

**FACE A SIGHT WITH PIMPLES**

**Large and Red, Itched and Burned. Cuticura Heals.**

"My face was itchy and broke out with large, red pimples. They were scattered all over my face and itched and burned so that I scratched which caused them to grow larger. I could hardly sleep at night. They were a real torture and my face was a sight."

"The trouble lasted about three months. I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and the first treatment stopped the itching and after using two boxes of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Miss Ota Goulette, R. F. D. 4, Box 85, Barre, Vt., March 24, 1922.

Use Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum exclusively for every-day toilet purposes.

Sample Book Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 10, P. O. Box 10, Lowell, Mass. Sold every-where. Soap & Ointment 25c. Talcum 10c. Cuticura Soap always without sur-charge.

**LADY LAURA'S RELEASE**

—OR—

**THE STORY OF A SPOILED BEAUTY.**

CHAPTER XII.

"Ah, yes!" said her ladyship, with a smile. "But then, you see, unfortunately I am a widow. I am glad you have come, Angela," she said, looking up as her daughter entered the room. "I want to consult you about my wedding-dress."

The girl started, and a pained expression came over her face as the words fell upon her ears.

"You have such excellent taste that I wish your assistance," added her ladyship.

"Do not ask me, mamma," entreated the girl; and there came to her vividly a remembrance of the day at the Abbey when her mother sat in her dressing-room, passing folds of crape over her fingers to test the quality. So striking was the contrast, and so painfully did it appeal to her that she could hardly restrain her tears.

"I cannot, mamma," she said; "I do not know what is required."

"You do, Angela. You see, I cannot wear white—an absolute white; but I shall go as near as possible to it. Madame recommends this white brocade, which is delicately interwoven with silver, or this, which is still more delicately interwoven with threads of gold."

"They are both beautiful," observed Angela; and her sad eyes, raised to Lady Rooden's face, said plainly, "Do not wear either." But her mother took no notice of the silent appeal.

"You shall choose for me," she said. "I shall like my wedding-dress all the more because it is your choice, darling."

Angela took the white brocade in which the gold threads gleamed palely.

"This is far the more beautiful material, mamma," she said.

"I agree with mademoiselle," put in the modiste; "diamonds and roses should go with it."

"Do you think," asked Lady Rooden, meditatively, "that roses will be best? I always think they require a young face."

"Your ladyship's face resembles a rose more than anything else," said the modiste; and Doris Newsham, the maid, looked up with a smile. She thought no one else so fair as her mistress.

"Diamonds and roses it shall be, then," said Lady Rooden, with a well-pleased smile. Then, turning with her sweetest manner to Angela, she added, "And now, Angel, you must choose your own dress. I have not

decided how many bridesmaids to have, but you will certainly be the first."

"I—I should like to speak to you for a few minutes before you decide, mamma. Will you come into this room?"

Her hands trembled, her eyes were full of tears. She opened the door that led into Lady Rooden's dressing room. There was something almost like a crown on her ladyship's face as she followed her daughter.

"What is it, Angela?" she cried.

"You always choose such unsuitable times for speaking to me. Be quick, my dear; madame's time is very precious. There are few people for whom she would have taken all this trouble."

"Mamma," she said, with pale face and eyes filled with tears, "I implore you not to ask me to be your bridesmaid. I could not bear it. The very thought of it makes me tremble. I should be afraid."

"Afraid of what?" asked her ladyship impatiently.

"Afraid of seeing my father standing between you and the man who is going to usurp his place."

Lady Rooden started back angrily.

"Why will you talk such nonsense to me? I told you before that I would not allow it, and I will not! I have a right to please myself in this matter."

"I know that, mamma," replied Angela; "but do not torture me—do not ask me to be a bridesmaid. Do not ask me to rejoice in a marriage which will sound the death-knell of my happiness."

"Nonsense!" cried Lady Rooden. "I will not hear such words."

"You know that it is true, mamma," said her daughter piteously. "It is a wedding to you, but it more like a funeral to me. You say that I must have a wedding-dress. Oh, mother, you know that it would be like a shroud to me!"

"I shall not listen to anything more," declared Lady Rooden. "You will be my bridesmaid, and you will wear the dress that I choose for you."

"Oh, mamma, do spare me!" cried the girl. "I shall die if you force me—I shall indeed."

"Then, my dear, you must die," said Lady Rooden calmly; "for you will certainly be present. My mind is made up on the matter. Now be sensible, Angel; you are really to use an old comparison, running your head against a stone wall. The wall will not give way. You must draw your own inference. Let me hear no more of this. Go back to madame, and let me choose your dress."

"Oh, mamma, kiss me at least as you used to do when you loved me!" sobbed Angela.

"I love you now, foolish child! Why do you not try to please me, instead of offending and irritating me? I have not the least wish to be cool or unkind; but you thwart me at every turn. Go back to madame; and her ladyship kissed the pale sad face.

But Angela could not return to madame; so Lady Rooden had to offer many apologies for her daughter, and was so sweet and gracious that the modiste thought that no more amiable lady existed.

"I am afraid, Vance," said Lady Rooden that night to her lover, "that we shall have trouble with Angel. She cannot reconcile herself to my marriage. She seems to be more and more opposed to it every day."

In his heart the captain anathematized her, and the smile that curved his lips was not a pleasant one to see.

"I feel almost unhappy over it to-night," she continued. "Do you know, Vance, when I spoke to her to-day of her dress for the wedding, she said it would be her shroud."

A curious shadow passed over his face.

"It is unreasonable to expect her to like it, my dearest Laura," said the captain. "You see, she has had you all to herself for so long; naturally she will not like to share you with another."

"But she ought to consider my happiness, Vance, as well as her own," remarked Lady Rooden.

"So she does and so she will," said the captain, persuasively. "Do not trouble about it, Laura; I cannot bear to see your beautiful face clouded."

"You can form no idea how she grieves. She is growing thin and pale."

"She will be all right soon," said the captain, cheerfully.



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**Dr. Chase's Ointment**

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you, my darling, have none. I would to Heaven you had the fortune which is here!" he added, with a sigh.

"I shall die! I cannot bear it!" she sobbed.

A sinister look crossed the man's face.

"I have an idea that all will be well for us yet," he said.

And the man who uttered the disloyal words was Captain Wynyard; the woman who listened to them was Gladys Rane!

(To be continued.)

**When Fog Comes Down.**

WHAT IT MEANS TO THOSE AT SEA.

Recently a Chard liner, the Andania, had a unique experience while crossing the Atlantic. She ran through fog almost the whole way across, and was forced to blow her siren continually for a distance of 8,000 miles!

The dangers of fog at sea must be experienced to be realized. Fog on land is bad enough, especially when it comes down on busy streets, but the sea fog is in quite a different class.

A really bad sea fog can be well likened to a thick white blanket. It is so dense that it is almost impossible to see objects an arm's length away.

Such conditions affect mariners very seriously. If a ship is working in an area where she knows there is traffic, then she must steam at greatly reduced speed, and blow her siren as she goes. This is her only safeguard.

If she is out on the open sea she may be less cautious about speed, but she has still to blow her siren at fixed intervals.

Working through a lane of traffic in a fog is a nerve-racking business. The fact is that you are quite unable to gauge the position of any one boat nearby. A ship bears a siren right beneath her bows and imagines she is bearing down on another craft. Yet the chances are that the other vessel is quite out of her course. Sound in fog is most deceptive.

Vessels do their best, of course. It may be the shrill scream of a tug's whistle or the bugle on some old coasting steamer, but it acts as a warning, whatever it is.

The great thing is to make some sort of a noise to advertise your whereabouts.

Everything possible is done to help sailors. Wireless reports are sent out to ships when it is known that fog is likely to come. Channels that lead into ports have buoys equipped with warning whistles; lightships and lighthouses all send out their calls.

Then may come that dread order, "Hard-a-port!" Extra look-outs are stationed forward, when suddenly one of them sees a boat bearing down. The warning is given. The skipper gives the helm orders to port or starboard his helm. At the same time he rings the telegraph for reduced speed. Quick and steady action may avert disaster, but it must be quick.

Once two steamers were hastening to the help of another vessel that had sent out signals of distress during a fog. So dense was the fog that one of the rescuing vessels crashed into the other and sank her. And all this time not a thing could be seen.

**Cub Cigarettes are appreciated, not only by the smoker but by those in his company.**

**Friendly Foes.**

The other day a witty tailor declared that his best friend, from a business point of view, was Mr. Clothes Brush. He spoke the truth! A good stiff clothes-brush in five minutes will do as much wear-out damage to a suit of clothes as would come to them in a month's ordinary use.

It proves that get a remnant of cloth and brush it for a few minutes. Then examine it under a strong magnifying glass, and it will be seen that a percentage of the "nap" has been removed, and the wool and warp and weft threads brushed out of their places.

It is quite a moderate estimate to say that the life of a well-and-frequently-brushed suit is shortened by at least six weeks, and that the average man has, in two years, to get a suit solely because Mr. Clothes Brush has brought the others to an untimely end. The moral is—shake your clothes.

It is fitting, of course, that the best friend of those who make boots is Mr. Blacking! A little polish is good; too much is bad. Most of us use too much! The leather is cracked over, dries, and perishes. The moral is obvious.

If it became unfashionable for shoes to be worn, and all of us wore boots, makers and purveyors of hosiery would lose an excellent friend. Shoes wear out socks and stockings at quite double the rate that boots do.

The tobaccoist's best friend is the smoker's weakness for his pet pipe. If it became the custom to use two or three pipes in succession, and not to fill up the hot bowl of one pipe continually, everyone would smoke less.

**Telegram 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 SMART FROCK.**

3960. Here is a delightful style for a school dress. The skirt is cut to flare gracefully. The closing is hidden under the front plait at the left side. This model is fine for the new gingham and cretonnes. It is also good for serge, pongee and linen. Red and white checked gingham with collar and cuffs of orange, or yellow chambray, with trimming of white braid would be attractive for this model.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size requires 3 yards of 38 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.



**A POPULAR STYLE.**

4055. Charming in its simplicity is this one piece model. As here developed gingham and linen are combined with bands of a contrasting color. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

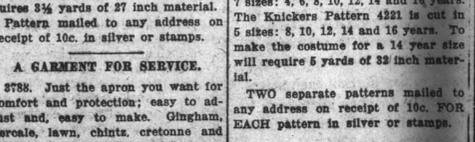
The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size requires 3 yards of 38 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.



**A CHARMING FROCK.**

4085. The front closing makes this model very practical. The sleeve may be wrist or elbow length. English prints, crepe or gingham could be used for this style.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size requires 3 1/2 yards of 27 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

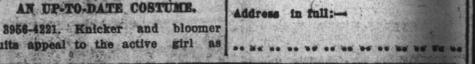


**A GARMENT FOR SERVICE.**

3788. Just the apron you want for comfort and protection; easy to adjust and easy to make. Gingham, percale, lawn, chintz, cretonne and asteen are good for this style.

It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-38; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 6 3/4 yards of 36 inch material.

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



**AN UP-TO-DATE COSTUME.**

3956-4221. Knicker and bloomer suits appeal to the active girl as much to "grown ups." This model is ever so serviceable and pleasing. It may be worn with or without a skirt. Serge, flannel, jersey cloth and other knitted materials, as well as linen, khaki, and gingham are good for its development.

The Blouse Pattern 3956 is cut in 7 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. The Knicker Pattern 4221 is cut in 5 sizes: 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. To make the costume for a 14 year size will require 5 yards of 32 inch material.

TWO separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

**Very Fishy.**

Entertained on his seventy-first birthday by the staff of MacFisheries, of which he is chief, Lord Laverfulmac wound up a witty after-dinner speech by propounding a conundrum.

"If fish were to marry," he asked, "which would be first?"

"His answer was, John Dory and Anchovy. The bridegroom's present would be "her-ring." They would spend the honeymoon in Fishguard. When the wife called her husband in the morning she would say, "Surgeon." If he were cross, she would call him wrabby. They would keep as pets a dogfish and a catfish, and wear on their feet soles and eels.

A good dimer deserves a good cigarette, a bad dinner needs one. Let your choice be CUB.

**Wallace Silverware.**

Is your Table Silver as good to-day as when you bought it?

Have you noticed that at the parts most exposed to wear, the plate has become worn?

Do you think this condition of your Silver is in keeping with your idea of a well appointed table?

Then why not, when you decide on replacing your old ware, give place to it with the "Wallace" Brand, the Silver that refuses to wear and is guaranteed without time limit.

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