

CHAPPED HANDS & COLD SORES

One thorough application of Zam-Buk at night will bring ease by morning. Zam-Buk stops the smarting, heals the cracks, and makes the hands smooth.

PROOF—Miss Hattie Bertrand, Galeburg, Ont., writes:—"I was troubled with chapped hands and arms and nothing ever seemed to heal them thoroughly until we found Zam-Buk. It has cured them. My father has also used it for several skin troubles and injuries, and thinks there is nothing like Zam-Buk."
Mothers should see that their children use Zam-Buk daily, as there is nothing like prevention. A little Zam-Buk lightly smeared over the hands and wrists, after washing, will prevent chaps and cold sores.
Zam-Buk is also a sure cure for skin diseases, eczema, itch, ringworm, scald-poisoning, piles, and for cuts, burns and bruises. Put it on all cuts and druggists or post free to the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Beware of harmful substitutes and imitations.



Address all applications for samples and retail orders to T. McMURDO & CO., St. John's, Nfld.

A MYSTERIOUS QUEST.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Fate Triumphant.

Trusting the three letters into her pocket, she hurried out, locking the studio door behind her. Going at once to street, she rang the bell of 37, and inquired if Mrs. Vandecker was in. Happily she was, and after a few torturing minutes of waiting in the parlor, a good-looking woman entered, and quietly greeted her.

Jenny had a thick veil over her face, but she immediately threw it back. Her beauty must help her in the cause she had to plead, for as she met the woman's honest eyes she experienced a sudden terror lest she should fail in her undertaking.

"I have come," she said, gently, and with her first conscious effort at acting a part she did not feel, "for a letter addressed to Mr. Degraw which your husband is said to have found. I am his intended wife, and wrote the letter. I—"

She paused, stricken at a loss. From something in the face of the woman before her, she saw the letter had been read. Her heart gave up its cause at once. She knew that the knell of her doom had sounded—that she would never receive this letter into her own hands.

"I am sorry," Mrs. Vandecker began, "but Mr. Degraw has just called for his property."

"My husband went out of town this morning. He met Mr. Degraw at the depot, and told him of this letter, and where it could be found. Mr. Degraw came for it immediately, and it is not ten minutes since he left here with it in his hand."

Jenny gave her one look—the woman never forgot it—then she staggered out of the house, and wandered dizzily away to Hilary's house. She no longer had the least hope. Heaven had declared itself against her, and she was prepared to cease her struggles, and resign herself to her fate. That she carried the three unsealed letters in her pocket did not take from her disquietude. He would hear from Mr. Vandecker that a note had been addressed to him at his studio, and his enquiries after this would lead to the discovery that two other letters had been thrust under the door, and to her alone could their loss be attributable, as she alone

had the means of entrance to his room. Ah! if the ground would only open in mercy and take her in! She was not worthy of lumbering it longer. God did not wish it, or why trip her up on the threshold of ever joy. She had not wished to be bad; she had not wished to deceive; she had only longed for success; and when that failed, she had let herself drift for a while with the tide. Was this so heinous a crime? Was she doomed by it to everlasting misery and despair? It would seem so. And her heart grew very long and her steps very faint as she drew up at Hilary's steps, and with difficulty mounted to the door.

"Oh! if I could fall asleep," she thought, "and know no more for weeks!"

But she had to ring the bell, she had to enter the door, she had to confront Hilary, and, in another moment, her waiting lover.

He was standing in a little reception-room off the parlor, and she felt his presence before Hilary spoke his name. But she did not have to nerve herself to meet him, for he was at her side before she could shake herself free from the torpor that was gradually benumbing all her faculties. He was in a eager mood, also, and in that first moment did not betray any alarming uneasiness. But she could not meet his eyes; she simply could not, and so dropped in his arms.

"You see I have come back," he cried. "My mother sends her blessing, and waits to welcome you to her heart. Is that not good news, dearest, and was it not worth the waiting, to feel that you have made two hearts happy, hers and mine?"

She nodded mechanically. She was not deceived by his words; something was lacking from his manner which would never be found in it again. Had he read all the letter or only a part? She dared not lift her eyes to see.

He divined her trouble, and sought at once to allay it.

"Jenny," said he, "there is a little matter on my mind which it may be for our happiness to clear away before we turn our attention to the arrangements for our wedding. It is about a letter—"

She gasped, and his arms loosened a trifle in their hold upon her.

"What letter?" she faintly articulated.

"One written by you—at least it is signed 'Jenny'; and is addressed to 'Hamilton Degraw.' It was found lying unsealed in the street, and was picked up by a gentleman who knew my name, and evidently my face, for he picked me out of the crowd to day, and told me of the occurrence. I have not read it—"

"You have not read it?"

She had forgotten herself, and there was no mistaking her tone of absolute and overwhelming relief. He dropped his arms from about her, and a strange look of doubt began, for the first time, to infuse itself into his expression.

"No," he declared, "for I was by no means sure that it was meant for me. Was it, Jenny?"

"No," was her well-nigh inaudible answer.

"Then, take it dearest, but—" he did not say this till it was in her hand—"I should like—I should be much happier if you would give me the privilege of reading it. I do not know why I desire to; perhaps I am getting whimsical, too, but ever since it has been in my hands, I have felt restless and uneasy. You of course, had the right to address Mr. Degraw, and I knew, that you had done so; but—call it jealousy—or call it love—I long to hear you say: 'Read it, Hamilton and see how true my heart was to you, if false to him.'"

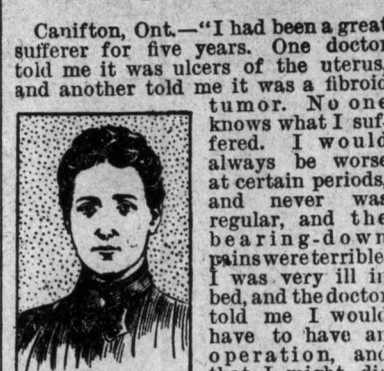
"You—shall—read—it?" The words came slowly, each freighted with a vanished hope. She knew, whether by tuition or instinct, that suspicion had at last been aroused in his heart, and by her own act. Had she possessed more control over herself, had she used half the art she had been taught to exert for her appearance on the stage, she might have turned aside his curiosity by a look or a laugh; but she had not done it. She had shown first her dismay and her relief, and now it was too late for subterfuge or tact. "You shall see it," she repeated, more rapidly; "but not till I am dressed for the ceremony. Will you wait till then?"

There was such a depth of entreaty in her voice, such an unearthly gleam in her eye, that he sought for whatever word would calm her.

"Yes," said he, "I will wait till you see fit to show it to me. I do not ask to see it now or ever; I

DOCTOR ADVISED OPERATION

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Canifton, Ont.—"I had been a great sufferer for five years. One doctor told me it was cancer of the uterus and another told me it was a fibroid tumor. No one knows what I suffered. I would always be worse at certain periods, and never was regular, and the doctor told me that I might die during the operation. I wrote to my sister about it and she advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Through personal experience I have found it the best medicine in the world for female troubles that it has cured me, and I did not have to have the operation after all. The Compound also helped me while passing through Change of Life."—Mrs. LETITIA BLAIR, Canifton, Ontario.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has proved to be the most successful remedy for curing the worst forms of female ills, including displacements, inflammation, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result has been worth millions to suffering women.

only hope that you will be willing that I should. A wife is so sacred to her husband! He wants to feel that she holds no secret from him—that all is clear between her soul and his. Do you understand, my darling?"

Ah, yes, she understood. She showed it by the wistful gleam in her eye—the passion of her embrace.

"You shall see it before we are married," she reiterated; and though she thrust the letter into her pocket she grew calmer and listened with a sadly smiling face while he told her about his mother and the plans he had formed for spending a month among the connecticut hills.

Hilary came into the room while he was talking, and the arrangements for the evening's ceremony were discussed. Few, if any, of their friends were expected to be present, and the only bridal celebration which they decided to allow themselves was a little supper to precede their departure on the midnight train. When this was settled and all the words said which seemed necessary, Mr. Degraw prepared to leave. As he did so, he cast one look at Jenny. She at once came to his side.

"I have not forgotten," she said. "The ceremony is set for eight. You will see me a half hour before. And darling," she had never addressed him by a word of endearment before—"will you show me one last favor? have my carriage yet, and it is in pleasure that you come to our bride in it. Do you object? It is the last time it will be used in my service."

"No, Jenny. I will ride in it if you so desire."

"Do; it will be at the studio at seven. Benjamin will drive you; trust him."

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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 this formula.

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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.

9109.—A STYLISH TOP GARMENT.



Coat for Misses and Small Women (with Collar in Three Sections).

As a part of a tailored suit, or to be worn as a separate coat, this model will be found very effective and desirable. The collar is a distinctive feature of the coat, which is cut on graceful lines. Velvet, corduroy, silk, caracul, cloth or other cloakings may be used. The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires 3 yards of 44 inch material for the 15 year size.

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

Suitable materials for any of these patterns can be procured from AYR & SONS, Ltd. Samples on request. Mention pattern number. Mail orders promptly attended to.

9126.—A PRACTICAL DESIGN.



Boy's Russian Suit with Knickerbockers.

Suits of this type are much favored for little boys, and the model here shown will appeal to mothers and some dressmakers because of its simple lines. Serge makes an attractive suit, but other woolen mixtures, as well as velvet or corduroy and wash fabrics are equally appropriate. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 3, 4 and 6 years. It requires 3 yards of 44 inch material for the 4 year size.

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PATTERN COUPON.

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

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We have on exhibition in the window of our Medical Hall, Theatre Hill, a rectangular box having an inside space as follows: length, 8 inches; breadth, 4 inches; height, 3 inches. This box is filled with Antibilious Pills of about the size of a pea.

The competition is to guess as near as possible the number of pills contained in the box. The person guessing the exact number, or the nearest number of pills in the box, will receive for the first prize \$10.00; second prize, \$5.00; third and fourth prizes, \$2.50 each.

In the event of two or more persons guessing the same number, the amount of the prize will be proportionately divided amongst the successful winners. That rule will apply to all prize winners. Every person purchasing a bottle of our "QUEEN OF LINIMENTS," whether in the city or outport towns, and mailing us the outside green wrapper of bottle, with the number of guess, together with their name and address, will have a chance of winning the grand prize.

DR. F. STAFFORD & SON, N

Still Jammed.

The Tritonia which is trying to force her way to Botwood has not made much progress through the ice since Sunday, and up to yesterday was still engaged blasting the ice about her. Besides a general cargo of the ship has over 4,000 tons of coal on board, and it is said if the ship does not reach Botwood soon the A. N. D. Co.'s plant must close down for want of this coal to run the engines.

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