

MAGIC BAKING POWDER
CONTAINS NO ALUM.
The only well known medium priced baking powder made in Canada that does not contain alum and which has all its ingredients plainly stated on the label.
E.W. GILLETTE COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

Arter the Ball; The Mystery Solved at Last.

CHAPTER XXVIII A Terrible Temptation.

Scarcely a day passed but he might be found sitting beside Lady Crownbrilliant in the drawing-room, at her feet on the velvet lawn, or facing her in the little out-rieger on the river. It is true not a word had passed between them that might not have been said in Lord Crownbrilliant's hearing; but still—well, her eyes are brilliant and eloquent, and a touch of a passionate hand say more than a thousand love sentences.

Carlotta, fully aware of her danger as she was, having a clear view of the precipice and a knowledge of the fearful abyss that lay beneath, yet could not resist the delight of his presence, the touch of his hand, the passionate yet mournful ring of his earnest voice.

And Lord Crownbrilliant—well, he was either an idiot or blind. A little of both, perhaps; but if he had an uneasy sensation his self-love and conceit set them half-way at rest, and frequent applications to the wine bottle laid them entirely.

For Lord Crownbrilliant was growing fond of the half hour after dinner, and the libations that occupied it. He drank frequently and liberally, and although Carlotta had not yet seen him quite intoxicated, she had noticed, with a vivid horror, that he was frequently excited and strange-mannered when entering the drawing-room after dinner or returning from a race meeting or a steeple-chase.

So the autumn grew late and the trees bare; Chudleigh still in Grassmere, or rather at Annleigh, lying at the river in the little boat; Maud still growing paler and thinner, and Maurice Durant still mysteriously buried in the solitude of the rectory and the woods.

In October Sir Fielding declared his intention of starting for town, and Chudleigh was dispatched to take a house in Grosvenor Square.

Lord Crownbrilliant, somewhat tired of the country, and longing vaguely for the delight of town life, at once decided to take flight, too, go that by the middle of October both

families were in town—Lord Crownbrilliant in Park Lane and Sir Fielding Chichester in Grosvenor Square, within easy walking distance of each other.

CHAPTER XXIX A Retrospect.

TOWARD the end of November, and one night when the rain-beat had crossed the moor and the wind howled dismally through the bare, shivering trees, the master of the rectory sat in his antique, darksome chamber gazing at the red, expiring fire.

Seated on one of the high-backed carved oak chairs, black with age, yet strong as wrought-iron, his grand head threw a grotesque shadow upon the dark wainscot, fitting to and fro in the fitful glare of the wax candles like some spectral copy of one of Angelo's noble figures.

On the table, within reach of his hand, which wearily upheld his head, stood a fagon of wine, though the slender Venetian glass showed that as yet it had been untouched.

At his feet the huge mastiff lay stretched at full length, like a lioness at rest.

By the side of the chair leaned his faithful gun, and on a chair beside the table his cap and a dead hare.

From the heavy lines upon his forehead one might guess that sad thoughts occupied his mind; for some time his eyes were fixed upon the waning fire, his lips compressed and silent, then a gust of wind, wild and more savage than its fellows, burst against the diamond-paned window. He turned his head with a weary sigh, and, stooping, flung a heavy log of wood among the red embers.

"A wild night," he muttered to himself. "Just such another night as the one when I returned to this desolate home of mine. Just such another when I blighted my life by carrying her off. How the time flies. Eight years! They seem only eight months sometimes, eight centuries at others. I wonder where she is now—lp some Roumanian city, perhaps, the toast of some crowned idiot snared by her deceitful eyes and evil voice.

"Felise! The name has a bad ring in it; it savors of the tiger. Felise, Faustine! Both names of shame—both hers. Bah! What brings me in this mood to-night? Is it the wind or the want of wine?" and he stretched out his hand to reach the fagon.

"Wine! How marvelous that I should not have gone the way of many

others, and drowned my shame and my broken heart in the fumes of the grape-juice. There was a time when even that seemed a bright hope, a haven of forgetfulness, in the midst of my agony. But no, Maurice Durant was a Durant still, and deemed it better to grin and bear than drink and die. Besides, had I not one great consolation, a mother whose bosom received my aching head, whose joys consoled my breaking heart? And thou only mother I have ever known, I drink with the greatest reverence to thee."

Touching the glass with his lips he arose, and pressing a hidden spring behind a picture, which frowned on the side of the room, a secret panel slid back, and he passed through the aperture disclosed.

Holding up the candle, he looked upon a room, barely lighted by its rays, strewn from end to end, with pictures, finished and unfinished, great and small, landscapes and seascapes, historical studies and portraits.

Standing motionless for a moment he walked to the easel, and, turning a picture, gazed with a flashing eye and fast-heaving chest upon the face of a young girl, bright with the loveliness of youth and purity, tender with the softness of love and innocent passion.

"It speaks!" he breathed, almost painfully. "It is the child herself. The eyes are hers as they sought mine, the lips are her very own as they prayed me to do her no harm. Oh, Heaven! Thou dost punish me heavily with this love of mine—heavily, heavily!"

Then his head sank upon his breast, and muttering "Maud, Maud!" he strode slowly back into the other room, carefully closing the panel after him.

As he sank into the chair again, to the same attitude of mournful reverie, the dog arose and pricking up its ears growled threateningly.

Maurice Durant, who knew that the noble creature never gave signs in vain, bent down and stroked it; and the dog, after listening for a moment, dropped into its old position with its head laid low upon the ground and its large eyes fixed upon the door.

Maurice Durant listened attentively for a moment, but, hearing nothing save the wind, leaned his head upon his hands and fell into an uneasy slumber.

Meanwhile a heavily cloaked horseman was urging his steed at a dashing pace across the moor, and at the moment the dog uttered its warning had pulled up before the little path leading to the rectory door.

"Phew!" he muttered, leaving down and unfastening the gate. "The place looks like a dead house, a home for spirits, a prison, a—our Lady knows what not that's miserable and ghost-like. I'm half inclined to throw the business up, or postpone to a more propitious season. Sh-sh! It's the drenching rain, the biting wind, the bitter blast, which daunts thee, Spazola. Get thee on and through it, for if thou failest to-night thy fortune's lost, and if thou hittest well, then—ah, what's that? Purgatory! My flesh is on the creep and my soul's like water! That light must be in a window. Ah, ah! my Lucian, thou art fairly in the hunter's toils at last. Thou eel, thou jellyfish, thou slip-tween-fingers, thou—What an idiot art thou, Spazola, to waste thy time in rant when thou shouldst act. Now I'll tie thee here, my weary, bespattered one, and on to my mission."

So saying, he led the horse under as much shelter as the trees afforded, and fastening its bridle to a branch, hurried up to the house on foot.



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 to recover 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

Wincarnis
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 every wine-glassful giving you more strength than you had before, and recharging your whole system with new vitality. That is why over 70,000 Doctors recommend "Wincarnis."

Begin to get well FREE.

Send the Coupon for a free trial bottle—not a mere taste but enough to do you good. Regular supplies can be obtained from all Druggists, Stores, etc.

"Wincarnis" is made in England.

Free Trial Coupon
COLLEMAN & CO., Ltd. W 342, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.
Please send me free trial bottle of "Wincarnis" (10 cents in stamps for postage).

kept it silent and at his heels, noiselessly unlocked the door and stepped out upon the corridor.

As he did so the old mute met him, and eagerly asked in signs if she should open the door. He answered her also by signs in the affirmative, touched his gun significantly to intimate that he was at hand to protect her against all ill.

Then he strode to the huge balustrade, and pointing his gun at the door with his fingers on the trigger, and the dog crouched in the attitude of springing down the stairs, he waited.

Slowly the old woman crawled along the tessellated hall, throwing fantastic shadows on its pictured sides, and after some time spent in unfastening the rusty locks and bolts, cautiously opened the door.

A gust of wind blew her candle out, carelessly as her quivering hand sought to shield it, and a man's voice, sounding muffled and indistinct, exclaimed:

"Give this to your master, the Senor Lucian, and tell him I return good for evil."

"The Souvenir"

It is perhaps premature to speak just yet of the happenings or things after the war, and yet it is a kind of human positiveness to look into futurity and mark as real what we would have happen there.

This at all events is the spirit which has moved the Patriotic Association to form a sub-committee to gather in all records of the war—records on which appear the names and the doings of "Newfoundland's Own."

It is a splendid work to do, and it will—as it ought to—make a history of an hour and a movement the greatest that could be written of any country.

This book, I understand, will contain every item of information of the 1st Newfoundland Regiment from the moment when the first volunteer entered his name till the last hour of the war when peace will be declared, and we can imagine what a volume it will be when we consider that the doings of "Ours"—their entry into the conflict, their brave and undying deeds there, and the final sacrifices which so many of the dear dead made—will find faithful and laudable record in its pages.

I think that, if feasible, the photographs of both the Volunteers and Naval Reservists should find a place in this coming work. It would not so much matter that the soldier should be garbed as recruit, his photo should be copied into the book anyway.

Many poems and gems of tribute have been written to the memories of those who have died far away from home, and such too should be collected by the able and energetic committee who are looking after the publishing of the volume; and I think that some of the last letters written home by those who were loyal to the death should also be given space.

Some of our returned soldiers and sailors, and those who will (D.V.) be with us again when Peace has come, have able and witty pens, or else a realistic recital of things which the civilian, be he ever so verbose, can never tell us well, and the committee would find many a helpful hint and item in the compiling of this important work, from the happy telling of some of "Ours" who know so well the tragedy and the wonder of it all.

In a word, the History of the 1st Nfd. Regiment in the Greatest War of the Age is going to be a great book; and every home in Newfoundland should have a copy.

Separate of course from the memory which must ever live in every parent's heart of the boy who gave his life freely and fully, the book will be—must be—the heirloom that shall be handed down to future generations to prove what hath been done by the mere youths of the land; and what a treasure it will be to those who shall come after us, for imagination only can draw that picture of the future manhood pouring over that precious volume and learning from its pages the greatness, and the loyalty, and the spirit of the father generation.

Not all of us (and the writer is one) would be accepted, nor can our names appear in this glorious volume of a glorious cause, but we can do one last, perhaps poor, but the best we can do—one small item of aid, we may help it along even if we but write a paragraph for its pages.

P. J. K.
St. John's, March 3rd, 1917.

Girls! Draw A Moist Cloth Through Hair

Double Its Beauty

Try this! Hair gets thick, glossy, wavy and beautiful at once.

Immediate?—Yes! Certain?—that's the joy of it. Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after a Danderine hair-cleanser. Just try this—moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt or excessive oil, and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair. A delightful surprise awaits those whose hair has been neglected or is scraggy, faded, dry, brittle or thin. Besides beautifully cleaning the hair, Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forestalling itching and falling hair, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair, and lots of it surely get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter and just try it.

LECTURES AND DEBATES. — A series of lectures and debates will commence next week at the B. I. S. Club rooms.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIAL TERPES.

Patriotic Hockey.

In aid of the W. P. A. Fund, a hockey match will be played at the Prince's Rink between a team of 'has-beens' and this year's champions. The C. O. C. Band is going to be in attendance and the object—apart from the merits of the game—is sure to attract a large attendance.

The players will be:—
Has Beens
Vetters Vincombe
Hunt Goal.
Knight Parsons
Ford Marshall
Cover.
Brien Hutchings
Down W. Herder
Coultais Right.
Reid Dickinson
Power James
Left.

Grand Complexion Improver Better Than Cosmetics

When it's so easy to bring back the bloom of youth to faded cheeks, when skin disfigurements can be removed, isn't it foolish to plaster on cosmetics? Go to the root of the trouble—remove the cause—correct the condition that keeps you from looking as you ought. Use Dr. Hamilton's Pills and very soon you'll have a complexion to be proud of. How much happier you'll feel—plimpee gone, cheeks rosy again, eyes bright, spirits good, joyous health again returned. Never a failure with Dr. Hamilton's Pills, get a 25c. box to-day.

Gulf Conditions.

Yesterday afternoon the Marine and Fisheries Department received the first report for the season of the ice and weather conditions in the Gulf and for the benefit of our seal hunters, as follows:—
Belle Isle—Light N. W. wind; light ice close packed everywhere.
Heath Pt.—Light N. W. wind; light ice close packed everywhere.
Magdalen Isld.—Clear N. E. wind; heavy close packed ice everywhere, stationary.
St. Paul's Isld.—Clear N. W. wind; heavy close packed ice everywhere.
Cape Ray—Cloudy with strong N. W. wind; heavy close packed ice everywhere.
Money Pt.—Heavy close packed ice inshore; clear with N. W. wind.
Flat Pt.—Clear with N. E. wind; heavy close packed ice distant.
Scatterie—No ice; clear with N. W. wind.

"Tiz" Eases Tired, Sore, Swollen Feet.

Instant relief for aching, puffed-up, calloused feet and corns.

Why go limping around with aching, puffed-up feet—feet so tired, chafed, sore and swollen you can hardly get your shoes on or off? Why don't you get a 25-cent box of "Tiz" from the drug store now and gadden your tortured feet?

"Tiz" makes your feet glow with comfort; takes down swellings and draws the soreness and misery right out of feet that chafe, smart and burn. "Tiz" instantly stops pain in corns, callouses, and bunions. "Tiz" is glorious for tired, aching, sore feet. No more shoe tightness—no more foot torture.

Caribou Plentiful but Shy.

Do Not Frequent Their Former Haunts.

Mr. R. Porter, the well-known trapper and furrier, who returned last month from an extensive trip in the interior, gave our representative some interesting facts relative to the caribou, which he had gathered from recent observation and long experience. Mr. Porter says that the impression of many people that the caribou are very scarce and are being indiscriminately killed is not correct; they are not seen in great numbers because they are not looked for in the right place. Thus it is unreasonable to expect to find them on the north shores of White Bay, which are only a succession of villages, and the caribou is notoriously shy of human habitations. On the other hand there are thousands between White Bay and Indian Waters and the Birchies. Mr. Porter himself travelled up the Sandy and Birchey Lakes and saw very many.

There is, however, he says, undoubtedly a great falling off in the number of the deer, particularly of the old and strong stags, upon which the propagation of the herds depends. In his opinion a law limiting every hunter to one head only a season for some five or six years would have a beneficial effect. It is a common sight to see hundreds of does wandering about unaccompanied by a single fawn. The gradual encroachment, too, of civilization is driving the caribou into different haunts, and many of the old members of the herds have abandoned migratory trails that they used for years. Nothing like the same number of deer now migrate south every year as they used to do, but remain in the great stretch of territory above mentioned.

FILLED WITH ICE.—It is reported that Bonavista and Trinity Bays are filled with heavy slob ice.

MINARD'S LINIMENT USED BY FISHERMEN.

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 VERY SMART AFTERNOON DRESS.



Waist—1965. Skirt—1816.

Comprising Waist Pattern 1965, and Skirt Pattern 1816. Chiffon cloth was used in this instance, with a touch of fine embroidery by way of embellishment. The style is nice for checked suitings, for serge or gabardine and also for taffeta and satin. The Waist Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches bust measure. The Skirt is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 6 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for the entire dress for a medium size. This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH pattern, in silver or stamps.

AN EVER-POPULAR AND CONVENIENT STYLE.



1956—Girl's Bath Robe.

Eiderdown, flannel, flannelette, blanketing, toweling and fleece-down are all nice for this model. The neck edge is finished with a broad collar. The sleeve is comfortable and is finished with a neat cuff. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 5 yards of 44-inch material for a 12-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

No.
Size
Address in full:—
Name

It is necessary to send in the illustration with the Coupon properly filled out. The pattern cannot reach you in less than 15 days.

The pleated frill comes into fashion with the new spring blouse.

The new silhouette is either barrel shaped or it follows the straight line.

Smart COR Old

War News.

Messages Received Previous to 9 A. M.

JAPAN RECEIVED NO PROPOSITION. TOKIO, March 2. Japan received no proposition from either Mexico or Germany directly or indirectly to join in possible war against the United States. Viscount Motome, Japanese Foreign Minister informed the Associated Press to-day, Viscount Motome said he considered such an idea ridiculous, it being based on the outrageous presumption that Japan would abandon her allies. If Mexico received the proposal, Viscount Motome added, the country showed injustice in not transmitting it to Japan.

WAR REVIEW.

NEW YORK, March 2. British troops made additional progress north and south of the Ancre, but the statement from the London War Office gives no details of the latest advance northwest of Puisieux au Mont. North of the Ancre and in the region of Warlencourt, south of the Ancre and towards Bapaume, were the scenes of the latest gains. The Germans apparently are preparing to make a stand in their present line south of Bapaume as the British statement reports a repulse of attacks against British advanced positions near Guedecourt and Ligny. A correspondent of the Associated Press with the British armies reports the Germans are now making a definite stand on a line running from Essarts through Achiet-le-Petit to the south-east of Bapaume. In the fighting in the Ancre region the British on Fri-

Rub Your Stiff Neck Good Old "Nervine"

FIFTEEN MINUTES AFTER USING NERVINE YOU ARE WELL.

Cold, excessive strain and exertion are a common cause of stiff neck, soreness or inflammation.

Generally the cause is so deeply seated that only a liniment as powerful and penetrating as Nervine will effect an immediate removal of pain. Nervine is powerful, yet penetrating, is the most rapid pain-expelling agent the world knows.

Millions have proved its reliability and millions will share the relief its

HITT
LISTEN WITH YOUR EARS
TELEGRAM
INURED
I SIGN