

ADAMS BLACK JACK

One of the comforts you can buy for soldiers at small cost is chewing gum. And if you ask any soldier boy his preference, the answer always is Adams Black Jack. A stick a day keeps trench sickness away. Buy it for yourself. Buy it for soldiers.



ADAMS Pure Chewing Gum

IN THE TOILS;

But Happiness Comes at Last.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE SERPENT'S TONGUE.

A flush warms for a moment the cold face upturned to him, and the lips compress tightly, but she does not take her eyes from his face. With calm, measured earnestness—earnestness displayed by the light in his dark eyes, and the occasional catch in his measured tones, he goes on.

"Of course, the whole thing turns upon the husband's ignorance of his young wife's antecedents; of her past life he knows literally nothing, excepting that she was an actress, famed and respected throughout the country. No doubt his ignorance is his own choice. She with full confidence in the depth and steadfastness of his affection had, before their marriage, often summoned up courage to make full confession. But from a chivalrous feeling that he should trust entirely where he had placed his affection, he had refused to hear, even from her lips, anything that should remove the delicate bloom from his passion for her. So they are married—do you quite follow the story?"

Olive's lips move, but she does not speak. "And—as in all stories—they are, of course supremely happy. She is received by his family with open arms, courted, admired, feted by the world, is chosen by the elite as their leader and directress; hats fly off as she rides through the park; royalty turns aside to greet and smile upon her. The past is almost forgotten; no one rises from its grave to confound and destroy her happiness.

Eat Without Fear of Indigestion or Sour, Acid Stomach

Instant relief! "Pape's Diapepsin" ends your stomach trouble forever.

Wonder what upset your stomach—what portion of the food did the damage—do you? Well, don't bother. If your stomach is in a revolt; if sour, gassy and upset, and what you just ate has fermented into stubborn lumps; head dizzy and aches; belch gases and acids and eructate undigested food; breath foul, tongue coated—just take a little Pape's Diapepsin and in five minutes you wonder what became of the indigestion and distress.

Millions of men and women to-day know that it is needless to have a bad stomach. A little Diapepsin occasionally keeps this delicate organ regulated and they eat their favorite foods without fear.

If your stomach doesn't take care of your liberal limit without rebellion; if your food is a damage instead of a help, remember the quickest, surest, most harmless relief is Pape's Diapepsin which costs only fifty cents for a large case at drug stores. It's truly wonderful—it digests food and sets things straight, so gently and easily that it is really astonishing. Please, for your sake, don't go on and on with a weak, disordered stomach; it's unnecessary.

There are two persons who may some day appear to recognize and betray her, but they seem to have been buried with the past. Until one day, then, quite unexpectedly turns up one of these persons—the man. The character, Lady Heatherdene, is rather unfinished as yet; I have not quite decided how he shall act through the last scene of my comedy—I think you shall decide for me!"

At the significance of this sentence, Olive's face flushes again, and her fingers, missing a note, make a discord of the music.

"This man arrives, and instantly recognizes the heroine—recognizes her, although he has only seen her twice before. But each occasion was accompanied by circumstances which impressed them on his mind indelibly."

He pauses, gives her time to recall that last occasion—the dimly lighted room, the stupefied man, the fallen cards, the poisoned wine.

White and trembling, her head upon her bosom.

The voice above her goes on, almost in a whisper: "He recognizes her, and she sees that he does; and, like a frightened hart, she at once concludes that he will tear down the veil from that hideous past of hers, and rob her of her present happiness."

Again a pause. "It is scarcely necessary to say, dear Lady Heatherdene, that the heroine in my little comedy entirely misunderstands the character of the man she mistrusts and wrongs so fearfully. "When she had seen him last, under most peculiar circumstances, he had laid his devotion at her feet, and prayed her to allow him to protect her. She forgets this, apparently, and deems him who, but a few years ago, had pledged his devotion—she deems him capable of the baseness of treachery—deems him capable of destroying her. Mark this! for on this the comedy turns: Now, what shall she do? This man, this friend, is always by her side, offering her, in a thousand significant ways, not by words, but tokens as significant, his friendship and aid. He can help her, and he will, if she will permit him. She will need help shortly, you will see, for the other person is coming on the scene; that other person is the lady whom the world and the lady herself had decided that my heroine's husband should have married. He would have married her had not my heroine crossed his path.

"That lady, titled and beautiful, is not likely to forgive her rival, even though she herself is married, and, what is so dangerous for my heroine, that rival will recognize her! A man can be silent and generous, but a woman—a rival! Now, what will my heroine do? Will she brave all?—no. Will she go to her husband and make confession?—no; it is more than a woman dare do. Will she trust to the friend who has offered her his assistance for months past? He can silence the woman; he can protect the young wife and help her to keep her position in the world. Will she trust him?"

There is a pause. Olive lifts her face, all white and tortured, lovely in its piteous beseechingness. "Will, she trust him?" he repeats, bending forward and breathing quiet-

ly like a man whose life hangs upon an answer.

Olive, though you do not know it, your good and evil angels are beside you, waiting for that answer.

Turn, while there is yet time, from the tempting voice that offers false friendship, which but thinly masks unholy love, which offers aid that shall surely betray! Turn and seek protection and shelter where you shall get it as your right, and it is the protector's joy to yield it. Turn back while there is time. Close at your hand, within arm's length, is the man who has loved you, who loves you still with all the depth of his true and noble nature. He is your protector, your friend, your husband, your love. What has this other man to do with you? Nothing more than had the serpent to do with Eve; the right and power to tempt. Turn back while there is yet time!

But Olive's good angel pleads to ears and heart numbed with dread. Her very love makes her weak as a reed in the hands of the man who is tempting her. She cannot, she dare not, as he says, risk the loss of her husband's love. She must keep the hideous—ah, cruel word!—the hideous past still secret from him. She thinks that if the veil were to be withdrawn he needs must shrink from her with horror and loathing. She cannot tell him!

"Olive!" murmurs the voice above her head, and the name she has not heard so long completes the spell and shows her his power, "trust me!" and he puts out his hand and takes hers. Alas! she allows it to remain in his grasp, does not rise and strike him as he bends and kisses it!

CHAPTER XXIX.

ENVY AND MALICE.

THE Marchioness of Ellington—Lady Florence—stood at the drawing-room window of the Ellington mansion, which, as all the world knows, faces the park at its best and prettiest part. The marchioness was perfectly dressed, as usual, the hour being five, the fashionable calling time, and a party of afternoon visitors had just taken its departure, leaving the marchioness in anything but the best of humors.

In a very ill humor indeed, if one may judge by the set expression of the cold, thin lips, the hard glitter in the still colder eyes, and the rapid agitation of the dainty face.

And yet one would imagine that in the life of such a noble dame there could be little or no cause for ill humor or discontent. She had lost none of the beauty for which she was celebrated when last we saw her; she had made a brilliant marriage, had won a coronet and a title among the oldest in the kingdom, and was the wife of a man who held three of the largest estates in England.

Many women would have sold their souls to become Marchioness of Ellington; all her little world looked upon her with admiration and awe, as one who had achieved great things; as Lady Fanshawe, who still remained at her side, reminded her almost daily she ought to be very contented and happy.

But the marchioness was neither. Why is it that all of us, when we have gained so much, look back to the one thing we have missed, and surely and certainly grow to regard that one thing as more precious than all those which we have won? It is not to be accounted for, that insane longing for the impossible, but it is inherent in every heart; and at this moment disappointment and desire were agony within the heart of Lady Florence, Marchioness of Ellington.

As she stands at the window, her thoughts travel back some twelve months to a certain morning in Paris—a certain morning when Lord Heatherdene, the only man she had ever loved, stood before her, pale and wan and haggard with the distress of bitterness that did not escape him. "I should have thought that you had all forgotten us by this time," she said. "People soon slip out of remembrance."

"Some people," he said, with significant emphasis.

"I thank you. Well, it is pleasant to find that one is not quite forgotten. Did you see Ellington? He has just gone out."

"Yes, I met him on the club steps," said Hastley Derrick. "Remarkably well he looks, and you, also, if I may say so, Lady Ellington."

"I am always well," she said coldly.

"How did you leave Lucerne—full?" he asked, and then they talked of the fashionable haunts on the Continent.

"And you are glad to get back, no doubt," said Hastley Derrick.

"Everybody is. After all, there is no place like England; and, indeed, marchioness, we were missing you; your place is not easily filled."

(To be continued.)

panion into which his great disappointment had driven him.

Maddened by Olive's refusal, he had striven to forget himself and her by a course of reckless dissipation, had sought to drown his love in the fumes of the winecup and the excitement of the gaming table. At Paris, Lady Florence had found him, and, so to speak, confronted him.

She turned pale now, here in London, and twelve months after, as she remembered how he had repulsed her, and told her that he would never marry her—would never marry any one.

"I threw myself at his feet, so to speak," she murmurs, looking over the park, "and he turned from me!"

It was not a pleasant recollection, and the marchioness had sought to forget it in the whirl and excitement of travel; but she could not, it was always present with her. She had kept away from England for twelve months, but now she was back again, everything seemed to recall it. All the world was talking of Lord Heatherdene and his wife, of the great change that had come over him, of the reformation which had made a new man of him. Not only of Lord Heatherdene was it talking, but of his young wife; the chatter of this last batch of visitors had been full of her—of her beauty, her amiability, her talents, her popularity.

It was not pleasant for the marchioness to sit smiling and serene and listen to a whole psalm sung in honor of the woman who had robbed her of the only man she had ever loved.

"He must be mad—they must all be demoted to accept such a woman—an actress! An actress! And he left me for her! Can she be so beautiful, such a genius as they all make her out to be? I am anxious to see her! Why does she not call? Ah!" and she drew a long breath. "He has not been near me yet. I have been home two days, and he has not sent a line or a word to welcome me. Two years ago he would have been the first to fly to my side."

The door opened, and a servant entered with a card upon a salver. The marchioness's face crimsoned. It must be he—Lord Heatherdene. With a pang of disappointment, she saw the name of Hastley Derrick marked upon the piece of cardboard. With a slight bend of the head, she turned away to hide her face from the curious eyes of the servant, and Hastley Derrick was ushered in.

He came forward, and, as he saw the tall, imperial figure in the window his gloved hand went up to his lips to hide the smile—and the scar.

He left like a surgeon who had come to operate upon a patient, and who carried within his pocket the dainty instrument that was to probe the wound which he, of all the world, knew rankled in that haughty bosom. Lady Florence turned and came to meet him, with a smile, placid and serene, and something more, for, with the rest of the world, she held this dark, secretive man in awe; she acknowledged the mysterious power of his penetrating, fearless nature.

She held out her hand, with a gracious smile, and Hastley Derrick bent over it with that impressive silence of his, then he looked up and took in her handsome face and her smiling mask, and read the soul behind it as plainly as he would have read a book. "Welcome home, marchioness," he said, in his low, measured voice. "Some of us were beginning to fear that you had forgotten your native land."

Lady Florence smiled, with a touch of bitterness that did not escape him.

"I should have thought that you had all forgotten us by this time," she said. "People soon slip out of remembrance."

"Some people," he said, with significant emphasis.

"I thank you. Well, it is pleasant to find that one is not quite forgotten. Did you see Ellington? He has just gone out."

"Yes, I met him on the club steps," said Hastley Derrick. "Remarkably well he looks, and you, also, if I may say so, Lady Ellington."

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(To be continued.)

WEEK END SPECIALS!

American Shot Silk Blouses,

In Bottle Green, Grey, Purple, Shot Effects, etc. Fancy Collars and Sleeves, Low Necks, Pearl Buttons, Elastic Waist Bands,

Special Price **\$1.95** each

JUST OPENED.

S. MILLEY.

SCOTT'S WEEK-END Store NEWS

SPECIALS in Child's and Misses' Dresses! SPECIALS in the Wash Goods Section!



Misses' & Child's Cotton Dresses.

"Bought them at a bargain," wrote our New York buyers. That tells the story of this most unusual price. These are on exhibition in our west window, are made in two pieces: Middy Blouse and Skirt. We advise you to see this lot. Sale Price, each suit **\$1.58**

And another lot placed on a large table—on sale beginning to-day. Here's a chance for you to pick up some pretty Cotton Dresses for the girls while the price is low; suitable for ages 6 to 10 years. Sale Price, each **79c**

LADIES' HOSE.
A line of Cotton Hose of a good black color, with a fleece lining. These we are offering while they last at an unusually low figure. Sale Price, 39c per pair **39c**

LADIES' HOSE.
A line of Women's Black Cashmere Hose. These are a good quality stocking, the much sought for Llana finish; a full length hose that will give full satisfaction. Sale Price, 48c per pair **48c**

CHILD'S BOOTS.
40 pairs of Infants' Tan Boots in buttoned and laced. These are old stock, strong leather and are good value; to be had in sizes 3 to 6. Sale Price, per pair **98c**

AET EMBROIDERIES.
Fresh new shipments arrive, and you will find prices just as attractive as formerly. Added to this, you have the advantage of making choice from newer designs in various sizes. Prices from 10c. per yard up.

Mail Orders for these goods promptly and satisfactorily attended to.

Smallware Specials

Safety Pins, per card of 1 dozen 7c
Ladies' H. S. Handkerchiefs, 3 for 11c
Mending Wool, assid. Colors; 2 cards for 7c
Brilliant Crochet Cotton, 2 balls for 15c
Hydrogen Peroxide, per bl., 10c.
Writing Tablets, note size, each 8c
Writing Tablets, letter size, each 15c
Scribblers, each 7c
Exercise Books, each 7c

ITEMS OF INTEREST ROUND THE STORE.

WOMEN'S NIGHTGOWNS.
A very special selling of Nightgowns at 95c. These are made of fine sheer Nainsook, elaborately trimmed in laces and ribbons. We are frank to admit that to sell such Nightgowns at this figure, with raw cotton hovering about 30 per cent. a pound, is quite an achievement. Sale Price, 89c each **89c**

BLACK SATEN UNDERSKIRTS.
A line of Black Saten Underskirts with trimmed flounce. Here is an opportunity of securing an Underskirt at half price. These are a very special lot and are open for your inspection. Sale Price, each **\$1.50**

MORLETTE UNDERSKIRTS.
English Moirette Underskirts, made with tailored and pleated flounces. Your choice of Navy, Purple and Black. Some are slightly soiled, but these are worth to-day \$1.50 to \$1.80 each. Sale Price, each **\$1.13**

TOWELS.
A Job lot of Huckaback Towels, size 15 x 30 inches. This Towel is having quite a call for everyday use. It is during just such an event as this that the wise housekeeper buys supplies for six months. Sale Price, each **14c**

TEA APRONS.
Made of White Muslin, trimmed daintily with lace all around; some with embroidery on pocket. Sale Price, 15c each **15c**

LADIES' WAISTERS.
Just a few left from that pile we had on display. Before they are all picked up we advise you to come early and secure one at the price. Sale Price, each **89c**

Store Opens **8.30 a.m.** **ALEX. SCOTT,** Store Closes **6 p.m.**
18 New Gower St.

Fads and Fashions.

Colors are much liked in waists. Black satin coats are very smart. Vests come again with the Spring suits. Novelty mohairs are twilled and corded. Combinations of materials are the vogue.

There are so many bell-shaped sleeves. Fagoting is always good on white dresses. Calico is combined with organdy and net. Serge suits have collars and cuffs of linen. Over-blouses are worn with black satin skirts.

The fashionable new gray is a misty shade. A charming bathing suit is of silver gray. Camisoles of flit lace are among the prettiest. The very latest tub frocks are made of calico. Challis in small designs is much used for gowns.



At \$3. each Dainty light and dandy de Chene in shades of M

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In Violence

Over One Million Attacking --- Giant Gun Within 76 Miles--Allies Unshaken

NEWFOUNDLANDERS IN THE FIGHT.

LONDON, March 24. (Via Reuter's Ottawa Agency.)—Headquarters pays a high tribute to the magnificent participation in the offensive of the Newfoundlanders.

WAR SUMMARY.
The withdrawal of the British forces along the front in France was long ago planned in the event of the Germans attacking in great force. This announcement comes from the Press correspondent, who describes the operations of the British Army as a masterly withdrawal made possible by gallant troops in the front lines, who checked the advance of the Germans, while artillery, machine gun and rifle worked appalling slaughter among the masses of German infantry as they were sent forward, thus enabling the main body of the British to fall back deliberately and without confusion. This army, it is declared, has been conserved, and a few counter attacks have been made against the Germans. Where the British have stormed the German newly acquired positions, however, they have driven them back, but each mile of advance makes the bringing up supplies to artillery more difficult, and unquestionably the British strategy as demonstrated since the beginning of the great attack, is to let the enemy go so far as he may wear himself out against the powerful defenses. Both British and French forces where they meet south of St. Quentin are watching events with optimistic eyes. The town of Chauney to Compiegne, the gateway to Paris, and has been occupied by the Germans, and, according to the Berlin official everywhere between the Somme and the Oise the Germans are pressing their advantage. Throughout Sunday along the entire 50 mile battle front fighting never ceased for a moment. Where Field Marshal Haig's troops were unable to withstand the terrific onslaught, delivered by great superior forces the ground was given, but always in orderly fashion, that considerably more than a million Germans have been brought to the West front to endeavor to crush the region of Arras to south of St. Quentin, but it daily becomes increasingly evident that the enemy is his own met opposition not counted on, and has been unable to realize to the Chauney, the Germans claim the capture of both Peronne and Ham and have increased the prisoners taken to more than 30,000, in addition to 500 guns and large stores of war materials. In their retirement, according to Berlin, the British are burning