

After the Ball, The Mystery Solved at Last.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

When the Heart is Young.

The summer was a dream of happiness to Maud. At night she scarcely slept for joy; the days seemed to fly past on the wings of love and happiness.

Sir Fielding, relieved of his load of anxiety concerning the estate, was serenely happy in his library and the knowledge of his darling's gladness, and felt that his lines had fallen in pleasant places in the twilight of his departing days.

So shines the sun and murmur the gentle breezes in the calm before a storm.

In August Lord and Lady Crownbrilliant returned to the Retreat, and Chudleigh took up his quarters at the hall.

His appearance scarcely harmonized with the general aspect of happiness, for he was looking pale and worn, and what was worse, restless and unhappy.

Maurice Durant, who drove Maud over to the Retreat in a tiny little carriage drawn by a pair of pure Arabian ponies—his own gift—noticed the same expression on the beautiful face of Lady Crownbrilliant, and grew grave and silent, for his keen eyes read their secret at a glance.

CHAPTER XXXIV.
Giving Up the Struggle.

Tempted himself, turns tempter, too—
Prior.

"WHAT I s-say is this," stammered Lord Crownbrilliant, "pursuing his wingless in midair, and looking over at her ladyship with a stolid, would-be severe stare in his glass-framed eye. "I s-say that it's not b-becoming of the Countess of Crownbrilliant to interfere with s-such things."

The countess raised her eyebrows, and shot a cold, imperious glance from her dark eyes at his fair, foppish face.

"D-do you hear me?" he snapped, angered by her silence.

"I heard you," she said, simply.

"Then w-why d-don't you answer?"

"I have little or nothing to say. I obey, but cannot argue."

"Very unlike your s-sex usually," sneered his lordship, sticking his fork into the salmon viciously.

Then, after eating in a disagreeable, peevish sort of way that was particularly unpleasant to witness, he commenced again, in a mocking, sneering tone:

"F-flower shows!—w-wildcousins. W-what next? What on earth d-do the p-people want with flower shows? It's all deuced n-nonsense, and I won't have you mixing yourself up in it."

Still not a word—the eyes fixed upon the plate, the white-gloved hands toying with the carved-handle of the silver knife.

"I k-know where you get it from—it's one of C-Chichester's c-confounded, stupid notions. I—I tell you what it is, my lady, you're a deal too thick with—"

"My lord!" she said, at last, with flashing eyes and heaving bosom.

"D-don't shriek at me like that. I w-won't s-stand it," snapped Lord Crownbrilliant. "It's true, and you k-know it. He's always here. I'm

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Hardly Able to Move.

Albert Lea, Minn.—"For about a year I had sharp pains across my back and hips and was hardly able to move around the house. My head would ache and I was dizzy and had no appetite. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, I am feeling stronger than for years. I have a little boy eight months old and am doing my work all alone. I would not be without your remedies in the house as there are none like them."—Mrs. F. E. Yost, 611 Water St., Albert Lea, Minn.

Three Doctors Gave Her Up.

Pittsburg, Penn.—"Your medicine has helped me wonderfully. When I was a girl 18 years old I was always sickly and delicate and suffered from irregularities. Three doctors gave me up and said I would go into consumption. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and with the third bottle began to feel better. I soon became regular and I got strong and shortly after I was married. Now I have two nice stout healthy children and am able to work hard every day."—Mrs. CLEMENTINA DURRING, 34 Gardner St., Troy Hill, Pittsburg, Penn.

All women are invited to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for special advice.—It will be confidential.



perfectly sick of seeing him. Besides, you ought to know your position better than to encourage another man who was known to have been s-sweet upon you."

The countess arose, white and majestic.

"You remind me of my position, my lord; give me leave to retire, or I may forget it, as you forget yours."

His lordship, delighted at the anger he had at last aroused, sipped his wine and grinned.

"My p-position. I can't v-very well forget it, not having had a v-very much worse, my lady. Now, you—"

But she had gone, her long, silken dress rustling behind her like a snake, and his lordship, with a cunning grin, refilled his glass.

"P'woud as she is, I'll bwing her under yet. As for C-Chichester, I'll stop his little game with a s-snap of my fingers."

Two hours later, Carlotta, Countess Crownbrilliant, saw from her dim corner at the window of her own room the stalwart figure of Chudleigh Chichester cantering his favorite mare up the carriage drive.

Her heart beat fast, and she arose, trembling.

If they met, with her husband in his present mood, what might not be the consequences?

She knew the weak, aggravating, childish peevishness of the man who owned her, and she knew also the quick, hot temper of the man who loved her, heated and strained to its extreme tension by that very love.

Ringling the bell with a quivering hand, she bade her maid show Mr. Chichester into the drawing-room.

and, hastily bathing her tear-swollen eyes, stole down the stairs.

The smile that always lighted up Chudleigh's face sprang to his eyes when she entered and held out her hand, but it gave place to a heavy frown as he murmured:

"Crying again? No denial, Carlotta; you cannot hide it. You forget I know every expression of your face as a priest knows his missal. What has happened? Has he—"

"Oh, Chudleigh, Chudleigh," she breathed, "let go my hand. You—you must not come here again—you must not. See—oh, heavens, do not look so! Oh, Chudleigh, Heaven forgive me—but—I love you so."

And the unhappy woman hid her face in her hands.

"Heaven forgive you, my darling!" he murmured. "How have you sinned, save in giving yourself to this—this man? And Heaven has forgiven you that long since. Oh, Carlotta, if—"

"Hush! What was that?" she cried, starting and clutching his arm, as a crash came from the dining-room.

"Is he there?" asked Chudleigh, in a whisper.

She nodded.

"Let us go to him—he may come here, and—"

Chudleigh opened the door, and followed her into the hall.

Entering the dining-room, they saw that his lordship had fallen asleep across the table, having knocked down and broken a couple of glasses in his descent.

Carlotta shuddered, and Chudleigh's face grew awful in its contempt.

It was too fearful, this looking helplessly on at the spectacle of the man who had married the woman he loved lying drunk across the dinner table.

"Come away," he whispered, turning to the door, with Carlotta on his arm.

But the rustle of her dress awoke his lordship, who started to his feet, and, with bloodshot eyes, stared drunkenly at Chudleigh.

"Hello, Ch-Chichester," he hiccupped, "you're here, again—hic—are you? I thought I told you," swerving around with half-closed eyes to the shrinking Carlotta. "I thought I—hic—told you that I w-wouldn't have my f-fine gentleman

here again, eh? Then, what the d-dence does he do here? I'm the master of my own house, I'm your h-husband, I'm—"

Rambling away into a string of incoherencies, he fell into the chair again, sweeping a fresh lot of glass from the table with his helpless arm.

Chudleigh strode to the bell, his face white and his teeth clinched.

"Tell his lordship's valet to come here at once," he said to the servant, and, closing the door upon the drunken peer, he led the trembling Carlotta to the drawing-room. Then, as she sank upon a couch, he fell on his knees beside her, and, seizing her hand, said, in a hurried, tremulous whisper:

"My darling Carlotta, I cannot—you cannot—bear it longer. It would be cruel, it would be wicked to leave you in his power. Carlotta, we must fly—fly to some distant land. Oh, my darling, do not hesitate. To-morrow night I will have a post-chaise at the end of the lane; we will start from the Warrington Station, and reach Paris in a few hours. From Paris we will go to Italy—Italy—think, my darling. Oh, Carlotta, say yes. Stay! do not speak; place your hand in mine. Ah, you will come, away from suffering, darling. Leave all to me. Leave all to me, my own, my own!"

CHAPTER XXXV.
Twixt Right and Wrong.

Our wills and fates do so contrary run
That our devices still are overthrown.
Such an act makes marriage vows
As false as dicer's oaths.

So let him rest, his faults lie gently on him.
—Shakespeare.

THE following morning, Maurice Durant, on his way to the rectory, which an army of workmen were making habitable, met Chudleigh riding at full gallop in the direction of the hall, looking flurried and heated.

He pulled up as he saw Maurice, and said:

"Going to the rectory?"

"Yes. And you?" answered Maurice Durant, fixing him with his keen, dark eyes.

"To the hall," replied Chudleigh. "I have just come from Warrington, where I heard news that will necessitate my immediate return to town."

As he said it, his eyes dropped before Maurice's searching ones, and the keen observer, used to reading men's faces at a glance, saw that something was wrong.

"Indeed!" he said. "Some of your politics going wrong? Your party in danger?"

"N-no—that is, yes," said Chudleigh, with some little confusion.

Maurice walked up to the mare, and, patting it with his strong, white hand, said, significantly, looking straight up into the younger man's downcast eyes:

"Be careful, my friend; take the advice of one who has suffered severely from his own errors, and shun the first one."

(To be Continued.)

**Mother! Your Child
is Cross, Feverish,
From Constipation**

If tongue is coated, breath bad, stomach sour, clean liver and bowels.

Give "California Syrup of Figs" at once—a teaspoonful to-day often saves a sick child to-morrow.

If your little one is out-of-sorts, half-sick, isn't resting, eating and acting naturally—look, Mother! see if tongue is coated. This is a sure sign that its little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with waste. When cross, irritable, feverish, stomach sour, breath bad or has stomach-ache, diarrhea, sore throat, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again.

Mothers can rest easy after giving this harmless "fruit laxative," because it never fails to cleanse the little one's liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach and they dearly love its pleasant taste. Full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups printed on each bottle.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," then see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company."

Bread should be baked slowly and long if you want good, sweet bread. If it is baked too quickly it is apt to be sour.

Sour milk should never be wasted. It can be used in biscuits and gingerbread, or for "Dutch cheese," or for giddle cakes.

Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A SMART DRESSING SACK.



1739—Ladies' Negligee or Dressing Sack. Floured lawn or crepe, tub silk, washable satin, batiste, organdie, chalis or similar materials are nice for this style. The right front is shaped and lapped over the left. The sleeve is lengthened by a flare bell-shaped section. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 3 3/4 yards of 44 inch material for a 36-inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A SPLENDID MODEL FOR HOUSE OR PORCH WEAR.



1726—Percale, gingham, seersucker, chambray, lawn, gabardine, voile, poplin, repp, serge, taffeta and tub silk are nice for this style.

The fronts of the waist are made with a coat closing, and are rolled, but in low neck style. The skirt is a four-gore model, finished in lap tuck style at the centre front. The sleeve may be in wrist length, finished with a straight cuff, or in short length with a shaped turnback cuff. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 7 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures 3 3/4 yards at the foot.

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Size

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List of Letters Remaining in G.P.O. to Feb. 26th, 1917.

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| A
Andrews, Samuel
Allen, George, slip
Andrews, Miss Annie, Military Road | B
Bennett, Mrs. Peter, c/o Gen. Delivery
Boener, Stephen J., Gilbert St.
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Butler, Wm., Mundy Pond Rd.
Burt, Miss Rose, Pleasant St.
Bennett, Mrs. George, late Montreal
Bellman, Mrs. James C., Water St. | C
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Collins, Jeremiah, Long's Hill
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Cocarelli, Mrs. Francis, Carter's Hill
Corigan, Mrs. C., Duckworth St.
Colton, Mrs. Mary, care Royal Stores
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Curlew, Frederick, care Gen. Delivery
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Fry, Miss Jennie, Springdale St.
French, Ernest, care G. P. O.
Flemming, Harry
Foster, F. W. | G
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Gibbons, Miss Bridget, New Gower St.
Gladney, W. A.
Ginn, Mrs., Gower St.
Green, Miss Agnes, Water St. East
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Harvey, King's Road | H
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Heatridge, Miss Carrie, Queen's St.
Hillyer, Mrs. J.
Howell, Jack, King's Road
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Jordon, Miss Mary,
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Judge, Mrs., John St. | L
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Martin, Miss L. L.
Mahoney, Miss Maggie, Prescott St.
Milley, John, care G. P. O.
Miller, Arch, Field St.
Miller, Miss D., Brazil's Square
Mosher, Capt. M. G.
Morris, Mrs. Bertha, c/o Gen. Delivery
Morris, Mrs. T. J., c/o Gen. Delivery
Murphy, Miss F., Hutchings' St.
Murphy, Miss Annie, Queen's Road
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care Mrs. Jane Hapgood
Nugent, Miss Nellie, card, Bond St. | O
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Porter, Robert, Wood St.
Power, Edward, Nagle's Hill
Power, Miss Mary, James' St.
Power, Miss Pricella | R
Rogers, Wm. J., George St.
Robbins, Miss Daisy, LeMarchant Rd.
Roberts, George, Alandale Road
Rowe, Miss Alice | S
Sweeney, Mrs. Hilary T.
Spearns, Miss Louise, Albion Hotel
Stevens, Chas., care G. P. O.
Spence, Miss Bessie
Snow, Miss Carrie, Water St. West
Greeley, Harvard, King's Road | T
Tupper, Benjamin, George St.
Tuftin, Ernest, card, care G. P. O.
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Whalen, Mary, card, LeMarchant Rd.
Weir, John, Newtown Road
Weir, Edward, Newtown Road
Webb, Mrs. Florence, Cabot St.
Weir, James, Newtown Road
Williams, Miss Mary, McKay St.
White, Wm., care Candy Co.
Welconin, Thomas, Hagerty St. |
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Household Notes.

Watery vegetables and fruit contain valuable mineral salts which help to purify the blood.

Never rinse wool blankets in clear water, but in warm, slightly soapy water that is clean.

Try crepe underwear for the entire feminine part of the family, if you would save ironing.

Any fruit can be made into a whip by pressing through a sieve and then mixing with whipped cream.

When the stove is hot enough to make things boil, shut off the draught. The pots will continue to boil and coal will be saved.

When taking down pictures, a stick with a notch in the end of it will be found a handy thing to slip the picture wire into.

Smart COOL Old War News Messages Received Previous to

THE DARDANELLES EXPEDITION
LONDON, March 8.—The Dardanelles expedition, as Great Britain was concerned, undertaken on the initiative of Winston Spencer Churchill, then Lord of the Admiralty, according to a majority report of the Committee appointed to inquire into the responsibility for the expedition, which was issued to-day. The report blames the conclusions reached as follows: The question of attacking Dardanelles was—on the initiative of Mr. Churchill—brought under consideration of the War Council on November 25th, 1914, as an alternative method of defeating Egypt. It was reasonably assumed that it was much as all authorities concerned were prima-facie in favour of a military, rather than a naval attack, as that an attack inland rather than the latter character of it, not other circumstances led to modification in the programme, communication from the Russian Government of Jan. 2nd introduced fresh elements into the case, and the British Government considered that something must be done in response to it; and in this connection the question of attacking the Dardanelles was again raised. The Secretary of State for War declared that there were no troops immediately available for operations in the east, and that the plan was accepted by the War Council who took no steps to satisfy the selves by reports of the committee to what troops were available then in the near future. Had that been done the Commissioners would have been ascertained that sufficient troops would be available for a joint military and naval operation at an earlier date than supposed. This matter was not adequately investigated by the War Council. The question before the War Council on Jan. 13 was whether any action of a kind should be taken by the fleet alone; the navy being held to be the only force available. The military arguments which were adduced to the War Council in favour of prompt and effective action, if such were practicable, were valid and of the highest importance, but the practicality of whatever action was proposed was of equal importance. Mr. Churchill appears to have advocated an attack on ships at once before the War Council.

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