



**Arter th Ball,**

**The Mystery Solved at Last.**

CHAPTER XXX.  
The Agony of Love.

One o'clock, and the ball is in full swing, the room one flash of brilliant light and color, the air laden with perfume, and thick with the delicious strains of a fashionable band.

The "Lancers" have just been gone through. Couples are gliding off to the cool conservatories and in search of ices and frozen wines.

Mammams with marriageable daughters are on the tip-toe of anxiety, respecting their charges.

Politicians are discussing, in little knots, in corners and alcoves.

A group of assiduous courtiers crowd around the royal personage, who lights up the illustrious assemblage with the sunlight of his presence, and the countess is gliding to and fro, with her lovely face all in a sweet and pleasant smile, forgetting no one, neglecting nothing of the duty that falls upon the shoulders of the hostess.

"The countess is looking grand to-night," remarked Lord Hawthorn to his friend, the Marquis of Hawtry, with whom he was drinking some champagne in a cool recess.

"Magnificent!" assented the marquis. "Can't make that woman out, though, I believe," and his voice here sank to a whisper, "that there's something wrong—or will be if Crownbrilliant doesn't look sharp."

"Eh? What, when young Chudleigh?"

"Hush! No names!" interrupted the marquis, cautiously, looking around as he spoke. "You never can tell who's on the other side of a shrubbery."

"But you don't mean—" asked Lord Hawthorn, in haste.

"In other words, yes—afraid so. Crownbrilliant regularly cut him out, overbid him, you know. It's always the way—always. Look at the Countess Flinart, Lady Markington, and, oh, a host of others. It's a dreadful thing, but, mind, I feel for her more than I do for Crownbrilliant. He's gone all wrong lately. Getting turfy, and drinks—when—like a fish. He was always fond of the bottle, you know, but kept it quiet until after his marriage. Now he's let the painter go, and is as far adrift as a man can be without going down, all hands aboard. Hush! There they go. That's he whose arm she's leaning on. Handsome fellow, and making his way in the House. It's a deuced bad job!"

Chudleigh had arrived, and the marquis was quite right when he said he saw the countess leaning on his arm.

"You are tired," she said, as they strolled through the cool, refreshing world of flowers and ferns. "Rest here a while."

**Indigestion Resulted From an Inactive Liver**

The Bowels Become Constipated and the Whole Digestive System Upset. With many people constipation becomes a habit. At first it is a dangerous habit which is cured sooner or later to cause serious disease. "Daily movement of the bowels" is the first and most important rule of health. When the liver becomes torpid the flow of bile into the intestines is stopped, and the bowels become constipated. But you can readily overcome this condition by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. There is no treatment obtainable which so promptly awakens the activity of the liver and bowels and thereby corrects derangements of the digestive system.

Mrs. Elizabeth Doherty of Beaver Brook, Albert Co., N.B., writes: "I can truthfully say that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are a great medicine for constipation. I have suffered from constipation ever since I can

remember, but got to using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and was so benefited that I began to study this remedy. I found that the indigestion resulted from a bad case of inactive liver, and as soon as I got the liver working right I didn't have any stomach trouble or indigestion. I can't praise this medicine too highly, and would advise anyone suffering from indigestion or constipation to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. My husband also claims that these pills have done him more good than any medicine he ever used. You are at liberty to use this letter."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills positively relieve and cure torpid liver, constipation, biliousness, indigestion, backache and kidney disease. Put it to the test. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers, or Edman-son, Estes & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

She sank into the little nook he pointed out to her, and leaned against the rock beside her, his dark, earnest eyes fastened upon her sad, lovely face.

"Shall I get you anything?" he whispered.

She shook her head.

"No, I want nothing but a little rest. Oh, Chudleigh, Chudleigh, if you knew how weary I am, how weary! Would to Heaven I were dead!"

He was on his knee beside her, his face white, his lips working.

"Hush, hush, my darling. You will kill me! Dead! Think what should I do if you were. Ah!" and he shuddered. "I cannot speak the word. Oh, Carlotta, Carlotta, my darling! I am going mad! I am dying with the daily longing, the daily despair! Oh, my love, my love, what is to be done? What—Carlotta!" he broke off with a sudden gasp. "Carlotta, there is one thing left. We cannot endure it longer. It kills me to think that you are around to him! Oh, Heaven! I shall go mad, my darling! Fly from him! Fly—"

She started to her feet, with a shudder and a suppressed scream.

"Go, go, go!" she breathed. "Take me to Maud—gentle Maud—or I am lost!"

He arose, and she grasped his arm. He trembled and grew pale.

The mere mention of his sister's name had shown him the deadliness of his temptation, and caused a revulsion of feeling.

"Come," he said, and led her into the conservatory and into the room again, her face still a little pale, though the smile had returned to it.

In a quiet, cool corner they found Maud, attended by a gray-haired colonel, whose voice and hands were soft and tender as a woman's, notwithstanding he had assisted to carry the heaviest and most frightful redbouts on the dread Balaklava.

Maud was very little better for her Christmas in town, though it was far in May.

Sir Fielding had still remained in London, for the doctors had assured him that there was nothing physically wrong with his dearly beloved daughter, and the gentle girl's ailment was mental, though in what shape they did not—perhaps because they would not say.

In compliance with their advice, Sir Fielding had plunged into gaiety and fashion, hoping that every ball and every opera would serve to dispel the unwanted sadness and paleness that had visited Maud.

She made room for Carlotta beside her, with a sweet smile that same at once as balm and additional force to the countess's troubled soul, and Chudleigh, bowing, strode off to get the cool night air upon his brow from one of the terraces.

"Well, dear Carlotta, have you been dancing much?" she asked, taking her hand, but adding, before Carlotta could answer: "How hot your hand is! It burns like fire. Are you not well?"

"Yes, yes, my dear!" replied Carlotta; "the room is hot, and I am rather tired. Are you not warm?"

"Yes, but not like this," said Maud, gently lifting the hand and laying it against her cheek. "It is like a coal. Are you ill?"

"No, no," replied Carlotta, wearily, "not ill, Maudie, only tired—only tired."

"Can we not go on the terrace a little while?" Maud asked of the colonel.

"Will you let me take you?" he said, with delighted gallantry.

Taking the two on his arm, he led them to the terrace.

"It is cool here," said Maud.

"I will get you an iced," said the colonel, hurrying away.

"Now, Carlotta, dear," said Maud, putting her arm around her waist and drawing the unhappy woman to her soft, gentle bosom, "tell me, really and truthfully, are you not ill?"

Carlotta covered her eyes with her hands for a moment; then, in her turn, drew Maud toward her, and looking into her pure, gentle eyes, said, almost hoarsely:

"Ill? Ill? Are we not both ill, child, with the same disease—love?"

**Prepare This for a Bad Cough—It's Pinex**

Cheerily and Peacefully, but Lose the Cough 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 cures distressing coughs, throat and chest colds will really make you enthusiastic about it. Any druggist can supply you with 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth). Pour this into a 1-pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Shake thoroughly and it is ready for use. The total cost is about 25 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 the inflamed or swollen throat membranes, and gradually but surely the annoying throat tickle and dried 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 glycerol and is known the world over for its prompt healing effect on the throat membranes.

Avoid disappointment by asking your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex with full directions and don't accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

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What did Carlotta mean? Was it possible that she had read her secret—looked into her heart, and seen the image of the being enshrined there?

Her secret! Hers no longer, since another shared it. Then she wept, but fell to trembling as she thought of Carlotta herself, and half annoyed, half frightened, closed her eyes and shut from her heart the fearful thoughts and dread that had just entered it, murmuring:

"No, no; Chudleigh is too good—too good."

Then, hearing the footsteps of the colonel approaching, she withdrew to another portion of the balcony, for her heart was too full to bear any one near her.

So, leaning against the marble balustrade, she stayed for nearly an hour, looking into the world of stars, and thinking of that other starlit, moonlight night, when the heavens had seemed glorious to her, with a fresh glory born of the sound of one sweet, grave voice, and the touch of his strong yet gentle arms, and listening to the bursts of music that came through the window into the night air.

Suddenly a nameless yet distinct commotion in the room behind her aroused her, and, rising with a sigh, she walked silently toward one of the windows.

When she reached it, she could see that a waltz had just been finished, and the hot and flushed dancers, instead of walking to and fro, and struggling into the terraces or into the conservatory, were standing looking at a group of persons, among them Lord and Lady Crownbrilliant and her aunt, collected around a tall figure, whose head arose above the surrounding ones.

She recognized the grand face instantly, notwithstanding a certain strange change about it, and her heart gave a strange leap that made her turn faint and cling to the pillar of the window for support.

In the giddy ringing in her ears she heard some one near her say:

"Look, that is he—that is Lucian, the greatest painter and musician and the most marvelous man of the age. I think. See what a grand head—it's like a Roman emperor's. Mistaken! Not I, Maurice Durant, a country clergyman? Not a bit of it. I tell you it is Lucian, the painter. I have seen him scores of times in Venice

and Rome—Talk about romance!"

Maud heard no more, for she moved to the terrace, and turned her face to the stars.

Was she asleep or dreaming? The buzzing increased—came near. She could hear his voice. It was changed; its sternness had gone; there was a light, musical ring, a certain joyous freedom about it that made her weep—she could not tell why.

She would not faint, though at every word of the ringing voice her soul seemed growing larger, and her senses less distinct.

The music bursting out drowned the voice.

A footstep—his—sounded behind her. She turned, caught one glimpse of his grand, splendid face, lit up with a glorious smile, heard her name breathed in a voice of heavenly beauty, felt his arms cling around her falling form—his kisses on her brow—then swooned of pure delight and excess of joy.

"Am I dreaming? Am I dead?" she breathed, opening her eyes and turning them to his, that looked down into them.

"Not dreaming or dead, my darling, but mine—mine!"

And he drew her closer to him.

She breathed a sigh, and sank upon his breast.

He shook with delight, and his voice, quivering like a leaf, whispered in her ear:

"Do not speak, my beloved; rest—rest. I am thine—thou art mine. When thou wakest I will tell thee all. Sleep—sleep."

(To be Continued.)

**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.

Like 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, and 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 will be light, fluffy 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.

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**Striped Middy Blouses**  
For Girls.  
Alice Blue and Cream Stripes.  
Navy Blue and Cream Stripes.  
To fit from 6 to 14 years.  
**75 cents each.**  
**New Velvet Tams.**  
**New Felt Crushers.**  
See Middies in Our Windows To-Day.  
**S. MILLEY.**

**BARGAIN TABLES.**  
We have just received a large assortment of goods for above tables and will have them on display to-day for the first time.  
When we tell you that for One Dollar you will get more than you can carry home, you will not worry about hard times. It is all arranged on tables easy of access, and each table has the one price. We list a few of the many things offered:

- |   |  |  |
|---|--|--|
| <b>For Five Cents.</b><br>Large Fancy Tumblers.<br>Tea and Table Spoons.<br>Petroleum Jelly.<br>Toilet Soap.<br>Gent's Neck Ties.<br>Ladies' Collars.<br>Biscuit Cutters.<br>Lamp Burners.<br>Match Holders.<br>Pie Cutters.<br>Nurse Bottles.<br>Tooth Picks.<br>Candles.<br>Lemon Squeezettes.<br>Paper Serviettes.<br>Handkerchiefs. | <b>For Ten Cents.</b><br>Curtain Rods.<br>Cover Lifters.<br>Potato Mashers.<br>Varnish Brushes.<br>Hand Nail Brushes.<br>Can and Bottle Openers.<br>Knives and Forks.<br>Jelly Cake Tins.<br>Pudding Pans.<br>Basins and Buckets.<br>Scrub Brushes.<br>Kitchen Knives. | <b>For Twenty Cents.</b><br>Assorted Glassware.<br>Pin Cushions.<br>Combs and Purses.<br>Preserve Kettles.<br>Bread Pans.<br>Sugar Basins.<br>Fancy Electric Shades. |
| <b>For Fifteen Cents.</b><br>Assorted Glassware.<br>Wire Broilers.<br>Soap Strainers.<br>Knives and Forks.  | <b>For Twenty-Five Cents.</b><br>Bake Pans.<br>Enamel Milk Pans.<br>Coffee Pots with tin covers.<br>Enamel Dippers.<br>Tin Dish Pans.<br>Rinsing Pans.<br>Extension Rods.<br>Enamel Cake Pans.   |  |

**THE FAIR.** The C. L. March Co., Ltd  
Cor. Water & Springdale Sts.

**Wyoming Heard From.**  
Cody Enterprise—Before the coming of spring our armies will be marching across flaming Europe, to lend their aid in the name of justice along the French frontier, in the hell of hate where millions struggle now. Over the scarred and hideous battlefields, in silny trenches, on blood-stained plains and lofty mountain heights the Stars and Stripes will float to cheer us on to victory, and cast its peaceful shadow on the unknown graves in that foreign land where many of our countrymen will rest. This war will take a toll of

**SCOTT'S EMULSION**  
RELIEVES SORE, TIGHT CHESTS  
MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GARD-GET IN COWS.

**ENDEAVOURING TO VISIT HIS WOUNDED SON.**—Mr. P. E. Outerbridge received a message from his father, Sir Joseph Outerbridge, now in London. The message stated that nothing further had been heard from Lieut. Herbert Outerbridge who was then seriously wounded in France. Sir Joseph says he was endeavouring to get across to France to visit his son.

Have your Suit or Overcoat Cleaned or Pressed for New Year. Phone or send to SPIR-RELL, 365 Water Street, Telephone 574.—dec28,ed,tf

**Smart COR Old War News.**  
Messages Received Previous to 9 A. M.  
BOMBS FOUND IN HOTEL.  
HOBOKEN, N.J., March 5.—An alleged plot against the President Wilson has been uncovered here, according to detectives, who yesterday arrested Fritz Kibb, a German deserter from Mexico. In the hotel where Kibb had engaged a room they found two bombs which the detectives say were to have been sent to-night to the President. Kibb, when questioned at police headquarters, is said to have confessed that he had conspired against the President's life, and that he took part in the Black Tom and Kingsland explosions. According to members of the New York bomb squad, the two bombs were of the height of ingenuity. One is a time bomb, the other fitted to explode on an ignition fuse. The explosives contained in the tubing were wrapped around with copper wire. Upon information declared to have been given by Kibb, the detectives arrested two other men, one here and one in Jersey City, and brought them to police headquarters as alleged accomplices. The hotel where Kibb was arrested is the same one in which Lieut. Robert Fay, formerly of the German Army, and Hans Schiller, two roomers prior to their arrest nearly a year ago charged with conspiracy to destroy British merchant ships by placing bombs in them before their departure from American harbors. Two bombs completed with nitroglycerine and picric acid were found in Kibb's room, according to the police whose inquiry was based on information reaching them several weeks back. The officers of the New York City police and the bomb squad were at police headquarters when Kibb's examination began after the arrest. Kibb said he was 36 years old and had no occupation. The papers found in his room were seized.

**SHIPS DESTROYED DURING FEBRUARY.**  
NEW YORK, March 5.—Official figures from the British Admiralty, made public here to-day at the office of the Consul-General in Britain, show that during February 94 British merchant ships were destroyed by mines or submarines. This number 61 were ships of 1,000 tons or over and 33 under 1,000 tons. In addition to the merchant ships, 15 fishing vessels of British register were