

# WON AT LAST.

CHAPTER XXII.

Striking into the lane leading to Chavasse, and getting within view of the little gate in the park palings, I gave a start. Standing with her hand upon its top bar and her back toward me, as she looked further down the lane, was the figure of a woman, her head enveloped in a shawl. Who was it, I wondered, standing there so late, and in the bitter cold? Had that reckless little madcap Nat come out to look for me, setting influenza and a sore throat at defiance? No, the figure was too tall for the little lady, too short to be Madame. Oh, it was mademoiselle up to one of her incomprehensible freaks again! I decided, wondering why I had not thought of her at first, as I drew nearer to the gate.

Of course it was mademoiselle, though she had had the sense to put something over her head this time; and what in the name of all that was unreasonable could she possibly want there? But the sound of my approaching footsteps over the hard frozen ground startled the figure, and it turned, uttered a cry at the sight of me, and was gone in a flash.

But for the cry I might have thought I had signalized myself by seeing a ghost, the vanishing of the figure had been so rapid. As it was, I had the gate open almost in the same moment, and was peering about eagerly. No one was within sight. The moonlight, the snow-covered ground, the white bushes, the great bending branches of the trees—that was all that was to be seen. But on the path at my feet footprints were plainly visible in the snow, and all pointing towards the gate.

A sudden thought flashed across my mind, and I sprang round the great clump of bushes which stood beside the gate, and peered down eagerly. The corner was in deep shadow, and the darkness cast by the mass of entwined branches made it deeper still, but I could see the outlines of a crouching figure and the whiteness of a pale scared face. I put down my hand, grasping the figure's arm, and, yielding to the movement, it rose to its feet, suffering me to draw it forward into the stream of moonlight. I dropped its arm and stared. Instead of Mlle. Valdin, as I had confidently expected, there stood face to face with me—Virtue Dent!

CHAPTER XXIV.

I do not know how long it was before I found my voice, for, of all the scared, imploring, terrified faces that

## How He Escaped An Operation

And Was Completely Cured of Piles of 14 Years' Standing by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

**Mr. Chas. Beauvais.**

Doctors say that about one person in every four suffers more or less from piles, and who can imagine a more annoying, torturing, disagreeable ailment?

After trying a few treatments without success, and as the ailment grows worse, the medical doctor is consulted. An operation, he says, is necessary. You think of the suffering, expense and risk to life itself, and hesitate before taking such a step.

In many thousands of such cases Dr. Chase's Ointment has made thorough and lasting cures. Read this letter for the proof.

Mr. Charles Beauvais, a well-known citizen of St. Jean, Que., writes:—"For 14 years I suffered from chronic piles, and considered my case very serious. I was treated by a celebrated doctor who could not help me and ordered a surgical operation as the only means of relief.

"However, I decided to try Dr. Chase's Ointment, and obtained great relief from the first box. By the use of three boxes I was entirely cured. This is why it gives me great pleasure to recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to all who suffer from piles as a treatment of the greatest value."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, all Dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

# THIS WOMAN'S TROUBLES GONE

## Terrible Cramps, Dizzy Spells, Nervousness, Misery—Her Story of How She Got Well Again.

Hindsboro, Ill.—"Your remedies have relieved me of all my troubles. I would have such bearing down misery and cramps and such weak, nervous, dizzy spells that I would have to go to bed. Some days I could hardly stay up long enough to get a meal.

"The doctor's medicine did me no good so I changed to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and got good results from the first bottle. I kept on taking it and used the Sanative Wash with it, until I was well again. I think every woman who suffers as I have, could take no better medicine."—Mrs. CHARLES MATSON, Box 58, Hindsboro, Ill.

**Testimony of Trained Nurse.**

Cathlamet, Wash.—"I am a nurse and when I do much lifting I have a female weakness, but I take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I cannot say enough in praise of it. I always recommend it for female troubles."—Mrs. ELVA BARBER EDWARDS, Box 54, Cathlamet, Wash.

The makers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have thousands of such letters as those above—they tell the truth, else they could not have been obtained for love or money. This medicine is no stranger—it has stood the test for years.

Over I have seen in my life. Virtue Dent's was the most so as she stood looking up at me with her large light eyes distended, and attempting neither to speak nor to move away. I she had been discovered in some crime, her obvious fear could not have been greater than it was.

"What on earth are you doing here Virtue?" I asked at last.

"Nothing, sir," she faltered. "I came out because my head ached."

The air of the park was good for headaches, it would seem; that was just what mademoiselle had said on the night of Nat's tumble, when I ran up against her at the end of the Lady's Walk. The excuse had been a headache in the governess' case, I shrewdly suspected, and I certainly put it down as about the same in that of this girl, who had always been a queer girl. There was nothing in her headache to make her scream and run away, anyhow, or to make her look scared now.

"What did you run away for when you saw me?" I asked, bluntly.

"I—I was frightened, sir."

"Frightened enough to scream, eh?"

"Did I scream, sir?"

"You did, and pretty loudly too but for that, I don't know that I shouldn't have fancied you a ghost particularly when you vanished in a flash. How came you to be frightened?"

"I—I didn't know it was you, sir. That is—I thought you would see me," she stammered, in flat contradiction.

"And so you hid yourself?"

"I was so startled, sir."

"Poo!" I said, laughing. "How green you must think me, Virtue! I don't believe a word of it. You were saying good-bye to your sweetheart I suspect. Never mind"—as she raised her large scared eyes quickly to my face—"I didn't see him if you were. But I wouldn't be out here so late if I were you, madame wouldn't like it if she were to know."

"Oh, Mr. Ned"—forgetting all her usual respectful demeanour, this strange damsel clasped my arm and held it tightly—"don't tell madame, sir; don't let her know—pray don't, sir! She would be angry, and it was no harm indeed!"

"Whoever supposed it was?" I retorted, laughing, and thinking that I had certainly had very nearly caught discreet Virtue bidding her sweetheart good-night. "Do you suppose that I shall trouble to tell madame that you have such a partiality for catching your death of cold?" I said. "She might not like it if she knew—that's all."

"It shall not happen again, sir," she faltered, timidly.

"I wouldn't let it, if I were you. Why, in a year or two you will be as rheumatic as poor old Batterbin if you don't look out!"



**Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**  
The makers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have thousands of such letters as those above—they tell the truth, else they could not have been obtained for love or money. This medicine is no stranger—it has stood the test for years.

"And you won't tell madame, Mr. Ned?" she said, pleadingly, but almost in her ordinary staid way.

"Of course not. Make haste if you don't want to be locked out, though—it is close on half-past eleven."

"Thank you, sir," she said, almost in a whisper, and then darted off down a private path which would bring her round to the side of the house, and probably enable her to slip in without old Batterbin being any the wiser.

Laughing again to think what a queer girl she was, and how scared she had been, I went in-doors too. Going into the drawing-room, I found only Nat there. Mademoiselle had gone to bed with a headache, and madame was writing a letter in the library.

The little lady curled up in a chair by the fire, was more than half asleep but she jumped up when I went in.

"Oh, it is you, Ned!" she said, with a yawn, childishly stretching her arms above her head, a trick of which madame had vainly tried to break her.

"Yes, my dear! I saw your big bear safely home; and he is going to put his feet in hot water and have a pint of gruel before he goes to bed."

"What ridiculous nonsense you talk!" she cried, laughing, and looking down at me as I stretched myself out on the rug before her chair. "You really have got rid of him?"

"Oh, yes, he's safe enough until tomorrow anyhow! Looked as blue by the time we got there, as if he had been standing in a shower-bath—couldn't stand the cold, you know—wanted to know if we ever had it warm. I don't think his impression of England are particularly favorable since they are altogether."

Nat shrugged her shoulders.

"So much the better—perhaps he isn't so smart."

"Let's hope not. If he hasn't a fine old in his head to-morrow to spoil his pretty face, I'm greatly mistaken!"

"He is absurdly handsome, isn't he?" Nat said, musingly.

"Absurdly?" I echoed.

"Well, yes—I think so. I think it is rather a waste of beauty in a man to be so handsome as a great deal."

"Handsome than Roger, eh?" I said, mischievously, looking up at her.

"Handsome than Roger!" she echoed, in her turn, with a little laugh, but the rich color flushed her pretty face from brow to chin as she looked at the fire. "Why, I don't know that he is really handsome at all I never thought whether he was or not."

"All right, miss. I'll tell him."

"I'm sure you may if you like!" he—looking down at me with a sigh—"you know he is not half as handsome as you are, if we come to that! Oh, I declare you are absolutely blushing—pretty dear!" she cried, highly delighted.

Not but what it was true, although I had colored. We Chavasses had never been ugly specimens of humanity, and I knew that I had the bright brown eyes and hair and the face and figure generally which had made my father in his day one of the handsomest men in Daleshire.

"I'll tell Roger you've been making love to me if you don't look out young lady."

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THE JOHNSON-RICHARDSON CO., Limited, Montreal, Canada.

"As though he would believe it! Wait until you grow up, sir." This was Miss Net's favorite way of crushing me. "Oh, Ned"—with a sudden vivacious tremulous change of tone—"I wish he would come home!"

"So do I," I said heartily.

"Ah, but not like me! Will it be long now, I wonder?"

"Oh, no—can't be! Why, he has been gone a week! I shouldn't be at all surprised if he turned up before Sunday."

"Perhaps he will," she said, brightening; "but I do wish he had written to me, Ned."

"And have madame pounce upon his letter!" I retorted. "A nice mail that would make of things!"

"So it would," she assented, softly. "I'm stupid to-night, I think. It is all through that horrid man coming!"—with a vicious emphasis that I knew was meant for Raby St. George.

"Well, yes, he certainly might have topped away and welcome," I rejoined, wondering what she would say if he knew, as I did, of Fraser Froude's proposal. "But don't you bother your head about him, if Roger doesn't turn up soon, and he gets too impatient, I'll undertake to shove him into the river myself. I say, Nat"—a thought which had been in my head several times during the evening, suddenly recurring to me—"who is this fellow exactly? You never told me."

(To be continued.)

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# Evening 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.

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Ladies' One Piece Corset Cover and One Piece Drawers.  
Dainty lingerie is always pleasing to a woman, especially if good effect can be gained with little labor. The Patterns here submitted are easy to develop and suitable for all lingerie fabrics. The Corset cover and drawers are each one piece models. Flouncing could be combined with lawn or tulle or cross bar dimity, or batiste with lace edging and insertion. Ribbon run heading would trim and also hold the fullness of the cover. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 2-3-8 yards of 36 inch material for the medium size.

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

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A few Ladies' Scotch Knit Wool Gaiter Socks. Lot of Children's, Misses' and Ladies' Imitation Fur Sets in the most fashionable styles and the leading colours, viz: Moles, Beavers and Blacks. Though these Sets have been much enquired for, and customers have been waiting for some, we now offer them at 20 per cent. discount, as we have been advertising all our stock of Furs at 20 per cent. discount.

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