

## Nerves So Bad That She Would Sit and Cry

Mrs. Mary Hocking, Madoc, Ont., writes—  
"Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a wonderful lot of good. I suffered from general weakness and was so run down and my heart and nerves were in such bad shape that I would sit down and cry and not know what I was crying about. I also used to have weak spells. Thanks to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, however, I am real well now. I shall always keep a box of the Nerve Food in the house, and recommend them to my friends; they are a wonderful medicine."  
(Mr. J. W. Vince, Druggist, of Madoc, Ont., says: "I have sold Mrs. Hocking your Nerve Food, and the medicine has done her much good.")

**DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD**

At all Dealers.

GERALD S. DOYLE, DISTRIBUTOR.

## LADY LAURAS' RELEASE

### THE STORY OF A SPOILED BEAUTY.

CHAPTER XLIX.

"And now, love, I am at your mercy. My fortune and life are yours. If it be your will and pleasure that I should wait yet awhile for my answer, I will wait. But when the shadow has passed from your life, send me one line. My love for you deserves that. You need give no residence, no sign, no name, but say simply, 'I shall be at such a place at such a time'—that is all. Thus I will meet you. Address the note to me at the Argemmon Club, Piccadilly. I shall wait anxiously for that note, and till I receive it may Heaven give me patience! I kiss the white hands I hold so fair, and on my knees I do homage to the loveliest and sweetest girl in the land, my future wife."

From her devoted lover.

GLEN ARLEIGH.

Happy tears filled her eyes, happy smiles curved the sweet lips as she finished reading the letter.

"There was never so loyal a lover," thought Angela to herself. How few men would have left her in so chivalrous a manner! She admired the chivalry of the act; it was that which appealed to her. Could he have done more? He had left his house in order that she might remain there. It was the courtly action of a true gentleman, and she loved him for it. She buried her face in her hands and for a moment gave herself up to happy thoughts of a happy future. The world had suddenly grown most dear to her because it held him, her life most precious to her because he wished to share it. Now more than ever she longed for the day when the advertisement should appear and set her free.

CHAPTER L.

One morning, when Angela had put away the Times, feeling sad and disappointed because the looked-for advertisement did not appear, Mrs. Bowen came to see her about some

little matter, and the young girl began talking to her of the country and the neighborhood.

"What is the very large house with all white towers which we can see from the park?" she asked.

"That is Cuddale Hall," answered Mrs. Bowen. "Lord and Lady Cuddale live there; and I hear that they have returned with a large party of guests. They generally return to the Hall about the middle of June." And Mrs. Bowen went on to describe the wealth and the grandeur of the family. "Not," said the loyal servant, "that they rank so high as the Arleighs—my lady takes precedence of Lady Cuddale—but they are very rich. Nearly all Cuddale belongs to them."

"Are they old people?" asked Angela.

"No; they are quite young. I have heard that Lord Cuddale is thought to be rather a 'fast' man, and I have been told that Lady Cuddale is too fond of cards—a strange taste for a young lady—but then we must not believe gossip."

"Are the two families intimate?" asked Angela.

"Well, I should not use that word in speaking of them. They are friendly, but they do not visit much; Lady Arleigh is considered very proud. I hear that they have a very gay party at Cuddale now, and amongst them is a famous London beauty; I forget her name." Perhaps, had she remembered it, a great tragedy might have been avoided.

"Did Lord Arleigh visit them while he was at home?" asked Angela.

"No, not this time, I think. I never heard him say so. You should see Cuddale Hall, Miss Charles; it is well worth a visit."

But Angela took no especial interest in it. Had she known who was there, probably she would have done so.

The household of Brantome Hall, during the summer months attended service at St. Cuthbert's Church, Cuddale—there was no other church nearer—and on Sunday morning after Lord Arleigh had left the Hall, Mrs. Bowen went to Angela.

"Miss Charles," she said, "I am going to St. Cuthbert's Church this morning; would you like to go with me? You have not been to church since you have been here."

"I should like it very much," she replied. In her simple, loving heart there arose a great desire to go. It was not, perhaps, quite prudent, as she was so desirous of concealing her whereabouts; but then, as she thought the risk would be small, for she would see no one who knew her, and, besides, she would wear a thick black veil. "I will go with pleasure," she added.

Angela never forgot the beauty, the calm of that Sabbath day, and her heart, naturally full of devotion, was raised to Heaven in earnest, loving gratitude for all the manifold blessings she saw around her in luxuriant nature.

The church stood on a hill that overlooked the sea, and the chime of the bells seemed to float away over the restless waves. St. Cuthbert's was an ancient edifice, with a battlemented tower, from which rose a tall, graceful spire that seemed to penetrate the blue ether. The interior was quaint and picturesque; there was a curious, oak-grained roof, and the walls were freely adorned with tablets, over which the windows of stained glass shed a subdued and solemn light.

"We can use the family pew," said Mrs. Bowen, not ill-pleased to show her importance. "I always do, when my lady is not at home."

A few minutes later Angela found herself seated in the comfortable, old-fashioned pew belonging to the Arleigh family. The little church was well filled, and, with a hasty glance round, she saw that some elegantly dressed ladies were near her.

"The Cuddale party!" whispered Mrs. Bowen; and Angela raised her eyes, when, lo, they fell on the dark, beautiful face of Gladys Rane!

With a stifled groan, her face unnaturally pale, her limbs trembling, Angela fell back in her seat. Fortunately no one had noticed the slender veiled figure, all eyes being directed toward the radiant loveliness of Gladys Rane. When Angela recovered herself, she looked again, half hoping that she had made a mistake. But no; there was the face the fatal beauty of which had ruined her mother's life, and had rendered her own one of constant peril.

What had brought Gladys Rane there? Angela wondered. Then she remembered suddenly what Mrs. Bowen had told her. This was the Cuddale party, and Gladys Rane was evidently one of it. The explanation was simple enough—Gladys Rane was on a visit to Cuddale Park!

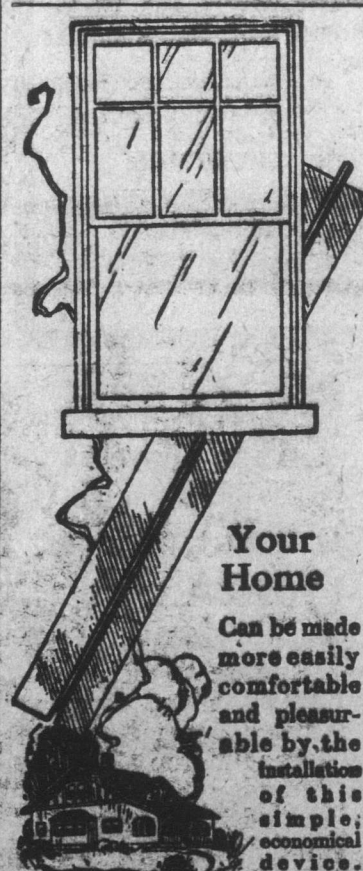
Angela took courage. No one had noticed her, and she flattered herself that those who knew her well would not recognize her under her black veil. She looked again at the face which had been the bane of her mother's life and happiness. It was beautiful enough to captivate men, as it did; but it was not so serenely beautiful as her mother's face—not so sweet, so good. It was rather the face of a siren than a saint.

As Angela watched for a moment the fair face of her mother's rival, her heart suddenly stood still, and she experienced a terrible shock. A gentleman bent forward to give Miss Rane a book, and she saw that it was her mother's husband, Captain Wynyard. The church walls seemed to close around her; a red mist rose before her eyes; there was a rush as of many waters in her ears. She seemed bewildered; all her senses seemed to be confused. There they were before her, Gladys Rane and Captain Wynyard—the man and the woman who, between them, had ruined her mother's life.

For a moment a fear seized her that her mother was dead. Then she remembered that that could not have happened without her knowing it, for Jane would have written to her. But why should these two be here together? She watched them with burning eyes and wildly beating heart.

(To be continued.)

Garnish individual lamb steaks with boiled, buttered carrots rolled in finely minced parsley.



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## London, New York & Paris Association of Fashion

# FIFTH

# ANNIVERSARY SALE

## 9 to 11 O'clock Specials

1000 Ladies Voile and Organdie DRESSES

Worth \$3.00, Sale \$1.48

2000 Pairs Ladies Silk Faced STOCKINGS

Color black, Values at 90c., No. 1 Quality 30c. per pair

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All colors and sizes, worth \$2.00

\$1.00 per pair

4000 Pairs Child's Bloomers

White Linen Nicely Trimmed. Tucks and Embroidery

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800 LADIES' WAISTS

Voiles, Orange, all sizes, all colors.

Values at \$1.80, 98c.

The above listed merchandise will be on Sale between the Hours of 9 and 11 o'clock of each morning only.

## London, New York & Paris Association of Fashion

## Fashion Plates

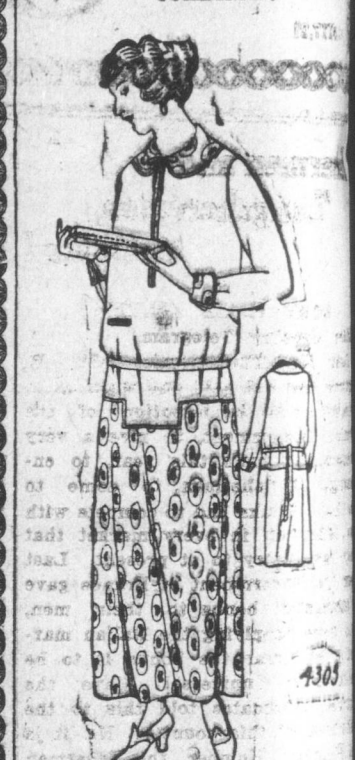
The Home Dressmaker should have a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found most useful to refer to from time to time.

A POPULAR STYLE FOR SLIM AND MATURE FIGURES.



4307. Linen and checked stripes are combined in this model. It could have wool jersey with plain checked taffeta or woolen for contrast. Braid and embroidery too, pleasing for decoration. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches measure. A 36 inch size requires 4 1/2 yards of 40 inch material. Trim as illustrated requires 1/2 yd. of contrasting material. The waist of the skirt at the foot is 2 1/2 yards. Pattern mailed to any address receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

SIMPLICITY AND GOOD TASTE COMBINED.



4305. Here is a model that has attractive features, and is very comfortable. "Figured" crepe, or the same combination of voile or taffeta, or linen and pique could be used for this style. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 18 and 20 years. To make this for an 18 year size will require 2 1/2 yards of 23 inch material. The waist at the foot is 2 1/2 yards. To make the waist and sleeves of contrasting material requires 2 1/2 yards of 23 inch wide.

Pattern mailed to any address receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

NEW YORK

CHANDLER

No. ....

Size ....

Name .....

Address in full:—

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