

## HER HOME NO LONGER CHILDLESS

Operation not Necessary after Taking the Great Medicine for Women.

Miller's Falls, Mass.—"Doctors said I had displacement very badly and I had to have an operation. I had a soreness in both sides and a pulling sensation in my right side. I could not do much work the pain was so bad. I was also troubled with irregularity and other weaknesses. My blood was poor. We had been married four years and had no children.

After using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I became well and strong and was saved from the operation. We are now the parents of a big baby girl and I praise your remedies to others and give you permission to publish my letter."—Mrs. JOSEPH GUILBAULT, Jr., Bridge Street, Miller's Falls, Mass.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is famous for restoring women to normal health and strength. When this is done wives no longer despair of having children.

A woman should be reluctant to submit to a surgical operation until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial. If you have a case that needs special advice, write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. It is free and always helpful.

## The Sound of Wedding Bells

—OR—  
Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER XXVI

"Did you"—her voice falls her for a moment, but she struggles with it—"did you send these flowers for me?" He colors, but looks at her steadily.

"Yes, I did," he says, as if he were pleading guilty to a crime which he was not ashamed of, but which he might be punished for. "Yes, I did!" "Why" she says, almost piteously—"why did you do it? I mean—for she sees her danger—what makes you so kind to me? I wish you would believe that I am not worthy of it. I wish I could persuade you to regard me just as your aunt's servant! You wouldn't send flowers to her lady's-maid, you know!" and she tries to speak lightly.

"No," he says, "but I don't— He is just about to say, "but I don't love her lady's-maid," but he stops in time and says instead, quite seriously, "It is only a fair exchange. Did you not place some flowers in my room when I came?"

"Now, that is not fair," she says, a crimson flush flaming her cheek; "I did not know that it was you who were coming, or—"

"You would not have done it," he says, sadly, almost bitterly, if he could be bitter. "I understand. Well, it is such a heinous offense to send a lady whom one likes—a bunch of flowers!"

dark eyes. "Please forgive me! I did not mean to wound you—you who have been so kind, so gentle and good to me; but—" and she pauses.

His face grows very pale, and he looks at her steadily.

"Don't go on," he says, and his voice quivers. "I understand. No, don't run away; I am not going to say a word. But you shall see that I understand."

The dinner-bell rings as he speaks, and he goes to offer his arm to Lady Brookley, and Dulcie follows with that look of his—the mute look of despairing love—to haunt her.

But even at dinner he is thoughtful and considerate, and, instead of being dull and depressed, is remarkably cheerful, and so full of anecdote that Lady Brookley waits until the butler coughs three times, and puts the yellow-seeded claret right under her nose as a hint for her to retire.

Then, as she rises, and Dulcie, who has scarcely spoken a word, follows, Archie, with the door in his hand, says, with an affected matter-of-fact tone:

"I forgot to mention it, but I must take my departure to-morrow, aunt."

"What!" exclaims Lady Brookley, with surprise and something like indignation, "you said you were going to stay a fortnight," and she confronts him in the doorway.

"Oh, it's a particular engagement just cropped up. Had a letter from the trainer; must go down and see the horses, you know. I'll tell you about it directly!" and he shuts the door and goes back to his claret with a heavy heart.

He has quite understood her. That "but" meant "it is all of no use!" and he accepts his sentence. He has not learned the way to woo her, because she was not to be won.

"Won!" he murmurs, as he pushes the claret-glass from him. "She was lost to me from the first. It was Hugh who wooed and might have won her, but for some slip, which I cannot guess. Hugh! What a mad fool he must be! But so it is, one man drops from his hand the heart of great price which another man would risk his soul to obtain. Well, it is no use. My poor Dulcie! If she thinks that I will stay here and torment her she misjudges me. If ever eyes said 'Go, leave me alone,' her eyes said it. And where am I to go?" he mutters—where? I've tried Wales, and that was no use. No, wherever I go I shall carry her image with me. I have loved for the first and last time!"

Meanwhile Lady Brookley was fighting for him in the drawing-room.

"What nonsense is this about Archie's going?" she says, sinking into her chair by the tea-table. "For, of course, it is all nonsense. He meant to stop the fortnight, you know. Do you understand it, my dear?" she asks, pitilessly.

Dulcie leans forward with her hands clasped, her dark brows drawn into a straight line across her forehead.

"N—o," she says, faintly.

Lady Brookley sighs as she shifts the tea-cups.

"I am afraid there is something wrong," she says, avoiding the pale, beautiful face. "I am afraid that love-affair I was telling you about before he came is more serious than I thought."

No answer, but the dark brows knit closer over the shadowed eyes.

"He has altered so much—for the better, perhaps, but for the worse it seems to me. Of course, he was very funny to-night, but I detected an under-ashade of sadness behind his merriment—didn't you, my dear?"

"Yes," she says, faintly.

"I am very sorry," she goes on. "Archie is such a good boy, and—and it may do him so much harm. My dear, you can't tell how anxious we are that he should marry and settle—marry the right sort of person, I mean. It would be dreadful if he didn't; and how often a young man, when he is disappointed as Archie is, goes and does something desperate—"

I mean, rushes into an imprudent marriage."

Dulcie is silent, but a faint sigh escapes the half-parted lips.

"If he should," goes on Lady Brookley, as pitilessly as a surgeon probing a wound for the patient's benefit. "If he should, this young girl whom he is

in love with will have much to answer for.

Dulcie starts and looks up, but her eyes sink again, and her hands clasp each other more tightly.

"I must say," says the old lady, still intent on her tea-cups, "that she is a—well, a foolish young lady, whoever she is. What more can she want? Archie is—I don't think I ever saw a handsomer man, my dear. At one time he was too handsome almost, but he has grown out of that; and as to his position, why, it is one of the best in England. The girl who marries him will marry one of the oldest titles in the kingdom, and an estate big enough to uphold a dukedom."

At last Dulcie speaks.

"Perhaps," she says, faintly, "she does not care about that."

"Evidently not, my dear," responds the old lady; "and I think the better of her for it. Indeed, it is one of the reasons I have for conjecturing that she is worthy of him. But there is something—else beyond titles and wealth; there is goodness of heart and innate nobleness—see, I am growing quite eloquent," and she laughs, but sadly. "And all that Archie possesses. There isn't a truer-hearted boy in the world, and—and—with a sudden burst of feeling—"oh, Dulcie, don't let him go away!"

Dulcie looks up, pale and trembling.

"You—you meant me!" she says. Lady Brookley nods; the tears are in her eyes.

"Yes, my dear; the poor boy told me. It is very unfair of me, I know, to tease you—"

Dulcie slips down from her low chair, and somehow finds her head resting against the bosom of the tender-hearted old lady.

"Oh, my dear, my dear," she whispers, "think well of what you are doing! Such a love from such a man is not to be thrown aside for a mere whim. Think well of it! There, don't cry!"

Dulcie lifts her eyes to the kindly old face, and then bends and kisses her hand.

"I am not crying, dear Lady Brookley," she breathes. "My heart is too heavy for tears."

## Stomach Acts Fine! No Indigestion, Gas, Heartburn, Acidity

Pape's Diapepsin fixes sick, sour, upset stomachs in five minutes.

You don't want a slow remedy when your stomach is bad—or an uncertain one—or a harmful one—your stomach is too valuable; you mustn't injure it with drastic drugs.

Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in giving relief; its harmlessness; its certain, unfailing action in regulating sick, sour, gassy stomachs. Its millions of cures in indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis and other stomach trouble has made it famous the world over.

Keep this perfect stomach doctor in your home—keep it handy—get a large fifty-cent case from any drug store and then if anyone should eat something which doesn't agree with them, if what they eat lays like lead, ferments and sours and forms gas; causes headache, dizziness and nausea; eructations of acid and undigested food—remember as soon as Pape's Diapepsin comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. Its promptness, certainty and ease in overcoming the worst stomach disorders is a revelation to those who try it.

handsome face, with its grim smile.

"If one could but forget!" she moans, burying her head in her hands "if one could but forget!"

Five minutes pass, and still she lies fighting with the past; then the door opens and Archie enters. She has scarcely time to take her old seat before he is beside her.

"Aunt's fed the festive scene," he says, with forced lightness. "The announcement of my sudden departure overwhelmed her, no doubt," and he laughs a mirthless laugh. "Well, she is made up of entrances and exits. The world-of Grosvenor Square at least will go on just as well without me—"

Then he stops suddenly, struck by the downcast face, and, without looking up, she says, with an effort:

"Must you go to-morrow?"

"Yes," he says, with the same forced carelessness. "Yes; business must be attended to. At present my business is horses. My trainer has a likely horse, which he wants me to run and ride in the Torchester Handicap, and I must go down and look at him or break my trainer's heart—"

Then he stops again, smitten by the pallor of her face, and he comes and takes the chair which Lady Brookley has just left, and leans forward to her.

"Dulcie," she doesn't look, but turns her head.

"Dulcie, it is no use looking like that. It—it is a mockery. You know why I am going. But as I am going, you need not look so sad."

(To be Continued.)

## Fads and Fashions.

Angora-knits have velvet brims. Peacock blue is a popular shade. The four-cornered hat is fashionable.

Large black velvet bags have gold tops. Gray and brown shoes are in favor. Japanese embroidery is seen on blouses.

Chats of plaid are among the new ones. Black satin covers some of the new hats. Belts on coats have double-breasted closings.

Serge tunics are worn over black satin slips. Petticoats in changeable colors are favored.

## Evening Telegram Fashion Plates

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

A SMART DRESS IN MOYENAGE STYLE.

2227—Ladies' Dress with Sleeve in Wrist or Elbow Length.



Serge, Jersey cloth, satin, taffeta, corduroy, plaid and checked suitings, are nice for this style. The dress has a long waist, and is real smart with the square neck outline and jaunty collar. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 1/2 yards at the lower edge.

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

A SIMPLE ONE-PIECE DRESS, WITH SLEEVE IN EITHER OF TWO LENGTHS.

2232—Secrucker, linen, gingham, percale, serge, corduroy, satin, messaline, repp and poplin are good for this model. The front has a deep yoke, to which the skirt portions are joined. At the back the dress plaits extend to the shoulders.



The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 5 yards of 44-inch material.

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

Rich in Butter Fat

## PURITY MILK

is made from Pure, Full Cream Milk, and nothing is added but finest granulated sugar. PURITY is away above the Government Standard for butter fat. INSIST on getting "Purity" the Full Cream Milk.

T. A. Macnab & Co., CITY CLUB BUILDING, Wholesale Distributors.

POSITIVE SALE! Extensive Timber Limit, together with Freeholds, on the waterside of South and West Rivers, Hall's Bay; apply early to JAMES R. KNIGHT

## Sale Prices

Now on all Our Stock of LADIES' and MISSES' Winter COATS.



These Coats are all this season's styles and all British made. This means that they are made of woollen materials, which signifies more warmth, and that they will hold their colour better than American made Coats, which as a rule are made of at least 75 per cent. cotton, but which are now being introduced on this market owing to the difficulty of getting British made goods.

However, we have been fortunate in getting a big stock of British Coats, but owing to their late arrival and our being very much pressed for room, we have decided to offer them

At Reduced Prices, Thus giving our Customers some Bargains.

This lot of Coats is absolutely and by far The Best Value

of any Coats, now offering the Newfoundland public. Do not delay making your purchase as bargains are few and far between these days, and as our Retail Prices are now less than the Wholesale Prices of those of the Wholesale Coat Men, this lot may not last long.

## Henry Blair

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## Italy the Battle Ground

Everything points to the belief that the Allies have awakened not only the necessity of aiding Italy on a grand scale, but to the opportunity which the new situation offers them. What the Associated Press correspondent at Cadorna's headquarters means by his statement that "another wall will face the enemy," and that "all Europe and America are now doing their part," seems to be something more than the mere fact that Cadorna is preparing a stubborn resistance. So does the remark of the military correspondent of "The London Times," "The Germans beckon us to the Italian front" and with a very hearty good-will we shall oblige them."

It seems certain that the Allies at their Paris conference have decided on nothing less than the transference of the Winter's warfare from Flanders and the Aisne to Italy. They will hold their lines in the north, of course, and continue to pound the enemy there; but Germany has offered them the opportunity to face a German army in the open, before it can dig in, and without doubt great French and British armies will be sent to Italy with the idea of striking the smashing blow there. And it is to be borne in mind that if a German army is smashed in Italy, the smashing can be followed up as it cannot be on the Aisne or at Verdun. If the Germans can be driven back in Italy they can be followed; they can be followed to enemy territory. The German drive at Italy was a calamity, but it has in it the possibility of a blessing. If that German army can be defeated, it can be routed, it can be driven home; whereas, a German defeat in Flanders or France offers no such possibility.

Thus it seems probable that the whole aspect of the war may have been changed in the twinkling of an eye; that the Allies have the intention of making Italy the great battleground for the defeat of Germany; and it certainly seems that their opportunities on such a battleground are very much greater than they could become for a long time in the northern field. Germany may have issued the challenge that, being accepted, will end the war.

If this is really the intention, as it seems to be, then not even Cadorna's utter defeat before the French and British were fully on the spot would prevent the pushing of the contest to an issue. But there seems no reason to expect such a defeat. The Italians were not routed. There was no de-

Now GLAD Monday and Wednesday

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