

### 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 wonders for children in this condition. We are constantly receiving letters from grateful parents telling what the Nerve 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

lifeless and drowsy and her complexion grew pale and sallow. Finally she had to keep her bed and have somebody with her all the time. She was afraid of everything, would get excited and tremble till the bed would shake. As she seemed to be getting worse under the doctor's treatment, mother decided to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. After she had used about four boxes, improvement was noticeable and it was wonderful to see how much brighter and stronger she grew week by week. She used ten boxes altogether and they cured her. She got fat and rosy and went to school every day with an ambition that she never seemed to have before. I do not hesitate to recommend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to anyone, for it was indeed wonderful what it did for her." Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

### After the Ball;

#### The Mystery Solved at Last.

CHAPTER VIII. A Solitary Life. CHAPTER IX.

Maurice Durant looked at the pale face with a sudden interest.

"Will you play for me?" he said, gently, fixing his dark eyes upon hers. She would have given words to be able to refuse, but she could not, for the request, soft-toned as it was, sounded like a command.

Trembling in every limb, and flushing for an instant, she sat down to the instrument and played a "Gloria," her quivering fingers almost refusing to press the keys.

Maurice Durant's face grew thoughtful as the music swelled out, and when she had finished, he inclined his head gravely, with courteous thanks.

"Your objection to the instrument would soon lose its color did you but play oftener," he said.

"If I were sure—" she hesitated at his mild praise.

"You may be," he said, laying his white hand upon the oak of the organ. "Give it more of your love, and it will give you more of its music."

"I will play more," she said, in a low voice; then, hesitating and growing paler, she said:

"Will you play?"

His eyes looked a negative for a moment, and he shook his head; but suddenly he moved, and instead of turning away, seated himself at the organ, playing some subtle piece of music quite unknown to Sir Fielding, who was no poor musician in theory, and the like of which for sweetness and sorrowful grandeur the listeners had never even imagined.

First there floated through the vaulted gallery a low, solemn wail, which might have been the ghosts of the departed Chichesters chanting in unison a song of the spirit world. Mournful to a degree, it brought the tears to Maud's eyes and caused Sir Fielding's head to drop upon his breast. Gradually it swelled out into a burst of grand harmony that rang echoing and re-echoing like the joyful exclamation of a choral multitude; then suddenly changed to a soft, delicious melody born of a dream, and so, gradually growing lower and more mournful, died away like the sighing of a summer breeze.

For a second there was a dead silence, the steady, subdued light falling upon the magnificent head of the player, as it bent over the instrument, and upon the beautiful one of

the young girl, also bent—but to hide her tears. Then Sir Fielding arose from the seat he had dropped noiselessly into, and advanced toward the organ.

Maurice Durant started at the sound of his footsteps, and arose, turning his face, upon which rested such an expression of perfect serenity and peace as might have befitting a saint, but seemed marvelously strange upon those sorrow-marred features.

"Thank you, thank you," said Sir Fielding, in a low voice. "I never imagined anything so beautiful."

"Nor I," said Chudleigh, coming from behind, his face likewise moved. "Surely, Mr. Durant, you must be the most glorious organist that ever lived."

The musician shrugged his shoulders, his face having lost the softness and grown as stern and impassioned as ever.

"You have only to visit any Italian cathedral to hear better playing than poor mine," he said. "Your organ is a fine one; it should never be silent a day."

"It never should be, if I had my choice," said Sir Fielding, eagerly, "and you should be its interpreter, Mr. Durant. It is waste of words to assure you that the greatest service you can do me is to use the hall and everything pertaining to it with the utmost freedom. Beside the organ, I am afraid we have nothing to tempt you in the slightest; but if that does, let me entreat of you not to resist it." Maurice Durant bowed his head.

"Your hospitality is Arabian, Sir Fielding," he said. "But, as regards the organ, let me remind you that you have one who can interpret nearer home," and he turned, with a slight smile, to Maud, who was standing with her hands clasped, gazing thoughtfully at the keys, her ears drinking in eagerly the tones of Maurice Durant's voice.

She looked up, with earnest eyes, in which the teardrops still glistened, and, shaking her head, said:

"I shall never touch it again. It would be desecration."

He shook his head.

"You make me regret my little theme," he said. "If you will retract your declaration and will permit me, I will send you the score for it."

She looked up, with a flush of pleasure.

"If you will send it to me, I will try to play it," she said, earnestly.

"Good," he said, smiling. "It is a contract. I will write it for you tonight."

"Ah," said Sir Fielding, catching at the admission, "then it is your own composition?"

But there came no reply, and Sir Fielding, regretting his hasty speech, recalled attention to the pictures. But

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Sciatica is the most severe pain man can suffer. The great sciatic nerve is deeply placed, and you can reach it only by a pain remedy, as penetrating and powerful as NERVILINE.

The glory of Nerviline is in its strength—in its marvelous power of penetrating deeply. In severe pains, such as sciatica and neuralgia, NERVILINE demonstrates its superiority over every other remedy.

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Do not trifle with ordinary or oily liniments, use Nerviline. Prove its efficacy—its the one liniment that rubs right into the core of the pain. Trial size, 25 cents. Sold by all dealers everywhere.

canvas, glowing as it might be, was but poor game after the rich repeat they had enjoyed, and, although Maurice Durant seemed willing to examine the masterpiece closely, Sir Fielding was anxious to take him into the library, and Chudleigh to get him to the piano.

Maud had sunk into a seat, and let them go on without her. She could still see them, and hear every word spoken, however.

"That is a fine piece of coloring," said Maurice Durant, looking at a dark Dutch landscape. "You have a fine collection, Sir Fielding," he added, "the older ones especially."

"The more modern ones are in the smaller corridor leading to the library," said Sir Fielding. "There are some there you would recognize, if you have no doubt. Shall we go—that is, if you are not wearied."

And he led the way down a smaller oaken staircase than the one they had ascended by.

"This is the way to the smaller gallery," said Sir Fielding. "It—"

he broke off suddenly to turn around with astonishment, which soon changed to alarm, as he saw Maurice Durant, who had not yet commenced descending, leaning against the heavy balustrade in an attitude of terror, or some other strong emotion, his face livid as death, even to the lips, and his eyes, which were fixed on a small painting of a woman's head, all ablaze with light.

Chudleigh turned at the same moment, and uttering an exclamation of alarm, hurried to Maurice Durant's side.

At the same moment Maud sprang from the recess.

"Papa, papa," she cried, in agony. "He is ill, he is dying!"

And as if forgetful of everything, but the distorted face, she flung herself on her knees and seized Durant's hand, which hung rigid and lifeless at his side.

At the sound of her voice, and still more at the touch of her trembling hand, the stricken man lowered his eyes from the staring, mocking one of the picture, and with seemingly a tremendous effort, overcame the thralls which bound him.

Standing upright, and pressing his closed hand against his heart, he turned, with a smile upon his curved lips, to the terrified Sir Fielding, who exclaimed:

"Good heavens! what is the matter? Are you ill, Maurice?" using, in the excitement of the moment, the simple name that had once been so familiar.

"A mere trifle," was the reply, in hoarse but regular tones. "I am unfit for polite society, Sir Fielding; I frighten it. A mere nothing," he continued, holding up his hand, with a gesture almost of command, as Sir Fielding was about to speak. "A sudden pain at the heart, with which I am on intimate terms. I beg you not to distress yourself further concerning it; it is the veriest trifle, the merest puff of wind—"

And for the first time since they had seen him, he laughed, a low laugh of strange, subtle music, that thrilled through them somewhat as the wailing of the organ had done.

"And now for the smaller corridor," he said, abruptly. "You have piqued my curiosity, Sir Fielding, and I am anxious to satisfy it."

And he turned aside, without even glancing in the direction either of the small picture before which he had succumbed or at the beautiful girl who had flown to his side, and who stood at a little distance gazing on his face with a reverent solicitude. Perhaps the avoidance on both sides was intentional.

It was midnight. The hall was dark; its guest had departed for his own house—the dreary rectory—which looked more ghostly than ever, with its one solitary, dimly lighted window, behind which paced to and fro its strange owner.

The brave brow was more marked, the thin lips sterner and more unbending, and the eyes fiercer, yet sadder, than ever, as never pausing in his monotonous striding up and down the chamber, with its faded, Old World furniture and worn tapestry, its rows of dust-covered, carved bookshelves and rust-eaten armor, he muttered:

"To the ends of the earth, even here, she follows me! Oh, Heaven! how dire is thy vengeance! Here,

### Mother! Your Child is Cross, Feverish, From Constipation

If tongue is coated, breath bad, stomach sour, clean liver and bowels.

Give "California Syrup of Figs" at once—a teaspoonful to-day often saves a sick child to-morrow.

If your little one is out-of-sorts, half-sick, isn't resting, eating and acting naturally—look, Mother! see if tongue is coated. This is a sure sign that its little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with waste. When cross, irritable, feverish, stomach sour, breath bad or has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, sore throat, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated poison, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again.

Mothers can rest easy after giving this harmless "fruit laxative," because it never fails to cleanse the little one's liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach and they dearly love its pleasant taste. Full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups printed on each bottle.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs;" then see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company."

where I had flown for solitude and refuge—here, where I had meant to dwell apart from all—here, within the shadow of the noble house I have brought to ruin and desolation—I find her mocking, glib, fiendish face!"

Here the bitter soliloquy broke off, while the speaker hid his burning eyes in his clinched, white hands and groaned.

But presently the voice which rose and fell with a low, tremulous sound, like the cry of a being in mortal agony, caught up the thread of thought and spun it into words again, the commiseration unconsciously using the sweet-toned "thou" and "thy" which had become familiar to him by his long sojourn in foreign lands.

"Whither wilt thou go, Maurice Durant? Whither wilt thou go to forget thyself and the dreaded past? In the frozen seas thou wouldst see her face reflected on the ice; in the desert thou wouldst see it traced in the sand! Flee! Of what avail is flight? Thou canst not fly from thine own black heart! Thou canst not escape from thine own memory. No, no, a thousand times no, no. The past bears bitter fruit—deadly wine, which thou must drink to the dregs. And yet how hard! Oh, Heaven, how hard! How different might have been my lot. Thou idiot, thou idiot! didst thou never dream of some fair face like that of the sweet, pale lily that carressed thy world-worn hands to-night? Oh, Heaven, if thou hadst, thy dream would have saved thee."

Then came another pause, but the voice, this time slower, softer, yet with more of pain in its determination, breathed forth:

"Thou must go, Maurice, before the ill is done; the sweet face is creeping into thy heart, and the sweet girl eyes already bear within them the dawning of love! Love! Oh, bitter mockery that so pure a being should love thee, Maurice Durant. She must not, she shall not," he continued, throwing up his hands and gasping as if for breath. "Save her, Maurice; fly and save her, if thou wouldst not merit the destruction which awaits thee!"

(To be Continued.)

Apples and prunes are much better baked in casseroles than on top of the stove.

Lemon juice added to the water in which hair is rinsed will have a drying effect.

A pinch of salt added when preparing any cheese dish will make it more digestible.

Whoooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Asthma, Croup, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Colds.

Vapo-Cresolene

A simple, safe and effective treatment avoiding drugs. Vapo-Cresolene stops the throes of Whoooping Cough and relieves Spasmodic Croup at once. It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma. The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, saving restful nights. It is invaluable to mothers with young children. Send us postal for descriptive booklet and by return VAPOR-CRESOLENE CO. (Lancaster, Mass., U.S.A.)

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SPASMODIC CROUP ASTHMA CROUPS  
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MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GABGET IN COWS.

### 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 SMART STYLE ON POPULAR LINES.



1940.—Ladies' Dress, consisting of a One-piece Over Dress and an Underwaist, with Sleeve in either of Two Lengths.

This design is nice for serge, satin, taffeta, gabardine and breadcloth, and lovely for combinations of material. In blue serge, with waist of crepe in a matched or contrasting shade, the model will be suitable for general wear and also for more formal occasions. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length with deep cuff and added trimming, or in the comfortable short sleeve style, with turnback cuff. The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 2½ yards of 44-inch material for the underwaist, and 3¾ yards for the overdress, for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures 3 yards at its lower edge.

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

A SMART FROCK FOR DANCING, PARTY OR BEST WEAR.



1931—This attractive little style is good for batiste, lawn, crepe, crepe de chine, nun's veiling, challie, messaline or taffeta. The bolero is finished separately. The skirt is full and gathered at the waistline. The sleeve may be in wrist or in elbow length. The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 3 yards of 27-inch material for the dress and 1 yard for the bolero, for an 8-year size.

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## Beef Ends!

We offer to-day at Lowest Prices  
**100 barrels Choice Beef Ends.**

These BEEF ENDS are not BEEF CUTTINGS or BEEF TRIMMINGS, but are large pieces of Meat [two to three lbs. each] cut from FANCY Grades of Beef, and are the cheapest and most economical barrelled Meat Product at present obtainable. Try a sample barrel or two, or more.

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Queen Street.  
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## Sugar! Sugar!

We are booking orders for  
**Granulated Sugar**  
due to arrive by first steamer, on or about 24th January.

**GEO. NEAL**

## ANNOUNCEMENT.

**"OVERLAND" SERVICE FOR 1917.**

We are pleased to announce that the "OVERLAND" SERVICE STATION will again be managed by Mr. J. Cocker, of the Anglo-American Garage, AND THAT WE HOPE TO GIVE OUR MANY FRIENDS EVEN BETTER SERVICE THAN IN THE PAST.

A large stock of SPARE PARTS arrived by the last "Florize!" and we now have a pretty full line on hand and further lots on the way.

Mr. Cocker left a few days ago for Toledo, where he will have an opportunity of going through the Overland Factory, the largest single automobile factory in the world, where the output is 1,000 cars a day. Mr. Cocker will have a splendid chance to become conversant with the new models and thus enable us to render more valuable service to all "Overland" owners in Newfoundland.

Yours for service,  
**T. A. Macnab & Co.**  
DISTRIBUTORS.



## War News

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

CALM ON ALL FRONTS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 30.—Comparative calm continues to prevail on all fronts. Nowhere has there been engagements which have resulted above the proportions of small-scale combats from the Baltic to the Black Sea. Along the Russian-Romanian front quiet prevails except southward of Riga, while in Macedonia sporadic clashes have occurred. On the Italian front, the German attacks at various points continue. The front in France and Belgium remains quiet, but the German official statement of hostilities in the region of Hill 304 Verdun, says that therefore it may be assumed that the French have ceased for the moment at least in their attempts to recapture the trenches recently taken from them by the Germans. Between the Rhine and the German border, say that Belgium the Germans have attempted advances by means of surprise attacks, but in all cases were compelled to desist under fire respectively from French and Belgian guns. On the Somme front the British have carried out successful night raids near Butte-du-Warlencourt in which German dugouts were shattered with bombs, and east of Souchez where the German works were damaged. Considerable aerial activity continues over the lines in France. London reports the destruction of three German machines and the driving down and damaging three others.

GERMANS NEARING DUTCH BORDER.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 30.—Dutch newspapers from a letter received from Beckelenkamp, Holland, near the German border, say that the inhabitants in that part of the country feel some anxiety on account of the military preparations of the Germans along the frontier. Trenches have just been constructed, the air says, and German troops have arrived at various places, such as the town near Meuzen, where several men and much artillery are stationed.

THE DANGER ZONE.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 30.—The Nieuwe Rotterdam Sheepscheer says it learns from official sources that the zone that Britain declared dangerous of which it has already informed the Dutch Government officially, virtually coincides with the zone that Germany notified Holland of at the beginning of 1915 it would be military measures in, namely the zone within a radius of one hundred miles, having Heligoland as its centre.

LOST FROM THE LAURENTE.

LONDON, Jan. 30.—About 350 men were lost in the sinking of the auxiliary cruiser Laurentic, many of them having been

Hitt