



After the Ball ;

The Mystery Solved at Last

CHAPTER X.

"To-morrow will suit me," said Tom.

And with this, the gentlemen returned to the drawing-room, where the ladies were anxiously awaiting them.

"Sir Fielding," said Mrs. Gregson, tremulously, "will you and Mr. Chichester partake of a little luncheon? There is some laid in the dining-room—"

"Oh, do, Sir Fielding," broke in Mr. Gregson. "I can give you a glass of dry sherry, the Amontillado, Count Lamonte, Milan."

"Deuced good," commented Clarence Hartfield. "Let me recommend, Sir Fielding."

But neither Sir Fielding nor Chudleigh could be prevailed upon to stay, and after a little more small talk, and the accepting of invitations to the hall, father and son departed.

For half a mile on the homeward journey neither spoke, Sir Fielding seeming lost in thought, and Chudleigh, who never on any occasion interrupted his father's meditative mood, walked by his side in silence.

Suddenly, however, Sir Fielding said:

"Well, Chud, what do you think of them?"

"All is not brass that glitters," replied Chudleigh, epigrammatically.

"That is true, that is true, Chud," assented Sir Fielding, smiling. "I think there is gold beneath the gilt."

"The father is a self-made man, but he is genuine," said Chudleigh. "And his son—well, he doesn't lack courage."

"No," said Sir Fielding. "I confess to some astonishment at the spirit he showed in mastering that animal. I did not imagine he possessed either the courage or the tact."

"I can't say I like him," said Chudleigh, "but I must say I admire his pluck. I suppose we must make them welcome at the hall?"

"Of course," said Sir Fielding, at once, his hospitality horrified at the thought of any half measures.

Then there came a silence, again broken by Sir Fielding:

"What do you think of the women, Chud?"

"I haven't thought about them, sir," said Chud. "They are very passable, I like Mrs. Gregson, and I pity her. As to the girls, well, three weeks of Maud and a month of Miss Lawley—here his face flushed—"taken consecutively, would set them straight, I think."

Sir Fielding sighed.

"It is for Maud's sake, principally," he said, "that I have made their acquaintance. My darling has been looking unwell lately, Chud—oh? She is not nearly so light-hearted as she used to be. Looks pale and thoughtful, too thoughtful for bright-eyed Maud. What is it, Chud, what is it?" he asked, anxiously.

"I cannot say," said Chud. "I have noticed Maud has become very quiet lately, and that she looks pale and distraught, but I don't hold the clew, sir. Perhaps she wants a little society, and the Gregsons may do her good; certainly, they will amuse her."

Sir Fielding gazed at his small feet dreamily.

"She has never been the same girl since the night Maurice Durant came back."

"Ah!" said Chudleigh. "Have you heard how he is, sir?"

"I sent Wilson," he said; "but, although he knocked several times, no

one came to him. Maurice Durant must have been out in the woods, and the old woman may have been in the village. Chudleigh, there is some mystery—I fear a dark one—hanging about Maurice Durant. Heaven knows why, but since his return I have never seen him or heard his name without feeling a chill presentiment of coming ill in connection with him. He makes me tremble, yet I cannot help being drawn toward him, and—ah, Chud, let us change the subject. What do you think Mr. Gregson asked me in the stable?"

"Impossible to guess," said Chudleigh.

"He wants me to give him, or rather the village, that piece of ground at the end of the green on which to build a school for the children."

Chudleigh sighed.

"What did you say, sir?" he said, in a low voice.

"I did not tell him that every inch of the ground was mortgaged, Chud; I evaded the request, and let him think me a close-fisted miser. Oh, Chud, Chud, if you could know what I suffered in being obliged to refuse that Manchester cotton-spinner a piece of ground, and for such a purpose, when he himself, mark you, was willing to spend his gold in building the school, you would pity me."

"I do sir," said Chudleigh, with a pressure of the hand.

Then they walked on for a few moments, absorbed in their own sad thoughts, but suddenly looked up, with a hesitating air, and Sir Fielding reading it in a moment, said:

"What is it, Chud? What are you thinking of?"

"I do not like to tell you, sir," said Chudleigh.

"Why not?" asked Sir Fielding.

"Speak out, Chud, speak out."

"Well, if you insist upon it, sir," said Chud, still hesitating. "An idea has just struck me. It pains me to refer to the subject, sir, but I cannot help it."

"You mean the mortgage, Chud?" murmured Sir Fielding, without raising his head.

Chudleigh nodded.

"There seems no lack of money there, sir. Mr. Gregson might—"

Sir Fielding winced, as if Chudleigh had struck him an actual blow.

"Don't speak of it, Chud! I'll think it over. Oh, Chud, Chud, the hall under the thumb of a Manchester cotton spinner!"

Great was the congratulation at

the Folly as to the visit just brought to an end. Mr. Gregson's head was up an inch higher, and his voice, strange to say, a tone lower; perhaps Sir Fielding's soft accents had influenced it. Tom Gregson was in a state of radiant self-satisfaction, and the ladies flushed with pleasure and delight.

"We have to thank you for this pleasant morning, have we not?" murmured Miss Bella in Clarence Hartfield's ear, forgetting her affection in her overwhelming joy.

Clarence Hartfield smiled.

"Eh? Told Sir Fielding that you'd get on well together; I was right, you see. Always am, eh? Mr. Chichester jolly fellow, eh?"

"Oh, very nice!" said the girls, warmly. "So grave and gentlemanly—quite a second edition of Sir Fielding."

"He! he! thought you'd like him," said Clarence, rising slowly. "I'm going to have a glass of shewy. Will anybody come and see I don't drink too much?"

Then, with another noiseless laugh, he lounged into the dining-room, where, behind his glass, he could chuckle unobserved, and mutter:

"What a deuced clever fellow you are, Clarence, my boy! Regularly netted the whole of 'em! With Miss Bella and Miss Lavinia dancing round, he won't have much time to dance round Miss Lawley—beautiful! Carliotta!—and so leave the course clear for you, Clarence, my boy. He! he! This fellow is not half such a fool as he looks!"

In which latter assertion the reader will, perhaps, give Mr. Hartfield credit for the truth.

CHAPTER XI. In Hutton Garden.

By the pricking of my thumbs Something wicked this way comes.

—Shakespeare.

THERE are some parts of Hutton Garden, pretty as its name is, which a well-dressed person could not be reasonably secure of retaining his watch and chain, or, indeed, his life if he did not look well after it. There are courts and alleys cutting through its dark, noisome streets that are blind in more senses of the word than one; tall, dark, dirt-stained houses mysteriously occupied, and guarded as carefully as the Bank of England; and small, disreputable-looking public houses, behind whose greasy marked doors, which swing with a noiseless, furtive sort of secrecy peculiar to the atmosphere and surroundings, swartly faces and queerly clad beings sit plotting and planning, drinking and frowning, playing the eternal dominoes, and occasionally stabbing each other with a perseverance in the carrying out of foreign manners and customs astounding in this great city of ours.

Wending our way through the close-smelling thoroughfares bordered on each side by dens of misery and filth, at the doors of which lounge dark-hued Italians with blackened pipes in their mouths, or black-eyed



Weakness

Every movement of the body uses up a definite amount of vitality. That is why you feel tired at the end of the day. When you overtax yourself, or when your vitality is undermined by illness, your whole system becomes exhausted and recovers its lost vitality without assistance. Your system is like a plant that is drooping for want of water. And just as water revives a drooping plant—so "Wincarnis" gives new life and new vitality to a weakened constitution. Because "Wincarnis" possesses a four-fold power. It is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker, and a nerve Food—all in one. Therefore

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The Wine of Life creates new strength, new blood, new nerve force, and new vitality. The benefit begins from the first wine-glassful. You can feel it doing you good. You can feel your vigor giving you more strength than you ever before, and your whole system with new vitality. That is why over 10,000 Doctors recommend "Wincarnis."

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| C. D. Bailey, Odern | 1 50 |
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| Thos. Tobin, Ship Cove | 1 00 |
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| Patriotic Concert at Middle Brook, Gumbo | 12 20 |
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| Royal Black Preceptory, Port Rexton | 10 00 |
| Royal Scarlet Chapter, Port-Royal Cove | 10 00 |
| Royal Scarlet Chapter, Keel | 2 00 |
| Royal Scarlet Chapter, Mussel Harbor Arm | 5 00 |
| Lo y a l Orange Lodge, Brownside | 15 00 |
| Lo y a l Orange Lodge, Winterton | 15 00 |
| Lo y a l Orange Lodge, Bonaventure | 40 00 |
| Lo y a l Orange Lodge, Peel's Island | 10 00 |
| Lo y a l Orange Lodge, Western Bay | 10 00 |
| Lo y a l Orange Lodge, Mussel Harbour | 20 00 |
| Lo y a l Orange Lodge, Musgrave town | 25 00 |
| Lo y a l Orange Lodge, Blaketown | 5 00 |
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| Lo y a l Orange Lodge | |

Lamaline	5 00
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T. & J. French & Sons, Main Point	65 00
W. M. S. George's Brook Flat Islands, P. B.	128 55
Princess Royal Band of Hope, Shalloway, Burn	10 00
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N. F. Commercial Travellers Association Collected at Reception, Bell Island	20 00
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Trinity College of Music, London

THEORY EXAMINATIONS.

Pass List in Order of Merit.

Intermediate Grade. — Bride Mullings, Honors, Mercy Convent, Military Road.

Advanced Junior. — 1. Kathleen Thorburn, Pass; Sister M. Joseph Walsh, Presentation Convent, Cathedral Square. 2. Mary O'Neill, Pass; Sister M. Joseph Walsh, Pres. Convent, Cathedral Square. 3. Dell Snow, Pass; Miss Collins, 58, Colonial St. 4. Edith Thistle, Pass; Miss Collins.

Junior.—Lillie Shortall, Honors; Sister M. Joseph Walsh, Pres. Convent, Cathedral Square.

Preparatory.—Lauretta Gos, Honors; Miss Collins, 58 Colonial St.; Pauline Howlett, Pass; Miss Collins, 58 Colonial St.

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NOTE OF THANKS.—Mr. and Mrs. D. Ferguson wish to thank His Excellency the Governor and Lady Davidson, Sir E. P. Morris, and all friends for kind expressions of sympathy in the loss of their dear son Stewart S. Ferguson, Sergt. Instructor of Signallers, 1st Nhd. Regiment, reported missing since 1st July, 1916, now believed to have been killed in action on that day Somewhere in France. His brother 2nd Lieut. J. Roy Ferguson, was killed on the same day at the same place.

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Serge, gabardine, voile, taffeta, satin, velvet, velour and corduroy are nice for this style. The fronts are finished with slot plating and are cut in "V" neck outline. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for a 16-years size. The skirt measures about 3 yards at the lower edge.

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If people who are crippled with swollen joints—wrists, ankles and knuckles—could only be made to realize that the root of their troubles is in the kidneys and the bladder, it would be easy to get them to send for the free sample of Gin Pills and put them on the way to recovery.

In Watertown, N.Y., lives Alexander La Due, aged 73. For years he suffered from kidney trouble, trying various remedies and doctor's medicine. Then he read an ad. of

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

Nuts added to any fruit flavored gelatine will give a richer flavor.

Grated cocoanut and silver oranges make a good winter dessert. Put in a dish a layer of oranges and a layer of cocoanut until the dish is full.

Good thick holders are a great comfort to the cook in handling hot pots and pans and they should have a loop at one corner so that they can be hung up when not in use.

Your white crepe de chine waist will be a beautiful shade of pink if you rinse it in water which a few drops of red ink have been put. Let the waist lie in the water until it is as deep in color as you wish it to be.

Sandwiches made with peanut butter mixed with hot milk are delicious.

THREE VITAL QUESTIONS

Are you full of energy, vital force, and good health? Do you know that good health is the foundation of good health? Pains?

AFTER MEALS TAKE

Were I to give this story to the War or "Found yet. Let the readers call it what they please. One hundred years ago the to Fogo several English laid, as shipped crews for the of Waterman & Hodge. There was the usual time of two and one winter. Among them lad named Cull. In physics was stalwart and well developed was an excellent specimen of class of pioneers who colonized Island Home. Some of the tired of their apprenticeship; sorted; but among those who the terms of their agreement. foremost. His wages for a term of eighteen months, was pounds, half of which would probably be spent during his ticeship.

The indenture made at provided for the return of the that place by one of the ship's firm, or by one of the ships by the firm. But the return tional with the apprentices some of them decided to make their home, as they in the "New World." Or this young Cull was one. In nearly twenty years. His was to sign on again, and in the capacity of what is known as a "winter hand," come of it all was that he tied down at Fogo Island, time took unto himself a place where he pitched his Barr'd Islands. About seven from the town of Fogo, was blessed with sons and all of whom were healthy, hearty—truly the best her man can have; for he wifed and children, is high of Heaven.

Among his sons was John, his father, he was vigorous strong. John made his Shoal Bay, where he which place was one. In near the town of Fogo, was blessed with two sons and daughters—one of the latter now in the city. The younger was Morris, and like other lads of the place he followed ory at home. About twenty ago Morris Cull went for time to the Labrador, and

T. J. Ede

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