MADAME'S WARD

BY PAULINE BEVERLEY.

Tapping softly at her door when I reached it, I quite expected to be answered by Vane, who I knew had kept rigorous guard over her mistress all day; but, to my surprise, the voice that called to me to come in was Nat's own. Pushing open the door, I went in accordingly.

It was the same pretty room which I had entered on the preceding night, and in which I had seen the brilliant little figure standing by the big glass, almost outshining the wax-lights which glittered round her; but there was no brightness to dazzle my eyes now—only a shaded lamp burned on a little table, and let me see Nat lying back almost lost in a huge chintz-cushioned chair by the fire. Her eyes were closed, but she opened them slowly as I approached, and her face brightened—if indeed such a woe-begone little face could brighten; for, as I saw her more closely, it seemed to me that she simply looked terribly ill.

"Oh, it is you, Ned!" she said, with a gasp of relief. "I was afraid it was Madame."

"Afraid!" I echoed, wondering very much how I was going to get through my commission to talk to her. I had Roger before my mind, and somehow, although she looked so awfully wretched—poor little thing!—I felt myself getting angry again.

"Oh, yes—yes!" She got up, clasping my arm with two eager little hot hands, as she had done on the previous night. "I have shut myself up all day because I was afraid. Ned, you must tell her; I will not—I can not!"

"She knows," I said, shortly.

"Did you tell her?" she cried, eagerly, turning pitifully white. "What does she say? Is she angry? Does she say I shall not do it? Does she?"

"Well, she says you must be mad," I answered, with brusque candor.

"Ah, so I was—no one knows how mad but you and me!"

"Don't bring me into it; I had nothing to do with it!" I returned, ungraciously. "I would have let you jump off the top of the house as willingly. Look here, Nat—haven't you had enough of this nonsense? You don't mean to go on with it, do you?"

"Yes," she cried, passionately, her eyes flashing; "you know I do!"

"Oh, very well! It's a cheerful look-out—that's all. Do you know he has been here, pray?"

"He has?" She dropped back into her chair again, shivering. "He has been here? Oh, Ned, I did not think he would ever do that! He is so proud, and I insulted him before them all last night, didn't I? Do you know that all night and all day I have been seeing him, looking just as he did for that one second? I have only to close my eyes and it all comes back—his face, and the lights, and the horrible crashing music. And he came here, and you did not tell me? It doesn't matter, though, for I said I would never see him or speak to him again, didn't I? And I meant it. Why did he come here? Was it to say he would forgive me? Ah, he doesn't know, you see, that it is I who will never forgive him!"

She buried her face in her hands as she finished, shuddering violently still. Two or three times I had tried to stop her rapid words, but without avail. There was even now only one "he" in the world for her—that was certain—and a lively prospect that seemed to open for Fraser Froude's promised wife. As soothingly as I could, I said—

"I only meant Froude, Nat."

"Oh!" She dropped her hands listlessly to stare at me. "Only Fraser Froude?"

"That's all. Madame thought you wouldn't care to see him, you know."

"Oh, no, no!" she said, shuddering. "Ned, I was afraid you meant—him!"

It was on the tip of my tongue to tell her bitterly that she need not be afraid of Yorke's troubling her again, but I bit my lip, and checked the words. The breach was wide enough in all conscience, and wanted no enlarging. Instead, I said, indignantly—

"And you mean to say that you're absolutely going on with this farce—this engagement—while you feel like this? Look here, Nat—it's a burning shame, whichever way you look at it! How on earth do you think you're going to bring yourself to marry this confounded lamppost of a stock broker while you love Roger Yorke? You may say what you like, but I say you do love him you know you do! And you have Fraser Froude's ring on your finger there! It ought to burn you—by Jove, it ought!"

If it had indeed burned her, she could hardly have torn it off more quickly or dashed it down more passionately than she did as I spoke. The ring rolled across the carpet, and I stared stupidly after it, finally asking—

"And what's that for?"

"Because I hate it!" she answered, vehemently. "I—I had forgotten it. Don't pick it up. I loathe the sight of it!"

"H'm!" I said, deliberately. "If I were you, I'd pitch the giver after it. Let it lie, by all means: I don't want to touch it. But does it mean that you're going to do that?"

"Do what?"

"Be sensible, and throw Fraser Froude over, of course."

"No," she returned, a sudden flood of color rushing into her cheeks, "it does not mean that. I had no right to take it off. I did not mean to take it off. Pick it up for me."

"And you will put it on again?"

"Yes," she said, obstinately.

"Very well. But look there, Nat—once off your finger, that ring shouldn't go on again. You have no right to wear it."

"No right! What do you mean?"

"That you have no business to wear a ring given you by any man but Roger Yorke," I returned, doggedly, looking straight at her.

Quite calmly and coldly she looked back at me, and I saw her little dark face harden and set as it had done on the previous day in the laurel alley by the gate in the park fence.

"Ned," she said, quietly, "am I to pick that up, or will you?"

"Oh, all right!"—and I shrugged my shoulders. "As you please, of course. Am I to pick it up or not?"

"If you do not, I shall."

I crossed over and picked up the ring, and, bringing it back, tossed it into her lap. It fell upon her fingers, and at its touch she shivered with about as much aversion as she might have shown at the touch of the hand of its giver. As she did not attempt to touch it, I said, ironically—

"Perhaps I had better put it on for you. Shall I?"

But, instead of answering, she burst into a passion of weeping. I do not think I had ever seen a woman cry like that before, and I was utterly scared, wondering what on earth Madame would say should she chance to come in and find us. It was fortunate that Nat stopped when she did, or I should have done something desperate.

"I say, Nat—you ought to have some wine or something," I said, a good deal softened. "This sort of thing won't do, you know. You will have a fit of hysterics next. Is there any wine up here?"

"No," she answered, petulantly: "I don't want wine—it will only make my head throb more than it does now. Fetch my eau-de-Cologne, if you like—it is in the next room."

"All right. Where shall I find it?"

"Ask for it. She is there—mademoiselle. Madame sent her to sit with me, but I can't bear her in my sight. She will give it to you."

Fearing a second outbreak if I did not hurry, I crossed the room quickly to the door of communication between it and the next, and went in. My entrance was startlingly abrupt, I suppose, for it was followed by a low cry of surprise and fright, and a figure which had been bending eagerly over the dressing-table, examining something by the light of a candle, turned a pale face and scared eyes upon me as I advanced, while something rattled and slipped from its fingers, falling to the ground like a sparkling string. Then I uttered an exclamation, too, for the woman who had been bending so eagerly and secretly over the dressing-table that was strewn with the glittering contents of Natalie's jewel-case was not Lucille Valdini, but Virtue Dent.

Yes, Virtue Dent! And, of all the frightened, disconcerted faces which I ever remember to have seen, I think this girl's was the most so, always excepting the time when I had found her crouched behind the clump of bushes in the park on the frosty night when Raby St. George had made his first appearance at Mount Chavasse.

She did not even drop her usual demure courtesy—an action which always seemed mechanical with her—but merely raised her large pale-colored eyes to mine deprecatingly, her thin fingers fluttering nervously. So we stood for a minute, I should think, the diamond necklace which she had let fall sparkling and glittering on the carpet between us. At last I said, sharply—

"What are you doing here, Virtue?"

"N-nothing, sir," she stammered, confusedly, and stooped to pick up the necklace.

(To Be Continued.)

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.

A PRACTICAL OUTFIT FOR THE BUSY WOMAN—NO. 8454.

The busy housekeeper will not fail to find in the accompanying illustration a most attractive and practical outfit, consisting of apron, cap and sleeves. It will afford protection to the daintiest gown, and will leave the hair neat and tidy even after a busy morning's work. The front is cut in Princess style and fits close to the figure. A prettily-shaped bib extends over the shoulders in a manner very becoming. Gingham was used for the making, but percale, linen and Holland are suggested. Medium size requires 4⅝ yards of 36-inch material for the apron, and 1⅝ yards extra for the cap and sleeves. Sizes, small, medium, large.

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

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

Please send above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

Name .....

Street Address .....

Town .....

Province .....

Measurement—Bust Waist

Age (if child's or misses' pattern).....

CAUTION—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure, you need only mark 32 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT,
LONDON ADVERTISER.

The Great January Stock Reducing Sale Offers a Record-Breaking Cut in the Price of Seasonable Drygoods

We will not burden you with any long-winded advertising talk or shatter your nerves with advertising thunder. Our annual January Stock-Reducing Sale has the reputation of being the greatest economical bargain event of the year, so we think the under-mentioned price reductions should prove argument enough to bring wide-awake buyers early and often to this sale. These published prices challenge comparison, and are characteristic of the prices on hundreds of articles not mentioned in this advertisement.

Ladies' Coats Greatly Reduced

In no department in the store has the reduction knife been applied so vigorously as in our Ladies' Coat Department. Up-to-date Coats like these at such prices are rarely met with.

LADIES' COATS—Navy and Black Cheviot, long length, semi-fitted styles. Regular $5 and $6 values for **$2.95**

LADIES' COATS—Colors: navy, brown, grey, black, green and wine, in a variety of styles and materials. Regular $10 and $12, for **$7.75**

LADIES' COATS—A wide choice of styles in colors of navy, green, brown, black and wistaria. Worth from $13.50 to $17.50, for **$10.00**

LADIES' COATS—Black, fawn, grey, brown, green and navy, Ulster and Moyen Age pleated styles. Worth from $18 to $35, for **$15.00**

Dress Goods and Silks

Hundreds of yards of choicest fabrics in new and staple colors, at prices uncommonly low.

TAFFETAS, CHEVIOTS, SERGES, SATIN-CLOTHS and VENETIANS, 44 inches wide, plain and fancy; colors are navy, brown, green, red and black. Value to 85c, for **29c**

CHEVIOTS, PANAMAS, BROADCLOTHS AND VENETIANS, in stripes, checks and plain plaids, diagonals, etc., 54 inches wide, in navy, brown, green, red and black. This lot also includes a few of our best $15 Suit Patterns, and our best Tweed Coatings in grey, brown and green Tweed combinations. This lot offers a wide choice of materials, mostly worth $1 and $1.25, for **59c**

TOKIO COSTUME SILK, 27 inches wide, in a large range of evening shades, regular to 65c, for **39c**

BLACK PEAU DE SOIE, 20 inches wide, medium weight, good black. Regular 85c, for **49c**

Underwear Reductions

LADIES' GREY VESTS AND DRAWERS, nicely shaped. Regular 50c, for **29c**

LADIES' WHITE FLEECE-LINED VESTS AND DRAWERS. Regular 50c, for **33c**

LADIES' VESTS AND DRAWERS, scarlet, cream and grey. Worth to 75c, for **49c**

LADIES' O. S. WHITE VESTS AND DRAWERS. Very special at **49c**

CHILDREN'S COMBINATION SUITS—Worth to $1.00, for **50c**

LADIES' FLANELETTE GOWNS—Plain pink and white. Regular $1.25, for **98c**

Fancy Linens

A great assortment of Tea Cloths, Tray Cloths, Shams, Dresser and Sideboard Scarfs, some left from our big Christmas Linen Sale, and many of our best regular lines added, all offered at sweeping price reductions. Value to 40c for **19c**. Value to 75c for **29c**. Value to $1.00 for **49c**.

1-5 Off the Price of All Our Wool Blankets and Comforters.

GRAY & PARKER

Phone 1182. 150 Dundas and Carling Streets

BELT SPECIAL---A Few Only to Clear in Elastic and Tinsel, Worth to 75c, for 19c

All Physicians

Must prescribe some of the ingredients that are contained in Hood's Sarsaparilla—for all troubles of the blood, stomach, kidneys and liver.

They include sarsaparilla, stillingia, yellow dock, gentian, wild cherry bark, mandrake, dandelion, juniper berries, pipsissewa, etc.

The combination and proportions are our own formula and give power to cure beyond the reach of any other prescription or substitute. That's why it is wise to get Hood's and only Hood's.

PREPARING THE WAY FOR DUKE OF CONNAUGHT

Looks as If He Might Be Next Governor-General of Caanad.

Ottawa, Jan. 3.—In well-informed circles the probability of the Duke of Connaught becoming the governor-general of Canada is growing.

Added strength is given now that the Earl of Lansborough has settled down as secretary to his excellency. It is said that the lord in question has been attached to the Duke of Connaught's staff in Britain, and is here to prepare the way only. It is at any rate most unusual for a peer of Lord Lansborough's standing to be secretary to an ordinary governor-general.

GAYNOR'S CABINET

Make Up of the Staff That Will Attend to New York Business.

New York, Jan. 3.—Mayor Gaynor has made these announcements:

Counsel of Corporation—Archibald W. Watson.

Commissioner of Docks—Calvin Tomkins.

Commissioner of Charities—Michael J. Drummond.

Assistant Commissioner—John Keller.

Commissioner of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity—H. E. S. Thompson.

First Deputy Commissioner for Manhattan—Professor Edward W. Bemis.

Fire Commissioner—Rhinelander Waldo.

Commissioner of Bridges — Kingsley Martin.

City Chamberlain—Charles H. Hyde.

Park Commissioners of Manhattan and the Bronx—Offered to Herman Ridder. The commissioner for Brooklyn will be R. W. Bainbridge, James Reagan or ex-Judge John J. Walsh.

President of the Tax Board—Lawson Purdy.

In the case of police, health and tenement house departments, it was announced at Mayor Gaynor's house that these places would be dealt with "hereafter," but at the same time the statement can be made that it is not the intention of Mr. Gaynor to retain Herman, the police commisisoner, Baker, Dr. Darlington, the head of the board of health, or Commissioner Edmond J. Butler, of the tenement house department. In the statement Mayor Gaynor made no reference to the departments of street cleaning and of correcton.

JACK THE RIPPER AT CINCINNATTI

Cincinnati, Jan. 3.—Miss Anna Lloyd, 36 years old, secretary of the Wiborg-Hanna Lumber Company, was found dead in a lonely part of the city yesterday. The woman had been attacked and gagged, and her throat had been cut.

The crime is the fourth of a series of similar outrages which have occurred in the same vicinity in the last three years. At intervals during that time the bodies of three young women, mutilated and abused, have been found within a radius of a couple of miles of the spot where Miss Lloyd's corpse was discovered. No arrests have been made.

Miss Lloyd's body was found by two boys. The snow showed that a struggle occurred before she was overcome.

GAYNOR TAKES CHARGE.

New York, Jan. 3.—Mayor William J. Gaynor, the only candidate elected on the Democratic ticket at the recent municipal elections, on Saturday took up the duties of his new office. There were no formal ceremonies. The mayor and the retiring mayor met, shook hands, and exchanged brief greetings. Charles F. Murphy, leader of Tammany Hall, was not among the spectators.

HEAVY LAKE COMMERCE.

New York, Jan. 3.—Two men were killed in an elevator accident at the Hudson tunnel terminal station in Jersey City on Saturday. The dead men are Irving P. Lovejoy, a real estate dealer, who lived on Riverside Drive, in this city, and Ernest Walker, of Jersey City. Lovejoy's life was crushed out almost instantly between the side of the car and the elevator shaft as the car began to move, while he was attempting to board it. In a similar way Walker was so badly injured that he died after being taken to the hospital. The car which the two men were trying to board was not in service for passengers' use, but in some manner the door of the car automatically opened where a party was waiting. Lovejoy and Walker, and a woman whose name was not learned, stepped toward the door; a warning shout by the elevator operator, who found the car out of his control, caused the woman to jump back, but the men pressed forward and were caught and crushed.

CRUSHED TO DEATH.

Ottawa, Jan. 2.—The volume of commerce on the great lakes during the month of November was nearly 2,000,000 tons greater than for the corresponding month last year, and more than 1,000,000 tons in excess of that for November, 1907, according to figures of the department of commerce and labor. All items showed an increse in volume, excepting lumber, with ore shipments on the increase. The total tonnage for the months of November during the three years follow: 1909, 9,962,811; 1908, 8,134,404; 1907, 8,852,851. The total for the season to the end of November is given as 79,040,017, with 59,338,823 and 82,365,841 net tons reported for the corresponding periods of 1908 and 1907.

DAMBRA & WALSH

Tailors, have taken over the store occupied by Slater Bros., at 223 Dundas street, and will move into it at the first of the year. 64n

Special to Simcoe.

A large crowd is expected to accompany the hockey club to Simcoe next Tuesday, as a special train will leave Grand Trunk depot at 6:30 p.m., returning after the game. A fare of $1 65 has been obtained for the round trip. 64c

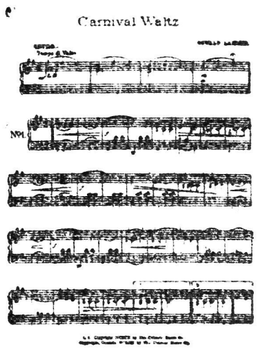
Closed, heated carriages for all occasions. Hueston's Livery.

GRAND UNION HOTEL

Opp. GRAND CENTRAL STATION NEW YORK CITY ROOMS $1.00 a day and upward

Baggage to and from Station Free
Send 2c stamp for N. Y. City Guide Book and Map

LONDON ADVERTISER'S SPECIAL MUSIC OFFER!



Today's Coupon entitles you to a copy of a popular waltz for ten cents.

Carnival Waltz is by Oswald Larmer, who is the composer of many other instrumental successes.

Carnival Waltz is an excellent dancing number. It is very brilliant and not difficult to play.

LONDON ADVERTISER MUSIC COUPON

"CARNIVAL WALTZ."

Name .....

Street and Number.....

City or Town.....

Province .....

To obtain the sheet music above, fill out the coupon, and inclose ten cents in stamps or coin. Address

LONDON ADVERTISER, MUSIC DEPT.

BIG DINNER EASILY DIGESTED

Enjoy What You Eat. Don't Be Afraid of Afterdistress. Mi-o-na Makes the Stomach Strong.

Eat, drink, and be merry, and do it over again next day.

Thousands will say, "Oh, I wish I could!—I only wish I could enjoy a good square meal, but I can't. It almost kills me every time I try to eat one."

Thousands of people have chronic indigestion, cancer and other tormenting diseases of the stomach, and thousands more are going the same way simply because they do not understand how to take care of the stomach.

Stomachs have a habit of becoming obstinate once in a while; every stomach has a lot of work to perform in digesting the food that is put into it, and when too much labor is urged upon it, it rebels, goes on strike as it were, and is apt to kick up a painful disturbance.

This disturbance can be stopped in five minutes by Mi-o-na tablets which are guaranteed by W. T. Strong to cure indigestion or money back.

Mi-o-na is the prescription of a physician who is a very successful specialist in the treatment of diseases of the stomach. In the opinion of thousands who have been restored to health, Mi-o-na is the greatest prescription for indigestion and various stomach disturbances ever written.

Mi-o-na is sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents a box, and is positively guaranteed to cure dyspepsia indigestions, sick headache, nausea heartburn, sour stomach, belching of gas, dizziness, heavy stomach, nervousness, despondency, sea and car sickness, vomiting of pregnancy, and the after effects of over-eating or drinking—or money back.