

# WON AT LAST.

CHAPTER XIX.

I have said that the atmosphere was more than chilly; and the master of Holmeade was not one of the favored mortals who look well in cold weather. His always pale face looked almost blue, and the color which should have been elsewhere was in his sharp nose. But, as usual, his tall spare figure was dressed to perfection, and his shingling teeth gleamed as white as ever under his black mustache, and looked as intolerable. His thin fingers were so cold when I took them that a shiver ran through me, and I saw Nat fairly jump when she gave him hers. His manner was as bland and deferential as ever, and his self-possession as complete. Fraser Froude was not the man of moods; he was at once dead polite level at all times and seasons.

"This is a very early visit, Mr. Froude," said Nat, receiving him not too graciously, and not particularly pleased. I dare say, to have her pretty tender dream of love broken by the actual presence of another. Indeed I have not the slightest doubt that, had the little lady strictly followed her private inclinations, she would have boxed the master of Holmeade's ears with all possible promptitude and heartiness. As it was, it was a very reluctant and chilly little hand that she gave him, and she withdrew it from the clasp of his long thin fingers as quickly as might be.

"Not so early that I disturb you, I hope?" Mr. Froude said in reply. He was so much taller than she—that he stooped in speaking to her, but he need not have made a whisper of it, I thought. Nat dropped back into her chair.

"Oh, dear, no! Ned and I were only staring at the fire and waiting for lunch-time. He is lazy, and I am supposed to do nothing to-day. I am only just down-stairs. Won't you sit down, Mr. Froude?"

"I hardly hoped to see you down at all," he said, complying; and Nat's big bright eyes opened to their widest extent.

"What—because I was foolish enough to tumble over Daphne's head and graze my forehead? Surely you did not think I would consent to be made an invalid for that?"

"I heard a much more serious account of it than that. I understood that you were badly hurt."

"Really!" cried Nat, staring at him, and then at me. "What an exceedingly imaginative person! May I ask who it is that thinks a scratch worth a sensation?"

## Eczema Cured Three Years Ago

Best City Doctors Failed, But Cure Was Effected by Use of Dr. Chase's Ointment.



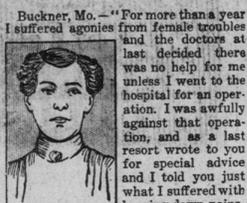
Mrs. A. T. Smith.

"You apply Dr. Chase's Ointment for eczema and feel the benefit as if by magic. It may take some days to get the sores cleaned out and the healing process fully established, but from day to day you can see the old trouble gradually disappearing and know that you are getting rid of it." Charles St. Montreal, Que., writes:—"I had eczema on my leg for four years, and tried many remedies and doctors in Montreal and Boston, without any benefit. I used three boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment and was cured completely. This was three years ago. Since then I used Dr. Chase's Ointment for irritations and eruptions of the skin, and easily got rid of them with two or three applications. Dr. Chase's Ointment is a wonderful preparation."

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

# MRS. SCOTT'S SUFFERING OVER

## Doctors Advised An Operation. How She Escaped Told By Herself.



Buckner, Mo.—"For more than a year I suffered agonies from female troubles and the doctors at last decided there was no help for me unless I went to the hospital for an operation. I was awfully against that operation, and as a last resort wrote to you for special advice and I told you just what I suffered with bearing down pains, backache, shooting pains in my left side, and at times I could not touch my foot to the floor without screaming. I was short of breath, had smothered spells, felt dull and draggy all the time. I could not do any work, and oh how I dreaded to have an operation."

"I received a letter full of kind advice, which I followed, and if I had only written her a year ago I would have been saved so much suffering, for today I am a well woman. I am now keeping house again and do every bit of my own work. Every one in this part of the country knows it was Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that has restored me to health, and everywhere I go I recommend it to suffering women."—Mrs. LIZZIE SCOTT, Buckner, Mo.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

"No one in particular—I should have known better than to pay attention—only that young doctor fellow, Dizarte's partner. What do they call him? Yorke?"

If Mr. Froude, leaning back in his chair and looking at the fire, as he talked, could have seen the angry gleam of Nat's black eyes as the crimson surged into her face, it might have opened his own a little; but he only added, with a kind of contemptuous complacency which made her long to tilt him off his chair—"To be sure I might have known that he knew nothing about it."

"As Doctor Yorke was there and picked me up when I fell, I fancy he knows more about it than any one else does," Nat said, tartly—so tartly indeed that Mr. Froude's keen dark eyes shot a sharp glance at her.

"Indeed!" he answered. "He was fortunate."

"I was, you mean, for Ned was almost scared to death. If it had not been for Doctor Yorke, I believe I should be lying in front of Wilde's cottage now."

"Oh, Wilde's cottage!" I am not sure that Mr. Froude did not whisper softly. "Was it there that you all, Miss Orme?"

"Yes. Fortunate for me, wasn't it? It would have been very pleasant if I had come in one of those horrid mud-uddies in the middle of the common."

"And Doctor Yorke was there?"

"Yes, luckily for me."

"He seems to spend a good deal of his time there," said Fraser Froude, trying, looking back at the fire.

"More time than he likes, I dare say. I put in, for somehow the smooth tones of that last speech had grated upon my nerves. "That old reprobate of a Wilde has got the gout awfully."

"Ah, a very long attack! By the way, what a pretty little rustic beauty his daughter is!"

"Very pretty," said Nat, indifferently, leaning back in her chair. "Ned, won't you let madame know that Mr. Froude is here?"

Now this was merely a neat little bit of hypocritical diplomacy on the young lady's part as I knew very well. In the first place, if I ventured to leave her alone with her present companion, I certainly should not bear the last of it for some time to come; and, in the second, Mr. Froude did not particularly seek the stately society of madame when he could avoid it, and certainly had not paid this early visit to see her. Of course he wished me at Jericho, and he gave me an impatient look; but I was sensibly stupid just then, it happened, and would not go.

"What—go after mother just now? No, thanks, I think you will have to excuse madame this morning. Mr. Froude. She and mademoiselle are

up to their eyes superintending the puddings."

Miss Nat's diplomacy had its effect. Mr. Froude rose from his chair and took up his hat. "Pray don't trouble Madame Chavasse for me. I came only to see how Miss Orme was. I am beyond measure relieved"—this to her, with one of his sudden gleaming intolerable smiles—"that the account I heard was so absurdly exaggerated."

He took himself off with that, not seeming to notice how the little lady bit her lip, or what a flash her great velvety eyes sent after him. Watching her, I laughed.

"Charming man, isn't he, Nat?"

"Ugh!" she cried, shrugging her shoulders, vindictively. "I do believe he is the most unbearable creature on the face of the earth. I wish he'd go and smile at mademoiselle instead of me. Impudent thing!"

"There would be a charming couple of them then. I say, young lady, I hope you are grateful to me for not going to hunt up madame?"

"Rather! You are a dear boy, and very clever—for a boy. Oh, dear, I wish it were luncheon-time! I'm getting hungrier every minute. Oh, what's that?"

She knew, and she forgot all about being hungry as she dropped into her chair again, turning her suddenly rosy face away, and trying to steady the two slender brown hands which she clasped in her lap. The smart gray horse which Roger Yorke always drove had a step of his own, and we were both familiar with it. I said nothing as I got slowly out of my chair and with an elaborate yawn stretched my arms over my head, but I wondered if it would not be as well if I went and tried to pave the way a little with a few words to madame. I thought it would. I had been useful just now, but I should be decidedly in the way presently, and I approached the door with a highly successful assumption of sauntering indifference. I do not think I have ever been more astonished in a small way than I was when the door opened, and there walked in—not Roger, but old Dizarte!

"What on earth had brought him; had the good-natured old blunderer the innocence of his heart, packed our Roger off to Market Waford?" I wondered, starting with a disconcerted blankness. But surely Yorke would never be such an idiot as to go! I looked round at Nat. Judging from the expression of her face, we were a self-possessed-looking pair. And old Dizarte, rosy, bluff, and burled-up, beamed blandly upon us both, and observed with charming inconspicuousness that it was a cold day.

"Freezingly cold, confound it!" he said, pulling off his woolen gloves to hold his plump hands to the fire. "A fine winter we shall have, it strikes me! Ah, you young folks are in luck, with nothing to do but sit by the fire and enjoy yourselves! And how are you, Miss Natalie? A fine fright you gave us yesterday—or one of us at any rate."

"I am quite well," Nat returned, all the red color flying back to her cheeks again.

"Ah, that is what you children all

CHAPTER XX.

What on earth had brought him; had the good-natured old blunderer the innocence of his heart, packed our Roger off to Market Waford?" I wondered, starting with a disconcerted blankness. But surely Yorke would never be such an idiot as to go! I looked round at Nat. Judging from the expression of her face, we were a self-possessed-looking pair. And old Dizarte, rosy, bluff, and burled-up, beamed blandly upon us both, and observed with charming inconspicuousness that it was a cold day.

"Freezingly cold, confound it!" he said, pulling off his woolen gloves to hold his plump hands to the fire. "A fine winter we shall have, it strikes me! Ah, you young folks are in luck, with nothing to do but sit by the fire and enjoy yourselves! And how are you, Miss Natalie? A fine fright you gave us yesterday—or one of us at any rate."

"I am quite well," Nat returned, all the red color flying back to her cheeks again.

"Ah, that is what you children all

CHAPTER XX.

What on earth had brought him; had the good-natured old blunderer the innocence of his heart, packed our Roger off to Market Waford?" I wondered, starting with a disconcerted blankness. But surely Yorke would never be such an idiot as to go! I looked round at Nat. Judging from the expression of her face, we were a self-possessed-looking pair. And old Dizarte, rosy, bluff, and burled-up, beamed blandly upon us both, and observed with charming inconspicuousness that it was a cold day.

"Freezingly cold, confound it!" he said, pulling off his woolen gloves to hold his plump hands to the fire. "A fine winter we shall have, it strikes me! Ah, you young folks are in luck, with nothing to do but sit by the fire and enjoy yourselves! And how are you, Miss Natalie? A fine fright you gave us yesterday—or one of us at any rate."

"I am quite well," Nat returned, all the red color flying back to her cheeks again.

"Ah, that is what you children all

CHAPTER XX.

What on earth had brought him; had the good-natured old blunderer the innocence of his heart, packed our Roger off to Market Waford?" I wondered, starting with a disconcerted blankness. But surely Yorke would never be such an idiot as to go! I looked round at Nat. Judging from the expression of her face, we were a self-possessed-looking pair. And old Dizarte, rosy, bluff, and burled-up, beamed blandly upon us both, and observed with charming inconspicuousness that it was a cold day.

"Freezingly cold, confound it!" he said, pulling off his woolen gloves to hold his plump hands to the fire. "A fine winter we shall have, it strikes me! Ah, you young folks are in luck, with nothing to do but sit by the fire and enjoy yourselves! And how are you, Miss Natalie? A fine fright you gave us yesterday—or one of us at any rate."

"I am quite well," Nat returned, all the red color flying back to her cheeks again.

"Ah, that is what you children all

CHAPTER XX.

What on earth had brought him; had the good-natured old blunderer the innocence of his heart, packed our Roger off to Market Waford?" I wondered, starting with a disconcerted blankness. But surely Yorke would never be such an idiot as to go! I looked round at Nat. Judging from the expression of her face, we were a self-possessed-looking pair. And old Dizarte, rosy, bluff, and burled-up, beamed blandly upon us both, and observed with charming inconspicuousness that it was a cold day.

"Freezingly cold, confound it!" he said, pulling off his woolen gloves to hold his plump hands to the fire. "A fine winter we shall have, it strikes me! Ah, you young folks are in luck, with nothing to do but sit by the fire and enjoy yourselves! And how are you, Miss Natalie? A fine fright you gave us yesterday—or one of us at any rate."

"I am quite well," Nat returned, all the red color flying back to her cheeks again.

"Ah, that is what you children all

CHAPTER XX.

What on earth had brought him; had the good-natured old blunderer the innocence of his heart, packed our Roger off to Market Waford?" I wondered, starting with a disconcerted blankness. But surely Yorke would never be such an idiot as to go! I looked round at Nat. Judging from the expression of her face, we were a self-possessed-looking pair. And old Dizarte, rosy, bluff, and burled-up, beamed blandly upon us both, and observed with charming inconspicuousness that it was a cold day.

"Freezingly cold, confound it!" he said, pulling off his woolen gloves to hold his plump hands to the fire. "A fine winter we shall have, it strikes me! Ah, you young folks are in luck, with nothing to do but sit by the fire and enjoy yourselves! And how are you, Miss Natalie? A fine fright you gave us yesterday—or one of us at any rate."

"I am quite well," Nat returned, all the red color flying back to her cheeks again.

"Ah, that is what you children all

*Home Dyeing*  
has no terrors for me - It's simply my delight  
Even Professional Dyers can't equal my Perfect Results  
That's because I use  
**DYOLA**  
ONE DYE - ALL KINDS - 1913

It's the CLEANEST, SIMPLEST, and BEST HOME DYE, one can buy. Why you don't even have to know what KIND of Cloth your Goods are made of - So Mistakes are Impossible.  
Send for Free Color Card, Story, Booklet, and Booklet giving results of Dyeing over other colors.  
THE JOHNSON-RICHARDSON CO., Limited,  
Montreal, Canada.

ways tell us old fogies!" said Dizarte, holding out his hand for her wrist. "A tumble over a horse's head isn't exactly a joke, my dear. By Jove, it would about settle me! Well, there's not much wrong there, but the pulse is a good deal too rapid. What were you about to let her do it, Master Ned?"

"Eh, doctor? Do what?" I returned, starting. I was wondering what could have become of Roger.

"Why, let this young lady pitch herself over her horse's head, to be sure!"

"Now look here, doctor—don't you start at me too. It wasn't my fault. I didn't put that confounded donkey in the way."

"Ah, I dare say!" The old doctor laughed his jolly laugh. "From what that boy of mine said"—this was Dizarte's favorite way of alluding to his young partner—"I came to the conclusion that Miss Natalie owed her tumble entirely to you, young man."

"Oh, yes, of course! He pitched into me last night. By the way, where is Roger? We thought we should see him this morning—look you for him in fact—didn't we, Nat?"

Nat muttered something inaudibly, old Dizarte stared at me.

"Then you might have expected him, my dear boy. Why, the rascal's off again!"

"Off again!" I echoed, wondering whether my ears were in good order; while Nat turned two great eyes and pitifully started little face round upon us. "Why, where has he gone?"

"To Paris."

I thought there was no place in the world which I would not rather have heard mentioned than that. I can not describe the rush of suspicion, perplexity, and doubt which it brought upon me. Paris meant my friend's secret, and mademoiselle, and Heaven knew what besides. I did not dare to glance at Nat, although Paris would mean to her no more than any other place. It was almost beyond me to ask with a proper degree of coolness—

"Has he gone 'junketing' again, as you call it, doctor?"

"No, poor boy; it's trouble that has taken him off this time," Dizarte returned, buttoning up his fur-lined great-coat. "His sister telegraphed or him—her husband is dying."

I made no remark, and Nat did not speak. It was only after a pause that I could manage to stammer out awkwardly that I was sorry. I was striving to trust my friend, but, try as I would, the figure of Lucille Valdin clouded my thoughts and tinged them. Roger had gone to Paris before, and in the same sudden way, forced there by his recognition of mademoiselle, as he had himself confessed to me. Had this second flight a similar origin? I could not help believing that it had. Had that allowed, inscrutable French woman any power over my friend? I wondered, staring stupidly at Dizarte's bald head as he warmed his fat hands at the fire.

(To be Continued.)

**The Quickest, Simplest Cough Cure**

Easily and Cheaply Made at Home. Saves You \$2.

This recipe makes 15 ounces of cough syrup—enough to last a family a long time. You couldn't buy as much or as good cough syrup for \$2.50.

Simple as it is, it gives almost instant relief and usually stops the most obstinate cough in 24 hours. This is partly due to the fact that it is slightly laxative, stimulates the appetite and has an excellent tonic effect. It is pleasant to take—children like it. An excellent remedy, too, for whooping cough, croup, sore lungs, asthma, throat troubles, etc.

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. It keeps perfectly. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

Pinex is one of the oldest and best-known remedial agents for the throat membranes. Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, and is rich in galic acid and all the other natural healing elements. Other preparations will not work in the formula.

The prompt results from this recipe have endeared it to thousands of housewives in the United States and Canada which explains why the plan has been imitated often, but never successfully.

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.

Minnard's Liniment Cures Cuts, etc.

**Vessel COAL.**

IS THE **BEST COAL!**

The schr. "Wilfrid M." arrived to-day with

380 Tons Double Screened North Sydney Coal.

Send your orders whilst vessel is discharging.

**MULLALY & CO'Y.**

# 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.

9464-9465.—A STYLISH SEASONABLE SUIT MODEL.



9464



9455

For Misses and Small Women. Misses Coat Pattern, 9464, and Misses Skirt Pattern, 9455, are here combined. Brown serge with fancy buttons and stitching in self-colour was used. Broad cloth, silk, velvet, diagonal or wool mixtures would be equally suitable. The Patterns are cut in 5 sizes: 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires 7½ yards of 44 inch material for a 17 year size, for the entire suit.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

9486.—A STYLISH AND BECOMING GOWN.

Ladies' Dress with Chemisette. Blue striped suiting was used for this design with satin and lace for trimming. The model is suitable for this season's dress materials. The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 5 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size.

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



9486

**PATTERN COUPON.** Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below

No. ....

Size .....

Name .....

Address in full:—

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

## \$100 BONDS

The attention of investors of small amounts who wish only the safest kind of securities—bonds, is called to our offering of bonds at \$100 denominations.

Hewson Pure Wool Textile Co's with Common stock bonus.  
Trinidad Consolidated Telephones Co's  
Stanfield's Limited Co's  
Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co's  
Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co's p.c. De-venture Stock.  
Maritime Telegraph and Telephone Co's.

**F. B. McCURDY & CO.,**  
Members Montreal Stock Exchange.  
**C. A. C. BRUCE, Manager,**  
St. John's.

dec 24, 11

## The Canada Life.

In each of the past four years the Canada Life has earned a LARGER SURPLUS than ever before in its history.

Favorable mortality, and low expenses, the result of good management, have helped.

**C. A. C. BRUCE, Manager,**  
St. John's.

## FUSSELL'S FULL CREAM MILK

IS THE CREAM OF MILKS

**IN STOCK:**

- 95 cases Tinned SALMON, 1912 pack.
- 30 brls Choice Red Apples.
- 50 sacks P. E. I. Potatoes, 90 lbs. each.
- Onions, Parsnips, Carrots.

**A. H. MURRAY,**  
O'DWYER'S COVE

## Oranges, Oranges, etc.

Now in stock:

- 50 cases CHOICE SWEET ORANGES.
- 50 sacks PARSNIPS.
- 50 boxes DIGBY HERRING.

And to arrive:

- 50 brls. CHOICE GREEN CABBAGE.

Prices right.

**BURT & LAWRENCE,**  
P. O. Box 245, New Gower St. Tel. 759

## "Clan Mackenzie"

SCOTCH WHISKY, OLD and MELLOW

In Bottles or on Draught.

**HAYWARD & CO.**

Advertise in THE EVENING TELEGRAM