

GILLETT'S LYE

HAS NO EQUAL

It not only softens the water but doubles the cleansing power of soap, and makes everything sanitary and wholesome. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.



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

CHAPTER XII.
Tom's Story.

No slave of the ring ever watched to supply his master's wish with half the feverish eagerness which Tom displayed.

He hung about her, waiting with a dogged earnestness for every little chance of being useful.

If she moved to the piano, he was sure to have reached it first, and arranged the music stool, with his hand upon the canterbury, ready to find the song she chose to sing.

Croquet on the lawn involved a world of hard work, for there was the balls to recover, her mallet to carry, and, if she chanced to sit down, the seat to be dragged into the shade or sun.

If they rode out, he insisted upon an examination of the saddle girth and bridle before she mounted. Sometimes he would steal away to the stable and saddle her mare himself; on the road or across the moor, he kept as near her as his horse would allow him, and watched every move of her steed with zealous care, though Phoebe was as safe an animal as ever carried a side-saddle.

Tom's anxious mind conjured up a thousand accidents that might happen and he was always expecting.

All these, and many other attentions, poor Maud took with some embarrassment, but, being too gentle had not the heart to rebuke or discourage, for she must have had a suspicion that one cold word from her would start the unhappy boy off to Timbuctoo, perhaps.

One morning Tom had ridden over with his sister to entice Maud into a ride, and, she at once consenting, the pair were soon cantering toward the cottage to call for Carotta.

Tom, by Maud's side as usual, suddenly pulled up, and said, with a hurried abruptness:

"Miss Chichester!"

Maud checked the mare, and turned her sweet face to him.

"Oh, don't pull up," he said, uneasily. "We can talk galloping—at least, I can—mean, that is to say, if you can, Miss Chichester."

"Oh, yes," said Maud, smiling gently, and patting Phoebe into a gallop again.

Tom, who was left behind by this movement, spurred on, and coming alongside, took from his breast pocket

Prepare This for a Bad Cough—It's Fine

Cheaply and Easily Made, but Does the Work Quickly.

The finest cough syrup that money can buy—costing only about one-fifth as much as ready-made preparations—can easily be made up at home. The way it takes hold and conquers distressing coughs, throat and chest colds will really make you enthusiastic about it. Any druggist can supply you with 50 ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth). Pour this into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Shake thoroughly and it is ready for use. The total cost is about 54 cents and gives you 16 ounces—a family supply—of a most effective, pleasant tasting remedy. It keeps perfectly.

It's truly astonishing how quickly it acts, penetrating through every air passage of the throat and lungs—loosens and raises the phlegm, soothes and heals the inflamed or swollen throat membranes, and gradually but surely the annoying throat tickle and dreaded cough will disappear entirely. Nothing better for bronchitis, spasmodic croup, whooping cough or bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, combined with quinine and is known the world over for its prompt healing effect on the throat membranes.

Avoid disappointment by asking your druggist for "25¢ ounces of Pinex" with this thing else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

a small letter case, bound with silver edging and engraved with strange, foreign-looking characters.

"I was going to show you this," he said, handing it to her. "I picked it up last night just by the rectory."

At the mention of the rectory, Maud flushed slightly, and took the pocketbook.

"It's a very curious affair, isn't it?" said Tom, taking the opportunity to edge his roan a little nearer the mare.

"Very," said Maud. "I cannot see any name on it, and all these strange figures I do not understand."

"You mean the queer scribbling on the silver? Neither can I. We opened it last night, to see if there was any name written inside, but it's filled with all sorts of odds and ends. Open it, Miss Chichester."

"Do," said Tom, eagerly. "There can be no harm; besides, you will be able to make something of it, perhaps."

Maud still hesitating, Tom took it from her hand, and, unfastening the clasp, passed it back to her.

"There it is, all written in some foreign language—Italian, I think Bella said; but I don't think she knows—anyhow, she couldn't make any of it out."

"It is Italian," said Maud, quietly, looking at the first page, and with a sudden gesture, almost of fright, she closed the book sharply, and, turning pale, said, in a low voice:

"I know to whom it belongs!"

"Of course you do, Miss Chichester," said Tom. "I told them I'd bet a thousand pounds to one that you'd read it. And who is the owner, Miss Chichester?"

"Mr. Durant," said Maud, turning her face away and stroking the mare.

"Mr. Durant—of course; what a duffer I am; he's the fellow who they say is mad—"

"Mad!" repeated Maud, almost fiercely. "Who says?"

Tom looked positively frightened.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Chichester," he said. "Upon my word—oh, do forgive me. I forgot he was a friend of yours. What an idiot I am, Miss Chichester—"

Maud stopped him with a faint smile.

"Pray, do not apologize," she said. "You have said nothing wrong—at least, you have only repeated what you have heard. Will you tell me anything more they say?"

"She hesitated.

"Of course I will—I'm bound to if you ask me," he added, aside. "But you won't blame me for what the idiots say, will you, Miss Chichester?"

"Oh, no!" said Maud.

"Well, it's generally supposed that Mr. Durant is mad all through the village. He does such queer things, you know—walks about the woods there, toggled up—I beg your pardon—dressed in mean, in such a queer get-up, and looking like a wild man of the woods. Besides, no one knows what's going on inside the rectory, though more of these thickheads think that there's queer diversions there. They say it's haunted, for if you go past there at night-time you can hear most peculiar sounds—music, you know, but such strange music—no tune, only a wailing and crying, and crying, and sometimes a sudden burst like the cry of a fellow getting an ugly knock. It's a fact, Miss Chichester; I've heard it myself when I've been coming from the Chichester Arms—I mean the village," he corrected, with some confusion.

"Then, old Charley White—you know him, Miss Chichester—bit of a poacher he is—I bet he gets many a pussy off the hall grounds—he told me about the night of the storm, about a week after Mr. Durant preached in the church, he was coming through the wood at the back of the rectory, and saw somebody lying across the

path, wet through with the rain, which was beating upon his face like a whip. Old Charley thought it was a dead body, and was going to cut for it, but, plucking up courage, he lit his little lantern, and creeping up, saw that it was Mr. Durant. He didn't know it was him, you know, but from his description it couldn't have been any one else. Well, there he was, lying like a corpse, one hand being in a pool of water and wet leaves, and the other clasping—what do you think, Miss Chichester? Why, a crucifix!"

Maud, who during the recital had been gradually growing more recovered, at this point uttered a faint cry, and seemed about to fall forward, but at Tom's alarmed exclamation suddenly regained her composure, and said, though faintly:

"Go on, please—go on."

"Well—but ain't you ill, Miss Chichester? Oh, do let me ride on for Vinney."

"No, no," said Maud, eagerly laying her hand on his arm in her earnestness. "Go on, please."

Tom flushed burning hot at the pressure of the small fingers, which he could feel trembling painfully, and continued:

"Well—I'm sure I'm frightening you, I'm so stupid! Well, Charley stooped down and touched him, but he didn't move, and seemed so cold that the old man thought he really was dead. But, just as a chance, took out his brandy flask, and poured a little on his lips. In a minute the person—I beg your pardon, Mr. Durant—moved and spoke one word, a name, Charley said—though he couldn't tell me what, only remembering the last part of it, which was like 'ee.' Then Charley forced some brandy through his lips, and suddenly Mr. Durant sprang to his feet, knocking the flask out of Charley's hand, and grasping him by the throat, lifted him clean off the ground. Old Charley thought he was being scragged—choked, you know—but he couldn't halloo, and felt his heart die to nothing as the person, gripping him with his hand like iron, growled like a tiger: 'You, fellow, you were listening! You have heard me speak. You need not deny it—I see it by your face. I'll—' Here Charley White got his neck up, and groaned out that he'd brought him too. The person fixed him with his eyes, as if he read his soul, old Charley said, then dropped him, and taking a handful of money from his pocket, bound him over in three or four words not to tell a soul what had occurred, and told him to 'go.' Old Charley meant to keep his word, but I came across him one night when he'd had a drop to drink, and he spouted it out."

Maud, whose head had gradually dropped upon her bosom, raised it and looked at him with a dreamy smile.

"Thank you," she said, gently. "It is very kind of you to take so much trouble. You are always very kind."

Then drawing a long breath, she said: "Is the music still to be heard at the rectory?"

"Oh, no, not since he disappeared," said Tom, delighted to continue the conversation, and still flushing at Maud's gentle thanks. "Not since he's gone. That's what makes it odd. He must have made the row. Some of them say that he could play on the organ, for they had heard the servants telling about the way in which he played at the hall."

Maud crimsoned.

60 Years Old Today

Feel as young as ever

PEOPLE who are able to talk like this can not possibly have impure blood—they just feel it—no headaches, dyspepsia or bilious disorders.

These diseases can be cured by Dr. Wilson's Herbine Bitters

A true blood purifier containing the active principles of cascades, mandrake, burdock and other medicinal herbs.

Sold at all stores, a bottle, Family size, 50c; times as large, \$1.00.

THE BRATLEY DRUG CO., Limited, ST. JOHN'S, N.F.

Dr. Wilson's Bitters, in only one size, 50c, 1.00, 2.00.

ASK FOR WILSON'S LIQUOR AND TAKE NO OTHER.

You Can't Find Any Dandruff, and Hair Stops Coming Out

Save your hair! Make it thick, wavy, glossy and beautiful at once.

Try as you will, after an application of Danderine, you can not find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair, and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most, will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking only one small strand at a time. The effect is immediate and amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance, the beauty and shimmer of true hair.

Get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment. A 25-cent bottle will double the beauty of your hair.

"They should not speak of things that occur at the hall," she said, with gentle gravity.

"Of course not," said Tom, with evidence of distress. "And I'm a thickhead to repeat it to you again. I'm always blundering, Miss Chichester."

"No, no," said Maud, pitying his evident sorrow.

Then there was a silence, which Maud broke just as they were close upon Tom's sisters, by asking, with a slight hesitation:

"Where does the man of whom you were speaking live? Could my brother find him, do you think?"

"Charley White, do you mean, miss? Oh, he's left the country and gone no one knows where. Why, Mr. Fielding warned him off the estate, I think. Yes, I'm sure he did—for poaching. Shall I try and find him for you, Miss Chichester?" he asked, eagerly. "If you want him, I'll find him, if I had to search the whole world."

"Oh, no, no, no!" said Maud. "I only wanted to—to give him a little money in case he might have been hurt."

"Oh, you needn't be afraid of Charley White coming off much of a loser, anyway, Miss Chichester," said Tom, with a laugh. "He was hurt, I know, for I saw the marks of the parson's hand, but he got a lot of money—nearly twenty pounds, I think he said—and he would have been glad to break every bone in his body for half that sum."

Maud made no further remark, seemingly persuaded from her purpose, and Tom, after waiting a moment, said, suddenly:

"Would you mind, Miss Chichester, keeping this thing? I don't know Mr. Durant, and I'm likely to lose it, besides."

Maud hesitated for a moment, then said, quickly:

"I will keep it if you wish it, Mr. Gregson, but I don't think it would be less safe with you."

"Oh, yes, it would," said Tom. "And he gave it to her."

At this moment she caught up to the two Miss Gregsons, who assailed the pair with a volley of questions and playful reproaches.

"Where have you been?" said Miss Bella. "For it's too cruel of you to keep Miss Chichester all to yourself like this. I wonder you let him, Miss Chichester."

Tom growled something, under his breath, about minding their own business, but looked radiantly happy, and Maud said, gently:

"Mr. Gregson has been very kind, indeed. We have had quite an interesting conversation."

"Dear me!" said Miss Lavinia, laughing, though not ill-naturedly; "I am astonished; I didn't think you could be interesting. Tom—did you, Bella?"

"They're too hard on me, ain't they, Miss Chichester?" said Tom, flushing.

"They're jealous of you keeping with me so long—that's what they are, I wish you'd wake the mare up and have a gallop. The girls' horses are not half so fast, and we could—"

(To be Continued.)

Telegram Fashion Plates.

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

1507—AN ATTRACTIVE MODEL FOR HOME OR BUSINESS WEAR.



Simple becoming lines mark this stylish design. It is good for taffeta, dotted or figured voile, checked or novelty suiting, serge, gingham, chambray, linen or percale. For a morning dress linen, or gingham would be very serviceable. For business wear, serge, taffeta, or voile would be suitable. The waist is cut low and outlined with shaped revers that form a rolled collar over the back. The chemise has a standing collar which may be omitted. The sleeve is close fitting below the elbow and finished with a smart pointed cuff, in wrist length. In short length a turn back cuff forms a neat finish. The skirt has plaited fulness in back and front, which may be stitched in tuck effect. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 7 1/4 yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures about 3 1/2 yards at the foot.

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

A CHARMING DRESS FOR PARTY, DANCING, AND BEST WEAR.



1937—Junior Dress. This model could be attractively developed in blue or pink crepe, crepe de chine or messaline, with a waist of chiffon, mull, net or lace. The over-bouse forms a tunic over the skirt. It is cut in deep points in back and front, outlining the waist, which may be full or plain, over the front. The sleeve is nice in wrist or elbow length. The dress may be developed without the tunic and over-bouse. It is good for serge, gabardine, poplin and wash materials, nice for taffeta and cloth combined, and would be lovely in satin and chiffon. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 3 1/4 yards for the dress and 3 yards for the over-bouse, for a 14-year size, in 27-inch material.

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

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.

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 Maundel TAILOR and CLOTHIER, 281 and 283 Duckworth Street, St. John's, Nfld.

SLATTERY'S.

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

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

WAR NEWS

Messages Received Previous to 9 AM

AMERICAN KILLED BY GERMAN SUBMARINE

LONDON, Feb. 5.—It is officially announced that Richard Wallace, an American man belonging to Baltimore, was killed in the shelling of boats by the German submarine Evestone. The official statement says that the survivors of the Evestone landed to-day, report their ship by shell fire from a German submarine. The crew abandoned the vessel, and the submarine shelled the boats in which they were refuge, killing the captain and several men and severely wounding the second mate. The official statement says that the survivors of the Evestone were taken to a hospital in Baltimore. Among the killed was Richard Wallace, of Baltimore.

Purchased winter display first time. Note the assortment of w...

WAR NEWS

Messages Received Previous to 9 AM

AMERICAN KILLED BY GERMAN SUBMARINE

LONDON, Feb. 5.—It is officially announced that Richard Wallace, an American man belonging to Baltimore, was killed in the shelling of boats by the German submarine Evestone. The official statement says that the survivors of the Evestone landed to-day, report their ship by shell fire from a German submarine. The crew abandoned the vessel, and the submarine shelled the boats in which they were refuge, killing the captain and several men and severely wounding the second mate. The official statement says that the survivors of the Evestone were taken to a hospital in Baltimore. Among the killed was Richard Wallace, of Baltimore.

WAR NEWS

Messages Received Previous to 9 AM

AMERICAN KILLED BY GERMAN SUBMARINE

LONDON, Feb. 5.—It is officially announced that Richard Wallace, an American man belonging to Baltimore, was killed in the shelling of boats by the German submarine Evestone. The official statement says that the survivors of the Evestone landed to-day, report their ship by shell fire from a German submarine. The crew abandoned the vessel, and the submarine shelled the boats in which they were refuge, killing the captain and several men and severely wounding the second mate. The official statement says that the survivors of the Evestone were taken to a hospital in Baltimore. Among the killed was Richard Wallace, of Baltimore.

WAR NEWS

Messages Received Previous to 9 AM

AMERICAN KILLED BY GERMAN SUBMARINE

LONDON, Feb. 5.—It is officially announced that Richard Wallace, an American man belonging to Baltimore, was killed in the shelling of boats by the German submarine Evestone. The official statement says that the survivors of the Evestone landed to-day, report their ship by shell fire from a German submarine. The crew abandoned the vessel, and the submarine shelled the boats in which they were refuge, killing the captain and several men and severely wounding the second mate. The official statement says that the survivors of the Evestone were taken to a hospital in Baltimore. Among the killed was Richard Wallace, of Baltimore.

WAR NEWS

Messages Received Previous to 9 AM

AMERICAN KILLED BY GERMAN SUBMARINE

LONDON, Feb. 5.—It is officially announced that Richard Wallace, an American man belonging to Baltimore, was killed in the shelling of boats by the German submarine Evestone. The official statement says that the survivors of the Evestone landed to-day, report their ship by shell fire from a German submarine. The crew abandoned the vessel, and the submarine shelled the boats in which they were refuge, killing the captain and several men and severely wounding the second mate. The official statement says that the survivors of the Evestone were taken to a hospital in Baltimore. Among the killed was Richard Wallace, of Baltimore.

WAR NEWS

Messages Received Previous to 9 AM

AMERICAN KILLED BY GERMAN SUBMARINE

LONDON, Feb. 5.—It is officially announced that Richard Wallace, an American man belonging to Baltimore, was killed in the shelling of boats by the German submarine Evestone. The official statement says that the survivors of the Evestone landed to-day, report their ship by shell fire from a German submarine. The crew abandoned the vessel, and the submarine shelled the boats in which they were refuge, killing the captain and several men and severely wounding the second mate. The official statement says that the survivors of the Evestone were taken to a hospital in Baltimore. Among the killed was Richard Wallace, of Baltimore.

WAR NEWS

Messages Received Previous to 9 AM

AMERICAN KILLED BY GERMAN SUBMARINE

LONDON, Feb. 5.—It is officially announced that Richard Wallace, an American man belonging to Baltimore, was killed in the shelling of boats by the German submarine Evestone. The official statement says that the survivors of the Evestone landed to-day, report their ship by shell fire from a German submarine. The crew abandoned the vessel, and the submarine shelled the boats in which they were refuge, killing the captain and several men and severely wounding the second mate. The official statement says that the survivors of the Evestone were taken to a hospital in Baltimore. Among the killed was Richard Wallace, of Baltimore.

WAR NEWS

Messages Received Previous to 9 AM

AMERICAN KILLED BY GERMAN SUBMARINE

LONDON, Feb. 5.—It is officially announced that Richard Wallace, an American man belonging to Baltimore, was killed in the shelling of boats by the German submarine Evestone. The official statement says that the survivors of the Evestone landed to-day, report their ship by shell fire from a German submarine. The crew abandoned the vessel, and the submarine shelled the boats in which they were refuge, killing the captain and several men and severely wounding the second mate. The official statement says that the survivors of the Evestone were taken to a hospital in Baltimore. Among the killed was Richard Wallace, of Baltimore.

WAR NEWS

Messages Received Previous to 9 AM

AMERICAN KILLED BY GERMAN SUBMARINE

LONDON, Feb. 5.—It is officially announced that Richard Wallace, an American man belonging to Baltimore, was killed in the shelling of boats by the German submarine Evestone. The official statement says that the survivors of the Evestone landed to-day, report their ship by shell fire from a German submarine. The crew abandoned the vessel, and the submarine shelled the boats in which they were refuge, killing the captain and several men and severely wounding the second mate. The official statement says that the survivors of the Evestone were taken to a hospital in Baltimore. Among the killed was Richard Wallace, of Baltimore.

WAR NEWS

Messages Received Previous to 9 AM

AMERICAN KILLED BY GERMAN SUBMARINE

LONDON, Feb. 5.—It is officially announced that Richard Wallace, an American man belonging to Baltimore, was killed in the shelling of boats by the German submarine Evestone. The official statement says that the survivors of the Evestone landed to-day, report their ship by shell fire from a German submarine. The crew abandoned the vessel, and the submarine shelled the boats in which they were refuge, killing the captain and several men and severely wounding the second mate. The official statement says that the survivors of the Evestone were taken to a hospital in Baltimore. Among the killed was Richard Wallace, of Baltimore.