

Ward Off Illness

—and bilious attacks, constipation, headache, indigestion, disorders of the kidneys and liver. Take a glass of sparkling ABBEY'S SALTS night and morning.

It invigorating, palatable laxative will clear and strengthen the intestines, ward off illness, dispense with that tired feeling of depression and keep you in the best of spirits.

ABBEY'S SALT ranks first place among the few indispensable specifics.

Try a bottle to-day. Cast aside the old stomach troubles and don't forget to ask for—

Abbey's Effer-Salt

For nervousness and lack of blood, try—**ABBEY'S VITA TABLETS** At All Druggists 50 Cents a Box

Arter the Ball;
OR,
The Mystery Solved at Last

CHAPTER XL
In Strange Scenes.

Clearer and clearer came the peculiar blowing of the animal, and the regular sound of the four feet upon the flower-ground, and in a few minutes a huge mastiff bounded at them and gave forth a savage growl.

The next minute a horseman flashed into the bright moonlight, and flying down toward the three trappers, called the dog with one sharp, ringing cry.

The dog bounded back, uttering a peculiar noise, and the horseman, evidently understanding it as a warning, pulled up short and half raised his rifle.

As they pointed their death-dealing weapons at the clearly defined form they could see every feature in the bright moonlight.

"Ho-oh! Don't let 'ee see a feather o' ye or he's off. It's the Great Hunter!" whispered the Mexican, who had recognized him at a glance.

The horseman thus motionless was splendidly made, with a tall, lithe figure set off to the best advantage in the rough costume, half trapper, half Indian, the hair tufts to his legs and a serape flying in the wind, that also swept the long black, wild, unkempt hair from his grand face, which was splendidly shaped, though much less tanned than a trapper's usually is, and bore marks of suffering and hardship in the dark lines around the stern mouth and deep-cut flashing eyes.

For three minutes he stood motionless, then spurring his magnificent horse forward, rode toward the object which had excited the dog's suspicion.

Child Was Nervous, Irritable, Tired Out.

She Had No Appetite, and Her Complexion Was Pale and Sallow.

How many parents realize the strain which going to school means to the child who is naturally nervous and of delicate health?

You see them come from the schools daily with pale faces, many wearing glasses, and looking tired and worn. At home they are irritable, do not sleep well at nights, and are upset by a little extra excitement.

If they are to grow to healthy manhood and womanhood their systems must have attention now. Such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food does for the Nervous Food has done for their children. This one is a fair sample:

Mrs. Stephen Hartman, Italy Cross, Lunenburg Co., N.S., writes "My little sister at eleven years of age became nervous, irritable and seemed all tired out. She had no appetite, was

The huntsman's eyes lit up, and he raised his rifle. A sharp clang, a fierce yell, and the panther dropped.

The hunter reloaded, calmly beat his way through the undergrowth, and knelt down beside the body, over which the dog was standing growling.

"A fine fur," he muttered. "I'll serve to pay for another supper when food runs short."

With a sigh he took out his long bowie and commenced skinning it, occasionally pausing in his task to listen to the howl of the wolves and the whiz of the bats.

When the skin was separated from the body he flung it across the horse's back, wiped the bowie knife upon the high, thick grass, and once more went on his way, the horse and dog following in his footsteps.

After half an hour's wandering around the thin part of the forest the solitary huntsman emerged at the foot of a low range of hills.

A stream lay in his path.

Calling the dog to his side and removing the saddle and skin from the horse, he swung them across his arm, and pushing aside a bush that hid the mouth of a cave, he entered and threw down the saddle and the skin upon the floor, which was partly covered with dry grass and undergrowth.

Raking this together into a corner, the huntsman threw himself down at full length and closed his eyes.

But though he had ridden far and fast, undergone enough hardship since he had last lain full length to weary an ordinary man to death, sleep would not visit him, and with a weary sigh, he arose and wandered into the open air.

There, standing with his grand, sorrow-marked face toward the fast falling stars, his thoughts found words, and unconsciously he murmured:

"Nearly two years! Who would have believed it so difficult to forget? It seems a lifetime since that short dream mocked me into a false happiness. Happy!—ah, was ever man happier? It was heaven on earth! Now," and he groaned as he looked around at the dark forest, the heavy mountains, and the drear stillness broken only by the hard breathing of the dog and the slight movement of his horse's hoofs among the grass—"now it is life and torture! Oh, Heaven, that I might die! Thou knowest how I have sought death in a thousand shapes, a thousand forms; thou knowest that I held my hand when I might have taken the life my mother cursed me with, but yet thy mercy would not send by death's own hand the glad release from this never-ending agony, this never-dying memory of the past! Where is she now, I wonder? Is she dead? If so, perhaps from one of those stars she looks down and weeps for me. For surely her pitying heart cannot be glad if her gentle eyes can see me here, alone, praying for death that I may be near her or find forgetfulness. Oh, Maud, Maud! if thou livest I pray Heaven to send thee happiness—I who never prayed for myself, pray for thee, pray for thee!" and, dropping his head upon his heaving bosom, his closed lips muttering some indistinct words, he walked slowly back to the cave and throwing himself upon the bed of fern and grass, once more sought sleep.

This time it came to him, and gradually the lines upon his face softened, his mouth quivered, and he sank into a deep slumber.

Presently, however, he tossed from side to side and his lips moved rapidly, and suddenly, with a groan he sprang to his feet, and with staring eyes, and white face cried, while he parted the tangled hair from his forehead:

She called me! My Maud! I come!—I come!—I come!

Still calling upon her name, with trembling fingers he saddled his horse sprang upon his back, and darted across the plain as if the prairies behind him were on fire and the flames already singing his horse's hoofs.

CHAPTER XXI
After the Crisis.

Nay, death shall write beside the door.

Nor stay, although he looks for'er.

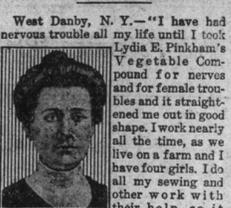
—Marlowe.

And they lived happy ever afterwards.

—Old Fairy Tale.

WOMAN HAD NERVOUS TROUBLE

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her.



West Danby, N. Y.—"I have had nervous trouble all my life until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for nerves and for female troubles and it straightened me out in good shape. I work nearly all the time, as we live on a farm and I have four girls. I do all my sewing and other work with their help, so it shows that I stand it real well. I took the Compound when my ten year old daughter came and it helped me a lot. I have also had my oldest girl take it and it did her lots of good. I keep it in the house all the time and recommend it."—Mrs. DEWITT SINCEBAUGH, West Danby, N. Y.

Sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, backache, headaches, dragging sensations, all point to female derangements which may be overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women everywhere bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

THE rays of the setting sun stole through the lace curtains of the sick room and fell across the bed and upon the group around.

Seated at the head and looking more beautiful than ever, though sad and sorrowed, was Lady Carlotta Chudleigh, her arm sustaining the pillow upon which rested the lily-like face of Maud.

On the other side of the bed stood Sir Fielding, his eyes moist, his lips quivering. The sad years that have passed over his head since we saw him last have weighed down his shoulders, and turned his gray hair to a perfect white.

By him stands Chudleigh and Lady Mildred, both with wet eyes and sorrowful faces.

At a small table leans the physician, a rowful father, while the tears coursed Every minute or so he looks toward the bed and then at his watch.

No one moves, and for some time no one speaks.

Then Sir Fielding walked noiselessly around the bed and whispered tremulously to the physician.

The doctor shook his head.

"I cannot tell whether she is better or worse," he replied, in a low voice. "She may be like this for days without a change. When it comes, Sir Fielding, it will be the crisis—the turning point one way or the other."

"She is so weak," mused the sorrowful father, while the tears coursed down his cheeks.

The doctor shook his head sorrowfully.

"She is, she is," he said. "Who could be otherwise with so long and wasting an illness?"

(To be Continued.)

Mother! Don't Take Chances If Child's Tongue Is Coated

If cross, feverish, sick, bilious, clean little liver and bowels.

A laxative to-day saves a sick child to-morrow. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become clogged up with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sour.

Look at the tongue, Mother! If coated, or your child is listless, cross, feverish, breath bad, restless, doesn't eat heartily, full of cold or has sore throat, or any other children's ailment, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," then don't worry, because it is perfectly harmless, and in a few hours all this constipation, poison, sour bile and fermenting waste will gently move out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. A thorough "inside cleansing" is oftentimes all that is necessary. It should be the first treatment given in any sickness.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages, and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Look carefully and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company."

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 COMFORTABLE, EASY-TO-MAKE HOUSE DRESS.



1984—Ladies' House Dress, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

This style is simple, attractive and comfortable. The right front overlaps the left at the closing. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The fulness at the waistline is to be confined by a belt or to be gathered, with a casing underneath. Gingham, seersucker, drill, linen, alpaca, chambray, gabardine, flannel, flannel and serge are all good for this style. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. The dress measures about 2 1/2 yards at its lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A SPLENDID DRESS FOR SCHOOL OR GENERAL WEAR.



1996—Girls' One-Piece Dress, with Sleeve in Wrist or Elbow Length, and with or without Yoke Facing.

This style is nice for all wash fabrics, such as galatea, linen, linene, percale and crepe. It is also good for gabardine, serge, albatross, cashmere, corduroy and velvet. The yoke facing may be omitted or made of contrasting material. The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-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.

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.



John Maunder
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THE BEST INSURANCE

Against Colds, Pleurisy and Pneumonia, at present so prevalent, is **GOOD WOOL UNDERWEAR.** AND THE BEST IS THE BEST.

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.

HENRY BLAIR.

Your Business Success in 1917

Rests upon the dependability of your service of supply. Three big facts—big buying power, tremendous production, expert workmanship—stand behind our claims of superior service. It will pay all merchants to see our spring ranges in



Men's and Boys' Suits, Overalls, Shirts, etc.
DO IT NOW.

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Telegram Ads. Pay

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the remains of a large
in the last month
being offered at PR
LOW PRESENT

Come early for Dress I

War News.

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

MORE VILLAGES CAPTURED.

LONDON, March 20.—Despite less favourable weather conditions, says the official report from the British headquarters in France to-night, we made considerable progress again to-day along the greater part of the front in our advance south of Arras, and further 14 villages have been cleared of the enemy. Our troops have now passed the general line of Calzay, Estenon, Chausse, Nuriu, Vela and Stenon.

FRENCH OCCUPY IMPORANT RAILWAY JUNCTION.

PARIS, March 20.—The French have occupied Tergent, an important railroad junction on the line between Amiens and Reims, and have crossed the St. Quentin Canal. French aviators report the destruction by the Germans of the historic ruins of Coucy-le-Chateau, one of the most striking monuments of feudal ages in Europe. It was built early in the 13th century. The French war office officially announces that the evacuation of Noyon the Germans carried away by force fifty young girls, ranging in age from 15 to 25 years old. The text of the statement reads: From the Somme to the Seine our troops while making new progress occupied the reconquered line. North of the Somme our cavalry pushed forward as far as the outskirts of Ropy, about 7 kilometres (4 1/2 miles) from St. Quentin, where they have chased to German cavalry squad. Northeast of Chauncy our infantry occupied Tergent to-day and crossed the Canal. Several lively skirmishes with enemy detachments ended in our advantage. In the course of this progress extending over several days we have suffered insignificant losses on the entire front. Everywhere our advances have been able to observe the proven vandalism and systematic destruction carried out by the enemy, which for the greater part was of no military advantage. This afternoon our aviators report the ruins of Coucy Le Chateau have been destroyed by explosion. Evacuated fifty young girls from 15 to 25 years of age. The day was relatively calm on the rest of the front.

Fresh Smelts and Fresh Herring at ELLIS'.

