"No avail, mio amice! The house is bare and naked. Everything gone but a dog!"

He shuddered.

An Amazing Cure For Neuralgia
Magical Relief For Headache

The Most Effective Remedy Known is "Nerviline."

The reason Nerviline is infallibly a remedy for neuralgia resides in two very remarkable properties Nerviline possesses.

The first is its wonderful power of penetrating deeply into the tissue which enables it to reach the very source of congestion.

Nerviline possesses another and not less important action—it equalizes the circulation in the painful parts, and

"What! a bloodhound?" asked the Englishman, in a tone of disgust.

"Ay, a bloodhound. Bah! I think I feel his fangs at my throat now."

With a thrill of horror, the three men shook their heads.

"Confound it!" growled the man called Bill. "I 'ate a bloodhound, and I ain't a-goin' in for one. Look here, this crib's no go—"

Spazzola shook his head decisively.

"We're agreed on that. Well, let's go in for the other."

"Soh! it is done!" said the Italian.

"No, it ain't, not nearly," returned Bill, in a tone of contempt, not understanding the Italian's peculiar mode of expressing himself.

"You talk as if cracking a crib were as easy as fly-faking. You don't know anything about the business. Leave this job to me; wait about the crib, so as to bear a hand if anything goes wrong, and I'll share like and like, s'welp me never!"

Nodding their dark heads assentingly, the three Italians dropped on their hands and knees to follow the English burglar, Spazzola looking back over his shoulder, with a gleaming eye, at the dark outlines of the desolate rectory.

Maud, watching the still, white face, with its heavy lines drawn by the hands of sorrow and privation, saw, after she had bathed the cold forehead, which was as white as her own, the lips move with an expression of consciousness. Shrinking back, with a feeling of thankfulness not unminged with alarm, she waited for some other sign of returning life.

It came. Raising his hand to his head, Maurice Durant felt the water upon his brow, opened his eyes, and, seeing a figure kneeling beside him, sprang to his feet, with a fierce scowl.

Maud shrank back tremblingly, expecting he would clutch her by the throat, as she had heard he had grasped the poacher, and when Maurice bent his head down and seized her arm, she uttered a piteous little cry and fell against his knees.

His hand dropped as from a snake, and, recoiling with a startled look, he said:

"Who is it? Not—"

"Yes, I—Maud," she sobbed, in an agony of emotion. "You will not hurt me? I—I found you lying on the ground—dying, I thought. I knew you would be angry, if I stayed, but—but, I couldn't leave you there, lying all alone, so ill—"

His head dropped upon his bosom, and he passed his hand across his brow, with a groan.

"You should not have touched me," he said, in a low, ringing voice. "I have been ill—I am seized thus sometimes. Have you been here long, senora?"

Maud started, and, looking saw that his eyes were still dim and half unconscious.

"Not long," she murmured, tremblingly. "You are still weak; will you not lean against the tree?"

"Weak!" he said, starting and looking down at the violin, which lay near the spot on which he had fallen. Ah! I remember. Where is Tigris? I bid him guard the house—and you—how came you here?"

"I—" said Maud, then stopped.

How could she tell him that his music had drawn her thither?

With a quick look that told her he had read her thoughts, he said: "It is late. You should not be here. The brambles have torn your dress; your hands are scratched, too. Come."

He turned to go.

Not one word of thanks had he uttered. She noticed it even as she turned to follow him, but thought

Indigestion Resulted From an Inactive Liver

The Bowels Became Constipated and the Whole Digestive System Upset.

With many people constipation becomes a habit. And it is a dangerous habit which is certain sooner or later to cause serious disease.

"Daily movement of the bowels" is the first and most important rule of health. When the liver becomes torpid the flow of bile into the intestines is stopped and the bowels become constipated. But you can readily overcome this condition by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

There is no treatment obtainable which so promptly awakens the activity of the liver and bowels and thereby corrects derangements of the digestive system.

Mrs. Herbert Doherty of Beaver Brook, Albert Co., N.B., writes: "I can truthfully say that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are a great medicine for constipation. I have suffered from constipation ever since I can

remember, but got to using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and was so benefited that I began to study this malady. I found that the indigestion resulted from a bad case of inactive liver, and as soon as I got the liver working right I didn't have any stomach trouble or indigestion. I can not praise this medicine too highly, and would advise anyone suffering from indigestion or constipation to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. My husband also claims that these pills have done him more good than any medicine he ever used. You are at liberty to use this letter."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills positively relieve and cure torpid liver, constipation, biliousness, indigestion, backache and kidney disease. Put it to the test. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers, or Edman-son, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

nothing strange in the omission. All he did or left undone seemed best.

They went on a dozen yards, he brushing away and breaking down the tangled wood at each step, then he turned his head.

"You are tired," with a sweet, grave smile that lit up his features till they became transformed. "I will carry you."

She shrank back, but his outstretched arms clasped her around as if she was a new-born babe, and, giving herself up to the maddening delight that filled her soul, she, with her head resting against his breast, heard dropping into his shoulder.

Silently he strode on, crushing the undergrowth beneath his heel, his hair blown now and again across her cheek, his breath fanning her bare arm; then, when the terrace glimmered in front, he knelt down, and with ineffable grace and tenderness, set her on the ground.

Her hand lingered around his neck with a caress which, struggle as she might, she could not repress. Opening her lips, she breathed as one breathes when waking from a long sleep of delicious dreams.

With his keen, dark eyes fixed upon her face, and reading it as clearly as one reads an open book, he shook for one instant as he saw the look; then, gathering himself together with the shake of a lion or his dog, said, almost sternly:

"You are safe, child. I will watch you until you enter the house. Go, and visit not the wood at night again."

Fixing her eyes eagerly on his face, as if anxious not to lose a single word he spoke, she quailed at his harsh tone, then lowering her head upon her bosom, turned, and without a word glided across the lawn.

He stood watching her girlish figure until it had disappeared into the house.

Then with his lips closed tightly, as if to stifle the passion at his heart, he strode back into the wood.

CHAPTER XXII

An Encounter With a Burglar.
Courage mounted with occasion.
—Shakespeare.

THAT night, or rather morning, was an eventful one to more than the strange rector and gentle Maud.

Carlotta, white-faced and heavy-eyed, had retired to her room after seeing Lady Mildred comfortably ensconced in bed, and, receiving a kiss from her ladyship's kindly lips, felt as little inclined for sleep as the sweet girl in the chamber in the hall, but, unlike her, could not sit serenely before her mirror.

Clasping her white hands in front of her, and throwing her majestic head back till the veins stood out in little blue threads in her splendid throat, she seemed gasping for air—for very life—while her rigid lips murmured, in broken accents, that fell like icicles snapped from excess of cold:

"Too late, too late! Sold! Oh, Heaven, give me strength to bear it! How he looked! I shall see his eyes all the hours of the night, feel his hands, clinched and stony, beating against my heart. Yet I have kept my vow. I have done right. Right? Have I? Suppose—suppose, after all, the money, the dress, should turn to bitter apples and Dead Sea fruit? Suppose I have wrecked his and my own life for naught? No, no; I will not think of it. I know that poverty must mean misery. I know that

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 GOOD STYLE FOR MANY OCCASIONS.



Waist—1961, Skirt—1962. This portrays a white broadcloth frock, touched up with a trimming of soutache braid. The waist is finished in overblouse style, with wide belt portions, holding the fulness at the waistline. The skirt has a tunic cut on smart lines. The sleeve is new and finished with a deep shaped cuff. The dress is composed of Ladies' Waist Pattern 1961 and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1962. The waist is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It requires 8 3/4 yards of 44-inch material for the entire dress in a medium size. The skirt measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH pattern, in silver or stamps.

For half an hour she remained thus motionless, drowsy with the stupor of despair and an aching heart, when suddenly her acute ears detected a grating noise in the adjoining room, which served the purpose of a boudoir and safe-room. In it Lady Mildred's and her own few jewels were kept.

For the moment she thought nothing of the noise, and dropped her weary head into its old position, but after a slight pause it came again, this time in the form of a rattling, and now thoroughly aroused and suspicious, she arose, and, gliding to the door, listened intently.

"Some one has broken into the house," she murmured. "Some one is trying the window!"

For a moment her heart beat with a wild terror, but the next a feeling of almost savage delight ran through her, and with tightly compressed lips and glittering eyes, she plucked off her slippers, gather her dress around her, and softly opened the door.

Pausing to let the slight sound of the creaking door die away, until she heard the unmistakable click of an opened window, the brave girl, strung up to unnatural clamor by excitement, stole along the slight strip of passage that intervened between the two rooms and reached the door of the room whence the noise came.

It was ajar. Deliberately pushing it open far enough to admit her, she entered, and the figure of a man, dressed in a fustian suit, with heavy boots swathed with folds of list, a ragged fur cap upon his head and a piece of black crape covering the upper part of his face, met her gaze.

He was bending down before a pretty toy cabinet, trying one of the doors with a small bar of iron by the light of a dark lantern.

By his side lay a pistol—not the first Carlotta Lawley had seen, by very many. It was cocked, and, as she felt assured, was loaded.

On the ledge of the open window were two grappling hooks attached to a ladder of slight rope by which the burglar had ascended.

(To be Continued.)

1972—Blue serge, with facings of black satin, is here shown. The blouse is finished with deep box plait in back and front, and the usual smart pocket trimming. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The skirt is a three-piece model.

The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 4 3/4 yards of 44-inch material for a 14-year size.

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It is necessary to send in the illustration with the Coupon properly filled out. The pattern cannot reach you in less than 15 days.

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War News

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

STRIKE AT KRUPP WORKS
AMSTERDAM, Feb. 21.—The frontier correspondent of the Telegram says that a strike of Krupp works at Essen, involving 700 workmen, has been in progress for a fortnight. The men, the correspondent declares, are demanding higher wages and increased pensions. Many of the strikers, he says, have been sent to the front.

COUNT REVENTLOW DISSENTS
AMERICA.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 21.—Count von Reventlow, writing the Tages Zeitung, discusses what he considers a possibility that President Wilson might be induced by new American workmen to declare a state of Germany, believing that all transportation difficulties would be cleared thoroughly. Count von Reventlow says if President Wilson believes he has to declare war, this will, he doubts, be done with such a great clever use of the tom tom that it will declare a wave of enthusiasm go through the whole population. The question is what will remain of the wave has ebbed and subsided, weeks and months show that this time are quite different from Spanish war. The more effective of man submarine war will press the meanwhile and the United States will have to recognize that neutral declaration of war not emergency. The question is what will remain of the home or abroad. Count von Reventlow criticizes Bernstorff's first message to America. We cannot, he writes, that this offensive talk is heart overflowing with friendship, opportune at the present moment looks as if the Ambassador has his sense of perspective.

THE FOOD QUESTION IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—The women of New York tonight have taken the food situation in their own hands, and planned a series of public demonstrations to convince Mayor and city officials that something must be done to reduce the price of the wildest protest against the city has ever known, broke early to-day, after making arrangements for a grand parade of women and children to march all day through



NOW LISTEN WITH—DON'T MIND SLEEPING IN BATHROOM FOR THE NIGHT BEING DO YOU'VE GOT A WIFE IS ONLY HERE ONE AND IS GOING BACK FOR