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MADE IN CANADA  
Bread is the cheapest food known. Home bread baking reduces the high cost of living by lessening the amount of expensive meats required to supply the necessary nourishment to the body.  
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E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED  
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**Arter the Ball,**  
OR,  
**The Mystery Solved at Last.**

CHAPTER XXXII.  
An Explanation.

"Think not," he added, with a flash of his eyes and a gesture that actually made Sir Fielding tremble, "that I would buy my Maud. Were I as poor as a saint, I would ask her of you. No, Sir Fielding. Gold to those who love the dress; for us, let us shun it. Sir Fielding flushed.

"Another word would have wounded me," he murmured.  
"Therefore, I said it not," said Maurice Durant, leaning over and grasping his hand, while he let the other fall on Chudleigh's shoulder.  
"Come, Sir Fielding, give me the right to call Maud my wife and yourself my father!"

Sir Fielding pressed his hand, and mastering his emotion, muttered:

"Take her, Maurice Durant. Of the past, so that it be vanished, I wish to know nothing; of the future, it is in your care."

"Nay!" cried Maurice Durant, rising, with a reverent look upon his face. "But in Heaven's!"

"You love me, my darling?" rang out the low words, as the beautiful girl nestled against his heart in the soft firelight. "You love?"

"Could I live if I did not?" she breathed back, tenderly.

"And you do not fear me?" he asked, a slight shade flitting across his brow.

"Not more than I ought," was the reply, as the loving eyes filled with tears. "I cannot but look up at the flowers raise their heads to the sun—not with pride, but with loving humility. You are my king! Speak, I obey; smile, and I love; frown, and I die; but smile or frown, I love you—I love you always and forever."

The dark eyes above her were filled with tears—the first that had shone there for many a long year.

"My darling, my rose, my gem. Heaven is too good to me."

"No, no," she murmured.

Then pressing her to his breast, he walked slowly to the piano, and sitting down, poured out his heart in a burst of grand music, that seemed to the genetic girl leaning on his shoulder to be born, indeed, of heaven and its angelic choir.

CHAPTER XXXIII.  
When the Heart is Young.

Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands. Every moment, lightly shaken ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life and smote on all the chords with might; smote the chord of Self that trembled; sang, passed in music out of sight. —Tennyson.

TWO or three days later, the morning papers inserted a large paragraph, and in one or two cases indulged in a leading article on the mysterious and romantic appearance of the artist and musician whose works had for the last five years been the subject of universal admiration, and one paper, more daring than its contemporaries, launched out into a complete and

spirited sketch of the great genius' life, not a single particular, excepting those of his appearance at the ball and his being the rector of Grassmere, of which was true.

Maurice Durant, when shown these articles and paragraphs, laughed heartily—he would have sneered a few months ago—but Maud was inexpressibly proud of them, though not at all surprised at the furor which her grand lover had made, for she had always held him to be something high and noble, and it was but the fulfillment of her expectations.

Invitations flowed in thick and fast upon Maurice Durant, but he refused them one and all. Though he had entered the world again, it was with no love for it. He had left his quiet retreat to claim his prize, and was now anxious to return—not to the old life of solitude—but to Grassmere.

Accordingly, in June the Chichesters, with the exception of Chudleigh, who remained in town, returned to the hall, with Maurice Durant as guest.

The joy of that first day at the hall who shall describe?

Maud, leaning on her lover's arm, felt herself inclined to weep for relief as she heard his joyous voice and grand, ringing laugh, so different to the grim smile, and deep, hard tones of old.

"Maurice," she said, after dinner, blushing shyly as she spoke his name. "I have a surprise for you. Will you come with me?"

"Come with you? Anywhere, my darling. Whither are you going?"

"You mustn't ask," she said, stroking his hand. "Come!"  
Maurice Durant caught up his soft sombrero and took her hand.

"See," he said, "as a child, I want to be led."

She, entering into his spirit, laughed softly and took his hand.

So they passed on to the terrace and into the garden.

"A surprise in the open air, little one?" he said.

She nodded and smiled.

"No, not quite."

And then she led him into a little summerhouse, built in the shape of an Indian temple.

Its erection had been a whim of Sir Fielding's who had thought to use it for a study in the summer, but it had never fulfilled its purpose—the book-worm feeling himself unable to leave his beloved library.

Stopping at the little carved door, Maud took a key from her pocket and opened it.

"Walk in," she said.

And Maurice, at one stride clearing the threshold, entered, and saw a beautiful little apartment, furnished with old-fashioned, carved oak and lined with pictures and models.

In one corner stood an easel, in the other a suit of mail. On the massive antique table were placed palettes, maul-sticks and brushes, and in the centre a beautiful vase containing fresh-cut flowers.

The painter uttered a cry of delight, and clasped the beautiful plotter in his arms.

"My thoughtful darling," he cried, smiling up into his face.

"Pleased! I am delighted. It is a studio worthy of a prince."

"And are you not a prince?" she asked.

He laughed.

"You are mine," she said, simply.

"But, Maurice—"

And she stopped.

"Speak on, cara mia," he said, tenderly, stroking her beautiful hair.

"Speak on—"

"You will—will it disturb you if sometimes I come and peep in—come and sit sometimes, for a minute—only a minute—"

"Come always, or be assured even this pretty place will be unable to hold me long. Come and sit there in the light, while I work, getting in-

piration and fire from your beautiful eyes. Ah! my darling, my darling! How sweet—how beautiful thou hast made life for me! See, I think that I could paint heaven and the angels when I look within your pure eyes, hear your sweet, loving voice."

And he held her face in his hands, and gazed down into the clear depths of her dark orbs.

"And I—ah, you can tell what you feel, my prince, but I am stupid and ignorant, and can find no words to tell of the joy and happiness that thrill through me at the touch of your dear hands—see how I love to kiss them—the sound of your beautiful voice. Oh, Maurice, Maurice, I lie awake at night and wonder if it is all a dream, if it can be possible and real that you, so great, so clever, so grandly above all other men, can stoop to think—much less love—so insignificant a being as I!"

His eyes grew dim, and his voice too low for her to hear, as he muttered:

"Can so sweet a flower bear the light and the winds, the sun and the rain? Oh, Heaven, keep and temper Thy mercy toward her."

Then aloud:

"My sweet Maud, 'tis well thou dost not know the story of the past! Thou wouldst think me no prince but the prince of sinners."

"More sinned against than sinning," she replied, quickly.

"Thinkest thou so?" he said, murmuring. "Ay! ay!"

Then, with his arm around her, they strolled down to the river's bank, the birds' song suddenly fraught with a new, sweet meaning, the stream's ripple thrilling with a new sense.

"Where is the boat, my darling?" he said.

"On the other side, I think," she said. "Are you going to take me for a row?"

He nodded, and glanced up and down for some means of reaching the other side.

"The bridge?" he asked.

"Is a mile down the stream," she replied.

"Then we must make one," he said, lightly, and with a suddenness that made her start, he sprang at the branch of a tree which hung over the stream, and, clutching it with a grasp of iron, went along it, hand over hand, until he could drop on the opposite bank.

Maud stared with astonished admiration.

It was the feat of a giant, yet he seemed to do it as easily as walking across a room.

"Are you not hurt?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Hurt, my darling?" he said, laughing. "No; why should I be? Stay thou there while I bring the boat," and he strode away.

In a few moments Maud saw him standing up in the old-fashioned boat, propelling it gondolet fashion, with a speed and grace that charmed her.

"Canst thou do everything?" she said, as he leaped to her side, using his "thou," which sounded sweetly in her ear.

He laughed, and sweeping the dust from the seat with his handkerchief, picked her up in his arms like a

**Without Pure Blood Health is Impossible.**

Owing to faulty action of the kidneys and liver, the blood becomes filled with disease germs that imperil health.

The first warnings are back-ache, dizziness, headache and lack of energy. Act quickly if you would avoid the terrible ravages of chronic kidney complaint.

Get Dr. Hamilton's Pills to-day; they cure kidney and liver troubles for all time to come. No medicine relieves so promptly, cures so thoroughly. For good blood, clear complexion, healthy appetite, use that grand health-bringing medicine Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Get a 25c. box to-day.

child, and put her on a little, dainty seat of cushions.

"Now, we will go swiftly," as the boat darted from the shore.

"And you will sing?"

"And I will sing," he said, and with that he commenced a soft, sweet melody, set to an Italian love song, that chimed in with every stroke of the single oar and every movement of his strong, graceful form.

So they went down the stream, thinking earth a paradise which their love had turned to heaven.

Day followed day like one sweet dream another. Maurice Durant had become the idol of the place, his exploits, his daring, his genius the talk of the county and the admiration and wonder of Grassmere.

He rode as no one else could ride, save an Arab or a Mexican hunter, so the gentlemen. He painted with the brush of a Rubens or a Vandyke, declared the art authorities. He shot like a fur trapper or a rifle ranger, said the sportsmen; and all agreed that his voice was the sweetest they had ever heard.

His manner, too, had a certain charm about it that no one could resist; it was tinged with command, yet mellowed with a softness peculiarly his own.

Equipped with such manly and graceful attributes, it was scarcely a matter of surprise that the strange being whose past life was still a profound mystery should be sought after and made an idol of.

He refused few invitations, going with Maud almost everywhere, always ready to talk, in his soft, musical accents, of strange sights and incidents which his own eyes had witnessed, always yielding with a gracious smile to their request that he would play and sing, leaving the drawing-room for the smoking-room to find the men as eager to admire and applaud him as the women.

(To be Continued.)

**Milady's Boudoir.**

**BEAUTY AND AFTERNOON TEA.**

The afternoon tea has become rather conventional and necessary institution in this country, and is altogether a pretty habit.

The afternoon tea, considered from the health viewpoint, is decidedly more harmless than some other social functions, where late hours are observed and an excess of dancing is indulged in overheated rooms. Afternoon tea is a leisurely quiet affair, or, at least would be. It occurs in those dull hours in the late afternoon, when there does not seem ever to be anything very exciting going on; the tea itself, when made right, is a wholesome enough beverage, mildly stimulating, not heavy, cleansing to digestive organs.

The main temptation at an afternoon reception which is a foe to good complexion, is found in the things which so often accompany the tea, such as rich sweets, elaborate cakes, large and small sometimes varied, and things, both sweet and sour, which stimulate the appetite.

All of these are usually very good and the temptation is to partake, not wisely, but too well, and thus spoil a perfectly good dinner appetite, load up the stomach, and pimples and specks in a few days appear upon the chin and forehead.

The afternoon tea guest as well as the afternoon tea user, will therefore be warned in time and choose sparingly of all of these kicksaws, and condiments. Just a small portion of this or of that just a tiny bit of many things will not harm her, but to yield to temptation and to take too much, to overeat, particularly of sweets, is to make a mistake which no girl careful of her complexion will be guilty of.

**MILNARD'S LINIMENT FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.**

**Seven Times Sifted Thro' Silk**

Made in the Mills of Larabee.  
Sold in the Best Shops.  
The Finest Flour of All.  
Larabee's Best Flour.

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**COLIN CAMPBELL, Distributor.**

**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.

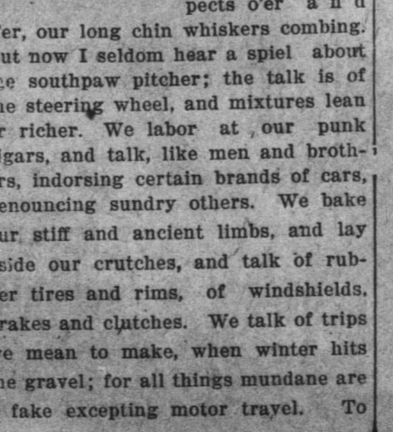
When we tell you that for One Dollar you will get more than you can carry home, you will not worry about hard times. It is all arranged on tables easy of access, and each table has the one price. We list a few of the many things offered:

<b>For Five Cents.</b> 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.	<b>For Ten Cents.</b> 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.	<b>For Twenty Cents.</b> Assorted Glassware. Pin Cushions. Combs and Purses. Preserve Kettles. Bread Pans. Sugar Basins. Fancy Electric Shades.
<b>For Fifteen Cents.</b> Assorted Glassware. Wire Broilers. Soap Strainers. Knives and Forks.	<b>For Twenty-Five Cents.</b> Bake Pans. Enamel Milk Pans. Coffee Pots with tin covers Enamel Dippers. Tin Dish Pans. Rinsing Pans. Extension Rods. Enamel Cake Pans.	<b>RUSSIANS GAIN ASADABAD SUMMIT.</b>  PETROGRAD, March 7. Russian troops which recently captured from the Persian town of Hamadan, from the Turks, have now gained possession of Asadabad summit, some miles southwest of Hamadan, says the Russian official to-day, and are still pursuing the Turks who are retreating further south towards Kangawar.
<b>DENIES BERLIN REPORT.</b>  LONDON, March 7. Replying to a question in the Commons to-day, James Macpherson said the government did not accept the accuracy of the report recently sent out from Berlin that the Germans had brought down 13 airplanes on the western front in one day. Further statements such as these he said, were made in order to elicit the truth. I can assure members, he added, that I still maintain the mastery of the sea.	<b>CONSIDERING PEACE TERMS.</b>  HAVRE, March 7. The German Government, according to information received through confidential agents, is considering the publication of Germany's terms of	<b>WAR NEWS.</b>  NEW YORK, March 7. Officers of the Cunarder Carman to-day told of 48 U-boats captured and destroyed in the North Sea and English Channel between Feb. 1, and 14.

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

**CHANGED TIMES.**  
In other times, when spring was near, the fans would talk, un-tiring, about the team we'd have this year, to prevent fame aspir-ing. Down at the Blue Front sauerkraut store we'd gather in the gloaming, and d through the prospects o'er a n d  
o'er, our long chin whiskers combing. But now I seldom hear a splat about the southpaw pitcher; the talk is of the steering wheel, and mixtures lean or richer. We labor at our punk cigars, and talk like men and brothers, indorsing certain brands of cars, denouncing sundry others. We hark our stiff and ancient limbs, and lay aside our crutches, and talk of rubber tires and rims, of windshields, brakes and clutches. We talk of trips we mean to make, when winter hits the gravel; for all things mundane are a fake excepting motor travel. To talk baseball I sometimes try, but find the going rocky; the talk's of climbing hills on high, when other cars went bally. I fear me much the grand old game has lost its lofty station, in this our town—perhaps the same throughout the car-struck nation!

The new list of colors includes clay, tan, platinum gray, beaver shades, watercrass green, gold, orchid, periwinkle, damson and tapestry blue.



**DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASES  
BRIGHT'S DISEASE  
DIABETES, BACKACHE  
No. 23 THE PRODUCE

**Fads and Fashions.**  
A charming sports hat has a brim of stitched satin and a crown embroidered in rich colors.  
High warm collars are made of embroidered woolen stuffs and laced through eyelets in front.  
Spring suits have jackets in three lengths. The very short, the very long and the finger length.  
Shoes are only about eight inches high. In deference to the longer skirts. Bunnetts will be used in the spring. They will fasten the belts of many suits and be used as trimming on hats.  
Half the battle in the use of Paisley shawling is the use of some very rich plain color with it—russet or wine red, for instance.  
So many pretty combination dresses can be made from remnants that one can have several summer frocks at small expense.  
The necks of many of the newest blouses are without collar or contrasting color except for a very narrow edge of piping in color.

**MILNARD'S LINIMENT CURES GAGGET IN COWS.**

Smart  
COR  
Old  
War News  
Messages Received Previous to 9 A. M.  
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**MILKMAID'S LINIMENT**  
WELL-KNOWN  
BEHAVIOR  
THE  
YOU



**A Meal in a Moment.**  
1 Oxo Cube; Hot Water; Biscuits Sustains for hours.  
**OXO CUBES**