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THE STORE THAT PLEASES.

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Advertise in The People's Paper.

## A Terrible Tangle

CHAPTER VIII.  
(Concluded).

Elizabeth sat down and looked at the speaker.

This sudden change almost alarmed her.

"You—you are telling me the truth?" she asked.

"Indeed, I am," said Mrs. Winter, and she held the glass to the white, trembling lips. "Now drink this, and you will feel much better," she said.

Indeed, the stimulant did Elizabeth much good.

The housekeeper had guessed rightly. She had not broken her fast the whole of this long, miserable and exciting day.

"I don't understand," she murmured, as she sank back in the chair again, and then her eyes were caught by that sheet of paper lying on the table.

She bent forward.

"Will you give me that letter?" she said.

As she began to read it Mrs. Winter bustled about, arranging for a little supper to be laid, and planning where she would establish herself for the night.

The light was neither strong nor steady, but the handwriting was so bold that Elizabeth had no difficulty in reading what was written.

She felt like one released suddenly as she came to the end. Not only a great personal terror had been lifted from her, but the last wild fear was soothed. Just as her heart had been touched that day at his brother's funeral, when she had supported his head on her lap, and had studied his grief-worn face, so now this unexpected softness, this sudden consideration, which had in it a kin of generosity, touched her to the quick.

She read the letter through several times, and each time she seemed to learn a little more about this strange man.

Her dominant feeling was one of gratitude, and after that came the conviction that Barostan was not the brute that he portrayed himself to be, but that beneath that wild, fierce, unconventional manner there were hidden some noble qualities.

To please Mrs. Winter, she swallowed a few mouthfuls of food when the supper was brought, and she let the housekeeper help her to take off her gown and to slip on an old

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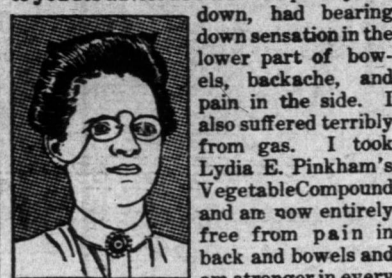
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## TORONTO WOMAN WELL AGAIN

Freed From Bearing Down Pains, Backache and Pain in Side by Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound.

Toronto, Ont.—"Last October, I wrote you for advice as I was completely run down, had bearing down sensation in the lower part of bowels, backache, and pain in the side. I also suffered terribly from gas. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and an hour entirely free from pain in back and bowels and am stronger in every way. I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound highly to all expectant mothers."—Mrs. E. WANDBY, 22 Logan Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.



Consider Well This Advice. No woman suffering from any form of female troubles should lose hope until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for nearly forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism.

Women residing in almost every city and town in the United States bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

When she came to the end. Not only a great personal terror had been lifted from her, but the last wild fear was soothed. Just as her heart had been touched that day at his brother's funeral, when she had supported his head on her lap, and had studied his grief-worn face, so now this unexpected softness, this sudden consideration, which had in it a kin of generosity, touched her to the quick.

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Would she ever know that beautiful peace of mind that had been hers so completely in that life she had left?

Elizabeth shivered. The fresh night air was almost cold. She sought and found her cloak and fastened it about her, and then she went back to the window to weave out some pictures of the future, if possible, to set before herself in some way or other the path she would tread.

Barostan's letter haunted her.

What did he mean by those words of regret?

Complete separation from him was now impossible. She had with her own lips spoken the vows that bound her to him, yet a life apart from him—even with the shadow of this strange marriage resting upon her—would mean at least a sort of peace. Would he so forego his desire for punishment as to permit this? It would be unlike what she knew of his nature. Indeed, though she found herself apart from him now, Elizabeth had a dread of what the morrow would bring.

"And, after all," she said to herself, miserably, "even if he were to give me my freedom back, I cannot go back to where I was. How could I return to Heathcote; how could I support the curiosity? How live through the whispers that must be growing louder and louder even now?"

She hid her face in her hands, and the wind, moving the branches, made a kind of sigh that fitted in with her sorrow. A clock in the distance chimed. A good part of the night was gone. The moon's mellowness was growing thinner. In a very little while the dawn would be coming and the moon would fade before the dawn.

CHAPTER IX.

BAROSTAN'S PROPOSITION.

Lord Ottershaw had remained standing a long time after David Barostan had passed out bearing Elizabeth in his arms, and he had curbed, he knew not how, the fever that raced in his veins.

Indeed, for a time it seemed to him as if this little drama that had been enacted before his eyes had been some phantasm of the brain.

For the figure of Elizabeth had been changed; with her beauty blighted and her voice laden with anxiety and shame, she had seemed no real creature, but a vision brought before his eyes by some churlish trick of the imagination.

How could it be Elizabeth? he asked himself, in those first moments of incredulous amazement. What likelihood could there be between the woman who had given him her love and this pale, tired creature, whom Barostan called his wife?

In all his sunny, happy-go-lucky existence Ottershaw had never known what it was to suffer. He had been a spoiled child of fate from his infancy. Physically, mentally and morally, everything had gone well with him. This blow, therefore, so unexpected, so incredible, found him utterly unprepared to meet it, either with submission or philosophy.

When his valet came into the room bringing with him the letters which had been so long and strangely de-

livered.

The recipe makes 16 ounces of cough syrup, and saves you about \$2.00 as compared with ordinary cough remedies. It stops obstinate coughs—even whooping cough—in a hurry, and is splendid for sore lungs, asthma, croup, hoarseness and other throat troubles.

Mix two cups of granulated sugar with one cup of warm water, and stir for two minutes. Put 2½ ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a 16-ounce bottle, and add the Sugar Syrup. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours. Tastes good.

This takes right hold of a cough and gives almost instant relief. It stimulates the appetite, and is slightly laxative—both excellent features.

Pinex, as perhaps you know, is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, rich in ginseng and the other natural healing pine elements.

No other preparation will do the work of Pinex in this respect, although strained honey can be used instead of the sugar syrup if desired.

Thousands of housewives in the United States and Canada now use this Pinex and Sugar Syrup. This plan has often been imitated, but the old successful formula has never been equaled. Its low cost and quick results have made it immensely popular.

A guaranty of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex, or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

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layed, the man stared at his master. He had never seen Lord Ottershaw wear such a look as he now wore. He had never heard his lordship speak in such a manner as he now spoke.

When he was alone, Ottershaw turned to these letters. He found the one from Elizabeth and held it in his hand a long time before opening it. He had almost instantly grasped that there must be something written in this letter that was lost which would have prepared him for what had happened had he received it.

He walked about the room in his slow, lame fashion for a little while, and then sat down and read what she had written.

The letter touched him, in a sense, but his chief feeling was one of anger. The arrogance in his nature that had always remained close to the surface burst into being in this moment.

He felt humiliated by Elizabeth's renunciation of his love. Such a letter would have been bad enough had it come at its proper season, but it was infinitely worse now, when he realized that the cause of her quick withdrawal existed in the form of another man.

Wounded pride, slighted honor, made good food for jealousy, but this could not give him satisfaction, neither could it explain the situation.

He was still sitting, brooding, when Mrs. Winter came in, half nervously, to see if he needed anything, eager, as a matter of fact, to repeat all that she knew about the scene that had passed.

"I don't know what's wrong, my lord," said Mrs. Winter. "but something is very wrong. She just clung to me like a child might cling to its mother, and she is so broken in spirit. Of course, he asked me to forgive him, and so I ought not to think about it any more, but he certainly is a strange man, my lord—one who can be very fierce, too."

To be continued.

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