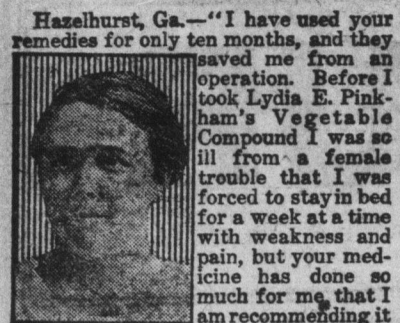


THIS WOMAN FOUND HEALTH

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



Hazlehurst, 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. C. LITTLE, R.F.D. A, Hazlehurst, 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 have failed.

If you want special 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.

For Love of a Woman;

OR, New Romeo and Juliet.

CHAPTER XXXI.
A POSTPONEMENT.

"Engaged, are you?" he said. "Rather early, isn't it? But I've no objection. Engaged to Cecil, eh? By gad, I pity you, if he has any of the Stoyte temper! The Stoyles are the worst husbands in the world, so they say, and I think it's true. He'll make you wish you were dead before you have been married twelve months."

"Come away, Grace," said Cecil, pale and stern, and he led her out of the room.

"Oh, Cecil! I am sorry!" she murmured, clinging to his arm and looking up into his face. "And we were to be married soon, too!"

"Yes," he said, "I am afraid the wedding must be put off, Grace!" and, though he spoke in accents of regret, a guilty thrill of relief shot through him. "Poor old man! Poor old man! We were never on very affectionate terms; but it hurts me to see him like this!"

"And he may remain like this for ever so long!" she said, raising her eyes, as her head lay on his breast. "For months, perhaps. Do-do you think it would matter if we had a quiet, a very quiet, wedding, Cecil?"

He frowned.

"I am afraid it isn't possible, Grace," he replied; and again he was conscious of the same guilty thrill of relief.

She drew a long breath, and pulled irritably at the lace on her sleeve. "It wouldn't have been more awkward if he had died," she said, almost sullenly.

Lord Cecil looked down at her gravely.

"I am very glad he is not dead," he

said. "I hope, and I think, he may recover completely. We can wait, Grace."

"Oh, yes," she said, with an effort. "We can wait; but it is terribly awkward, all the same, and people are talking so."

"Let them talk!" he said, almost sternly. "What do I—or what should you—care what they say?"

A week passed, and the marquis still remained in the same condition mentally, but physically he progressed in a remarkable manner.

To all intents and purposes he was as well and strong as he was before his sudden attack, and one morning he rang for his valet, and said, in his old, haughty, listless manner:

"It is very cold here, in London, Williams."

"Cold, my lord? We are all complaining of the heat!"

"So you may be; but that does not affect me, if I am cold," retorted the marquis, grimly. "I shall go South! Pack up what is necessary, and see that we start to-morrow."

The valet was too well trained to exhibit any sign of surprise.

"Yes, my lord," he said, quietly. "Lord Cecil will accompany us, I presume?"

"You do presume!" retorted the marquis. "Lord Cecil will not accompany us! Great Heaven! do you think I want a school-boy hanging to my coat-tails? Certainly not—we go alone! Let me see; it will be very pleasant in Italy. Rome, no, not Rome, it will be too crowded; and Florence is full of tourists at this time. We will go to Pesca."

"Very good, my lord," said the man, and he left the room and went straight to the doctors.

"Italy?" said Sir Andrew. "Well, yes, it will do his lordship no harm and may do him good. Pesca is a quiet place and will suit the marquis. I will write to the doctor over there and ask him to watch his lordship. And he wants to go alone, does he? Well, I suppose you can take care of him?"

The valet professed himself quite capable of doing so, and in the end it was decided not to thwart the sick man's fancy.

Lord Cecil was consulted and came to see him.

"Will you not let me come with you, sir?" he asked.

"Thanks, no," replied the marquis. "Delighted as I should be to have you as my companion," with a bow, "I must not forget that your military duties have a prior claim upon you. No, I shall go alone. I am aware that you all think I am dying, but I can assure you, with some regret, that you are very much mistaken. You will have to wait for the title a little while longer, Cecil Neville," and he smiled sardonically.

What could Cecil say or do but assist as far as he was able in securing the comfort and safety of the old man, who even in his weakness possessed a fiercer self-will than most men can boast of in the prime of their strength?

They wrote to the English doctor at Pesca, engaged a villa in the best part of the town, and sent over his lordship's travelling chest; and those servants whom he was accustomed to have about him. And Cecil himself accompanied the party across the Channel, though even to his short escortage the marquis was opposed.

"Great Heaven!" he exclaimed, irritably. "I have travelled half round

the globe several times without your assistance, and I cannot conceive why you should consider it necessary to bore yourself, and me, too, by coming across the Channel."

"You forget that you have been ill, sir," said Cecil, quietly, "and that it is my duty to see that your journey is made as comfortably as possible."

"Thanks," retorted the marquis. "It's a pity you couldn't have arranged a calm passage; but you couldn't do that, and for the life of me I can't think of anything else you can do. Good-bye. Don't trouble to write; I hate reading letters when I am abroad."

And this, with a cold touch of his thin hand, comprised his adieu to his nephew and heir!

CHAPTER XXXII.
"I LOVE HIM STILL."

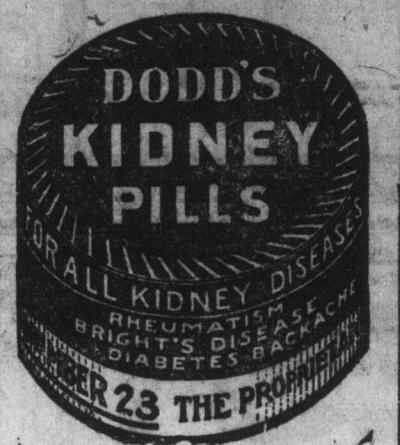
"Really, that was a very good idea of Mr. Spenser Churchill's," said Lady Despard, looking round her, as she leaned over the bridge which spans the river running sleepily down to the sea. "I should never have thought of coming to Pesca; but, then, I never have any ideas of my sort, and Mr. Spenser Churchill is so clever, isn't he, Mr. Levant?" she added, turning her head lazily to where Percy Levant sat upon the stone coping of the bridge, looking down at the river, and now and again glancing at the face of Doris, who stood with her eyes fixed dreamily upon the perfect blue of the skies.

"Oh, yes, he is very clever," he assented, quietly. "Very," continued her ladyship, looking admiringly at the ivory-pale face and dark blue eyes; "I think she is better. Not much to boast of in the way of colour, perhaps, but we have only been here ten days, and you never do run to colour, do you, Doris?"

Doris started.

"I—I beg your pardon," she said. "I am afraid I was not listening—"

Lady Despard laughed.



ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
RHEUMATISM
BRIGHT'S DISEASE
DIABETES SACCHARINUM
No. 23 THE PROMENADE

"I wish he had," Doris had retorted, with a smile that was rather too grave to accompany a jest.

They stood now in silence for a moment or two, then he turned his head and looked at her.

"I am glad you stayed, Doris," he said. "I have something to tell you—to show you."

"Yes," she said, leaning on the bridge, and shading her eyes with her hands, that she might the more easily watch the upward flight of a hawk which had been hovering over the plain.

"It is some news I have had," he said, and he drew a letter from his pocket and held it out to her, but kept his fingers closed on it, as he added, quietly, "Before you read it, let me tell you that I shall accept the offer it contains. Now will you read it, Doris?"

She took it.

"It is from Mr. Churchill," she said. "I know the writing."

He nodded, and she read the letter, and as she read her face grew pale.

"To Australia!" she said, in a low voice. "And you are going?"

"Yes," he said. "And now the question I am going to ask you, Doris, is: am I to go alone?"

"Are you to go alone?" she repeated, as if she did not understand him; then, reading his meaning in his eyes, she shrank back a little, and her face grew crimson and then white. "You mean that—that—"

"That you should come with me," he said, in a grave voice.

"But—but—she glanced at the letter again—"he says that you must start in a fortnight!"

"We could be married in less than that, Doris," he said, gently.

She clasped her hands tightly as they rested on the bridge.

"In a fortnight—in two weeks!" she said, with a little catch in her breath. "Is the idea terrible?" he murmured, with a touch of sadness in his voice.

"No—oh, no!" she made haste to answer. "But it is so—so sudden! Two weeks—"

He watched her anxiously, with a strange and curious watchfulness.

"Yes, it is a short notice; but, you see, it is Hobson's choice with me. Poor men must take what is offered them; and I, as you know, Doris, am very poor, and this—well, it is a wonderful offer."

"It comes through Mr. Spenser Churchill," she said, as if speaking to herself.

His lips twitched, and he looked quickly at her.

"Yes—why?"

"Nothing—nothing," she murmured, thoughtfully, and with her brows knit; "but—but it is so strange!"

"What a dreamer you are, dear," she said, banteringly. "I often wish you would tell me your thoughts for the proverbial penny; they should be worth it, judging by your face. Does she sell them—or give them to you, Mr. Levant?" He shrugged his shoulders, and pushed a loose pebble from the coping of the bridge into the water.

"My thoughts are all I have, but they're my own," he quoted. "Will you tell me what you were thinking of, Doris?" he added, in a low voice.

A dash of colour came into the pale face.

"They were not worth telling," she said, with a little twinge in her voice. "I—I scarcely know what I was thinking about!"

"Just dreaming—dreaming," said her ladyship.

"Well, you couldn't have come to a more suitable place than sleepy, old Pesca, where nothing happens, or has happened since the Ghibellines and the Guelphs used to squabble and fight," said Percy Levant. "By the way, though something has happened; there has been a new arrival lately. I met a handsome carriage in the Via Grandia, and was told that it belonged to some great English milord, who had come for the benefit of his health."

Lady Despard yawned.

"I do hope it's no one we know, and that we shan't be compelled to call," she said. "Did they tell you his name?"

"No," replied Percy Levant, "for a very good reason—no native of Pesca could possibly pronounce an English name. They make something awful out of Smith, even."

Lady Despard laughed.

"I think I shall go in," she said. "This sun is making me feel drowsy, and, as when I dream I fall asleep, it would be awkward tumbling into the water. You need not come, Doris," she added, as Doris made a movement to follow her; and, after a moment's hesitation, Doris remained.

It was seldom that she was alone with Percy Levant, though they were engaged, and his manner towards her

was as full of respect, almost as full, indeed, and when his lips touched her hand it was with a reverence which was almost that of a subject for a monarch. And certainly no monarch ever had a more devoted servant. As Lady Despard said, Percy Levant was a model lover, and she declared that his devotion almost made her wish that he had proposed to her instead of Doris.

"I wish he had," Doris had retorted, with a smile that was rather too grave to accompany a jest.

They stood now in silence for a moment or two, then he turned his head and looked at her.

"I am glad you stayed, Doris," he said. "I have something to tell you—to show you."

"Yes," she said, leaning on the bridge, and shading her eyes with her hands, that she might the more easily watch the upward flight of a hawk which had been hovering over the plain.

"It is some news I have had," he said, and he drew a letter from his pocket and held it out to her, but kept his fingers closed on it, as he added, quietly, "Before you read it, let me tell you that I shall accept the offer it contains. Now will you read it, Doris?"

She took it.

"It is from Mr. Churchill," she said. "I know the writing."

He nodded, and she read the letter, and as she read her face grew pale.

"To Australia!" she said, in a low voice. "And you are going?"

"Yes," he said. "And now the question I am going to ask you, Doris, is: am I to go alone?"

"Are you to go alone?" she repeated, as if she did not understand him; then, reading his meaning in his eyes, she shrank back a little, and her face grew crimson and then white. "You mean that—that—"

"That you should come with me," he said, in a grave voice.

"But—but—she glanced at the letter again—"he says that you must start in a fortnight!"

"We could be married in less than that, Doris," he said, gently.

Fashion Plates.

A GOOD SERVICE DRESS.



2850—This is a good style for gingham, chambray, galates, drill, percale, and other cotton fabrics. One could also have it in serge, gabardine, or flannel. The right front closes over the left. The sleeve in wrist length, may be finished for a closing at the seam, so that it may be turned up.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 yards at the foot.

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

A NEW FROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.



2951—Plaid gingham was used for this model, with white poplin for trimming. Plaid and plain woolen could be combined for this dress. It is nice also for linen and organdy, chaille and satin, or velveteen and charmeuse.

The Pattern is cut 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Size 8 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or 1c. and 2c. stamps.

No.
Size

Address in full:—
Name

.....
.....
.....

European Agency.

Wholesale orders promptly executed at lowest cash prices for all British and Continental goods, including: Books and Stationery, Boots, Shoes and Leather, Chemicals and Druggists' Sundries, China, Earthenware and Glassware, Cycles, Motor Cars and Accessories, Drapery, Millinery and Fiance Goods, Sample Cases from \$50 upwards. Fancy Goods and Furnishery, Hardware, Machinery and Metal.

Jewellery, Pianos and Watches, Photographic and Optical Goods, Provisions and Oilmen's Stores, etc., etc.

Commission 2 1/2 % to 5 % p.a. Trade Discounts allowed. Special Quotations on Demand. Consignments of Produce Sold on Account.

(Established 1814.)
25 Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.
Cable Address: "Amvales, Lon."

MID-SUMMER OFFERINGS.

Ladies' Straw Hats at Bargain Prices.

We have made very generous reductions on our entire stock of Ladies' Straw Hats.

Prices from 50c. each upwards.

Boys' Straw Man-of-War Hats from . . . 20c. ea.
Children's White and Coloured Cotton Hats at 29c. each.

Ladies' Coloured Muslin Dresses.

These are all American made and offering at specially reduced prices from \$4.00 and \$4.50 each upwards.

A specially Cheap Lot of Dresses we show in Ladies' and Misses' Cotton Serge Dresses at \$6.50 each.

Ladies' Silk Blouses.

Ladies' White Silk Blouses at \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00 each.

Ladies' Navy, Black and Pink Silk Blouses at \$4.50 each.

We show very best values in Ladies' Muslin and Cotton Blouses of all kinds.

Ladies' Mercerised Coat Sweaters.

Mostly rose trimmed white. Extra special value at \$7.90 each.

Ladies' White Cotton Hose.

Good values at 30c. and 35c. pair.

Children's Cotton Hose in White, Tan and Black.

All sizes from 5 inch to 9 1/2 inch, only 26c. to 35c. pair, according to size.

We show a good selection of Children's Cotton and Silk Socks.

HENRY BLAIR

The Emerson Piano

Needs No Puffing.

N.B.—This adv. is to let the public know that it is sold by

CHARLES HUTTON,
Sole agent for Newfoundland.

Forty Years in the public Service—the Evening Telegram.

And the Worst is Yet to Come—



.....
.....
.....

New

At a L
50 bags EGYPTIAN
PURE GOLD ICING
PURE GOLD JELL

CHEESE
200 boxes CANADIAN
50 boxes CANADIAN
PRIME

New shipment in
GROCERS' B
Georg

LONDON

LONDON, August 18, 1919
ROYAL VISITS.

I understand that no invitation has yet been extended to the rulers of the Belgians. President P. care, and the King of Italy will be asked to visit London in September after Parliament reassembles. It should give us a season of State balls and banquets before Christmas. Till then the Court proposes to be very quiet. The King, who postponed his leaving town because he felt it his duty to be at hand when there was a chance of a labor strike, and Parliament was sitting, proposes to go to Balmoral in a few days, and to stay there seven weeks. Thereafter, he will go to Sandringham for a while. The Queen-Mother will go down to Sandringham shortly. She has been living very quietly of late with her sister, the Empress of Russia.

THE REVIVAL OF BLOOMSBURY

It is reported that Mr. and Mrs. Asquith have bought Lady Ottoline's house in Bedford Square, the district adjacent to the British Museum where once rank and fashion lived but which in late years has been given over to the boarding house and private hotel trade. Taken in connection with the fact that Lady Diana Cooper (the perhaps known by her maiden name, Lady Diana Manners) has taken a house in Gower Street, this suggests that pre-war Bloomsbury may regain old status as a fashionable district. It was eminently distinguished in days of the Adam brothers, some of whose finest work is to be found in several of these squares—the beautiful squares in London. Some of the houses have quite recently been turned into maisonnettes, decorated rooms of exquisite proportions have been partitioned off into living rooms and sculleries, and damage is not irreparable, and ancient glories may be restored. Bedford Square has a haunted atmosphere among its attractions, but its historic interest centres around the house where Lord Mansfield, "B. by Rudest" will remember how, during the Gordon riots, the crowd came down from Newgate and bombarded the place, while the Lord Chancellor escaped at the back.

CHAIN OF GARDEN CITY

In a bold effort to draw part of London's surplus population from

Marine

Dory Anchors
Turnbuckles
Luff Hooks
Sail Thimbles
Wire Rope Thimbles
Sticking Tommies
Grommets

Caulk

The Direc

may 17, 19