

A Nation's Safety depends upon more than wealth or the power of its mighty guns. It rests in its robust children and in its strong, vigorous manhood.

### SCOTT'S EMULSION

an ideal constructive tonic-food, brings to the system elements easily assimilated and imparts strength and promotes normal growth. Scott's Emulsion builds up the weak and fortifies the strong. Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont.

### Love in the Abbey

### Lady Ethel's Rival

CHAPTER XXXVII  
A DUMB REPROACH.

Kitty hears it and sinks on her knees, grasping the gate to keep herself from falling, and stretching out her hand toward the pair—she will not faint—she bites her lips till the blood runs down them, to keep the deadly stupor away; but she cannot rise, she can only cling, powerless and helpless, watching and waiting.

She sees the white face of the doomed man coming nearer—sees the distended, brutal nostrils behind and the head all specked with foam—then suddenly she feels, rather than sees, that a third is on the field, for a man has, without a word, sprung, like a succoring god, over the hedge and is running with something red waving in his hand toward the bull. It is a minute before the bull sees it, but when he does, he reels back on his haunches, throws up a stream of grass and dust with his horns, stamps with his feet, until the earth seems to rock again, and then, with tenfold fury, dashes at the new victim.

With a spring, light as a panther's, the rescuer darts on one side, and takes up the race. He does not run straight, but curves aside—the bull cannot curve—and then, with each turn, nears the gate. Once his face is turned toward it full and distinctly; then, with a great cry—a cry from two hearts—his name is sobbed out—out to Heaven.

It is Elliot Sterne.

It is Elliot Sterne, come to give his life for the man who has robbed him of all that made that life worth having.

CHAPTER XXXVIII  
IN THE SHADOW.

A smile, grave and sad, passes over Elliot Sterne's face as he hears that cry, and as he glances toward the spot where the two watchers kneel, breathless and tortured, he almost forgets the awful doom behind him. God! It is an awful sight! Death stands mocking and grinning at the efforts of its victim. Victim though he may be, Elliot Sterne fights to the last. He cannot gain the gate, but he will play the last trick. Twisting his handkerchief into a ball, he waits until the bull is almost upon him, then flings it into the animal's face and springs aside; but, even as he does so, he has made a false step, his foot turns aside and he falls, and the next moment the brute's breath and foam is on him. Yet, fatal as that fall seemed, but for it, that moment would have been Elliot Sterne's last, and England's great man would have been lying gored and lifeless. Unable to stop short, the brute is hurled, by its own impetus, over the

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## "SALADA"

The Most Delicious and Economical of all Teas

Beware of Substitutes  
BAIRD & CO. WHOLESALE AGENTS ST. JOHN'S

### The Quick Way to Stop a Cough

This home-made syrup does the work in a hurry, readily absorbed, and saves about 50¢.

You might be surprised to know that the best thing you can use for a severe cough, is a remedy which is easily prepared at home in just a few moments. It's cheap, but for prompt results it beats anything else you ever tried. Simply stop the ordinary cough or chest cold in 24 hours. Tastes pleasant, too—children like it—and it is pure and good.  
Four 1/2 ounces of Syrup (50 cents worth), in a 16-oz. bottle; then fill it up with plain granulated sugar syrup. Or use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. If desired, thus you make a 16-ounce family supply—but costing no more than a small bottle of ready-made cough syrup. And as a cough medicine, there is really nothing better to be had at any price. It goes right to the spot and gives quick, lasting relief. It promptly heals the inflamed membranes that line the throat and air passages, stops the annoying throat tickle, loosens the phlegm, and soon your cough stops entirely. Splendid for bronchitis, croup, whooping cough and bronchial asthma. Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of Norway pine extract, famous for its healing effect on the membranes. To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "Pinex, essence of Pinus." Directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

quire hourly how she is progressing and this Tapley does with such grave, emotionless solemnity, that poor Mrs. Saville declares in a whisper to weeping Mary, that he seems to her like a mute coming before his time.

And now, on this fifth day of silence and suspense, behold another personage comes upon the scene, and it is none other than the countess, Kitty's old friend. Heaven only knows what hidden chord in the weird, old heart poor Kitty had touched; the countess had never had any children of whom Kitty could remind her; she had hitherto been regarded as a type of the heartless, cynical, old worldling; but Kitty's simplicity and innocence, her naïveté and courageous spirit, had touched some soft spot, perhaps the only one in that strange nature; and here is the countess, having travelled post-haste from Baden-Baden, to which place the news had somehow reached her, and here she is, determined to remain, declaring that no power on earth shall prevent her seeing the poor child either into the grave, or past it.

So on the fifth day, the Honorable Francis having demanded his sixth handkerchief—so that it may be reckoned five o'clock in the afternoon—the three women sit in the sick room, silent and watchful. Every now and then old Doctor Greene comes in, with that peculiar tread so characteristic of the doctor, and bends over the motionless face; then purses his lips, draws down his white eyelids, and walks away, powerless and helpless before this horrible, silent drifting of life into death.

About six o'clock Mr. Tapley knocks softly upon the door panel with his stereotyped inquiry: "Master would like to know how Miss Trevelyan is progressing."  
The countess looks up from the white, still face and snarls silently. What can she say? Surely no one would be so unfeeling as to refuse a sorrowing parent the consolation of hearing hourly tidings of his dying child. But the countess' face, with its heavy and irregularly rouged cheeks, is not pleasant to see when Mr. Tapley makes his periodical inquiry, and it is Mrs. Saville who steals to the door and delivers the stereotyped reply, "About the same, sir!"

Always "about the same!" But the change comes at last.  
It is about ten o'clock when Kitty turns her eyes—fearfully large and solemn they look, set in the pale face that is like a clear-cut cameo—turns her eyes as if she had just awakened from a deep, sweet sleep, and smiles gravely at the wrinkled face of the countess, and then, as the other two women rise noiselessly and stand breathlessly expectant, she says, in a faint little voice, so great a contrast is it to the round, full tones of the tom-boy of old:

"How do you do?"  
The countess blinks, and nods, and trembles.  
"I'm very well, my dear, and how do you feel now?"  
Kitty thinks a minute and revolves the question, while she smiles recognition to the hungry eyes of Mary and Mrs. Saville; then she says: "I suppose I am very ill! Yes; of course, you are nursing me. It is very kind to take so much trouble—more than I am worth," and she smiles, a faint reflection of her old

naive dimple appearing on her thin cheek.

The old countess nods—too busy trying to get over the choking in her throat to speak, and Mary, poor, simple Mary, stifles a sob in her apron; but Kitty hears it, and opens her eyes to turn them upon the fond, faithful creature.

"Well, Mary," she says, a laugh in her eyes, "you haven't run away from home, then?"

Mary blips down on her knees beside the bed, and lays her cheek on the this, white hand, and cries silently, quite overcome by this touch of the old dauntless, audacious spirit.

Kitty looks at each face with calm, composed thoughtfulness for a moment, then up at Doctor Greene, who comes in and stands beside her, his finger upon her pulse.

"I see," she murmurs calmly; "I am very ill—I am dying."

The old doctor, who brought her into the world; who, all her life, has thought of her proudly as his hope of what a young girl should be; who has been as proud of her robust health, and perfect figure, and glorious constitution, as if she had been his own child, feels his eyes grow dim as he murmurs:

"I hope not, my dear—I hope not!"

"I thought so," says Kitty, as if to herself. "I have thought so for—so long a time. How long have I been here?" she breaks off to ask, with a little wrinkle on the smooth brow, the signal of the return of memory.

The countess looks at the doctor, as if to ask if she may reply, and the sorrowful old man nods, with a sigh, as if nothing could harm or benefit the poor child now.

"Three or four days, my dear," says the Countess, touching the pillow in a mechanical pretense of smoothing it.

"Three or four days!" says Kitty. "I'm an unconsumable time dying—like Charles II."

The countess understands her, and feels a miserable pang of admiration for the brave spirit that not even death can quench.

"Three or four days," she repeats. "—a long time! Will you tell me I cannot remember everything clearly—what has happened? Did Sultan toss me—or what brought this?"

Again the countess looks toward the old doctor, but he nods again in response, and then turns away, unable to bear the sight of that white face—to hear the low, brave voice.

"No, my dear; he didn't toss any one."

"No—I remember," says Kitty, closing her eyes for a moment. "I remember"—she shudders feebly; "it was a dreadful sight. Who shot him?"

"One of the gamekeepers, dear."  
"It was a good shot, Lady Ellesford," says Kitty.

The old countess nods; she knows how the brave girl is struggling to maintain her composure, wrestling with her desire to hear of the being for whom she is lying here, dying.

"Tell her all," says Doctor Greene, in a low, broken voice.

"Doctor Greene says I may tell you all, my dear," she says, clasping the hand nearest her, and wiping away a tear that has trickled down her cheek, and cut a straight line through the rouge. "They shot the bull in time, Kitty, and no one is hurt."  
(To be Continued.)

### Mother! Is Child's Stomach Sour, Sick?

If tongue is coated or if cross, feverish, constipated give California Syrup of Figs.

Don't scold your fretful, peevish child. See if tongue is coated; this is a sure sign its little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with sour waste.

When listless, pale, feverish, full of cold, breath bad, throat sore, doesn't eat, sleep or act naturally, has stomach-ache, indigestion, diarrhoea, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the food passes out of the bowels and you have a well and playful child again. Children love this harmless "fruit-laxative," and mothers can rest easy after giving it, because it never fails to make their little "insides" clean and sweet.

Keep it handy, Mother! A little given to-day saves a sick child to-morrow, but get the genuine. Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Remember there are counterfeits sold here, so "really look and see that it is made by the 'California Fig Syrup Company.' Don't be fooled!

### Fashion Plates.



A Dainty Frock for Mother's Girl.  
2660—One could make this of velvet or crepe for a best dress, or of velvet or poplin, or, the waist could be of soft batiste or crepe and plastron portions and skirt of contrasting material in a matched shade. The design is fine for growing girls. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.  
The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 4 1/4 yards of 40-inch material.  
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

### A SERVICEABLE AND BECOMING APRON.



2674—This model is easy to develop and easy to adjust. It is provided with ample pockets. Gingham, alpaca, saten, drill, cambric, lawn and percale may be used for this style.  
The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; and Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size Medium will require 3 1/4 yards of 36-inch material.  
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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Address in full: ... ..  
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## PUBLIC NOTICE War Losses.

The Minister of Shipping hereby publishes for the information of claimants the following particulars which he has just received, viz:

Instructions as to the filing of Claims by British Subjects in Newfoundland in respect of Property Requisitioned, Sequestered or Destroyed by Enemy Governments.

1. A Statutory Declaration verifying the claim must be sent to the Minister of Shipping, St. John's, N. F. The Declaration must be in the form prescribed and made before a Notary Public or Justice of the Peace.
2. If the claimant was born within His Majesty's dominions the Declaration should state the date and place of birth. If the claimant was born outside His Majesty's dominions, but derives British nationality from his father or grandfather, the Declaration should state the date and place of birth of such father or grandfather. If the claimant is a naturalized British subject the Declaration should state the date and place of his naturalization and his previous nationality.
3. If the claimant is a company incorporated under the laws of Newfoundland, or of the United Kingdom, or some British Dominion or Colony, the Declaration should state the date of incorporation and jurisdiction of incorporation.

4. If all the persons holding shares or otherwise interested in the Company are aliens, the Declaration should state the fact. If some of the persons holding shares, or otherwise interested in a Company, are aliens, the Declaration should state the nationality of those persons and the nature of their interest in the company.
5. Full particulars of the property in respect whereof the claim is made must be set out in the Declaration or in a schedule attached thereto.
6. The Declaration must state the value of the property and the amount of the claim.

7. Where the value of the property can be proved by documentary evidence, copies of these documents should be attached to the Declaration.
8. Where documentary evidence of the value of the property cannot be adduced, the evidence of the claimant should, so far as it is possible to do so, be corroborated by that of other persons.
9. The Declaration must state the date, time, place, or destruction of the property, or that they are known to the claimant.

10. The claimant holds any receipts or other documentary evidence of the seizure of his property, copies of such documents should be attached to the Declaration.
11. The Declaration must also state that, at the date when the property was requisitioned, sequestered, or destroyed, the claimant was the absolute owner thereof.
12. If the claimant, or any person on his behalf, has received any payment through insurance or otherwise, in respect of the property, particulars thereof must be set out in the Declaration.
13. If a claim is made in respect of

loss of life, the Declaration should set out:—

- (a) the relationship of the claimant to the deceased;
- (b) the amount at which the value of the deceased was probated or administration granted;
- (c) the amount of life and accident insurance paid on account of the death of the deceased, whether forming part of the estate or not;
- (d) the average earnings of the deceased for the last three years not including any sums derived from investments or receipts of that nature; and
- (e) the dependents left by the deceased.

10. The fact that a claim is filed in the Department of the Minister of Shipping does not imply an undertaking on the part of the Newfoundland Government to put forward such claim on the termination of hostilities or an assurance that the claim, if put forward, will be paid.

### Schedule: Particulars of Property.

Value of Property at the Time of Loss.  
Total ... ..  
Claims should be lodged at the Ministry of Shipping, or posted not later than 10th January, 1919.  
Forms can be obtained at this office.  
**T. A. HALL,** Secretary  
Ministry of Shipping,  
Court House Building,  
St. John's, Nfld.,  
3rd January, 1917.

## 'Bluff-Ship' Goes Way to

London, Dec. 14.—Because mortal, not infallible, and fortune brightest a fickle jake, it was probable that sooner or later some come when a crippled German submarine would submerge beneath shells, miraculously suatching up her damaged end, under cover of darkness, back to port. Word would then from Wilhelmshaven of a man-of-war dispatched as a lumplump, with such and such a machinery funnel, with stumpy mast, rusty deckhouses which carried concealed in wheel-house and conops, whose bulwarks collapsed coops, bridge screens masked officers and desperate men. To reach such a vessel was to be death-trap, unless every precaution was first taken to ensure she was abandoned. There would be no precaution open to a German marine, which might in due course be expected to act accordingly.  
Such a day, in fact, came: a storm, with the aftermath of a wind rolling eastward beneath its fall. A vessel with the appearance of a merchantman, fruits of whose labors for the six months had doubtless passed that section of the Wilhelmshaven concerned with the return of U-boats, sighted by opening the periscope and covering of a submarine a mile away beam.  
The figure on the bridge of a tramp, which carried among other things in her charge, his commissar, commander of the Royal Navy, his pipe out of his mouth and last the sails of a Spanish galleon, the horizon. A tangle of flags gleamed at the periscope of the submarine, and the tramp stopped abruptly, blowing off steam in indignity. Her commander turned to the pages of the international code, smiling still. "Hoist 'canoe' and understand your signal," he said to a signalman. "I want to waste a few minutes," and moved to the room voice pipe. Obedient directions, the screws furthively ahead under cover of the steam, edging the steamskip toward the watching enemy. The however, promptly manuevered gun, turned, and steamed toward them; she opened a range of half a mile, the passing over the funnel of the hidden man-of-war.

The Next Step.  
In the intense excitement of moment, when men's nerves and eyes were stretched like banjo strings, the report of the submarine's range loud through the still air of the man-of-war's gunlayers.

## THESE B LADIES' BLOUSE 98c.

There is that each Blouse that and endues it with who admire "distinering the excellence they might well be You will be mo in the selections, style. Take particular

## Butchers Attention!

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**254 Quarters Fresh Beef,**  
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**White Table Linen,**  
58 inches wide.  
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As our stock of the above is limited, we advise an early call.

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