



**THE STANDARD ARTICLE - SOLD EVERYWHERE**

**For making soap softening water, removing paint, disinfecting sinks, closets, drains, and for many other purposes**

**E.W.GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.**

## WON AT LAST.

CHAPTER IX.  
(Continued.)

It struck me, when, after his bow to madame and the girls, he came to shake hands with me, that he looked tired. But it was one of old Dizarte's days at Market Waxford, and it was only natural that he should look tired; so I did not notice that very much. What I did notice was the frown which darkened his face as his eyes fell upon Fraser Froude, a look which the other man reciprocated as a few stiff words of greeting passed between them. Then, as Roger moved across to Alice to receive the message, which she apparently whispered volubly in his ear, I caught a look upon his face, as his eyes rested upon Nat standing beside her, which almost sent me off my balance and quite made me gasp. I had never had the vaguest suspicion of it before. Poor old Roger! Was he another victim to the golden-black eyes of our nursery maid? The speculation so confounded me that I only seemed to come to my senses to hear madame say in her most gracious tones—

"I must introduce you to Mademoiselle Valdin, Doctor Yorke."

Roger bowed, and followed madame to the piano, looking rather curiously at the tasteful dress of Parisian make which mademoiselle wore, and at the elaborate wreaths and twists of dark hair, dressed in Parisian fashion, which crowned mademoiselle's head. She must have forgotten everything but the slow mechanical movements of her hands over the unsounded keys, it appeared, for it was not until my mother spoke that she seemed to be aware of any one near her.

"Let me present Doctor Yorke to you, mademoiselle," madame said, graciously.

Mlle. Valdin rose with the graceful self-possession which seemed natural to her, and slowly turned her head. As her face was thus revealed Roger started violently, and uttered an exclamation of disconcerted astonishment. He stared as though he could hardly believe his eyes. Mademoiselle smiled.

"Doctor Yorke and I are old friends, madame," she said to my mother sweetly. "We met in Paris more than a year ago."

CHAPTER X.

"I say, Ned, isn't it comical?"

"Eh? What?" I asked, looking down into Alice Deeping's blue eyes.

"What indeed!" she gave my arm a shake. "As though you didn't know! I believe you are thinking about it now. I know I am. I never saw anything so queer; and I'm sure it astonished you as much as it did me, for your eyes were almost as big as a couple of saucers. And now you say, 'What?' I wonder if all Mademoiselle Valdin's acquaintances look as disconcerted when they see her as Doctor Yorke did—that's all!"

"Oh," I returned, comprehensively,

"I see! Yes, it was queer enough, wasn't it?"

We were in the lane leading from Chavasse to Whittlesford, Alice and I—escorting her home to the rectory. She had thrown a scarlet wrap of Nat's over her white gown, and tied her broad hat down under her chin with the reckless indifference to appearances that characterized her. We had come out through the little side-gate opening on to the lane, and were scarcely outside it when she abruptly propounded the foregoing query.

"Queer?" she now echoed. "More than queer!"

"Oh, I don't know! There's nothing particularly odd, that I see, in a couple of people who have met once meeting again."

"Of course not—I don't mean that, you stupid boy!" She gave my arm another little shake. "That in itself would be merely a coincidence. But what in the world did they want to look so taken aback for?"

"They?" I questioned.

"Well, he, then?"

"Surprised, I suppose."

"Pooh! Surprise doesn't look like that. But she was cool enough!"

"Mademoiselle, you mean? It strikes me she would be cool over an earthquake."

"Oh, yes! She didn't care, but he did. It is something odd to see Roger Yorke thrown off his balance."

I assented with a nod, thinking that her phrase "thrown off his balance" expressed what had seemed to be Roger's state of mind better than any other could have done. Truth to tell I had been as much puzzled and surprised at the little scene in the Chavasse drawing-room as Alice herself and was cogitating over it now. Presently my reflections thereupon produced another puzzle which I proceeded to unfold.

"I say, Alice, this is odd! Roger has known the name of Nat's governess ever since we knew it ourselves. It has done nothing but bewail her fate, you know; it is strange that he never mentioned that he knew mademoiselle."

"Perhaps not; but I should have thought he would have said that he knew some one of the name. I don't think 'Valdin' is a common one."

"It may be abroad. As to mentioning it, I dare say, if she was only a casual acquaintance, he forgot it."

"Very likely. Besides, he told me it was a year since he had seen her."

I said, as we stopped at the rectory gate.

"Just so. And I'll tell you something more; he would not have been sorry if it had been twenty years before he saw her again. Good-night, Ned, and thank you for coming home with me."

The gate was opened, and she flitted up the path, turning gayly to kiss her hand to me. I watched until her

## WOMEN, AVOID OPERATIONS

**Many Unsuccessful — And Worse Suffering Often Follows. Mrs. Rock's Case A Warning.**

The following letter from Mrs. Orville Rock will show how unwise it is for women to submit to the dangers of a surgical operation when often it may be avoided by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She was four weeks in the hospital and came home suffering worse than before.

Here is her own statement.

Paw Paw, Mich.—"Two years ago I suffered very severely with a displacement. I could not be on my feet for a long time. My physician treated me for several months without much relief and at last sent me to Ann Arbor for an operation. I was there four weeks and came home suffering worse than before. My mother advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I did. Today I am well and strong and do all my own housework. I owe my health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and advise my friends who are afflicted with any female complaint to try it."—Mrs. ORVILLE ROCK, R. R. No. 5, Paw Paw, Michigan.

If you are ill do not drag along until an operation is necessary, but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for women's ills, and has restored the health of thousands of suffering women. Why don't you try it?

white dress, with the scarlet cloud over it, had disappeared within doors, and then turned back to walk through the village to Chavasse again. But I walked slowly, with my hands in my pockets, puzzling myself about the recognition of Roger Yorke and Mlle. Valdin which had taken us all by surprise. Not the recognition, itself; that, as Alice had said, would have been merely a coincidence, odd perhaps, but not puzzling. But what on earth could have possessed Roger Yorke to make him look as though he had seen a ghost at his first sight of that pale, sallow, composed face? I could not understand it at the time; and, going over the few words which had followed mademoiselle's announcement of their previous acquaintance, I could not understand it now. Yet, mademoiselle had explained the whole matter to my mother with the most charming ease and readiness. She had met Dr. Yorke at his sister's more than a year ago. She was the friend of madame's sister, and was then staying with her for her holiday—her vacation. But in England she had not expected the pleasure of again meeting Dr. Yorke.

So far so good. All Whittlesford knew that Roger Yorke had a sister, and knew at least as well that her place of residence was Paris; also that it was his custom, when he took his yearly holiday, to spend it in France with her and her husband. That he had done so last year I knew well enough, for at the time there had been some talk of my going with him. All very well, so far. But, if his acquaintance with mademoiselle had been merely a casual acquaintance with his sister's friend, why on earth had he looked so disconcerted—nay, dismayed to see her in the Chavasse drawing-room? Surely that was odd. I recalled the change which had come over him after that bland little speech of hers, how stiffly he had bowed to her, and how drolly he had touched her extended hand; again, now, by and by, when Nat was singing her delayed song, he had sat apart, silent and gloomy, the gay, debonaire manner which always made him so attractive gone, and with his stern blue-gray eyes always keenly, almost nervously resting upon mademoiselle's perfectly "got-up" figure. Yes, Alice was right. Roger Yorke had been completely thrown off his balance, and he could not help showing it. An uneasy sense of being at a disadvantage, of being awkwardly placid, and inwardly fighting against it had been, in my opinion, at least, expressed in his whole air and manner—nay, in the very attitude of his figure.

When he abruptly took his departure, with a muttered apology to madame about having a patient to see, I fancied that his eyes, when he shook hands, fell and avoided mine. It might have been fancy, for I know that I am given to be fanciful; but it puzzled me for all that. I was very fond of Roger Yorke—fonder, I really believe, than I was of anybody, even Natalie herself; and it gave me a queer jealous pang to think that he should have a secret from me.

Another thought came to me, as I strolled along in the September moonlight, a fancy that I might find a solution of the problem, after all. I recalled that look which had been a revelation to me—a revelation not only of his love for her, but of the reason for the barely veiled dislike which he had of late shown to Fraser Froude. Could it be, I wondered, that that acquaintanceship with mademoiselle had in reality been a love affair which he had grown tired of and got out of, and that in her appearance at Whittlesford he foresaw awkward complications? And yet—pshaw!—I thought mademoiselle looked a round half dozen years older than he did, to start with, not to speak of her being the reverse of pretty. No; that could not be it. In fine, I reached Chavasse at least as far from any satisfactory conclusion as ever, and feeling inclined to "bother" mademoiselle as heartily as Nat had done herself.

Entering, I found the drawing-room deserted, early as it was, and, ringing the bell, was told by Virtue, who answered it with her usual quiet promptness, that the ladies had retired—madame because she had a headache, mademoiselle on the plea of fatigue, and Miss Natalie in a temper. Not that the demure Virtue said this—gathered it. Obviously there was nothing to do but to go to bed myself,

**Try This Home-made Cough Remedy**

Costs Little, But Does the Work Quickly, or Money Refunded.

Mix two cups of granulated sugar with 1 cup of warm water, and stir for 2 minutes. Put 2½ ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a 16-ounce bottle; then add the Sugar Syrup. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

You will find that this simple remedy takes hold of a cough more quickly than anything else ever used. Usually ends a deep-seated cough inside of 24 hours. Splendid, too, for whooping cough, croup, chest pains, bronchitis, and other throat troubles. It stimulates the appetite and is slightly laxative, which helps end a cough.

This recipe makes more and better cough syrup than you could buy ready made for \$2.50. It keeps perfectly and tastes pleasantly.

Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, and is rich in gualacal and all the natural pine elements, which are so healing to the membranes. Other preparations will not work in this formula.

This plan of making cough syrup with Pinex and sugar syrup (or strained honey) has proven so popular throughout the United States and Canada that it is often imitated. But the old, successful formula has never been equaled.

A guaranty of absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If not send to The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

and I went taking my perplexities with me.

Perhaps it was the heat of the night, or it was unusually sultry for the time of the year, perhaps it was on account of being bothered; but, try as I would, I could not go to sleep. I tossed and turned about, tumbled the bedclothes, got up and walked about, tried again, counted as long as my arithmetic held out—all in vain! At the end of a couple of hours I thought I had never been so startlingly wide awake in my life. In despair I rose, and, going to the window, pulled aside the blind and looked out.

The full moon was up, the great disc shining out serenely from the dark-blue sky, and its pale light silencing the starry trees of the park. The contrast to the hot room and the unmade bed was too great. I made up my mind to dress and go out, and try to walk myself into sleepiness.

No sooner thought of than done, I slipped on my clothes, opened my door cautiously, and crept slowly along the corridor and across the great landing, laughing to myself to think what a scare there would be if I chanced to encounter one of the maids.

But I reached the hall without any mishap, unbarred the small side-door and so got out into the air in safety.

Now just at this time I had taken to smoking, rather to the terror of madame my mother, who had no great admiration for the practice; and as my pipe and cigarettes were absolutely forbidden in the dining-room, and regarded with disfavor in the rest of the house.

Not that I minded that much. Roger Yorke and the vast amount of consolation and enjoyment which he appeared to find in his pipe had first made me begin, and, having once got over the inevitable preliminary pangs and throes, I was not likely to leave off. So, whenever I got out of madame's way, I smoked, and enjoyed it. Nat, I must say, was a little brick, and let me pull away as much as I liked in her company. I had my cigarette case and matches in my pocket now, and lighted up as I strolled to and fro in the moonlight, the crisp gravel crunching under my feet.

(To be continued.)

**All You Need is a Cascaret To-Night**

No Sick Headache, Biliary Stomach, Coated Tongue or Constipated Bowels by Morning.

Turn the rascals out—the headache, the biliousness, the indigestion, the sick, sour stomach and foul gases—turn them out tonight and keep them out with Cascarets.

Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never know the misery caused by a lazy liver, clogged bowels or an upset stomach.

Don't put in another day of distress. Let Cascarets cleanse and regulate your stomach; remove the sour, undigested and fermenting food that is misery-making gas; take the excess bile from your liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poison in the intestines and bowels. Then you will feel great.

A Cascaret to-night will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from any drug store means a clear head, sweet stomach and clean, healthy liver and bowel action for months. Children love to take Cascarets because they taste good—never gripe or sicken.

ROBERT TEMPLETON'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, ETC.

## 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.

9466.—A PRACTICAL APRON.

A useful apron of generous housewifely size designed to protect the entire dress. The back is held in position by a strap of material that is buttoned to the front at the waistline. A pocket is a useful addition that will be appreciated by the wearer, although it may be omitted if desired. Anderson Gingham, Denim, Holland and cambric are all suitable for the making, and finishing braid or narrow edging may be used for trimming. The Medium size requires 3½ yards of 36 inch material. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large.

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

9466.—A PRACTICAL COMBINATION UNDER GARMENT.

Ladies Corset Cover and Drawers Combined.

Lawn, hainsook, dimity, crepe, crossbar muslin, or silk may be used for this design. It may be finished with a square or round neck edge. The pattern is cut in three sizes: 34, 36 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 3½ yards of 36 inch material for a 38 inch size.

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Genuine Thermos Bottles now cost so little that everyone can afford one.

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**T. J. DULEY & Co.,**  
The Reliable Jewellers and Opticians.

**JOHN MAUNDER,**  
Tailor and Clothier, 281-283 Duckworth Street.

We are preparing for a Great Bargain Sale of

# Handkerchiefs!

Dainty Linen Embroidered, Hemstitched, Lace and Insertion Trimmed. The Newest in Handkerchiefs, "The Lissue."

Initial Silk Handkerchiefs, Irish Lawn and Cambric Handkerchiefs; in fact all kinds of Handkerchiefs down to the Children's Printed Handkerchiefs, at 2 for 5c.

Special Prices will be announced later.

**Watch for Bargains.**

**ROBERT TEMPLETON.**

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