



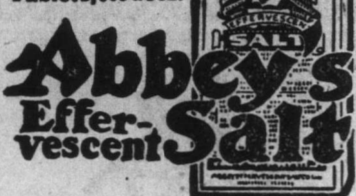
Look at Yourself

with the Doctor's eyes. If your tongue is coated and your breath offensive—your skin sallow or marred with pimples—if your bowels are irregular—if you are bothered with Stomach Trouble or Chronic Indigestion—then take what many doctors recommend—Abbey's Effervescent Salt.

For over a quarter of a century, Abbey's Effervescent Salt, taken in warm water, has been the

regular morning health-giver of thousands of people. Prepared in the laboratories of the Abbey Effervescent Salt Co., Montreal, it is used all over Canada, because of its proven value in correcting Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headaches, Irritated Bladder or Kidneys due to excessive Uric acid in the system, and in many forms of Gout and Rheumatism.

For the Nerves, take Abbey's Vita Tablets, 50c a box.



After the Ball;

The Mystery Solved at Last.

CHAPTER III.
(To be Continued.)

"It came.

"One bleak March night a horseman rode up the avenue along which we have just walked, and, dripping with the rain his hair blown across his face by the wind, demanded to see Gerald Durant.

"He was refused admittance. It was Gerald Durant's order that no stranger should pass the threshold of the rectory. The horseman thrust a letter into the servant's hand, and bade him bear it to his master, saying it contained tidings of his son.

The servant took it to the dim, ghastly room, lined with faded tapestry and dusty books, in which the old man spent the remaining days of this life of eternity, and then retired. An hour afterward, fancying he heard a noise, he returned, and found his master stretched across the table-dead. The contents of the letter no one ever knew, for all that remained of it was a little heap of ashes in the grate, and the horseman had vanished as suddenly and mysteriously as he had appeared.

"That is the history of the rectory, as I have heard it a hundred times. Miss Lawley, you are quite pale, and, surely, not weeping? How thoughtless of me. I might have known that the cheerless place and the story would have affected you. Pray—"

And with self-reproachful eagerness, he seized her arm. "Forgive me! I am very foolish," she said; "but you told it too eloquently. I could see the poor old man! And has he—Maurice, did you say?—never been heard of?"

"Never," said Chudleigh, curtly, anxious as to get away from the subject. "Now, let me take you to see the church. No, stay; that is too dismal after this. We will walk around the village home, and finish the lions another day."

CHAPTER IV.
Love's Bondage.

Nothing is better, I well think, Than love! the hidden well water Is not so delicate to drink. —Swinburne.

Oh, great one, some men love and are ashamed; Some men are weary of the bonds of love; Yes, and by some men lightly are thou blamed.

Stomach Was Very Bad Much Dizziness and Pain

The Liver Got Out of Order and the When the course of the food through the alimentary canal is impeded by sluggish action of the liver or bowels the food remains undigested, and as a result it ferments. This gives rise to poisonous gases which crowd about the heart, and causes dizziness and choking sensations, as well as irregular action of the heart.

The liver struggles to remove the poisons from the blood, becomes enlarged, and finally fails, allowing the poisons to pass on to every part of the human system. Complications arise, and there is Bright's disease, hardening of the arteries and apoplexy.

The earlier derangements of the digestive system are such as are described by this letter from Mr. Rochon. He also points the way to

That from thy tolls their life they cannot move, And 'mid the ranks of men their manhood prove.

Think, then, will it bring honor to thy head If folk say, "Everything aside he cast, And to all time and honor was he dead?"

—Atlanta's Prayer to Venus. A WEEK passed rapidly, as it seemed to the inmates of the hall, for to Sir Fielding there were seven days less of the short grace afforded him to meet the large sum required at the end of the spring.

To his son, Chudleigh, the days had flown by with the speed happiness always lends time, for he was happy—happy with a strange inward joy, the source of which he could not discern, although he had only to search his own heart to unearth it immediately. So happy was he in those short December days, notwithstanding the cloud which hung over his fortunes, that he longed for them to last forever.

As for Maud, rejoicing with all her heart in the acquisition of her new friend, she was more prodigal of her rippling laughter and sunny smiles than ever, and flitted through the old house with her arm wound around the waist of the beautiful Carlotta, like a flash of sunlight leading the moon captive.

And Carlotta, whether she were happier than usual, her face and manner did not chronicle. Always speaking in the soft-toned, musical voice, always ready to exchange serene, loving glances with Maud, or a quiet smile for some pleasantry of Chudleigh's, she looked as if she were too used to change, pleasant or otherwise, to be affected by the sudden gleam of peace and prosperity thrown across her path. Only to Sir Fielding did serenely calm bearing ever vary; to him her manner was inexpressibly soft and tender. Her attention was absorbed immediately by him if he spoke to her; she would listen to his rambling, old-lord talk with her dark eyes fixed on his face, wearing an expression which Chudleigh would have given a world had he possessed it to find in them when she looked his way.

For, try as he would to ignore the fact, Chudleigh's heart was slipping away from him fast, his knees were bending to the dark, queen-like form with the adoration of love.

He struggled against it manfully, for he read no encouragement in Carlotta's eyes, but the strange thrill at her chance touch, and the buoyant feeling of happiness in her presence, and the joyous echo of his heart to her low, musical laugh grew hour by hour.

During the week, Chudleigh had

fulfilled his promise and finished the lions for Carlotta, but after that first day, when he told the story of the rectory, they were always accompanied by Maud.

Fond as he was of his sister, he could have spared her presence in these winter walks and gallops, but some chance word of Carlotta's days brought Maud with them, and Chud's sensitiveness, quickened by the sharp point of Cupid's dart, perceived that Carlotta purposely planned against another tete-a-tete with him, and for a little time the idea gave a certain reserve and coldness to his manner, but the idea melted beneath the calm serenity of Carlotta's smile, and before three days had passed he was as much in bondage as ever.

Once or twice in the course of conversation Carlotta let fall some incident or other of her strange life, but it was only when of her guard, as it seemed, and each flash of confidence was followed by a tightening of the lip and a sudden marked reserve which only served to deepen the mystery in which her life seemed wrapped.

On the eighth day of their sojourn at the hall, Chudleigh walked into the drawing-room, where Lady Mildred, Carlotta and Maud were sitting, and passing up to her ladyship's arm-chair beside the fire, said:

"I have just seen Chaffer, the decorator. He tells me the cottage is quite finished."

"Eh?" said Lady Mildred, waking from a pleasant dream of a game of whist she was playing with a good hand and half crown points. "What do you say, my dear Chud? The cottage finished? Carlotta, do you hear? We must think of packing."

Chudleigh tried to laugh with polite indifference, but there was an eagerness in his voice he could not hide.

"Packing! Nonsense, aunt! That the cottage is finished is no reason why you should fly from the hall like a caged pigeon suddenly released. Besides, I could not think of allowing you to go for another week," he was going to say, but, in for a penny, in for a pound—"month."

"Nonsense, Chud!" interrupted Lady Mildred; "another month. Long enough to dry a cathedral. Besides, the cottage has only been whitewashed and repapered, or something of that sort, has it not?"

"Oh, lots of things; it's very damp, indeed; very damp," said Chudleigh, earnestly. "You mustn't think of going for some weeks, at least."

"Ah, but I want to get settled, Chud. Think how long I have been away, gadding about. Have some fires lit all over the house, and—do anything of that sort you can think of, Chud, there is a dear boy; so that we may get into our little nest—Carlotta and I—in three or four days."

"You are in a great hurry to leave the hall, aunt," said Chudleigh, with a slight frown; then, walking over to where Maud and Carlotta sat leaning over some views of Italy, he added: "I hope Miss Lawley is not so anxious to fly from us—at least, she will not declare her eagerness so openly."

She looked up, with a smile, at his anxious yet smiling face. "You know I am not," she said. "I should be very sorry to go, but we shall not be far away, you know. We can see the north turret from the cottage."

"Oh, you must not go yet," broke in Maud, eagerly. "What should I do without you? And what would papa? If you go, there will be no one to talk to him about his authors, or find quotations in his books. Oh, aunt, you must not go. It will be so lonely when you are gone, will it not, Chud?"

Chud said nothing; perhaps he did not hear from where he stood beside the fire looking into the glowing coals.

"Say you will stay another fortnight," continued Maud, going over to her aunt and kissing her. "Be a good auntie, and let me have Carlotta a little longer."

"Carlotta can stay, my dear, if she likes," said Lady Mildred, graciously. Chudleigh looked up quickly.

"Will you stay?" he said, eagerly. She shook her head. "No, thank you very much. If Lady Mildred will let me, I will accompany her," she said, almost coldly, after a minute's pause, lifting her eyes for

one instant to his face. "No, I think I will go with Lady Mildred."

Chudleigh said nothing more. Perhaps the remembrance that he could see the cottage from the north turret at any time he liked to mount it with consolation enough to keep him silent.

In a week's time they had gone, and the hall seemed strangely still and solemn without Lady Mildred's quick, cheerful chatter and Carlotta's slow-toned voice.

Chudleigh had gone over with them in the carriage, and, waiting barely long enough to receive his aunt's thanks for the way in which the cottage was decorated, and Carlotta's few quiet words in admiration of the drawing-room, returned to the hall, with a nameless void in his heart and a great feeling of ennui.

Maud was in her boudoir, and, hearing him pass on his way to his room, she called him.

"Back already, Chud, dear?" she said, as he came behind her chair and stooped to kiss her. "I did not expect you back to dinner, and was thinking how lonely I should feel with only quiet papa and Simmons, the butler, to keep me company. Why didn't you stay, Chud?"

"Why didn't I?" said Chud. "Why should I? It is not likely they would ask me on the very first day of their taking possession. I should have been in the way—a nuisance."

"A dear old nuisance," breathed Maud, caressing his hand. "What do you think of Carlotta? Is she not beautiful, grandly beautiful?"

"Yes," said Chudleigh, staring at the fire.

"And so clever. She knows all about the old books, and the new ones, too, which papa is so fond of, and has traveled so very much. My poor geography does not go half so far as Carlotta has been. Yet, poor thing, while I envy her, I cannot help pitying her at the same time, can you, Chud? She seems so unnaturally quiet, so solemnly calm, and her smile, though it is beautiful, is so sorrowful and sad sometimes. Do you know, Chud, I think Carlotta has not found life very pleasant up to this time. She so seldom speaks of her father, never of herself, and seems to shun the past so carefully. Did you notice that, Chud?"

"Yes," said Chud. Maud looked up.

"Are you listening, brother mine? I don't believe you heard or understood a word of what I have been saying."

"Yes, I have, little one," said Chud. "I was thinking."

"What of?" said Maud. "Those horrible books and accounts the steward is always bothering you about, I suppose. Poor Chud, they are worrying you into wrinkles!"

She laughed sweetly, as she stroked his strong hand with her tiny soft one.

(To be Continued.)

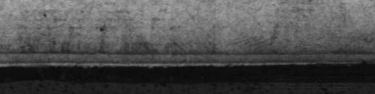


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A SIMPLE DRESS FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.



1797—All wash fabrics are nice for this, for the dress is easy to launder, and is easy to make. The right front overlaps the left at the closing. The sleeve may be finished with a band cuff in wrist length, or with a smart cuff turned back on the sleeve at elbow length. The dress may be developed in serge, cashmere, poplin or repp. It is nice for check and plaid suitings. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. It requires 2 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.

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LONDON.
The following official tion was issued to-night: try of Munitions regret, that an explosion occurin ing in a munitions fact neighborhood of London, feared the explosion was a considerable loss of 100 acre to property.

SATISFIED WITH AT
GREECE.

LONDON.
The ministers at Atheni tence are thoroughly sat the present attitude of Government in carrying o tence demands, accordin grams received by the Bt erment from Athens. The the Venizelos adherents and a considerable numbe reached their homes. The of Greek troops from Thess sance of the demands of Allies is proceeding rapid stated here, and if the att Greek Government remain factory as at present the the normal relations betw and the Entente Powers is

AMERICANS AMONG T

WASHINGTON.
Nine Americans were crew of the British steam dore, taken by the Ger and landed with other s Pernambuco on the Jap Hudson Maru. Consul's day reported that so far a Americans were on the

DEMAND BELGIUM AM
ERN FRANCE.

AMSTERDAM.
Dr. H. Fleger, the naval minister the Reichstag, says Genet of Dusseldorf, in a speech aroused a storm of applia manding that Germany sh Belgium and the most imp of Northern France.

ENTENTE OFFICIALS RE
ENS.

ATHENS.
The Entente officials who minister the Allied control have reached this city. It comprise the British mili sion formerly charged w organization of the Greek