

Here's a Chance to try

How superior Zam-Buk is to ordinary salves! We want every man, woman, and child who suffers from any form of Skin Disease or injury to use Zam-Buk and get cured quickly. Try Zam-Buk for yourself at our expense.

FREE BOX Out on this advertisement, write across it the name of this paper and mail it to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, with 1c stamp to pay return postage. We will send you a trial box FREE. Show this offer to your friends!

READ WHAT THIS MOTHER SAYS ABOUT IT.
Mrs. Geo. Bowman, of 906 Selkirk Avenue, Winnipeg, says:—"Pimples and sores broke out all over my little girl's face and hands. They spread, and set up inflammation. In the end her face was one mass of sores! We tried ointment after ointment, but there was no noticeable improvement. A neighbor advised my trying Zam-Buk and leaving off all other remedies. I did as she advised. Frequent applications of Zam-Buk soothed the pains and allay'd the inflammation, and before long the sores began to look healthier. Gradually every scab and pimple disappeared and the sores were healed completely, leaving the child's face smooth and white as possible. Since then, while using an old pair of scissors, they slipped, cutting my left thumb badly. Inflammation set in and I feared blood poisoning, but began to apply Zam-Buk. The pain was soothed directly, and within a week the wound was nicely healed." Use Zam-Buk for all skin injuries and diseases. 60c. box, all stores or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

ZAM-BUK

ADDRESS ALL APPLICATIONS FOR SAMPLES AND RETAIL ORDERS TO T. McURD & CO., ST. JOHN'S, N.F.L.D.

WON AT LAST.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Not yet," replied Nat, returning her effusive kiss.

"A lucky escape for you, my dear. Father is dezing over next Sunday's sermon in his study. He has been engaged at it for a couple of hours, and has written only two lines, and scratched them out again—I peeped in to see how he was getting on—and mother is as sound asleep on the couch in the drawing-room as most of us will be by the time the sermon is preached. She has got half a dozen new symptoms since the beginning of the week, and they are all original too. So in those circumstances I thought it more prudent not to disturb her, and had tea taken out on to the grass under the sycamore. You are just in time for some, Nat. We were commencing it."

"We?" I echoed.
"Yes," said Alice. "Major Constable is there. He came over to tell father something or other, but hearing that he was busy, said that it could wait. Why, you both know him, you?"
But no—neither Nat nor I knew him. We had heard of Major Constable often enough since the evening when Roger Yorke had leaned over the little gate in the park palings and told me about him; but he had not called at Chavasse or so far come in our way elsewhere. I said so, adding:

Schoolgirl's Exhausted Nerves

Headaches, Dizzy Spells and Weakness Overcome by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.



Miss Gallop.

At about the age that most girls are working hardest at school studying for examinations there are important physiological changes taking place which are an additional strain on the nervous system.

Mrs. Gallop has had experience in the cases of her daughter and granddaughter, and for this reason her letter is particularly interesting to parents.

Mrs. J. A. Gallop, 135 Victoria Street, St. John, N.B., whose husband is a carpenter, states:—"We have used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food in our family for nervousness, headaches, dizziness and nervous dyspepsia, and have found them satisfactory in every particular. My daughter Beale was going to school, and became quite run down in health. By the time she had used three boxes of this remedy her nerves were steady, her general health was excellent and she was entirely free from headaches and dizzy spells. We are more than pleased with the results of this treatment. More recently we used the Nerve Food for my granddaughter, who was out of school for nearly a year from nervous trouble, and noticed improvement in her condition at once."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers or Edmansons, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

"Do you like him, Alice?"
"Of course I do. I like everybody and everything but Fraser Froude and mustard-plasters. Come along, and I'll introduce him to you, Nat. You will be able to help me to entertain him."

"I didn't know you ever wanted help at that sort of thing," Nat said, laughing, as we followed Miss Deep-ling's green-and-white muslin skirts round the corner of the house—for the rectory grounds lay chiefly at the back.

Alice's gypsy tea-table was placed among a cluster of rustic chairs under the huge sycamore in the centre of the smooth lawn, and Major Constable stood there, his right hand resting upon the head of a great mastiff and his left empty coat-sleeve slung across his breast.

"A battle-scarred veteran," Yorke had called him, and the title did not appear to me to be an inapt one. Certainly the major could not be classed among feather-bed soldiers if he looks went for anything. He was not very young—thirty-five, I should think, with a fine figure and a fine face too, although bronzed and a good deal lined. His dark hair and thick black beard and mustache were slightly streaked with gray, and across one temple was an ugly scar, as of a saber-cut. But, although his expression was grave and a little stern, I took fancy to Major Constable even before I had heard his deep kind voice, or seen how his eyes and face lighted up when he spoke.

Five minutes after Alice's introduction, we were chatting away as we sipped our tea, the liveliest of quartets. Even Nat forgot to be shy, as he usually was at first with strangers, and let her tongue run almost as fast as Alice's own. Those beautiful golden-black eyes of hers cast so many awed and sympathetic glances at the major's empty coat-sleeve that he broke off presently in something he was saying, and asked her if she was scared at it, and if she would like to know how he lost his arm.

Nat said "Yes" eagerly, and so did I, although I had not been asked. Major Constable had been through a good deal, all sorts of dangers, escapes, and adventures, and he knew how to relate them. He had been through the Ashantee War, too, where he had been wounded twice slightly and once almost to death, and had lost his arm in the bargain.

Listening to his graphic talk, the time sped away upon wings, and I do not know which of us, three listeners started the most when the church clock struck seven. The major laughed, said his dinner would be waiting, and, bidding a kindly farewell to us all, went off across the garden with his enormous mastiff. He had previously asked me to come to the Lodge whenever I felt inclined, and I had asked him to call at Chavasse.

The two girls lingered a minute or two by the gate, laughing about the bugbear mademoiselle, Alice saying that she meant to come up to the Mount the next day to see her. Then she ran in-doors, and I put Nat up on her horse again.

A very serious little face she had as we rode slowly along in the High Street, so serious that I presently asked her what was the matter.

"Thinking of mademoiselle, Nat?"
"Mademoiselle?" she repeated, starting. "No, why?"

"You looked solemn enough to be thinking of a dozen governesses."
"Did I? I was not then. Do you like Major Constable, Ned?"
"Rather!" I said, heartily. "He's a jolly fellow, I think—as jolly in his way as Yorke himself. Don't you like him?"

"Very much. But what a pity it is about his arm!" said Nat, pityingly, staring meditatively between her horse's ears.

"Yes; but I suppose he is used to the loss. He doesn't seem to miss the arm. It's lucky it's the left one."

"Oh, yes; still I was not thinking of his exactly! But there—I dare say Alice won't mind."

"Alice!" I echoed, astonished. "What has Major Constable arm or lack of arm to do with Alice?"

"When they are married, I meant," said Nat, looking at me seriously. "Eh?" I ejaculated, bewildered. "What are you driving at, Nat?"
"Only that I should think you could see—I can. It's rather odd, isn't it, for Alice, who is always laughing and chatting, to fall in love with a man so grave as Major Constable? But I suppose it does happen so sometimes. I don't wonder a bit that he is in love with her," she concluded, warmly.

"I believe you are wool-gathering," I said, not able to take in the idea at all. "What put such a notion into your head? I couldn't see anything, as you call it."

"Of course not!" She broke into a light little laugh, and gave me a patronizing touch on the shoulder with her whip. "You're a dear boy, Ned; but you're a goose. I suppose, if you weren't a goose, you wouldn't be a boy. You will see how things turn out. Mind you don't say anything." I did not say anything even in reply to her. Alice and Major Constable could not so understand it, and yet I knew by experience that Natalie's eyes were keen eyes. Quick as thought, came to me the memory of Roger Yorke.

FREE ADVICE TO SICK WOMEN

Thousands Have Been Helped By Common Sense Suggestions.

Women suffering from any form of female ills are invited to communicate promptly with the woman's private correspondence department of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established a confidential correspondence which has extended over many years and which has never been broken. Never have they published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the Company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Out of the vast volume of experience which they have to draw from, it is more than possible that they possess the very knowledge needed in your case. Nothing is asked in return except your good will, and their advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (Confidential) Lynn, Mass.

Every woman ought to have Lydia E. Pinkham's 80-page Text Book. It is not a book for general distribution, as it is too expensive. It is free and only obtainable by mail. Write for it today.



Yorke, and the gossip with which Whittleford had been amusing himself. "Poor old boy, I thought—poor old Roger! It would be hard with him if he were really in love with the rectory's daughter. I do not think we had spoken a dozen words more when we reached Chavasse."

Natalie ran up to her, room at once, and I to mine, knowing that there was barely time to get ready for dinner—and to be late at that meal was a crime never condoned at Chavasse. Hastily changing my coat and hurrying down stairs again, I found Nat had been as quick as I; I caught sight of her little figure in its pretty gown of pale cream-color slashed with poppy-red standing at the drawing-room door. She came tiptoeing toward me, and slipped her hand within my arm, making an impressive embrace.

"Come in with me, Ned," she whispered, eagerly. "I've been waiting, hoping that you would come. You haven't seen anything of her, have you?"
"Mademoiselle?" I whispered back. "Hush! Yes."
"Not a glimpse. Perhaps she hasn't come."

"Oh, yes, she has—Virtue told me! She says she looks old. That means horrid, in plain English, of course. Ugh! I do wish it were over!"

"We shan't get it over, as you call it, by standing out here on the mat like a couple of children waiting to be put in the corner." I suggested, practically. I was not particularly nervous, after all; and, since there was no getting rid of her, I was rather curious to see Mlle. Lucille Val-dini.

Nat shrugged her shoulders and gave her favorite little pout. "Oh, it's all very well for you, sir! She isn't going to plague the life out of you! Well, there is no help for it, I suppose; so here goes!"

We went in to find that we had tormented the den when the lion was not at home. Only madame's stately gure turned toward us as we entered. Nat threw a rapid glance round, and regained her courage with marvellous celerity.

"Oh, madame, isn't she coming down to dinner?" she cried. "How jolly! and I have been trembling on the mat."

"My dear, hush!" madame said, admonishingly. "You may be heard. Mademoiselle is coming; and indeed as she spoke, there was a rustle of trailing skirts across the hall, a little pause, and then the door opened slowly and Mlle. Val-dini entered the drawing-room."

CHAPTER IX.
Many as are the portraits which I have had to sketch since I commenced my story, I must certainly add one more before my gallery is complete. As well as I can I wish to describe what Mlle. Lucille Val-dini looked like as I saw her on that first evening when she entered the drawing-room at Chavasse. I shall have to be careful, for she is not an easy figure to sketch.

Looking at her, it seemed to me that she was made up, so to speak, of negatives. She was neither tall nor short, neither stout nor thin, neither fair nor dark. Her features were commonplace; her brown hair was of an ordinary tint; her complexion was neither noticeably pale nor noticeably tanned. A figure with a certain trained style and grace, clad in a plain dress of exquisite taste, a pale, grave, composed face, and a manner neither too assured nor too diffident—that was the formidable mademoiselle as she appeared in my eyes, as she responded with an easy, almost deprecating grace to madame's introduction of Nat and myself.

which I was not very able to reciprocate; so I went over to the window, and, standing there, pretending to look out, listened to the conversation between my mother and the new governess—a very polite and charming conversation, and most gracious upon madame's part. The excellent manners and unobtrusive style of mademoiselle had evidently appealed to the fastidious fancy of the mistress of Chavasse.

Had mademoiselle had a pleasant journey? Mademoiselle had found it hot. And dusty? Oh, yes, and dusty of a certainty—even very dusty? Was mademoiselle familiar with England? Mademoiselle was not—in fact, this of to-day was her first experience of it. Had it so far made a favorable impression? Ah, altogether charming! Mademoiselle failed to express the delight with which—the heat and the dust notwithstanding presumably—her first day's experience had filled her. Mademoiselle had made up her mind, in fact, to drop from her vocabulary the term "La Belle France," and to substitute in future the phrase "La Belle Angleterre." Nothing less could possibly express the extent of mademoiselle's admiration. And Chavasse? Madame hoped that mademoiselle had reserved a special quota of enthusiasm for Chavasse. Ah, surely! Of all places it was the most beautiful, the most truly enchanting, if mademoiselle was charmed with England in general, with Chavasse in particular she was more than charmed. It is true, there were French chateaux; but—Ah, bah—mademoiselle would not presume to talk to madame of French chateaux!

This tribute to Chavasse and, by implication, to the possessors of Chavasse brought us to the announcement of dinner, and sent the two elder ladies off to it in the best possible humor with each other, leaving me as I followed with Nat, pretty sure of two things and undecided as to a third—first, that Mlle. Val-dini knew how to play her cards, and had certainly started by making the best of her hand; second, that, but for the occasional French "turn" of the words, I had never heard better English in my life; third, that I was not by any means sure whether I liked mademoiselle or the reverse.

(To be continued.)

THE LONDON DIRECTORY

(Published Annually)
Enables traders throughout the World to communicate direct with English MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS in each class of goods. Besides being a complete commercial guide to London and its suburbs, the directory contains lists of EXPORT MERCHANTS with the Goods they ship, and the Colonial and Foreign Markets they supply; STEAMSHIP LINES, arranged under the Ports to which they sail, and indicating the approximate Sailing; PROVINCIAL TRADE NOTICES, of leading Manufacturers, Merchants, etc., in the principal provincial towns and industrial centres of the United Kingdom. A copy of the current edition will be forwarded, freight paid, on receipt of Postal Order for 20s. Dealers seeking Agencies can advertise their trade cards for £1, or larger advertisements from £3. THE LONDON DIRECTORY, Co., Ltd., 25, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.

A Portrait!

A Portrait to be properly finished and give satisfaction demands the utmost skill of the photographer. Many photographers delight in exaggerating the image, which, when finished, is not a true portrait. A Portrait must show the person as he or she truly is, without any artificial means of beauty, free from skin blemishes with the exception of birth marks or scars. We photograph the person truly and retouch in the most approved and up-to-date way. No order too small or too large for our every attention. Call in and we will be only too glad to show you everything—show you photos of people of whom you know. We are specialists in child photography. Send the children along. Photos from Stamps and Buttons up to 12 by 14 inches; all sizes, styles and finishes. Watch our show cases from time to time. TOOTON STUDIOS, 310 Water St. Central, 406 Water St. West, Houses of superior quality.

JOB PRINTING

NEW YEAR GIFTS.

FELT FOOTWEAR

SIR H. W. TUCKETT'S SLIPPERS.
Women's Felt Kosy Slippers, Blue, Gray, Claret.
Women's Felt Juliettes, Gray and Black.
MEN'S SLIPPERS, Wool, Felt and Kid.

PARKER & MONROE, Ltd.
The Shoe Men.

The Testimony of Facts!

From a letter published in the "Autocar" of Sept. 14th, '12, we notice that out of 13 Cars in a garage at Harrogate the following splendid tribute to MICHELIN TYRES:
2 Cars fitted with 2 MICHELINS each out of 4 Tyres.
2 Cars fitted with 3 MICHELINS each out of 4 Tyres.
5 Cars fitted with 4 MICHELINS each out of 4 Tyres.
3 Cars fitted without any MICHELINS at all, which shows out of 52 Tyres, 32 were MICHELINS. In other words, 61 1/2 per cent of Tyres fitted were MICHELINS, the remainder being divided between five other makers. MICHELIN Beats Them All.

A. H. MURRAY, Agt.

2,500

Copies of

MUSIC

to be sold in lots of

10 for 30 cts.

By the very best composers and retailers from 10 to 75 cts. per copy.
Take the bargain now. We are closing out Sheet Music finally at half cost price.

CHESLEY WOODS & Co.

BARGAINS IN DRESS GOODS.

Special offering of Heavy Dress Tweeds and Cloths for winter wear. We have Dress Tweeds, in neat stripes, from 26c. yard Dress Meltons, in Navy, Brown, Grey, Black, from 20c. yard Amazon Cloths, all colors, from 40c. yard Also clearing lines of Cashmeres, Lustres, Nun's Veilings, etc.

Wm. F'REW

"Clan Mackenzie"
SCOTCH WHISKY,
OLD and MELLOW.
In Bottles or on Draught.

HAYWARD & CO.

Telegram ads. Give Satisfaction

We ha your t please

\$1 BO

Mem

dec24,1f

The

In ea has earn fore in it Fav result of

C. A.



If your have some re but use BEA the place of paint in oil or BEAVER It is used for wherever you We will s your building

COL

10 cases B Very Che 3 lb.

HEINZ'S D

ROYAL

nov30,1f