



**"The Bond of Sympathy Between One Woman and Another."**

If you are discouraged with your condition, weak, tired, subject to headaches, backache, bearing down sensations, weakness of bladder, constipation, hot flushes, melancholy, tendency to cry over trifles, nervousness and loss of interest in things generally, I want to help you to better things.

My own was probably as deplorable a case as could be found, yet it ended to-day I am a well woman quickly yielded to "Orange Lily" treatment. "Orange Lily" is a simple, natural, common-sense remedy that you apply yourself. To go to drinking harmful drugs for troubles such as ours, is like trying to cure a sprain with pills. The only right and effective treatment is a strictly local application, like "Orange Lily."

Because I am sure in advance of the wonderful results you will have, I want to send you ten days' treatment, FREE. Will you write me to-day, NOW, and let me help you? Enclose three stamps. Address MRS. LYDIA W. LADD, Windsor, Ont. Sold by leading Drug-gists everywhere.

## "A GOLD LADEN DERELICT"

OR

### The Impecunious Adventuress.

CHAPTER XXVII.  
AFTER THREE YEARS.

"I have you to thank for that recovery, indirectly," he said tersely. "If I have not done so before, I thank you now. Miss Vanderleem's 'recovery' is the happy cause of—of her engagement to me."

There was an awkward pause. Kenneth felt that in his excitement he had impulsively made a rather bad break in speaking of his friend's fiancée, and Jarvis was annoyed with himself for having revealed his too eager acceptance of Lady Beaulieu's social patronage. Nevertheless, he was not wholly displeased with the information he had received, and when Kenneth apologized for speaking too cavalierly, Jarvis listened with a very good grace.

"Pardon me, Nevil, if I've stupidly and unknowingly offended you; and please accept my sincerest congratulations." He leaned over and grasped the other man's hand. "I hope you will give me the pleasure of meeting Miss Vanderleem, in the near future."

"Certainly, with pleasure," responded Jarvis. "I say, can't you take luncheon with us and Mrs. Edgemont, her sister, at the Savoy to-day? Delighted to have you, if you'll come."

"Sorry, my dear Nevil. Fact is, I'm going to Scarborough this morning, to spend a few days or perhaps a fortnight with my sister, Mrs. Ackersley. You remember John Ackersley, don't you? Splendid fellow! One of the best friends a man could have!"

"Then, if you're leaving town to-day, I mustn't keep you longer," said Jarvis, rising to depart. "Good-by, Markham, and good luck to you!"

Good luck! The words fell like a benison upon Kenneth, as he rose and followed his friend to the door. He was glad that Nevil—not knowing the purpose of this journey to Scarborough, and evidently weary of his former suit, weary of being the rejected suitor of Mercia Reynolds—could wish him luck and be happy in his own assured good fortune. Nevil's second choice had at least removed him from the path to Mercia, and now Kenneth had no reason to fear him as a rival.

## THIS WOMAN FOUND HEALTH

And Escaped an Operation by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Hazelhurst, Ga.—"I have used your remedies for only ten months, and they saved me from an operation. Before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was so ill from a female trouble that I was forced to stay in bed for a week at a time with weakness and pain, but your medicine has done so much for me that I am recommending it to all suffering women. It certainly is a great medicine and is a sure road to health for women. You may publish this letter if you like."—Mrs. W. G. LITTLE, R.F.D. 4, Hazelhurst, Ga.

Women who suffer from headaches, nervousness, backache, the blues and other symptoms of a functional derangement should give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial.

For forty years it has been overcoming such ailments of women after other medicines had failed.

If you want specific suggestions in regard to your condition, write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of long experience is at your service, and your letter will be held in strict confidence.

## "Love in the Wilds" Fashion Plates.

OR

### The Romance of a South African Trading Station.

CHAPTER I.  
AFTER FORTY YEARS.

Dinner had not been removed, and the squire, who was deep in his first bottle, looked up sharply.

"Where have you been, sirrah?" he asked, frowning at the loose shooting-jacket and gaiters. "Have you forgotten the dinner hour, or are you too lazy to dress?"

"Neither, sir," replied Hugh, dropping into a chair. "Then why the deuce can not you come in at the proper time? Did you expect me to wait for you? If you did you were mistaken. I have dined, sir."

Hugh inclined his head. "I did not expect you to wait," he said, "or I should have been home in time. I'm not hungry. Indeed, I have had a crust and cheese at the lodge."

"A crust and cheese!" snarled the squire. "By Heaven, sir, it is well you are not compelled to dine every day on such frugal fare!"

"I should not regret it much if I were, sir," replied Hugh, with a short, musical laugh, which was peculiar to him. "Bread and cheese are not bad fare when you have walked a score of miles and feel hungry enough to eat the bread alone."

"Bah!" retorted the squire; "you talk like a plowboy. I tell you what it is, sirrah, you act like one, too."

Hugh rose slowly—it was time to retreat. "Bread and cheese!" growled the squire. "Another of your low notions, I suppose. It befits the dignity of the heir of Dale to be munching bread and cheese with the gamekeeper while his own dinner remains untouched. I tell you, sir, these new notions of yours are admirable to me. And what is more, I will not suffer them. By gad, we'll have you playing all-fours on the village ale-house bench with the boot-maker!"

Hugh turned sharply, his eyes flashing and his lips firmly set.

"Sirrah!" roared the squire; "that strikes home, sir, does it? If the cap fits, sirrah, wear it—wear it!"

Hugh smiled darkly. "You forget, sir," he replied, sternly, "that at present my offense is the luncheon at the gamekeeper's: your anger for the game at all-fours on the ale-house bench might be postponed, considering that it has never been played."

"How do I know that?" snarled the squire.

Hugh's face flushed again. "Because I do not speak falsely. Bah, sir! why tear passion to tatters for nothing? I am late to dinner; the loss is mine, if loss there be. I—"

"Ah, 'tis like you, sir," retorted the father, not to be appeased. "You'd argue till midnight. I say, the country is agape at your mad tricks. I say—"

"The post-boy, sir," said a servant.

## FEEBLE OLD PEOPLE

Need the Blood-Building, Strength-Creating Elements of VINOL

We Guarantee it to Re-build Wasting Tissues and Replace Weakness With Strength

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VINOL is the ideal strengthener and body builder for old folks, for it contains the very elements needed to enrich the blood, quicken the circulation, rebuild wasting tissues and replace weakness with strength.

And as a result the system is fortified against colds and pneumonia. "One old lady recently wrote: 'I am 78 years of age and my husband is 79, and we owe our good health to VINOL, as we have proved it to be the greatest strength creator and invigorator known, we are strong and well, but I often say I do not believe we would now be alive if it were not for VINOL.'"

If you are feeble and weak, why not try VINOL on your druggist's guarantee.

entering with the evening letter-bag. And the squire broke off to snatch it from the trembling man's hand.

Hugh took the opportunity to leave the room.

Hastily tearing open the envelope, for he never had the patience to extract a letter in the usual way, Squire Darrell picked out one letter, whose handwriting he thought he knew, and was soon lost in its contents, which must have been of importance, for ere he had nearly reached the middle, he threw it down and hurried to the door; but at the moment of opening his mouth to call Hugh, he hurried in to the room again, and muttering "No, I'll let the 'malapert wait," took up the letter and finished its perusal.

That evening he had no chance of communicating the contents of the letter, for Hugh studiously avoided him, starting off for a walk across the valley and stopping to rest awhile at the blacksmith's forge.

While he was leaning against the door, his eyes fixed on the shower of sparks and his thoughts keeping time to the clang, clang, of the hammer upon the anvil, a horseman pulled up at the door, and, dismounting, led his animal, a strong-looking cob, into the shoeing stall.

Looking up, to call his hounds from sniffing at the traveler's heels, Hugh's gaze was attracted and chained by the singular appearance of the newcomer.

He was a thick-set man of about forty, strong in the limbs, and with a ruddy, weather-beaten face that gave him the appearance of a sea captain, though his dress partook of the character of a well-to-do farmer's.

As he passed Hugh he shot a glance at his stalwart figure, and, with an almost imperceptible nod of approval, wished him "Good-evening."

"Good-evening," said Hugh. "Your cob is a little lame, is he not? Have you ridden him far?" and, never proof against a horse, he walked up to the animal and patted it.

"Twenty miles," replied the traveler. "He has only gone lame the last half. Fancy it's a nail wrong. Perhaps, Mr. Blacksmith, you'll be good enough to put us right."

As the smith came forward the horseman walked to the door and, wiping his brow with a hugh silk handkerchief, looked curiously up and down the street.

"What might be the name of this village?" he asked, without turning round.

"Dale," said Hugh. "Dale, eh?" replied the stranger. "Well, it's a good old English name, and, seemingly, a good old English village. That's the inn, I suppose—clean and comfortable, eh?"

"Very, sir," answered the smith, to whom the question seemed put. "There hasn't a better house within thirty miles."

"Ah!" said the stranger; "that's high praise. I ought to be satisfied. Not that I am inclined to be too particular, young sir," he added, turning to Hugh, with a queer twinkling in his sharp eyes, "for I haven't slept in a pair of English sheets for forty years."

"That's a long while," said Hugh, with a short laugh. "I must say you don't look any the worse for it."

"I don't, eh? You don't think I do, eh? Well, I suppose I don't. Now you, I suppose, have not slept out of an English bed for twenty years, eh?"

"Never in my life," said Hugh. "And you don't look any the worse for that," retorted the traveler, laughing grimly at the weak joke and casting another approving glance at the graceful, sturdy form of the youth.

Then, sinking on the bench beside the door, he went on, in a half-absent sort of way:

"Yes, forty years since I last saw this merry England. It's changed, won-der-fully changed—and it would say the same to me if it could speak," he added, sharply.

(To be Continued.)

In carrying fish use a wide silver knife. Breadcrumbs will give body to an omelette.

A STYLISH DRESS FOR SMALL FIGURES.



Pattern 3144 is here illustrated. It is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. For an 18 year size, it will require 5 1/2 yards of 44 inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge with plaits extended, is about 2 1/2 yards. Satin, and velvet, chiffon and chambray, crepe and gingham, or georgette and taffeta, are good combinations for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A PRETTY DANCE OR PARTY FROCK.



Pattern 3142 is here portrayed. It is cut in 3 Sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 16 will require 4 1/2 yards of material 27 inches wide. Lace, net, crepe or chiffon could be combined with silk, satin, duvetyne or velvet. The style is good also for linen, batiste, poplin, voile and other similar fabrics. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

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