



After the Ball;
OR
The Mystery Solved at Last.

CHAPTER XXXVII
"What is Your Answer?"

A pile of bank notes lay rolled up in one corner.

These he thrust into his breast—then pulled open another drawer and drew out a revolver.

As his hand clasped the cold stock for the first time his face changed and his eyes fell upon it with a greedy, wistful expression.

He laid it down on the table and walked to the window, but he could not take his eyes from it, and, gradually, step by step, returned to the table, and picked the weapon up again.

With a calm deliberation he looked at the priming.

It was loaded.

He cocked it, and then turned it over and over mechanically.

The barrel was pointed to his head, his finger trembled.

Another moment—another moment—and his soul would have sped to its account, but before the movement came the music burst out again, and his hand fell to his side, and with a start he laid the weapon on the table. For a few moments he stood listening to the waltz, then opened the door of the other room, and in five minutes returned to the first, attired in his old, rough shooting suit, with his gun in his hand and his cloak on his arm.

Then extinguishing the light, he stole down by a back staircase and gained the terrace.

Waiting for a few minutes in the pitch darkness, he crept along out of the reach of the lights from the windows and got to the stables unseen.

Forcing open one of the doors, he took down a lighted lantern from a hook and saddled one of the horses. Then he stole around to the small pent-house at the back that had been erected over a kennel.

As his footsteps approached it the dog Tigris sprang out with a whine of recognition, but a whispered word quieted it, and it stood as still as a stone while its master unfastened its chain, and followed upon his footsteps like a panther as if it knew—as

it assuredly did—that secrecy was required.

Replacing the lantern, and leading the horse out, Maurice Durant gave a low call to the dog, vaulted into the saddle, and rode off across the meadow toward the highroad, the pelting rain beating upon his white, death-like face as if it meant to tear it in pieces.

CHAPTER XXXVIII
After the Ball.

Truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long.
—Shakespeare.

Here in the darkness, such a deed was done
As filled the night with awe and dread.
Here in the night across the rabbits' run,
The blow was struck that left her dead.
—Anon.

THE morning after the ball, the sun shone out brightly, and the sky was as calm and clear as if a cloud had never dimmed it.

Maud and Sir Fielding were seated at the breakfast table, talking over the events of last night, or rather the early morning, when Sir Fielding's valet knocked, entered, and, advancing with some embarrassment, said: "Mr. Durant is not in his room nor has his bed been slept in. I have his letters here, sir."

"Dear me," said Sir Fielding, not very much astonished, for Maurice Durant was wont to be uncertain in his movements, while Maud turned pale, and set down the coffee cup she was filling. "Dear me, have you sent any one over the grounds?"

"Yes, Sir Fielding, for one of these letters is marked 'important,' but no one can find him."

"The rectory," said Maud.

"I have been over there, miss, myself," replied the valet, "but Mr. Durant has not slept there, nor has he been there this morning."

Sir Fielding looked puzzled, and as the man laid the letters on the table and left the room he said: "When did you see him last, my darling?"

"Last night, papa," said Maud, turning pale. "I left him in the gallery, where we had gone to rest for a little while, and I have not seen him since."

"It's very strange," said Sir Fielding, rising and walking to the window, then back to the fire. "I'll go up into his room, I think."

As he walked to the door a footman entered and said that the foreman of the workmen at the rectory had arrived to see Mr. Durant by appointment.

"Mr. Durant is not here, Thomas," said Sir Fielding. "I—I really don't know what to do. Ask him to wait a little while, and forgetting that he had intended going up to Maurice Durant's room, he returned to the fireplace and stood rubbing his hands irresolutely.

Maud sat still and pale, her coffee and the rest of her breakfast untouched.

"Have you found him, papa?" she asked, tremulously.

"No, no, my dear," he said, adding with a reassuring smile: "He has gone for a book to the library or perhaps walk; depend upon it he will be here directly. You know nothing is strange that Maurice Durant does."

Maud thought the suggestion of the walk a correct one, and regained something of her color, but was still rather troubled.

Sir Fielding, quite reassured, took

Flattering to the Original

But Imitations Only Disappoint

There are many imitations of this great treatment for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and whooping cough. They usually have some sale on the merits of the original, but it should be remembered that they are like it in name only.



This is a facsimile of the package bearing portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D.

his chair again and went on with his breakfast.

Presently another knock came to the door and the footman said that the head stableman wished to speak with Sir Fielding.

"Now?" said Sir Fielding, looking puzzled.

The man had never made such a request before. Could he want to give warning?

"He says he wants to see you immediately, Sir Fielding," said the footman, and Sir Fielding, nodding, the stableman entered.

"I'm sorry to intrude and trouble you, sir," he said, respectfully, and with some excitement, "but there's been a robbery down at the stables."

"A robbery!" exclaimed Sir Fielding. "Nonsense."

"Yes, but there has, sir. The east stable door was broken open and the brown cob he gone."

"What!" exclaimed Sir Fielding, scarcely believing his ears.

"It be, sir," said the man; "and, what be more, Maister Dewrants' dwag, Tigris, have gone as well."

Maud arose trembling.

Sir Fielding set down his coffee cup with a sudden crash.

"Brown cob—Tigris—gone! There's some mistake, Norton, surely."

"No, there be'n't, unfortunately, sir," replied the man with earnest civility. "There be'n't no mistake. The cob's gone and the dwag, and, by token, I can trace the cob's footmarks across the lawn and the meadow."

Sir Fielding looked troubled and started.

"What—what does it all mean? A robbery! I can scarcely believe it. Some one has taken the cob—some of the guests, Norton."

Sir Fielding paced the room.

"I will go and look at it," he said.

"Meanwhile, Maud, ring the bell and tell one of the men to ride off to the police station at Warrington. A robbery! I can scarcely believe my ears," and he left the room, followed by the head groom.

Before he had reached the back of the hall, Barber, the keeper, opened the end door and burst in as white as a ghost without his gun or cap.

Seeing Sir Fielding, he stopped, panting and breathless, and pulled a tuft of his rough, curly hair.

Sir Fielding started.

"What on earth's the matter, Barber? Have you found the cob?"

"The cob!" exclaimed the game-keeper, looking from Sir Fielding to the groom in astonishment. "What cob? I didn't know one was lost! I have come to tell you summat dreadful has happened in the wood, Sir Fielding."

Sir Fielding glanced back quietly at the breakfast room, and the groom, understanding the look, walked back and shut the door.

"Now," said Sir Fielding, who had grown pale, "what is it, Barber? Speak low—Miss Maud is in that room."

"I won't let her hear, Sir Fielding," said the man. "Perhaps you'll step outside, sir."

They walked out onto the terrace, and then Sir Fielding, with a gesture of impatience telling him to go on, the man drew a long breath and said: "It's summat very dreadful, Sir Fielding. They've been and took it to the station at Annleigh, and the police was coming to the hall right upon my heels."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed

Sir Fielding, still paler. "What is dreadful—what have they taken to the station?"

"A woman, Sir Fielding. I found her myself first thing this morning, lying face upwards in the Black Pool, with a great, ugly stab in her bosom."

Sir Fielding staggered and clung to the terrace.

"A woman—dead! murdered! Good Heaven! Tell me all."

"There ain't much to tell, Sir Fielding," said the man. "I was going to the preserves early this morning to see what damage the storm had done the young trees, and, passing the Black Pool, noticed something white lying in the middle of it. When I got near it gave me a regular shock to see as how it was a woman's head just a-floating like a cork, all white, and set-like. I started off running, crying for help, and run against the inspector of police, as was in the lane. He went back with me and 'tween us we managed to get her out. She was quite dead—been dead for hours, the inspector said—and had a great slit in her bosom—here," and Barker struck his chest. "The inspector he went for some men and they carried it on a stretcher to Annleigh. I went w' 'em, and as soon as I heard that they were going to send men to the hall I tore away to give you warning, for fear Miss Maud—"

"I see, I see," said Sir Fielding, faintly, pressing his hand to his forehead and feeling cold with dread.

"Maurice Durant missing, the cob and dog gone, the corpse of a murdered woman found floating in the Black Pool! Great Heaven! what did it all mean? Was there any connection—"

Shuddering, he put the dreadful thought away, and, telling Barber to watch and tell him when the police arrived, he returned to the breakfast room, and, trying to look unconcerned, said:

"The cob's gone, I'm afraid, Maud. It's a great pity to lose one of the best horses in the stables."

"And the dog, papa?" she said, anxiously, going up to him and placing her trembling hand upon his arm.

"The dog—oh? Oh, yes, running about the ground somewhere, most likely, chasing the rabbits. My dear, I wish you would go up to your aunt's room a little while. I have some business to do with one or two men."

His voice faltered and she looked up at him with a terrified, questioning look; but he managed to smile, and still with the anxious expression upon her lovely face she, ever obedient, glided from the room and up the stairs.

Scarcely had she gone than Barber knocked at the door, and Sir Fielding opening it, walked into the hall and met the inspector and two policemen.

"Good-morning, Sir Fielding," said the inspector, respectfully. "I suppose you have heard of this terrible affair?"

Sir Fielding nodded.

"I have just heard," he said.

"You being the nearest magistrate, Sir Fielding, we have come up immediately for a warrant for the inquest."

(To be Continued.)

LARABEE'S BEST FLOUR

Made in the Mills of Larabee

A SIGNAL SUCCESS

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:

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

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

Your Boys and Girls.

One of the handiest things in a home is a baby box (if there is a baby). This is made from a large cracker box with a lid made of thin boards put on with hinges. The box should be lined with white oilcloth or something easy to keep clean.

The outside may have a pretty valance round it if it can have pretty wall paper pasted around it. Have a box long enough to lay the short dress flat. Long ones are folded once, and napkins folded square fit in one end. You can make pockets different sizes for the other end. These hold everything for baby's bath: A dainty white cushion holds the baby pins.

You can bring your bath tub near and give baby its bath without looking for a thing. Everything is handy and in its place. These boxes can be made as elaborate as you please, but the planer they are the more easily they are kept clean and neat.

COMPLETING FISH PLANT.—The big fish plant at Bay Bulls is expected to be completed a few weeks hence.

ASK FOR MINARD'S LINIMENT AND TAKE NO OTHER.

Household Notes.

Fishballs are excellent for breakfast, and not so much in favor as they should be.

Fat should be strained through a cheesecloth laid on a sieve every time it is used.

A delicious salad is made by filling tomatoes with minced pineapple and chopped nuts.

Grapefruit cut in halves with bits of shredded pineapple on top makes a pleasant change.

To keep lemons, bury them in a pot of sand. Do not allow the lemons to touch each other.

A rich dessert is made of crystalized fruits, nuts, whipped cream and marshmallows.

Oranges, bananas, chopped nuts and salad hearts make a good salad. Use French dressing.

When you have no whipped cream for the hot chocolate, set a marshmallow float in each cup.

Peas are the only vegetable that can be planted out-of-doors as soon as the ground can be worked.

If white potatoes are inclined to turn black with cooking, put a few drops of vinegar in the water.

Several grains of rice added to each salt shaker will prevent the salt from becoming damp and sticky.

Tart apples added to pumpkin custard, cranberry sauce or stewed dried fruits will add a better flavor.

No other plant can be cooked so many different ways as celery, and it possesses a good deal of medicinal value.

If your hands chap in cold weather, be careful to rinse them in very cold water after having them in hot water.

If the bright parts of a kitchen range turn black with heat, dip a cloth in vinegar and rub on the blackened parts.

A very good pie can be made with bits of jelly and fruit that have accumulated. If there is too much juice, add a little cornstarch.

OXO
Ready in a moment

A cup of hot OXO every day is a splendid safeguard against colds and chills.

A CUBE TO A CUP

Two Cases of Eczema and How They Were Cured.

Farther Proof That Dr. Chase's Ointment is a Positive Cure for Chronic Eczema.

If you read these letters you will find that Dr. Chase's Ointment is not to be classed among ordinary salves and ointments.

By actually curing itching, stinging eczema in many thousands of cases it has stood the most severe test to which any ointment can be put.

Mr. J. Brice, Temperance road, Parry Sound, Ont., writes: "Just a line to praise Dr. Chase's Ointment for what it has done for my wife. She has been suffering with eczema in her head for two years, and has spent no end of money with doctors and for ointments, which did her no good. She had about given up hope of ever being cured, when someone told her to try Dr. Chase's Ointment. By the use of this Ointment the trouble has left her entirely, so we have unbounded faith in it. I have told several people about the Ointment."

Mrs. W. G. Dowden, Greenspond, Bonaville Bay, Nfld., writes: "I suf-

fered with eczema on my hands, and for eighteen months was so bad that I could not use a needle to sew or do anything. I could scarcely dress myself. Though I had lots of salves from doctors, I could never get much benefit from them. Then I sent for a sample of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and found it very different in action. It was not long before my hands began to heal, and four 50c. boxes made them well. I cannot praise Dr. Chase's Ointment too highly, and frequently give some to others to get them using it, for I know that it will cure."

In the home Dr. Chase's Ointment is of almost daily usefulness, for by relieving chafing and irritation of the skin it prevents eczema and similar itching skin diseases. Applied to all cuts and wounds, it prevents blood poisoning and heals the skin. Dr. Chase's Ointment, 50 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Costly

15

NAVY and

the remains of a
in the last month
being offered at
LOW PRESEN

Come early
Dress

War News

Messages Received
Previous to 9 A.M.

GREAT IMPORTANCE ATTACHED TO BRITISH SUCCESS.

PARIS, March 15.—Great importance is attached to French military writers to continued British successes in the West. The Matin says that it looks much as if the Germans do not think they could hold Bapaume for one year longer and are preparing to evacuate the two cities, as shown from aviators show that all their enemy lines the Germans blowing up bridges and demolishing burning munitions and other white trying to mask the withdrawal of heavy guns by heavy firing in the field guns. The German staff headquarters on the Somme front is to have been moved back from the Matin thinks that the German staff at first planned a strategic retreat so as to delay and defeat British plan of attack, but this scheme was frustrated by the loss of General Gough. Instead of a cavalry against his retreating British by methodical and destructive artillery. The result according to the Matin was that the Germans caught in their own trap and retreat which was at first intended to become almost a route under the pressure of an adversary performer in material and initiative.

GERMAN WITHDRAWAL SHADOWED.

LONDON, March 15.—A German withdrawal on a large scale on the Western front is shadowed by Major Morath in an article in the Berliner Tageblatt. He is quoted in a Rotterdam despatch day to the Daily News. Major Morath recalls Field Marshal Von Hindenburg's strategy against the British at Tannenberg when he caused part of his army to retire fighting in order to gain ample space for strategic movements. The military official reminds his readers that Field Marshal Von Hindenburg is now operating in the west and it is said by shortening their present front. Germans are giving their depleted desert to advance over, a good and bad as ever fighting ground. The foregoing despatch contains the information received here that Field Marshal Von Hindenburg is personally conducting German operations on the western front.

