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Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark registered in Canada of Bayer Manufacture of Monoacetylsalicylic acid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer Manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

LADY LAURAS' RELEASE

THE STORY OF A SPOILED BEAUTY.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"By the bend of the pool where the willows grow."

Then, with light, fearless, graceful action she sped over the glittering surface. For a few seconds he watched her with a livid face and eyes that gleamed like fire; then he turned away, going as fast as he could in another direction.

There was a minute of perfect silence, a minute that was like eternity to him, and then what he expected came—a shrill, terrible cry—once, twice, thrice, and after that all was still again.

Lady Bell stopped in her flight; the young squire paused in his warm pursuit of her. Veering around, they came hastily to the captain, who, when they reached him, was standing still, with a ghastly face and a bewildered air.

"What is it?" they cried. Where is Miss Rooden?"

Once more over the ice came the shrill agonized cry for help. The captain seemed unable to speak. He gasped rather than cried:

"Angela!"

"Where? Tell me!" cried the young squire. "Quick! She may drown while we stand here! Which way did she go?"

"I do not know," stammered the captain; "I did not see her. There, by the frs, I think. She said something to me, laughed, and flew off like a bird."

"The cry did not come from the frs," said Lady Bell. "Oh, captain," she added, in an agony of fear and entreaty, "let us go toward the willows! The sound came from those by the bend there. Let us go to the rescue!"

"That is the very spot where I told her not to go," replied the captain quickly. "Benson told me this morn-

ing that that was the only unsafe part of the pool."

"Safe or unsafe, I shall go," declared the squire.

"You will be drowned!" said the captain.

"I cannot help that!" shouted the squire, as he skated away to the treacherous spot. "I shall not let a woman drown if I can save her."

He hastened away; but he soon found that Benson's statement was correct. The ice was thin and cracking in all directions near the willows. Then, as he drew nearer the bend, he saw a great hole in the ice, and he knew that Miss Rooden had fallen through. It seemed impossible to save her, even should he reach the spot and plunge in after her; he saw nothing but death for her and death for himself. While he lived Squire Arden never forgot the unutterable agony of that brief moment. But, like a true Englishman, he did not fear death when there was the life of another at stake. All the courage, the daring, the bravery of his race rose within him. He skated as far as he could along the ice, then crashed through it and made a determined plunge into the chilling waters. There was a prayer on the young fellow's lips as he made the plunge; but it was not for himself.

Presently the captain approached the spot. There was no one to be seen.

A guilty thrill ran through every nerve. There was a minute of intense emotion, during which it seemed to him that the blue wintry sky met the glassy ice of the pool—a minute in which he said to himself with a fierce throbbing exultation, "Drowned!" A life-time seemed to pass in that brief interval, while the wind bore a thousand voices to him crying exultantly, "Drowned!" There surged through his brain a wave of almost delirious delight; at that moment, in the presence of death almost, Captain Wynyard saw wealth, freedom, and Gladys Rane within his reach.

Then his quick eyes detected a movement in the water at some little distance from him. The ice was broken near the willow-trees, and it was there that he saw something struggling. He could not reach the spot from where he stood; but he could skate to the nearest bank, and hasten thither by land. When he reached the bank he tried to take off his skates. Was it the trembling of his hands or the reluctance of his will that prevented his doing so quickly? Was it fear that made his face grow ghastly, his eyes lose all their light?

Before he reached the spot he saw a vigorous arm breaking the thin ice that barred the way; then an almost exhausted voice called out to him for assistance. Immediately afterward he saw Squire Arden strike out boldly for the bank, bringing with him the drooping figure of Angela Rooden. Another moment of fearful suspense passed, and then Squire Arden cried out again, and the captain hastened to him.

"Is she dead?" he gasped out—"Dead?"

"They laid the unconscious girl on the bank. The Squire placed his hand over her heart, and the captain,

unable to utter a word, watched him with wild, inquiring eyes.

"She is not dead; I can feel a faint beating of the heart!" cried Squire Arden. "Have you any brandy?"

"Why did he hesitate to answer 'Yes' and bring out the flask of silver and crystal that had been one of his wife's first gifts to him?" Squire Arden cried out again impatiently:

"Have you any brandy?"

"Yes, the captain had some; and the squire snatched the flask from his hand and held it to the white lips closed as if in death.

"She is reviving!" he cried. "Thank Heaven she lives!"

At that moment Lady Bell, who had hastened to the bank and then made her way along the edge, came quickly to Angela's assistance. A cry of pain and fear fell from her ladyship when she saw the silent figure on the grass. She knelt down by her friend's side, and did everything she could to restore animation; while the two men stood by, one hoping that the fair young girl's life might be spared, the other as earnestly hoping for her death. Then, after a little time, to the unspeakable joy of Lady Bell and the Squire, Angela opened her eyes.

"You have saved her life, Squire!" cried Lady Bell, enthusiastically.

"You have acted bravely!"

"I simply did what any man would do—what I would do again twenty times over if necessary," said the Squire, and both his listeners thought his voice was broken with emotion.

After a few moments of bewilderment, Angela spoke.

"It seems," she said, slowly, "as though I have been dead, and have come back to life."

"You lost consciousness, Miss Rooden," said the young Squire, kindly, "You will be all right soon."

"Did you save me?" she asked, looking up with child-like, innocent eyes into his face.

"Yes, with the help of Heaven," he answered, simply.

She caught his hand between her own and kissed it.

"I thank you," she said; and the few words meant much. "I wonder," she went on dreamily, "how it happened."

The captain's face was ghastly to see.

"I was flying along," she continued, "and I remember thinking how delightful it was. All at once there was a terrible crash, and I was in the water. I remember crying out, and then the ice seemed to shut me in."

She gave one long look at the captain. "I thought," she said, "you told me to go to the bend of the pool near the willows?"

He had expected this, and was ready for it.

"No, my dear," he answered; "you misunderstood me. I told you not to go near the bend of the pool near the willows. Benson warned me about it this morning."

The wondering eyes lingered on his face.

"Are you sure?" she said. "I thought you told me it was quite safe and that I could go."

"No, just the contrary," declared the captain. "What a terrible mistake! We may be thankful it is no worse."

(To be continued.)

CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers

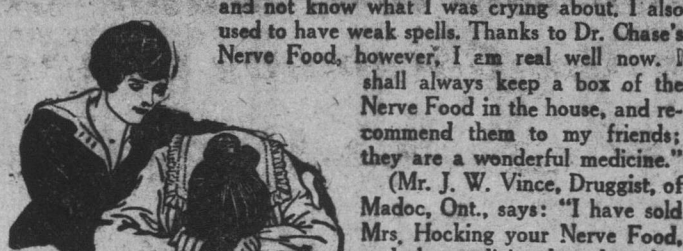


Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little Frezzone on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with your fingers. Truly!

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of Frezzone for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

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(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.")

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- The V-neck is featured in dresses for sports and city wear.
- Skirts of pleated silk and heavy English tweeds are in favor.
- Silk braides and noutaches are used for all-over embroideries.
- SKIRTS continue long, but waistlines are more nearly normal.

Fashion Plates.

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

A STYLISH GOWN IN SLEEVELESS STYLE, WITH OR WITHOUT GUMPLE.



4275. Embroidered georgette was used for this model. It is also attractive for the new figured silks, for satin and crepe weaves. This will make a pretty afternoon frock in a combination of materials, and is lovely for a dinner or evening gown in velvet or Canton.

The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The width at the foot is about 2 1/2 yards. It will require 2 1/2 yards and 3/4 yards for the dress for a 38 inch size.

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

A PLEASING VERSION OF A ONE PIECE DRESS.



4285. Novelty woolen, and serge are combined in this model. The style is also good for serge, jersey or wash materials.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size requires 2 1/2 yards of 44 inch material. For collar, cuffs and vest of contrasting material, 1/2 yards 32 inches wide is required.

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