

### A MOTHER'S STRENGTH

Mother, whose hands rock the cradle, often needs more than ordinary food to help maintain the blood-quality and strength and to assure adequate nourishment to the child. It is as unwise for the mother, as it is dangerous to the child, to place dependence upon alcoholic stimulation, for strength is not found in alcohol.

## SCOTT'S EMULSION

of purest cod liver oil, absolutely free from harmful drugs, is mother's true friend, in that it performs a two-fold duty. Scott's is tonic-nourishment, particularly fitted for the trying period of motherhood.



SCOTT'S EMULSION BUILDS UP STRENGTH.

### Love in the Abbey

#### Lady Ethel's Rival

CHAPTER XIX.  
HEAVEN'S GREATEST GIFT.

"It is just as I have pictured you," he says, leaning one arm on Jack's back, looking at her fondly where she stands surrounded by her excited clan. "Just as I have pictured you," he echoes, in a low voice. "and my mind has drawn so many pictures of you while I have been lying quietly down at the Abbey, yonder."

"And—and you are not disappointed?" asks Kitty, turning her eyes up to him with sudden, eager humility. "You don't think I am—nicer than I really am; are you—are you quite sure?" she demands, with a quick little sigh.

"I am quite—quite sure that you could not be more charming and perfect in my eyes, my darling," he says, regarding her with deep, longing pleasure.

"Kitty sighs, then she looks at him wistfully.

"If I could be sure that you would always think so," she says.

"My darling—"

"If I could be sure! Ah, you do not know how ignorant—how unfit I am to—"

"But," he hesitates a moment, and scans her face with an eager, fearful wistfulness—"it is your first love you give me, Kitty! Say that it is so? Oh, my darling, it would break my heart if I thought that any other man had spoken to you as I have done to-day—that you had given him even hope!"

Kitty stands, her hands clasped tightly round her white face downcast. He comes round to her with a quick stride, and clasps her shoulder with a passionate, entreating gesture.

"Kitty, you think me jealous, unreasonable!" he says, in a broken voice. "Be it so. Perhaps I am. When a man loves as I love you, with all the passion of a lifetime concentrated in one object, he cannot reason—he cannot but be jealous. Kitty, in all my dreams you have come before me as the pure, unconscious girl, innocent even of the thought of love. Ah! he breaks out passionately—"you are but a child! What should you know of love, even now, when it stands before you? You—you cannot but be all I love to picture you! As different to the women of my world as—as is the fresh, unsmiled rose to the faded noisette flower that lies upon a ballroom floor!"

"Different!" murmurs Kitty, with tremulous lips.

"Yes," he says, with suppressed vehemence, his hand caressing her shoulder, his eyes bent upon her downcast face with loving tenderness. "all my life has been spent among one class of women—beautiful if you will, though no beauty of theirs has touched me—women of the world, who, from their cradles upward, have been trained to the struggle for wealth and power. I have seen young girls—children, who should have been as ignorant of the name of love as the babe unborn—skilled in all the arts of sentimentality and flirtation, with a host of languid admirers round them, listening, with eager ears and stereotyped smiles, to the whispered flatteries that profane the name of love—young creatures, with the bloom of girlhood on their cheeks, and the hearts of scheming, worldly minded women, already glorying in their first love affair, and unabashed by the trifling of the science lights around them. This is the girlhood of the wo-

men with whom I have lived—women before their time—women, with a dozen lovers waiting for them outside the nursery door! Kitty, my dream has been that in you I have found the sweet girlhood I have longed and sought for—hopelessly, as I deemed. Think, then, how bitter it would be for me to hear that the dream of my life had proved an illusion indeed! Tell me once more, Kitty, that I am the first to woo you—the first to whom your heart has turned!"

As he breaks off, she can hear his breath coming quickly—almost fiercely. Her heart beats wild with fear, and the struggle that goes on between the desire to tell him all the dread of the consequences of such confession keeps the blood from her face, and makes her more like a lily than the rose he has likened her to.

"You do not speak, Kitty," he says, in a low, constrained voice. "Is there anything you are keeping from me?" His hand drops slowly from her shoulder, and his penetrating gaze fixes itself on her face. "Have I been mistaken, Kitty?"

With a world of imploring bitterness in the tone in which he speaks her name, he half-turns from her. Then, tempted beyond her strength, thinking that she has lost him—him, in whom all her being seems bound up—Kitty turns swiftly to him, and with hands clasped as might a child's be in prayer, she sinks upon his broad breast.

"No, no! You—you frighten me. There is nothing for me to conceal—what should there be? Oh!"—with a great sob, and a look of intense, imploring love in her dry eyes—"you know, you know that I love you; you know that I have never, never loved any one before! I did not know what love was until you came, and—and taught me. And you turned from me!" she moans, hiding her face, with a little shudder of womanly shame and wounded pride.

With a passionate cry he draws her to him.

"Turn from me, my darling!" he says brokenly. "Come to my heart, and grow there."

"Are you satisfied?" she whispers, without raising her head.

"Satisfied!" he echoes, as if in mockery of the word—"that I am! Now I know that my rose of the garden has grown unseen, unnoticed by other eyes, unloved for by other hearts than mine! Now I know that all your young, pure life lies before me as an unsullied page! Now I know that you are mine, mine only—that you give your young life to me, and to me alone!" He breaks off suddenly. "It is a great gift—the greatest gift Heaven has yet given me!"

And as he bends over her, she feels

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### THAT NIGHT COUGH

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## PEPS

CHAPTER XX.  
A RUSTIC REPAST.

KITTY, the creature of impulse and rapidly transitory moods, does not remain in her present one for more than a minute; she has dispelled the sudden, unexpected cloud that dimmed the bright sky of her glorious happiness, and now all is sunshine again. She wipes her eyes, and looks up with her frank, bewitching smile into his face.

"Now, where shall we go?—what shall I show you next? What would you like to do? Oh!" with a sudden inspiration—"you must be hungry."

"Hungry!" he echoes, looking down at her suddenly serious face with a happy, lacy content.

"Yes," says Kitty, with an intense air of conviction, as if she defied him to contradict her. "You walked over from the Abbey—you have had nothing since breakfast! It is now—"

raising her hand to shade her eyes, and by the gesture revealing the exquisitely shaped arm and neck to the lover's artistically appreciative eyes—"and now it is past one. I know because the sun has passed that middle chimney pot. You are hungry?"

"Confess that you are yourself!" he retorts, laughing.

"Well, I am," says Kitty candidly. "We will have some luncheon. You are an invalid, you know. What would you like—what could you eat?"

"You," he says instantly. Kitty blushes and glances up at him reproachfully.

"Eating is a serious thing," she says. "Yes," he says, resignedly; "so I suppose we must invade Mr. Trevellan's dreamland and go in to luncheon," and he settles his hat on his white, handsome forehead, as if preparing for progress.

Kitty looks up at him with comical dismay.

"Beware!" she says, half playfully, half seriously, "you know not what you do! Luncheon with papa is not a matter to be rushed upon in a spirit of levity."

He looks at her with laughing curiosity.

"Papa—and luncheon taken together are serious things. You smile; but you have not eaten a thousand luncheons in solemn silence, to the accompaniment of a funeral wail who hovers around the mournful board, like Death in swallow tails at the feast. Papa alone is trying—papa and Topsy combined might inflict so severe a shock—produce so depressing an effect upon an invalid's nerves, that I—for one, being responsible—the playful look merges for a moment into one of infinite tenderness—"being responsible for that invalid's well-being, prohibit him from risking the experiment."

"Then I am to go a-lungered," he says, laughing.

"Not so!" says Kitty, trying to hide a blush under a mock, heroic air. "A thought has struck me. Suppose—I merely say suppose—that I were to be rash enough to make a raid upon the larder—don't look so elated and greedy! It may result in nothing but cold bread and butter pudding, and bread and cheese."

"I ask for nothing better!" he says; "go on!"

"Suppose I succeed in boring—that's Cousin Reginald's word for stealing—the aforesaid dainties, do you think your lordship could partake of them—say with the addition of a few strawberries—under yonder tree?"

### Fashion Plates.

A PRETTY DRESS FOR PARTY OR BEST WEAR.



2624—In organdie, net, dotted swiss or batiste, this model will be very attractive. It may be trimmed with lace or embroidery edging, or the free edges of bolero and sleeve, and the necks may be finished with hemstitching. If desired, the bolero may be omitted. Voile, gabardine, gingham, poplin and repp are nice, too, for this design. As illustrated, the neck edge may be high or low, and the sleeve in bishop, bell or puff style.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 3 1/2 yards of 27-inch material for the dress and 1/2 yard for the bolero.

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

A GOOD STYLE FOR THE GROWING GIRL.



2348—This style is fine for all wash goods, for silk, for satin, serge, gabardine or velvet. The right front overlaps the left at the closing. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 4 yards of 44-inch material.

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### British

### Germany

### Norway Turn

### Milner Res

### ceive Wilso

COLOGNE, Dec. 8. British troops to-day were in possession of all the great bridges across the Rhine at Cologne as a result of the sudden and unexpected withdrawal of German sentries from the eastern end of the crossings during the night. British soldiers yesterday were patrolling two-thirds of each bridge while the Germans were keeping their beats over the remaining third. About ten o'clock last night it was noticed that the Germans had disappeared and investigation showed they had departed, presumably to rejoin the retreating Teutonic army. While feeling considerably grieved over being under British rule Cologne is still exhibiting keen interest in the proceedings of the troops of occupation. To-day being Sunday, thousands of the people dressed in their holiday best, thronged the streets and wherever an officer or soldier appeared there one would see great crowds of civilians eager to get their first glimpse of the men in khaki.

ASK FOR ALLIED AID. PARIS, Dec. 12. (Havas).—Negotiations for the pro- rogation of the German armistice be- gins to-day at Treves, Rheinisch Prus- sia. The Matin says that the German armistice delegates have requested that the Allies reinforce their troops at certain points in order to aid the German authorities in maintaining or- der. The paper adds that in cases where the German military chiefs may urge more extended occupation in Central Germany, the Allies may agree but will limit the sending of troops into German territory only to the necessities of occasions which may arise.

WILSON LANDS TO-DAY. BREST, Dec. 12. (By the A.P.).—Brest has put on its holiday attire and is eagerly awaiting the arrival of President Wilson at noon to-morrow. The naval attaché here got in direct wireless touch with the presidential fleet which is approaching this port and which is now not far off the coast. The weather which the fleet is experiencing is favorable to its quick progress.

RUSSIAN GENERALS SHOT. STOCKHOLM, Dec. 12. Generals Rusaki and Dimitrioff of the Russian army have been shot by order of the local Soviet at Prapagorsk according to an official Ukraine statement received here from Petrograd. M. Pukloff, former Minister of Com-

### Middle A

### Women

Are Here Told the Best for Their Trou

Freemont, O.—"I was passing a period of life, being forty-six years of age, so it was hard for me to do my work. I felt better and stronger when I took Lydia's Compound. It was the best remedy for my troubles, which were due to indigestion and constipation. I feel better and stronger when I take it, and the annoying symptoms have disappeared."—Mrs. M. Gouzer, 925 N. 1st St., Ohio.

North Haven, Conn.—"Lydia's Compound restored my health after I had failed when passing through the winter months. It is nothing like it to overcome the winter months."—Mrs. Florence Isabella, Box 197, N. Haven, Conn.

### In S

### LYDIA

### VEGETA

has the greatest