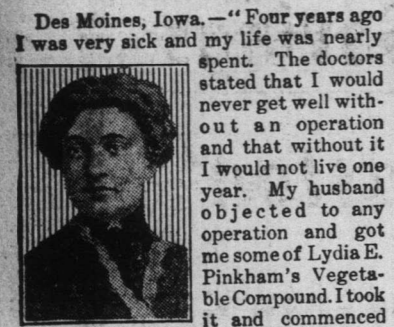


HUSBAND OBJECTS TO OPERATION

Wife Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Des Moines, Iowa.—"Four years ago I was very sick and my life was nearly spent. The doctors stated that I would never get well without an operation and that without it I would not live one year. My husband objected to any operation and got me some of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it and commenced to get better and am now well, am stout and able to do my own housework. I can recommend the Vegetable Compound to any woman who is sick and run down as a wonderful strength and health restorer. My husband says I would have been in my grave ere this if it had not been for your Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. BLANCHIE JEFFERSON, 708 Lyon St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Before submitting to a surgical operation it is wise to try to build up the female system and cure its derangements with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; it has saved many women from surgical operations.

Write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice—it will be confidential.

The Sound of Wedding Bells

Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"Dear Sir Hugh.—By the time this reaches you, I shall have become the wife of the Duke of Gretnam. At first blush you will, I fear, accuse me of treachery and deceit, but if you will bear with me long enough to read these few lines, I think you will understand that there may be other motives for the step than the hard ones you will assign to me. Dear Hugh—for I will still so call you—since parting from you to-day, I have felt that, though we have plighted troth, our hearts are not one. I feel, with a conviction I cannot shake, that the memory of another love still clings to you, and that it will cling to the end. I do not blame you, but I think it would not be safe to trust to the hope of its vanishing. What, then, lies before me; either to wed one whose heart is still with another, or to turn to one whom I know loves me with a devotion that is as sincere as it is beyond my merit. Dear Hugh, in becoming the wife of the dear duke, I feel that I am releasing you rather than deserting you, and that in time you will come to acknowledge that I am right. When that time comes, may I hope that, though we have parted so suddenly, you will still consent to grant your friendship to your old and true friend,

LUCY FAIRFAX.

When it is finished, she holds her head back, and regards it with a satisfied smile. It is really a clever letter, for it shifts the blame on to Hugh's broad shoulders, and makes her appear the injured party in the transaction.

"Poor Hugh!" she murmurs; "will he be deceived by it, I wonder; men are so easily gulled—if one can but flatter their self-love! Will he storm and rave? No; I don't think he would ever do that. Perhaps he will quietly put the letter in his pocket

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This is what Zoetic has to offer weak, anemic, nervous, run-down people—and this is the new health tonic which brings to every man, woman or child whose cheerless days and sleepless nights have brought to a state of physical weakness or nervous breakdown.

Only such a tonic as Zoetic, the great health tonic which revives loss of vitality, strengthens the nerves, restores health and strength by means of this scientific nourishment.

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and walk out of the house, without even letting them know that we were engaged. Poor Hugh!" And she sighs as she puts the letter in its envelope, addresses it to Sir Hugh Falconer, and places it on the pin-cushion on her dressing-table.

Then she goes to bed, but not to sleep. Before her restless eyes passes a panorama, brilliant and dazzling, in which a small figure, glittering with the Gretnam diamonds, is the center and principal figure.

The dawn comes at last, dull and cloudy, and grows into a wet and boisterous morning.

It is a very pale face that meets her in the looking-glass, a pale face with a dark rim under the light, shifting gray eyes, but she smiles dauntlessly. "Dear duke," she murmurs, "he will pardon a little pallor under the circumstances; indeed, it is rather to my credit than otherwise."

It is not an early household in Park Lane, breakfast rarely being served before ten, and when Lady Falconer's maid knocks at the door, as is her custom, to know if she can help Miss Fairfax, Lucy calls out plaintively that she has a headache, and will rest a little longer than usual.

"Tell the young ladies not to wait for me, please," she says, in a subdued voice. "I will come down directly."

Then she puts her bonnet on and a thick veil, and carefully fits her tiny number six glove, and sits down to wait.

The clock of a neighboring church strikes the half-hour, and first touching the letter as it lies on the pin-cushion, she opens the door and steals down-stairs.

She knows that the servants will be in the breakfast-room, and that if she is lucky she can get out by the back entrance, and fortune is with her, for, with the exception of a page, no one sees her, and he is too intent with his knives to take any notice. So she galps the street, and with a hurried step, and her cloak drawn around her, and her umbrella shading her face, she walks to the end of the road.

And at the end of the road, as had arranged, stands the duke's brougham.

Her heart beats fast as she approaches it, and she expects to see him looking out for her, but she reaches the brougham without seeing his welcome face, and stepping up to the door finds that the carriage is empty.

It gives her a start for a moment, but her courage does not desert her, and putting up her veil—for the coachman would not recognize her through the disguise, and would only be curious as to her reason for wearing it—she goes up to him.

He looks down and touches his hat. "The duke!" she says, with a smile of careless ease.

The man touches his hat again, and in a low voice, and a glance up and down the street. "He—he was to take me to a morning exhibition of pictures. We shall be late."

"Yes, miss," he assents, with respectful regret, and he looks down the street, helplessly.

"I—I cannot wait here," she says.

"No, miss," he assents again, "certainly not!"

The man's commonplace answers drive her almost wild.

"What is to be done?" she says, almost sharply, resolving in her mind to discharge the man when she becomes his mistress.

"I'm sure I don't know, miss! His grace said he wouldn't be five minutes. He said he was only going to buy a pair of gloves; he's been long enough to buy the whole shop full! Perhaps—and he hesitates, evidently not liking to make the suggestion.

"Well, well," she says, impatiently. "Perhaps his grace has forgotten, and gone back to Queen's Gate, miss?"

She winces angrily, then she laughs, softly.

"I don't think his grace has forgotten," she says; "but—but," desperately, "perhaps you had better drive there and see. He may have gone back for something."

"Very good, miss," says the man, touching his hat, and gathering up his reins.

"Stop," she says, with a deep flush. "I—I think I had better go with you."

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as before her. She sees Maud furious, and Lady Falconer white with anger and mortification. She sees herself, later on, calmly and coolly inviting them to Gretnam, and calmly and coolly patronizing them. She will wear the Gretnam diamonds, she thinks, the first time that Maud comes to visit her—yes, every one of them! And she will be able to remind Maud of her kind promise to get the duke to give her away to Hugh. Yes, it will be a glorious treat, worthy of the gods! But the clock chimes a quarter to eleven, and arouses her from her reverie.

Why does the duke not come? Then she realizes the danger of her position. Any moment now they may go to her room and find the letter.

Edie, who is often out early, may pass down the street and see the duke's brougham; perhaps Hugh himself may pass, and he would be certain to stop and ask the coachman if the duke was inside.

The path to riches and honor suddenly grows perilous.

But her courage does not fail.

"He will be here in a moment," she thinks, reassuringly. "Those gloves have taken long to put on! Poor duke! As if one cared whether a duke wore gloves or not!"

Then she nestles still closer to the corner and waits.

The minutes seem to grow into hours. Every footstep on the pavement makes her heart beat and the blood rush to her face.

But the footsteps pass, and her hand falls on the handle of the brougham, and the clock strikes eleven.

Then, with a sudden start, she realizes fully her position.

Longer waiting is impossible—intolerable.

She opens the door and steps out on to the pavement, and touches the coachman's arm, rousing him from that semi-sleeping state into which coachmen—and coachmen alone—seem to be able to fall.

"Yes, miss," he says, without a start, and with an effort to look wide awake.

"The duke has not come," she says, in a low voice, and a glance up and down the street. "He—he was to take me to a morning exhibition of pictures. We shall be late."

"Yes, miss," he assents, with respectful regret, and he looks down the street, helplessly.

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"Very good, miss," says the man, touching his hat, and gathering up his reins.

"Stop," she says, with a deep flush. "I—I think I had better go with you."

The man touches his hat again, and glances at her curiously.

If he expressed his thoughts aloud, it would be in this form—"This is a rum go!" but he is a well-trained servant, who has learned to respect the whims and vagaries of his superiors with a stolid countenance, and he manages to look as if an unmarried lady going to his master's brougham to his master's house, alone and without invitation, were one of the most natural and everyday occurrences.

So she gets in, and, trying to crush down a faint, horrible fear that will make itself felt, she coils herself up once more.

The brougham spins along through the busy streets and stops at the great house at Queen's Gate, and she waits for one of the footmen to open the door.

But no one comes, and at last she puts her hand on the inside handle, when she hears the coachman getting down from the box.

He opens the door and touches his hat, staring behind him.

"What is the matter?" she asks, impatiently.

The man puts his hand up mechanically. "Beg pardon, miss; but I don't quite know; seems as if something was going on inside. None of the footmen about, and there's another brougham here."

She hesitates a moment.

Another brougham! Perhaps—it's a mad thought—the duke has been compelled to come back to fetch something, and he has ordered another brougham to go to her.

"I will get out," she says, and she lights and passes him into the hall.

The door is open, and the porter stands in the center of a group of footmen.

(To be Continued.)

Eczema Cured Five Years Ago.

A Treatment Which Has Proven a Wonderful Healer of the Skin—Certified Evidence of Lasting Cure.

Jordan, Ont., November 26th.—The old notion that eczema is a disease of the blood is refuted time and time again by the cures that are daily being effected by Dr. Chase's Ointment. It matters not what the cause may have been if you apply Dr. Chase's Ointment regularly you will obtain relief and cure of eczema. Here is the proof.

Mrs. Stephen G. Thwaites, Box 205, Jordan, Ont., writes: "My brother had a bad case of eczema on his legs. He was troubled nearly all one fall and winter with it, and could not work for days at a time. He tried different salves and ointments, but none cured him. One day he tried Dr. Chase's Ointment, and it gave almost instant relief. He continued its use, but had not quite finished the second box when he was cured. It is now about five years since then, and it has never returned. We certainly can recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment, and are very grateful for my brother's cure."

(Rev. S. F. Coffman, Vineland, Ont., states: "This is to certify that I know Mrs. Thwaites and the party to whom she refers, and her statements are correct.")

Mr. J. E. Jones, 228 University Avenue, Kingston, Ont., writes: "I had eczema in my hand for about five years. I tried a great many remedies, but found that while some of them checked it, none cured it permanently. Finally I tried Dr. Chase's Ointment, and in six weeks my hand was completely better. I would not do without a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment in the house if it cost \$2 a box. I am giving my name to this firm so that it will get to those who suffer as I did."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Substitutes will only disappoint you. Insist on getting what you ask for.

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Waist—2252. Skirt—2251.

This model comprises Ladies' Waist Pattern 2252 and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 2251. Pussy willow satin in a new shade of brown is here combined with embroidered crepe for the underwaist. Serge, velvet, broadcloth and cashmere are also nice for this style. The Waist Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The Skirt Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. A medium size will require 5 yards of 44-inch material for the skirt and bolero, and 2 1/2 yards for the waist. Skirt measures about 1 1/2 yard at its lower edge.

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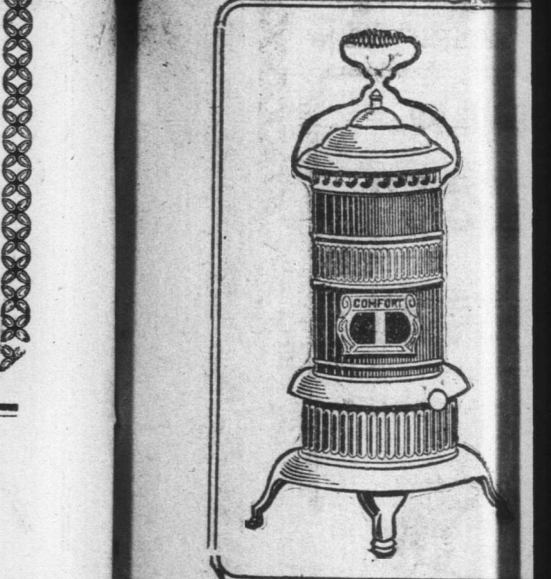
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