

**GILLETT'S LYE**

HAS NO EQUAL

It not only softens the water but doubles the cleansing power of soap, and makes everything sanitary and wholesome.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

**After the Ball;**  
OR,  
**The Mystery Solved at Last.**

CHAPTER IV.  
**Love's Bondage.**

He had not been thinking of them, but her words brought them to his mind, and deepened the shadow across his forehead.

What if he did love? No, no; it could not be. He was poor. He had his way to fight, and could not drop his sword or unbuckle his armor to woo and wed a portionless girl, the daughter of a man whom the world called an adventurer, be she as queenly as Cleopatra and as beautiful as the first mother, Eve.

"We shall have a storm," he said, stretching his great limbs into an upright position. "How much longer are you going to toast your toes, miss? I must go and dress."

CHAPTER V.  
**Back from the Dead.**

"Behold your house is left unto you desolate."

THE storm prophesied by Chudleigh had come, dashing the sleet against the windows of the library, and causing Sir Fielding to look up from his book with a start—rattling through the avenue of chestnuts as if it meant to strip the trees of their very branches, and sweeping across the moor, and amid the belt of trees around the deserted rectory, till they beat beneath the bitter blast and moaned like living creatures writhing beneath a scourge.

It would seem impossible for a human being to stand against the furious drenching of the icy sleet, yet the dark figure of a man, closely wrapped in a black coat of foreign make and shape, bent his head against the down-pour, and, struggling like a wrecking ship in the deep troughs of a heavy sea, literally fought its way across the moor in the direction of the wood.

Sometimes when the wind paused to gain fresh strength and fury, and the blinding sleet lifted and lightened for a moment, the man quickened his pace like one well accustomed to wrestle with the elements, and used the respite to good purpose, tightening his cloak around him; then, bending his head lower when the wind arose again, he relapsed into the old attitude of stolid determination.

It was a grand sight to witness the tall, massive frame, capped by a grand head, around which a wealth of thick, black hair was blown with each gust of the wind, the dark face lit up by large, piercing, sadly resolute eyes, and ennobled by a handsome though sternly set mouth, contesting inch by inch the desolate path with the furious elements.

For an hour the struggle lasted, the wayfarer progressing slowly but surely toward the friendly haven of

**Was Completely Laid Up With Severe Case of Piles.**

Sworn Statement From a Man Who Has Unbounded Confidence in Dr. Chase's Ointment.

There is no longer any debate as to the best treatment for itching, bleeding or protruding piles. But since about one person in every four suffers more or less from this annoying ailment it is necessary to keep on telling people about Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mr. Wm. Shaw, Island Brook, Que., writes: "I am writing this to let you know the benefit I have derived from your Ointment. I have suffered more or less for years with protruding piles and last winter I got so bad, I was completely laid up with them. I went to our local storekeeper and asked him if he had anything that was good for piles, and he recommended Dr. Chase's Ointment. I purchased a box and took it home and used it according to directions and for over one year I have not been troubled with piles. I had tried other remedies before but they only gave me temporary relief and that one box of your Ointment did more for me than all the others, as I

was in the drawing-room, idly fingering the keys of the grand piano, occasionally breaking away from her thoughts sufficiently to play a scrap from one of the operas.

Once she commenced singing an old English ballad, which her father had dug up from some forgotten collection, but the wind played so discordant an accompaniment to the soft, sad words that she ceased, and half determined to go in search of Chud, who was writing a letter in his own room; but, struggling against her weakness, she sat still to listen to the rattling sleet, and touching the keys restlessly, commenced Gounod's "Ave Maria," but as the first bar of the melody—surely, the most sublime of devotional—she succeeded in forgetting the storm, and, half closing her eyes, lost herself in the subtle wailing of the music, which rang through the room like a living friend bringing consolation and assurance.

As she played, the tall, dark figure, which but a little time since stood gazing at the deserted rectory, was rooted, bareheaded, outside the window, its face sunk upon its breast and its hands clasped in front of it.

With the last note throbbing, dying through the air, Maud arose, and, the glamor of the music still over her, seated herself in a low chair by the fire, and there, lulled by the storm and the dead red of the coals, she fell asleep, her beautiful face lit up with the smile that only the pure and childlike at heart can wear.

How long she slept she knew not, but a slight noise awakened her, and looking up with a start, she saw the dark figure standing in the room looking at her.

With a low cry of alarm, she arose from the chair, and pressing one hand against her heart, held out the other as in supplicating terror.

The stranger lifted his head, with a grave smile, such that reassured her even before his lips opened, and, in a voice whose noble gentleness charmed all her fear away and filled her with a nameless thrill of pleasure said:

"Madam, be not afraid; I am not so harmful as my appearance may proclaim me. For this intrusion I crave with painful humility, your forgiveness. It was not intentional; I sought Sir Fielding Chichester. The night is dark, and the storm confusing, and I a stranger, missed the path. Nay rather your music drew me from it. By some chance a side door had been blown open by the wind; I entered—wrongly, I admit with sorrow—and meeting no one, found my way here where I would rather have perished in the storm than entered if I have caused you one second's uneasiness."

Pouring out this strange confession in a voice almost tremulous in its musical softness, with a slightly foreign accent that lent it an additional charm, and expressing, with a slight gesture, the most profound yet eager humility, he bent low before her.

"I—I am not frightened," said Maud, her gaze riveted on the face and form that were noble and kingly notwithstanding their expression of profound respect. "I will call my father. Will you be seated?" and still unable to remove her eyes from him, she walked toward the door.

With a gesture, he declined a seat and crossing to the fire, leaning one arm on the carved mantel, the fire-light making a ruddy background to his stalwart form, looked toward the door and waited.

In a few minutes it opened, and Sir Fielding entered, and advancing toward the stranger, said, in his mild, dreamy voice:

"You wish to see me?"

The stranger fixed his dark eyes upon the pale, smooth face for a moment, seemingly absorbed in contemplation; then, waking, as it were, with a start, replied, in a voice from which all the tenderness had gone, leaving a cold, stern music behind:

"Do you wish to see me, Sir Fielding Chichester?"

The old man started, with an exclamation; then, going close up to the speaker and scanning the features anxiously, exclaimed, as his face lit up with the light of recognition:

"Maurice Durant!"

The son of Gerald Durant, for it was he, nodded.

"Yes, Maurice Durant. You are surprised, Sir Fielding, yet not so much as I, for a week since I had as

little thought of seeing your Chichester Hall as heaven."

"Thank Heaven! thank Heaven!" exclaimed Sir Fielding, grasping the outstretched hand, and wringing it with his feeble one. "Oh, Maurice, Maurice! we all thought you were dead."

"Heaven has not proved so kind," muttered Maurice Durant.

"We never expected to see you again. And you have come back to us as suddenly as—"

"Why do you hesitate?" said Maurice, frowning. "Yes. A week since I was sleeping in a peasant's hut, beside an Alpine ravine. I dreamed of England, dreamed so vividly that when I awoke the vision had left a longing for the reality. I struggled against it, but—bah!—when a man fights himself what chance has he of victory? I decided to come—I came—I am here."

He strode up to the fire, extending his hands toward the blaze.

"Dear me—dear me," said Sir Fielding, thoroughly bewildered by the deep voice, the strange gesture and the foreign accent, as much as by the singular manner of the man.

"I heard no carriage drive up."

Maurice faced around.

"Nor do I see how you could, considering that I trod your moor and heath from north to south and fought my way against a greater storm than those which carry an avalanche upon their backs. I walked."

"Walked! Heaven bless me!" said the baronet; "then," catching at the cloak, "you must be—you are wringing wet. My dear sir, this is enough to give you your death!"

Maurice Durant smiled a smile without a particle of mirth in it.

"Death!" he replied. "Death will not come to me thus. I have slept in damper sheets than these, and found them frozen in the morning. Take no heed of me, but rather of your carpet, which I am gradually spoiling."

"Never mind the carpet," said Sir Fielding, hastily, and walking toward the bell. "You must change your clothes immediately. I will tell them to see that my room be got ready for you; meanwhile, if you will accept my son Chudleigh's, in which you will find a fire—"

Maurice Durant held up his hand, with a gesture almost of impatience.

"Sir Fielding, I shall be gone in five minutes. Cease, I beg of you, for it pains me to give you a refusal. A whim seized me to take one look at the hall. I fought my way here through the storm, and, standing outside the window, was drawn hither by your daughter's music. Why should I stay? I have seen her whom I left a child, you whom in the old time I had more than friendship for, and there is naught left for me but to return," and with calm composure and a majestic pace, he swung his cloak around him and held out his hand.

Sir Fielding stared at the stern, weather-tanned face, with its deep wrinkles and great, piercing eyes, in astonishment.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed. "You cannot again brave such a night as this; it would be an insult to me. At least," he added, hastily, as Maurice Durant shook his head, "at least, you will stay and eat something!"

(To be continued.)

Thousands of people normally healthy in every other respect, are annoyed with a persistent hanging-on bronchial cough year after year, disturbing their sleep and making life disagreeable. It's so needless—there's an old home-made remedy that will end such a cough easily and quickly.

Get from any druggist "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex" (50 cents worth), pour it into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Begin taking it at once. Gradually but surely you will notice the phlegm thin out and then disappear altogether, thus ending a cough that you never thought would end. It also promptly loosens a dry or tight cough, stops the troublesome throat tickle, soothes the irritated membranes that line the throat and bronchial tubes, and relief comes almost immediately. A day's use will usually break up an ordinary throat or chest cold, and for bronchitis, croup, whooping cough and bronchial asthma there is nothing better. It tastes pleasant and keeps perfectly.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, combined with ginseng and is used by millions of people for relief of throat and chest colds with splendid results.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex" with full directions and don't accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

**Knocks Obsolete Coughs in a Hurry**

A Simple Home-Made Remedy that Gets at the Cause.

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**Ayre & Sons, Ltd.**  
Hardware Department.

**23 Cent Sale.**

Useful household goods are being offered now at the above price, single and combined, articles which are needful and handy to make work light and pleasant.

**HARDWARE  
CROCKERY &  
STATIONERY**

**Ideal Value in FURS.**

This week we make an extra special and most seasonable offer of

**Black Fur Collarettes, at \$3.00, \$3.80, \$4.50 each.**

**MUFFS, \$3.80, \$4.00, \$4.20.**

**Brown Fur Collarettes, \$4.50 ea.**

**MUFFS, \$2.80 \$3.20.**

Also exceedingly nice values in **Black Fur Sets, at \$7.00 and \$8.00 set.**

SEE THEM AND DELAY NOT YOUR BUYING.

**A. & S. RODGER.**

**ATTRACTIVE  
YET INEXPENSIVE.**

**LADIES'  
Imitation Fur Sets**

in **Black, Beaver, Mole, Etc.**

Prices:  
**\$2.50, 3.20, 3.60, 3.80, 4.40 per set.**

**S. MILLEY.**

**All**

To keep up to date with the latest advance styles in Fashion Centres, all out at the end of the

**For Ten**

we offer this sale of these up-to-the-minute such unheard of values going on for our

**Annual**

to take place immediately

**War News**

**Messages Received Previous to 9**

**RUSSIAN GENERAL'S CONFERENCE.**  
PETROGRAD, Jan. 22.—The Russian General Staff, under the command of Chief of Staff, General Brusiloff, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian army, has held a conference in the front, addressing his staff on the situation. "Information at my disposal," he said, "and my personal conviction is that the German army is in a completely routed condition before you that the coming year the enemy will be completely routed."

**SUCCESSFUL RAID AGAINST MY TRENCHES.**

LONDON, Jan. 22.—The report from the British headquarters in France issued today says a successful raid was made on the morning against enemy positions southeast of Loos. Dugouts and German trenches were bombed and many casualties inflicted on the enemy with small cost to our forces. We secured some prisoners.

**CONFERENCE ON ROMANIAN PROBLEMS.**

LONDON, Jan. 22.—The Crown Prince of Romania, Premier Bratianu have arrived here today for a conference with the British authorities on important matters in connection with the Romanian situation, according to a despatch to the Times. The despatch says that tens of thousands of Roumanian refugees have poured into Bessarabia and other provinces. Among the 12,000 Roumanian boys secured by the correspondent says, they are threatened to treat as guests. Refugees have arrived at Bessarabia.

**IS SHE SUNK?**

NEW YORK, Jan. 22.—The following cable has been received from Pernambuco, Jan. 21: A Prussian commerce raider believed to be the Vineta, which wrought havoc with Allied shipping the last few weeks in the Atlantic, particularly off the coast, has been sunk by the British cruiser Glasgow, 130 miles from the port received here to-night. The report is not officially confirmed. Previous reports of the raider's destruction caused the news to be regarded as authentic.

Buenos Ayres.—Laprazada's despatch from Rio Janeiro says that according to a cable received at Pernambuco, the British cruiser Glasgow has sunk a German

SINCE WE CAN EAT ON TOP WE'LL HAVE TO EAT THE NUTRIMENT

WHAT ARE WE GONNA EAT—A DOG-BOUNT?