

This Ointment Possesses Power to Heal the Skin

Two Cases Which Prove the Extraordinary Healing Power of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

The use of Dr. Chase's Ointment is wonderfully satisfactory because you can actually see the results accomplished. It is surprising what change can be brought about in a single night by this great healing ointment. Mr. George Beavis, 119 James street, Peterboro, Ont., writes: "As a healing ointment, I consider Dr. Chase's the best obtainable. I had a large running sore on my leg, and although I had tried all the prescriptions of two doctors I was unable to get any relief from the pain or to get the sore healed. One day my druggist handed me a sample box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and I used it with such good results that I decided to give the ointment a fair trial. Altogether I used four boxes, and I am glad to be able to say that the sore on my leg is entirely healed up. Since this experience with Dr. Chase's Ointment I have recommended it to many people."

Mrs. W. W. Oliver, Port George, Annapolis Co., N.S., writes: "I am going to tell you my experience with Dr. Chase's Ointment. There was a spot came on my face something like a mole, but it kept getting worse, and several doctors whom I consulted said it was cancer, and that it would have to be cut or burned out. I intended having this done, but changed my mind when my brother recommended Dr. Chase's Ointment. Before I had finished one box of the ointment this skin trouble had gone, and has not bothered me since. I cannot praise Dr. Chase's Ointment too much, and you are at liberty to publish this letter."

If you have never used Dr. Chase's Ointment send a two-cent stamp for a sample box, and mention this paper. Price sixty cents a box, all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Limited Toronto.

The Web; OR, TRUE LOVE'S PASSION.

CHAPTER XXV.
The New Poet.

Norah drove to the Court, and on the way managed to murmur a few words of encouragement to Harman, and at once sent her to her own room. Then, when she herself was alone, with the door safely locked on the outside world, she faced this that had happened to her.

It was so incredible, so impossible, that at first she felt simply stupefied and numb; but presently, when she realized that Cyril had indeed deserted her, that she had lost him forever—for even if he had not married Becca, all must be over between them—she uttered a low cry, and flung herself face downward upon the bed, and a flood of tears came to her relief.

So she lay and cried, her hands writhing together, her beautiful hair strewn on the white coverlet, until her woman's pride came to her aid, and, with a moan of shame, she rose, trembling, but resolute.

This man, who had won her heart, was not worth a sigh, least of all a tear! He had been acting, she told herself with a shudder, from the very first. All the passionate protestations which had thrilled her to the very soul he had learned by heart; perhaps he had rehearsed them with Becca South! He had been false to the core, and had just amused himself—that was all!—by making love to her.

The shame of the thought that she had been fitted, scorned by a man to whom she had given her whole heart, burned her like actual fire, and her proud head bowed itself on her breast with the weight of self-scorn and contempt.

And she had believed in him so wholly, had loved him so passionately and devotedly. Had loved? A shudder shook her as something within whispered: "Yes, and love him still, Norah!" And, with a moan, she flung herself on the bed again.

That he had left her, deserted her, for such an one as Becca South, added a refined torture to her anguish. If the girl he had preferred to her had been a lady, one in her own station, she thought she could have borne it better—but Becca, her own maid!

No doubt they were laughing together over his treachery and falsehood! For the first time she realized

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that she was an earl's daughter, and something of the pride of race stirred within her, and increased her shame and humiliation.

And yet as she lay there in all the abandonment of her misery, a strange and vague doubt haunted her, a doubt whether it was possible that she could have been so cruelly deceived, whether Cyril could be so base and vile as facts seemed to make him. Why should he have made love to her and won her promise to be his wife, if all the time he was in love with Becca South?

At last, with a weary gesture, that was at the same time full of determination, she rose and bathed her face.

Cyril Burne had passed from her life, never to re-enter it, and from that moment it behooved her, if she possessed a spark of womanly pride and self-respect, to cast him out from her heart and even from her mind. She would force herself to forget him, or, if she thought of him at all, to regard him as beneath her contempt.

With trembling hands she did up her hair, and put on her prettiest dress, and then went downstairs, determined so to play her part that no one should suspect that her heart was very nearly broken.

The drawing room door was open, and she went in and sat down to the piano, and began to play mechanically. Instinctively she wandered in to a mournful sonata of Schubert's in harmony with her feelings, and her eyes began to fill with tears. With an impatient gesture she dashed them away, and changed the sonata to a brilliant fugue, which filled the room with a magnificent storm of sound, in the midst of which the earl entered.

He paused at the door, looking at her, and listening, and his face softened, or, rather, grew more proud and satisfied. She was very beautiful, he thought, and she played like a musician. Yes, this daughter of his was a credit to him!

Norah did not know he was in the room until he came and stood by the piano; then she stopped playing, and, with a start, looked up at him, and he saw how pale and worn she looked.

"Please do not stop," he said, with a wave of his hand; and she went on playing, but more softly.

He did not guess how keenly her heart ached with the desire to tell him all, and to receive one word of sympathy and consolation from him.

She came to the end of the piece, and the earl nodded approval.

"You play with haste and expression, Norah," he said; then, as if half-ashamed of having unbent even so slightly, he added, in the same breath, almost as if he were afraid she would make some affectionate response: "By the way, what is this story that I have heard about one of your maids—the girl named Becca South?"

Norah winced, but she raised her eyes to his steadily. This was a part of the ordeal she would have to undergo, and she would bear it without making a sign.

"The story, papa?" she said, and her voice was as steady as her gaze.

"Yes," he said, impatiently, as if to speak of anything connected with so inferior a person as a servant annoyed him. "I have heard, from my valet, some rumor that the girl has run away. It is not true, I suppose?"

Norah hesitated for a moment, but a moment only.

"Yes, it is true," she said, and she touched the keys softly, to conceal the tremor that shook her hand.

The earl raised his brows with marked displeasure.

"Run away from the Court!" he said, as if such a proceeding were as incredible as running away from Paradise. "Why has she done so? With whom has she run away, pray?"

"She is Mrs. Harman's niece," said Norah, slowly, and still playing softly, "and Harman is trying to keep it secret. She ran away with—Mr. Cyril Burne."

The earl almost started, and his incipient frown gave place to an expression of satisfaction.

"In-deed!" he said, in a tone of haughty contempt. "It would be scarcely correct to say that it is no more than I expected, as my acquaintance with the gentleman was so slight; but, from what I have heard of him, I am not surprised. I trust that it will be a warning to you not to credit every stranger you may happen to meet with all the virtues."

Norah bent her head in silence. She felt that she deserved all that he could say, and yet the cold words fell upon her heart like ice. By an unknown effort she raised her eyes.

"The truth is not known, papa," she said, in a low voice. "It is Harman's secret—"

"She need have no fear of my communicating it," he said, haughtily. "The girl has left my roof of her own free will, and there is an end of it—and her!"

Norah drew a breath of relief, and he moved toward the door with his slow and stately step; but he came back and stood looking at her.

"Are you unwell?" he asked. Norah shook her head.

"I am a little tired this morning, papa," she replied.

"You look pale," he said, slowly, as if he were reluctantly telling her of a fault. "Would you like to see a medical man?"

Norah shook her head again, and a faint smile that was more sad than tears crossed her face. No doctor could give her back the Cyril she had loved and lost!

"You have not looked well for some time past," he said. "Perhaps you need a change of air."

"I don't know," said Norah, listlessly. "I am going up to town in a few days," he went on. "I had thought of staying at an hotel, but if you would like to accompany me, I will write and tell them to have the small house in Park lane ready. There are not many people in town just now, but the change may benefit you. Do you care to go?"

Norah looked through the window undecidedly. Perhaps she would learn to forget Cyril more easily and quickly away from Santeleigh.

"Thank you, papa," she replied. "Yes, I would like to go."

"Very well," he said. "I will make the necessary arrangements. You will take Harman with you, and the housekeeper can send some of the servants up at once," and he left the room.

The day passed slowly, draggingly. Norah tried to read, to work, but the book dropped into her lap, and she

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found herself dwelling upon her trouble, and going over all its details one by one with vivid distinctness. She dressed herself for dinner, Harman being too ill to wait upon her, and went down with a listless step, to find Guildford Berton in the drawing-room.

His presence was a very unwelcome one to her, and her face flushed as he came up to her, and under his breath, said:

"I have wired to my man in London; please do not be anxious." Before she could respond the earl entered.

"Ah, Guildford," he said, "I am glad you dine with us this evening. I was going to ask you to come over. We are going to town for a week or two. Lady Norah has not been looking well for some little time past, and needs change of air."

"Yes?" he said, in his quiet voice. "I trust the change may do her good."

They went into the dining-room, and the earl, as he ladled out the soup, said:

"There were one or two things I should be glad if you will see to, Guildford," and he mentioned several matters connected with the estate.

"Certainly," said Guildford Berton. "I quite understand. Don't let anything worry you while you are away; I will see to everything so far as I can."

"You know more about the estate than I do, I really think," remarked the earl, graciously. "I am sure I do not know what we should do without you. We go to the house in Park lane."

"Yes?" he said. "I will write and tell the people in charge."

"Oh, thank you," said the earl. "I had intended doing so, but if you will be so kind."

"Certainly," assented Guildford Berton, as if it were a matter of course. "Lady Norah will have the room overlooking the park? And as to horses and so on, I suppose you will hire? I will write to Selby's. Lady Norah will want a brougham for herself," he added, thoughtfully.

"Order what you think necessary," said the earl, indifferently.

Norah sat and listened in silence. She was beginning to understand how Guildford Berton had rendered himself indispensable to her father.

"By the way," said the earl, after a pause, "you would be all the better for a change yourself, Guildford."

Guildford Berton raised his glass. "Oh, I am all right—quite well," he said.

"You scarcely look so," returned the earl. "You are thinner than you were, and paler."

Guildford Berton glanced out of the corner of his eyes at Norah, and forced a smile upon his face, which he knew looked haggard in the light thrown by the shaded lamp.

"Do I?" he said, carelessly. (To be Continued.)

A good use for an old tennis racket is to keep it as a beater for rugs, covers or clothes.

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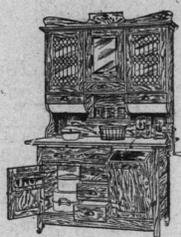
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War News

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NEW CABINET FORMED.

LONDON, Dec.

An official announcement was to-night that a new cabinet had formed, with a war cabinet consisting Premier David Lloyd George, Lord President of the Council; Curzon, who also will be the Government leader in the Lords; Henderson, Minister without portfolio; Lord Milner, Minister of Munitions, and Andrew Bonar Law, Chancellor of the Exchequer. He has been asked by the Premier to be leader in the Commons, and also a member of the war cabinet, but being expected to attend regularly. Other members of the Ministry who are not in the war cabinet, Lord High Chancellor, Sir Bannatyne Finlay; Secretary of State for Home Dept., Sir George Henderson; Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, J. Balfour; Secretary of State for Colonies, Walter Hume Long; Secretary of State for War, Earl D. Secretary of State for India, A. Chamberlain; President of the Government Board, Baron Rieu President of the Board of Trade, Albert Stanley; Minister of Labour, John Hodge; First Lord of the Admiralty, Sir Edward Carson; Minister of Munitions, Dr. Christopher Addison; Minister of Black and White, Lord Cecil; Food Controller, Lord Devonport; Shipping Controller, Joseph Paton Macleay; President of the Board of Agriculture, Rowland Prothero; President of the Board of Education, Herbert A. L. First Commissioner of Works, Alfred M. Mond; Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Sir Frederick Cawley; Postmaster General, Sir Ellingworth; Minister of Pensions, Gen. N. Barnes; Attorney General, Sir Frederick E. Smith; Solicitor General, Gordon H. Ewart; Secretary of Scotland, Mr. Morrison, K.C.; Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Henry E. J. Lord Chancellor for Ireland, J. O'Brien, K.C.; Sir Robert Blythe Finlay, in accepting the office of Lord High Chancellor, stipulated his right to a pension be waived.

JAPANESE FIELD MARSHAL

TOKIO, Dec.

Field Marshal Oyama, Commander-in-Chief of the Manchurian army Japan during the Russo-Japanese War, is dead.

MORE STEAMERS SUNK.

LONDON, Dec.

Lloyd's Shipping Agency announced the following: The British steamer Britannia, 1,814 tons, is believed sunk; the Norwegian steamer Madam and Falk have been torpedoed, crews saved; Spanish steamer Bravo, 1,214 tons gross, also torpedoed; crew landed.

PART OF BRITANNIA'S CREW MISSING.

LISBON, Dec.

The British steamer Britannia been sunk by a submarine and captain made prisoner. Two three survivors of the crew have arrived and fifteen are missing.

BRITISH STEAMER CALEDONIA SUNK.

BERLIN, Dec.

The British steamer Caledonia sunk by a German submarine Dec. 4th, after she had tried to the undersea boat. It was officially announced to-day. The captain been made prisoner. An