

THAT CHANGE IN WOMAN'S LIFE

Mrs. Golden Tells How It May be Passed in Safety and Comfort.

Fremont, O.—"I was passing through the critical period of life, being forty-six years of age and had all the symptoms incident to that change—heat flashes, nervousness, and was in a general run down condition, so it was hard for me to do my work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me as the best remedy for my troubles, which it surely proved to be. I felt better and stronger in every way since taking it, and the annoying symptoms have disappeared."—Mrs. M. Golden, 225, Nelson St., Fremont, Ohio.

Happiness Secured

A Heavy Cost!

CHAPTER XX. MARRIED, BUT NO WIFE.

"Oh, my dear!" I exclaim, "why will you not confide in me? Don't you think it would do you good to talk over your trouble with some one? I know how your heart is aching for sympathy, and do you suppose that mine is not aching for you? Won't you talk to me, Addie, and tell me all about it?" I persist, stealing my arm, with a coaxing touch, about her waist.

"If I could! Oh! if I could!" she exclaims, bursting into tears. "Do, dear," I plead, "you may just as well, for I know your secret already. Don't look so startled, Addie, it is safe enough with me. But I heard all Ernest Warden said to you in the Garden that evening when he pleaded for a secret marriage. I did not mean to listen! You, who know me so well, will acquit me of any such meanness as that, I am sure. But the fact was, the first few words that fell on my ear took me so much by surprise that I had not strength of will to resist the temptation of listening further, and I heard this proposal for a clandestine marriage. Are you miserable because you consented? Think, dear, if you repent, it is not too late to draw back even yet."

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never existed. I hate mystery—perhaps because there has been so little need of it in our life hitherto; but since it is so we must hope for the best. Why does Ernest wish you to keep your marriage a secret, Addie?"

"I cannot tell you; I don't know his reasons myself, Lesley," is the pitiful reply. "He has asked me to trust him until he is able to explain; and I—how could I refuse?"

"I gave him my heart long ago. Why, then, should I fear to trust my life in his hands?" she asks, lifting her head and giving me a glance that seems to crave some assurance of my faith and confidence in her lover.

"Ernest would not wrong me; loving me as he does, he could not."

"Heaven grant it!" I mentally respond. But somehow the assurance does not satisfy my doubts as I long to have them satisfied.

Later that evening, when Adelaide has gone up to her own room, leaving me to the not too cheerful companionship of my own thoughts, I sit for a long time crying sorrowfully to myself over what I cannot help regarding as my sister's ill-starred marriage.

Somehow everything seems to be going wrong with us of late! Every fresh turn of Fortune's wheel only serves to render matters a little more complicated than they were before.

A ring at the doorbell arouses me from my abstraction; and on going to answer it, I am astonished to behold Mr. Smiles, the curate from Forton, standing on the steps, his tall, thin figure dimly outlined in the dusky gloaming.

"Pray pardon me, Miss Kendrick," he begins, apologetically, as I show him into the parlor. "I am afraid it is rather an unseemly hour in which to pay a visit; but the serious nature of my business must be my excuse. Can I see your brother?"

"Leonard has gone to the railway station about a package of oils and colors that ought to have arrived from London to-day, and I am not at all certain when he will return," I reply.

"In that case I must speak to you," he adds, with a look of grave compassion, that makes my heart sink within me. "All things considered, perhaps you will be the most fitting person to break this trouble to your sister."

"Trouble!" I repeat, dropping into a chair with a dreadful premonition of evil to come; "is it about Mr. Warden?"

"It is," he returns, looking at me with a quiet earnestness. "The communication I am about to make will not be a very pleasant one, I fear. Will you believe me when I tell you that a strong sense of duty—a Christian desire to save an innocent girl from the guilt of misery into which I shudder to look—alone actuates me?"

"I do believe you, Mr. Smiles. Pray go on!" I reply.

"I am not very much given to interfere in matters that do not personally concern me," he adds, a little hesitatingly. "To a certain extent I believe in the virtue of minding one's own business and leaving other people to do the same. But there are circumstances, under which it becomes an absolute sin to refrain from interfering in the affairs of our neighbors; the present is just such a case, I should feel myself unworthy the name of a man if I could stand passively and see a pure woman's honor and happiness betrayed."

Utterly at a loss what to say, or whether I had better say anything, I remain silent, my heart beating violently and my senses strained to the utmost for what has yet to come.

"You remember the question I put to you on the lawn at the rectory last night?" he asks. "I did not blame

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When you cannot sleep and are easily irritated and worried you have reason to suspect that the nerves are below normal.

They are not getting proper nourishment from the food you eat and need a little special help. A few weeks' treatment with Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will do wonders for anyone in this condition. Note your increase in weight while using this food cure.

"You for refusing to discuss your sister's affairs with a stranger, nor do I dispute the fact that I have felt it my duty to pursue my inquiries in other quarters. And from these inquiries I have heard enough to convince me that the world has sufficient justification for looking upon them as engaged to be married. Have I been misinformed?"

"You have not," I reply, still at a loss to understand how these relations between my sister and Mr. Warden can interest Mr. Smiles. "Why should they not be engaged?"

"Because Mr. Warden is not free to marry your sister," is the response. "Will you tell me why?" I ask, my limbs trembling beneath me.

"For the simple reason that he is already a married man!" is the stern response; and at the same moment the door opens and Adelaide, deadly pale, walks into the room and drops into the nearest chair.

CHAPTER XXI. THE WEDDING IN THE FOG.

"I have heard every word you said to my sister, Mr. Smiles," Adelaide remarks, her face deadly pale, and her eyes never taken for a moment from the face of our visitor. "You have made an accusation against Mr. Warden that cannot go unchallenged. On what grounds do you bring it?"

"My dear young lady, do you think I could have made such an assertion had I not been only too certain of my grounds for making it?" he asks, with gentle pity.

"I don't know—I cannot judge—I dare not believe you! You told my sister that Ernest Warden is a married man! You have no right to make such an assertion as that without proof!"

"Which I am sorry to say I but too surely possess!" he returns. "That Mr. Warden is already married I know but too well, for I performed the ceremony myself one dreary November morning in an unfashionable, out-of-the-way church in London, nearly ten years ago."

"Shall I tell you the story of that marriage, Miss Kendrick?" he asks. "I warn you that it is a very strange one; and there were circumstances connected with it that fixed it too indelibly upon my mind for it ever to be forgotten!"

"Go on!" she gasps, her hands clasped hard and tight together on her lap, and a look on her face as of one who is waiting for a sentence of doom.

"I was curate in charge at the time of a great overgrown parish in one of the poorest parts of London," Mr. Smiles begins, "and my work lay away from all the horrors of London poverty—among the very dregs of the population."

"I had received notice one morning that a marriage was to be performed at an early hour at St. Brinda's; and, as I left my home and walked down to the vestry, I remember thinking to myself that I had never seen a more wretched day."

"A sky like lead hung over the roofs of London; while a thick fog, in which it was difficult to breathe, turned the streets into certain labyrinths, in which it was one of the easiest things in the world to become lost a couple of yards from one's own door."

"The church clocks, chiming the hour, fell on the ear with a muffled sound; the gas lamps paled blurred patches in the fog; figures, when distinguished at all, looked like the witches in 'Macbeth,' or some strange creation of Dore's weird pencil."

"I found my way down to the little door of the vestry, where, to my surprise, the candidates for matrimony already awaited me."

"What a morning for a wedding, I thought, as I walked into the grimy little vestry, and shook hands with those two people whose fortunes, for weal or woe, I was called upon to unite."

"A simple afternoon frock may be made of heavy white crepe embroidered in dull red and worn with a soft red leather belt."

Fashion Plates

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Collinses Scrap Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

ONE-PIECE SLIP-ON DRESS.

2565—This is a dress that will appeal to every woman who practices conservatism in her wardrobe. It is stylish, becoming and graceful, and suitable for cloth, silk, velvet, satin or corduroy. The adjustment "slip-on" is practical, and time and button saving.

The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 14, 16 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 4 yards of 64-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 NEAT HOUSE DRESS.

2231—Now that housework has been promoted to domestic science, women are taking more interest in the style and kind of garments for home work. The model here portrayed has reversible fronts, good lines, ample fullness, and may be made with the sleeve in wrist or elbow length. Linen, khaki, drill, percale, lawn, dimity, cashmere and flannel are most satisfactory for service and laundering.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 1/2 yards of 44 inch material. The skirt portions measure about 1 3/4 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamp.

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It may create a surprise and possibly a questioning look in these times, but it is the truth. We can now really offer you something at its pre-war price and which you may have been looking for. 'Tis

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No scarcity at Maunder's. However, we beg to remind our customers these goods are selling rapidly, and cannot be replaced at the same price.

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LONDON

WHERE WOMEN RULE.

At John Hodge's invitation, I have just made a tour of the Pensioners Ministry's offices in London. The first thing which struck me is the way in which male labor has been eliminated. The Issue Office, which pays out at the rate of \$185,000,000 a year now to soldiers' widows and dependents—by the end of the year it will probably be \$200,000,000—is staffed by 2,500 women and eighteen men. I saw one department where 129 women work under the control of a girl of 25. At the Tate Gallery (the home of a collection of modern British pictures), in whose beautifully-lit halls the amount of each widow's pension is decided, the staff of 900 only contains 20 men. Incidentally I heard that the workers in the big galleries of the Tate suffered far less from influenza than the clerks in the ordinary stuffy Government offices and the small rooms of commercial hotels. It is perfectly safe for the most cautious to infer from this evidence that in portions of the army at any rate some deterioration has taken place in the German standard of discipline.

A FRUITLESS CITY. Some of the French papers see in the recently captured German army orders only a subtle form of camouflage. The theory is that they are deliberately printed so as to mislead the Allies. It is just as well to be careful, but there is no doubt that genuine orders have been captured which throw a strange light on the state of discipline in some of the German armies. One of these orders speaks of an alarming increase of open restaurants for officers. It is perfectly safe for the most cautious to infer from this evidence that in portions of the army at any rate some deterioration has taken place in the German standard of discipline.

So generous have the people of direction touching the War that it is for the Committee of the St. John's publish any reminder as to the best way in which the Districts of present time already remembering is gratifying to the Committee. No to array a few brief facts for general information.

The voluntary effort of the people distinguished itself by establishing 600 beds (2 Newfoundland War French front. 230 beds in various hospitals. 32 beds in the Convalescent Home. It will be seen from the report that these beds now require an expenditure of \$45,000 annually.

The following extract from a letter of general interest.

"I am sorry to say that the Hospital, St. John's, has been severely damaged by the explosion of a shell. The small part remaining whole."

"I am glad to say the Newfoundland aged, but it is seriously damaged. It is partially or wholly new. And he has since written to throw on them by the German at further, the recent lighting of a demand upon hospital income."

The Committee of the St. John's in the name of the people of Newfoundland personally touching them will be a great help during the coming year and year.

As Patron of the St. John's Auxiliary Centre, I have pleasure in stating that subscriptions may be made to the Cot Fund, St. John's, Newfoundland.

C. ALEXANDER HAZELTON, St. John's, August 16th, 1918.

Forty Years in the Public Service—The Evening Telegram