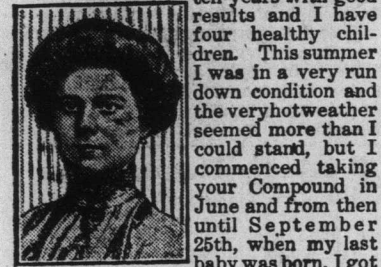


MOTHER OF FOUR CHILDREN

How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Kept Her Well and Strong.

Lincoln, Illinois.—"I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for ten years with good results and I have four healthy children. This summer I was in a very run down condition and the very hot weather seemed more than I could stand, but I commenced taking your Compound in June and from then until September 15th, when my last baby was born, I got along much better than I had before. My baby was a girl and weighed 14 pounds at birth, and I recovered very rapidly which I am sure was due to your medicine. I am well and strong now, nurse my baby and do all my work. I had the same good results with your medicine when needed before my other children came and they are all healthy. My mother has taken your medicine with equal satisfaction. She had her last child when nearly 44 years old, and feels confident she never could have carried him through without your help, as her health was very poor."—Mrs. T. F. Floyd, 1355 North Gulick Ave., Decatur, Ill.



Expectant mothers should profit by Mrs. Floyd's experience, and trust to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Free confidential advice had by addressing Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

The Sound of Wedding Bells

Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER XXXI.

His handsome face, like one of De Vinci's pictures—his musical voice, always ready with some word of tenderness and love for her—his graceful, manly form, have told upon her, and she is—if not quite—very nearly in love with him. Then, say what one will, the past has a knack—a happy knack for most of us—of fading before a pleasant present, and Dulcie's past is beginning to grow dimmer.

It is true that there has been nothing to revive it; only once has she seen Hugh, the afternoon of the flower-show. Heaven knows how she would bear a meeting with him even now, and if that meeting should come, then will be the test of Archie's success, but up to now there has been no meeting, and his name and that of Holme Castle is never mentioned.

Archie has met him once or twice, but no words have passed between them. Both men have felt that it would be better that no words should be said.

Let the dead past bury its dead. And so daily he has been by her side, surrounding her with loving devotion and watching over her, and more than content as a reward with the revival of the old, happy look in her face.

Lord Edward comes home to lunch, testy and irritable as usual, and Archie is astutely maintains a profound silence until the cutlets and claret have been disposed of, then he gently approaches the subject.

At first the old gentleman declares that it is impossible.

"I hate the country," he says, "it's all nonsense about town being empty; how can a place be empty when there

are three or four millions in it? Besides, what on earth will you do with yourselves?"

"Well," says Archie, "there's all sorts of things. And then there's the race, you know."

"Confound the race!" retorts the old man, but with a smile. "You waste too much money on those horses of yours. Why don't you go in for yachting?"

"I've got a yacht," says Archie. "Yes, a cockleshell of a thing, not worth the name of a boat," grumbles the old salt. "Races—stuff and nonsense! Better go in for sailing. Besides, you'll break your neck one of these days. It's dangerous work."

"I have heard—somewhere—of people being drowned," says Archie.

His lordship laughs. "And there's another thing," says Archie, "I think Dulcie wants a change."

"Eh!" he exclaims, wheeling round with a sudden and ludicrous anxiety. "Don't you feel well, my dear?"

Dulcie laughs. "Of course she'll say she is," breaks in Archie, quickly. "They always do. Don't you see she's quite pale?"

"No, I don't," retorts Lord Edward; then he breaks into a boisterous laugh. "There, that will do! It's a conspiracy, I see. And, of course, you are in it, my lady."

"I haven't said a word," remarks her ladyship.

"Of course not, which makes it all the more conclusive that you are with 'em. Very well, I'd better give in, I suppose, or I shall know no peace till I do. But I should like to know how I'm going to get my whist lawn at Armfield."

"We'll play with you every night," says Archie.

"No, you don't!" exclaims the old gentleman, with comic alarm. "I'd rather you didn't. Oh, Lor', fancy playing whist with you three, my lady half asleep, and you two spooning all the while! No, but there, I must haul down my colors, I suppose. But you are not really ill, my dear, are you?" and he pats Dulcie's cheek.

"Not in the very least," responds Dulcie, "and we won't go if you don't like."

"But you like, don't you?" he says, with a laugh that shakes the decanters. "And that's enough for me. Yes, we'll go; but mind, I'm always in a dreadful temper when I'm in the country," and he goes out shaking his head and growling like an amiable bear.

"We've conquered!" laughs Sir Archie.

"Yes," says Dulcie; then, rather thoughtfully, "but is there any danger in this racing?"

"Not the slightest," he responds, confidently. "The uncle doesn't know a horse from a pump-handle, and always looks upon it as a wild and dangerous animal."

CHAPTER XXXII.

Armfield is not an estate; it is not even a place; it is simply a cottage-voe, situated in one of the midland valleys, but is, so Dulcie declares, one of the loveliest spots in the world.

"How you can be in London all the summer, or the best part of it, when you have a place like this to come to, I cannot understand!" she exclaims, on the second morning after their arrival, as she stands on the flight of rustic steps that leads down to the lawn, and shading her eyes, gazes over the valley, with its wealth of trees, all brown and golden with their autumnal tints, and follows the slow flight of the silver river, as it threads its way down to the sea.

You may want to change your automobile, or your piano, or even your home—but you will never want to change the COFFEE, when once you taste the delectable flavour of Chase & Sanborn's "SEAL BRAND" COFFEE.

In 1/2 lb. and 2 pound tins. Whole-ground—pulverized—also fine ground for Percolators. Never sold in bulk.

When the Kidneys Fail.

Poisons Remain in the Blood, Which Cause Pains and Aches—Read Here of the Surest Way of Settling the Kidneys Right.

Brookville, Ont., November 23rd—If you have headaches, backaches and rheumatic pains you have reason to suspect the kidneys. Pain is caused by poisons in the blood, and poisons only remain in the blood when the kidneys are defective and fail to do their work.

This Brookville lady has reported her case because she believes that a great many people are suffering as she did without knowing the cause or cure.

Mrs. Frank Noyes, 9 Stuart street, Brookville, Ont., writes: "For years I was afflicted with kidney complaint. I became very nervous, was easily worried and had frequent headaches and neuralgic pains, especially through the back. I had indigestion, poor circulation of the blood and often was bothered with weak spells."

I commenced using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and had only taken two boxes when I felt greatly relieved. I continued the treatment, however, until I was completely cured. In all I took about ten boxes, and have not been troubled in this way since. I highly recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and I think also that the Plasters and Ointment 'can't be equalled."

Here is another letter to show how rheumatic pains disappear when the action of the kidneys is awakened by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills:

Mr. John May, Walkerton, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with rheumatism in my legs and I became so lame that I could scarcely get around. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills were recommended to me, and I commenced using them. After I had been taking them for awhile I was delighted to find that my rheumatism had left me, and to-day I am as sound as a bell, able to get around and attend to business. I have made use of Dr. Chase's medicines in many ways for the last forty years, and cannot speak too well of their good qualities."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. You cannot expect such results from substitutes. Insist on getting the genuine.

"It is pretty," assents Lady Brookley.

"If I was mistress of a spot like this I would never leave it," says Dulcie, enthusiastically.

Lady Brookley laughs and looks up at the lovely face, all glowing with rapt enjoyment.

"Why, my dear," she says, "pretty as it is, it is not a patch upon the Grange, Archie's place in the north, and you will be mistress of that, you know."

Dulcie's eyes droop, and she turns her face away slightly.

"And he has half a dozen places in the country, some of which he has not been near for years. You must look them all up, and choose the prettiest; I've no doubt he will be quite content to remain there all the year round, if you will keep him company."

Dulcie is silent, and the old lady goes on, musingly:

"Really, dear, I think you are a very lucky girl."

"I know it," murmurs Dulcie, just letting her hand fall on the old lady's shoulder.

"Some women are content with getting a husband like Archie without having his love, but you are—My dear, I have been some time in this strange world, but I have never met with a man who loved a girl so entirely and passionately as the poor boy loves you."

"Why do you say 'poor'?" murmurs Dulcie.

The old lady suppresses a sigh. "Did I say 'poor'?" Well, I scarcely meant to commiserate him, but I was thinking—no, I won't go on."

"Do, please!" says Dulcie, in a low voice.

"Well, I was thinking how hard it would go with him if—if you failed to return this great love of his. There, don't speak! I am not blaming you, my child! Heaven forbid; but sometimes, mind, only sometimes, I have a cold kind of dread that, after all, you may find that you have to receive all, and have nothing to give."

A faint kind of shudder runs through Dulcie's frame.

"Don't say that," she says, quickly. "It—it is not true! I—hush! here he comes," she breaks off, as Archie comes out of the house toward them.

He is dressed in flannels, a straw hat is stuck on the back of his head, and he looks the beau-ideal of a painter's type of handsome manhood—like some old Grecian god masquerading in boating attire.

"Halloo!" he cries, the light, which never fails to spring into his blue eyes when he sees Dulcie, coming into them like a gleam of sunshine. "I've been looking for you everywhere. What a lovely morning! Good-morning, aunt." And he bends and

kisses the old lady's forehead. "Good-morning, Dulcie." And he takes her hand, but he does not kiss her, dearly as he longs to, for in his chivalrous heart he declines to take advantage of his position. She is a goddess to him, not to be approached with a light embrace, but to be worshipped from afar, until she herself shall permit closer communion.

"How did you get here?" asks Lady Brookley.

"I rowed up the river," he says. "I have got good news for you."

"Yes?" says Dulcie, turning to him, and noting, half unconsciously, how well the white flannels harmonize with the golden hair and fair face.

"Yes; I've just seen the Cricket, and I never saw him in better form. Given a fair sky—he's awfully shy of a heavy course—and we are bound to win."

Lady Brookley shrugs her shoulders.

"You are infatuated with that race, my dear," she says. But Dulcie's eyes sparkle.

"Do you think so?" she says.

He turns to her, grateful for her interest.

"I think so," he says. "There are very few horses that can beat the Cricket—given, as I say, a dry course. If there should be any heavy rain, and the turf should get wet, he will get nervous, and very possibly miss his jumps. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I think so," says Dulcie; "but—but I thought only jockeys rode in races."

He laughs and seats himself at her feet, taking off his straw hat and running his white, strong hand through his hair.

"Yes; but this is what is called a gentleman's race, you know, and most of the riders ride their own horses, or get a friend to ride for them. By the way, Lord Hartfield is going to ride."

"Yes?" says Dulcie, with a sudden shock. The name recalls Holme Castle and that eventful night.

"Does he ride his own horse?" says Lady Brookley.

"No," says Archie. Then, after a pause, in a would-be careless tone, he adds: "No, he rides one of Sir Hugh Falconer's."

She must know it eventually, and he deems it best to tell her beforehand.

"Yes, and a very good horse, too," goes on Archie, hurriedly; "but I don't think—I scarcely think—so good as the Cricket. I saw him this morning."

"Who—Sir Hugh?" asks Lady Brookley.

"No," he replies, gravely, "the horse. But," he goes on, hurriedly, and not daring to glance up at the face which has grown suddenly pale—"but he looks to me rather too heavy. It will tell in his favor, perhaps, but I'm not afraid. Now," he continues, in a lighter tone, "if you were really very interested, you would ask me to take you to see the course—it is only three miles from here, you know."

"Take us," says Dulcie, simply.

"All right," he says. "We'll go over. Shall we walk?"

"Yes, and the carriage can follow and take us up, or me, at any rate," says Lady Brookley. "You two young people can walk both ways, I've no doubt."

(To be Continued.)

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