

This Ointment Possesses Power to Heal the Skin

Two Cases Which Prove the Extraordinary Healing Power of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

The use of Dr. Chase's Ointment is wonderfully satisfactory because you can actually see the results accomplished. It is surprising what change can be brought about in a single night by this great healing ointment.

Mr. George Beavis, 119 James street, Peterboro, Ont., writes: "As a healing ointment, I consider Dr. Chase's the best obtainable. I had a large running sore on my leg, and although I had tried all the prescriptions of two doctors I was unable to get any relief from the pain or to get the sore healed. One day my druggist handed me a sample box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and I used it with such good results that I decided to give the ointment a fair trial. Altogether I used four boxes, and I am glad to be able to say that the sore on my leg is entirely healed up. Since this experience with Dr. Chase's Ointment I have recommended it to many people."

Arter the Ball;

The Mystery Solved at Last.

CHAPTER XXXI.
In a Halo of Mystery.

"This is the fairy promise of a happy time."

BEFORE half an hour had passed the news had spread that the unknown artist of the great pictures the world had been marveling at for the last ten years had suddenly come to light, and was in the room, and speedily the countess and my Lord Crownbrilliant were besieged by eager requests for an introduction, while the uninitiated were trying to get out of the confusion which his two names threw their minds into.

How could Lucian, the painter and musician, be the Rev. Maurice Durant, the rector of Grassmere?

Lady Crownbrilliant could give her numerous inquirers no information. She had only known Maurice Durant as Maurice Durant, and until the discovery had been made by a great traveler and art patron in the room had not been aware of his identity. Neither could she satisfy her friends with an introduction, for Maurice Durant, or Lucian, could not be found.

But when the excitement and curiosity had somewhat ceased, the curtains on the balcony were thrown aside, and he appeared with Lady Mildred and Maud on either arm.

Of course, he was surrounded at once, but, recluse as they thought him, he showed by his ready wit and the ease with which he disengaged himself from the crowd without giving offense, a knowledge of the world and its tactics that startled and surprised Lady Mildred.

Several artists who recognized him as the silent painter at Venice came forward and shook hands, and asked eagerly of his adventures and his whereabouts, but he parried their questions with some light answer and a winning smile, and at last made his way to the hall.

As he stood bareheaded beside the carriage door, helping Lady Mildred and Maud to enter, a dark figure stepped from beneath the laurels and stood observing him.

"Soh, soh; all goes merry as a marriage bell! Oh, my Lucian, I have thee beautifully! Well shalt thou pay for thy shot and my riddled arm. Beautifully! Beautifully!"

On their way to Grosvenor Square, Lady Mildred sat staring at him as if he had been a specter, occasionally

dropping her eyes to Maud's happy, dreamy face, and her hand, which lay tightly clasped in the strong one of Maurice Durant's, and it was not until they had arrived home and found Sir Fielding still up and reading in the drawing-room, that she recovered her presence of mind.

To say that Sir Fielding was surprised is to give his astonishment a mild name.

"Maurice Durant!" he exclaimed, too startled to hold out his hand, but recovering quickly enough to grasp the one held out to him.

"Ay, Maurice Durant, Sir Fielding! I do not wonder at your surprise. A bear in damask dancing at a fair is not a stranger sight than Maurice Durant in ball costume. Your eyes ask for an explanation. I will give you one to-morrow—to-day, rather; your timepiece strikes three," and a light, happy smile broke over his grand face.

Sir Fielding looked first at Maud and then at him again, for his joyous smile was reflected in her lovely, blushing face.

"But—but—" "Ah, Sir Fielding!" exclaimed Maurice Durant, laying his hand upon Sir Fielding's shoulder. "Give me till the sun has risen. Ask me to dine with you—tell me I am welcome to your house, your home, your—"

He stopped, sent one glance from his dark eyes at the motionless figure of Maud, and then went on, quickly: "For I am free to accept! Free! Free! Free!" he repeated, throwing up his hands and shaking his mass of brown hair with a laugh that rang through the room. "Free! You, Sir Fielding, see the word makes four letters, and means—well, free! At liberty. To me it means all the universe—life! happiness! love! Bah! I am talking enigmas. Give me till sunrise—till dinner time—and then—and then—"

Sir Fielding looked at Lady Mildred, but she threw up her hands and shook her head. He looked at Maud, and she quivered, flushed, burst into tears and sprang to his heart. Maurice Durant drew himself to his full height, and smiled—oh, what a smile!

"Sir Fielding," he cried, "you hold against your breast the rarest gem that Heaven ever gave to earth—the sweetest jewel that shall ever deck its throne! I come a few hours later to ask you to give me your gem—your precious jewel. Until then let her rest upon your breast, as if Heaven's mercy goeth so far, she shall evermore rest on mine."

Then he strode forward, bent his head till the lips touched Maud's tiny hand, and, with a regal bow to Sir Fielding and Lady Mildred, was gone. Maud at the same moment tearing

have spent your lives free from sin—herself from her astonished father's arms and flying to her own room.

"What in the name of Heaven does all this mean, Mildred?" asked Sir Fielding, sinking into a chair.

"Don't ask me, Fielding," replied Lady Mildred, breathlessly. "I don't know. Did you ever see such a change in your life? He looks five years younger, and quite another man. You should have seen him at the countess's; the whole room was in an uproar. Everybody knew him, or wanted to know him."

"What!" said Sir Fielding, getting more puzzled every moment.

"Yes," went on Lady Mildred. "He came into the room about two o'clock, looking like a prince, his long hair brushed off his face, which is a remarkable one, is it not? He came in alone, no one with him, and caught sight of me, as I sat beside a window for the air. I didn't know him, scarcely, he looked so much thinner. He's been ill, very ill, I can see. Besides, I couldn't believe my senses. Fancy what you would have thought yourself, Sir Fielding, if you had seen him enter a room quite suddenly, dressed as he is to-night, and looking so happy and different to what he used to be. Well, he left me all of a maze, and I saw him go up to Carlotta. Directly after that some one in the room recognized him as the painter of those pictures you've been wondering about so much, and immediately a crowd—you know how they throng around one, Fielding—surrounded him. Well, I lost sight of him, and getting over my astonishment—it really upset me—I began to look for Maudie. Couldn't find her anywhere! Oh, dear me! I hunted everywhere, that dear creature, the Countess Fondimere, too; but no; she wasn't to be found. At last, in a corner of the terrace, I came upon Maurice Durant, with Maudie lying upon his breast. You might have knocked me down with a feather, Fielding," and Lady Mildred began to cry with excitement. "I went up to him, but before I could say a word, he looked up, calm and cool, with that lifting of the eyebrows he always had, and said: 'Looking for your flower, Lady Mildred? Here it is, safe, sound and lovely as ever!' and his voice sounded so beautiful with that charming foreign ring in it. Well, what could I do? Maud wouldn't say a word, and he was calm and cool, only very happy, as—well, you know; and then, before I knew where we were, almost, he had made his way out of the room, got the carriage, and here we are."

"Heaven bless me!" said Sir Fielding. "Heaven bless me! Is it possible that—"

"What?" said Lady Mildred. "That I'm going to bed, my dear Mildred," said he, and with a smile upon his puzzled face he retreated.

CHAPTER XXXII.
An Explanation.

This story will be better still untold.—Butler.

DINNER was over. Sir Fielding looked at Maurice Durant and then at Chudleigh, who arose and muttered something; but Maurice Durant, who was quick of eye, smiled, and laid his hand on Chudleigh's arm.

"No, no, Sir Fielding; Mr. Chichester is one of us, and has more than a right to stay. Sit down again, I pray."

So Chudleigh sat down, and Sir Fielding unasily handed the bottle.

At the time Maurice Durant was the only one calm.

Lifting his glass to his lips, he sipped it, then commenced, the Italian accent in his earnest voice, at first very faint and hardly distinguishable, but gradually becoming stronger as he proceeded, and giving his last words a music inexpressibly subtle and touching:

"Sir Fielding, last night, or rather this morning, I promised to explain to you the strange change in my manner, and the scene that occurred at the Countess Crownbrilliant's last night. They have in Italy a proverb which says: 'Do naught before sleep.' I have slept, and in my sleep have changed my mind. With your gracious permission, I will not confess—for confession it would be—the wrongs of my life, which bound me hand and foot by a chain whose links were eating into my soul when I last saw you. Ah, Sir Fielding, Mr. Chichester, you

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Newark, Ohio.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made me a well woman. Your Sanative Wash is just the thing to overcome female weakness. I have told young mothers as well as older ones about your remedies, and what they have done for me. I think Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved my life, as my health was very bad when I wrote you, but now I can do my own work and have not had a sick day since I began taking your remedies. I keep the Compound and Live Pills on hand all the time."—Mrs. Geo. THOMPSON, 24 Sherwood Court, Newark, Ohio.

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from shame—I honor you. Enough. Let me tell you that my past life has been cursed by one error—one sin. Since the day I left the old rectory light-hearted and glad—here his voice got low and broken—"my father—peace be to his soul in death; I brought him none in life—fond and proud, I have not known till one night in this last November, one happy day. I have traveled the world to and fro—sometimes like a prince, sometimes with the poverty and hardship of a priest. I have painted in palaces in France and in the hovels of Bohemia—ridden in the boulevards, hunted on the prairies and starved in the bush, in one vain endeavor to forget, to fly from the curse which hung over me till that blessed night in November, when Heaven sent, amid the wind and the rain, an angel in demon's form, to lift it from my soul. Why should I give you the history of that curse? Why should I rake up the ashes of my sin, dig from the grave the secret that has been buried for years? To no purpose, to no avail. Enough that it is expiated, for that I hold the proof of its death and burial, of its eternal ending, on a slip of paper on my breast. Enough that the chains that bound me, the despair that made me a prisoner weary of life, a man more like a heartless, silent brute than aught else, have fallen from me forever, and that, redeemed, freed, emancipated, I come to ask you of your child.

"I would have come before, but the blow, the sudden joy overthrew a frame which I, its owner, would have pledged it to withstand. I have been ill, delirious, mad, what you will, for months. Chains so heavy and so long worn could not be riven without a shock.

"But I am myself again—myself, do I say?—a thousand times better, stronger, happier than the Maurice of old, dying to pour out my love for your sweet child—my angel Maud.

"Sir Fielding, it would be false modesty were I to tell you that I knew not that I hold your daughter's heart. I know—and Heaven knows how I glory in the knowledge—that she giveth me love for love. Take heed how you refuse. By Heaven! I will not answer for myself—I have been hardly tried, Sir Fielding—if you should say me nay."

Here his voice grew broken again, and his hand, as it rested on the table, shook visibly.

Sir Fielding drew his hand across his eyes, but could not speak.

Maurice Durant, in a low voice, went on:

"Think me not forgetful of respect to you—her father. There are matters which soil love's feathers, if they do but light upon them. Gold turns black against a pure love; but gold must be spoken of, so I hasten to tell you that there is enough, and more than enough, to satisfy a harder father than yourself.

(To be Continued.)

MILKARD'S LINDIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.

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 DRESSY COMBINATION TO WEAR AT HOME OR WHEN CALLING.



Waist—1953. Skirt—1949. Surplice effects are becoming to most figures. Pattern 1953 illustrates a pretty style on these lines, with a smart broad collar and new sleeve. The skirt that accompanies it is also in good style. Both models are good for any of the materials now in vogue. Shaped yoke portions trim the skirt, which also forms a wide panel over the front. The Waist Pattern is in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It is nice for voile, Georgette crepe, lawn, taffeta and flannel. It will require 2 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The Skirt is in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It is good for serge, broadcloth, gabardine, mixed suiting, taffeta, satin and velvet. Size 24 will require 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH pattern, in silver or stamps.

A VERY BECOMING AND COMFORTABLE LOUNGING ROBE.



1970—Ladies' Kimono. Figured crepe in blue tones, with trimming of matched blue satin, was used for this style. The model is cut with a waist in Empire style, and a broad collar shaped in points. Porcelain, lawn, dimity, cashmere, nun's veiling, crepe, flannel or flannellette are also good for this style. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

No.

Size

Address in full:—

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It is necessary to send in the illustration with the Coupon properly filled out. The pattern cannot reach you in less than 15 days.

Bargain News.

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Sample Lots Ladies' White Cambric CAMISOLES, COMBINATIONS, KNICKERS and NIGHTDRESSES, etc., and a small assortment of New BLOUSES, including some outside Women's Black Blouses.

Lot of Infants' Dainty SWANSDOWN WRAPPERS at \$2.00 each. Swansdown, as you are perhaps aware, is at present very difficult to get.

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War News

Messages Received Previous to 9 A. M.

SMALLPOX IN BERLIN.

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