

## Mother and Her Baby Are Relieved of Eczema



**DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT**  
GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

## Maddolena's Story

AND  
The Cameo Bracelet.

### CHAPTER XV.

For the few succeeding days it chanced that Madam de Caspares was confined to her room by a sharp though not dangerous attack of illness, and her orphan dependents forgot to be distrustful of each other while they waited restlessly upon their kind-hearted though whimsical patroness.

Sir Charles Ormsby called twice to inquire after the sick relative of his mother; but though by her desire he was invited to ascend to the chamber where she lay muffled in shawls, he pleaded business as an excuse for deferring his visit. In truth, he was not at all in the humor to listen to the plain-spoken old lady's comments upon his purposeless existence, for the very reason that he was in the highest degree dissatisfied with himself. The ray baronet was compelled to hear that an Italian nobleman of high birth had been entertained by Lady Camilla during his absence in England; and although the lady ingeniously protested that it was through no fault of her own the march had found her so charming, it was certain that the same plaintive sighs, the seductive looks, and the little confessions that she was unhappy in her marriage that had aroused all Charlie Ormsby's chivalrous affection, had kindled a volcano in the still more inflammatory heart of the Italian.

Lady Camilla soon perceived that it was dangerous to play with the passions of such a man as this, and did her best to break off the intimacy; but she could not manage this without arousing his jealous suspicions. There must be a reason, he protested, why she met him with such averted eyes, and an officious friend's whisper made him find that reason in the return to Rome of the English baronet.

He muttered threats of vengeance, which some one took the trouble to repeat to Sir Charles, who laughed at them; but still, in his secret thoughts, they stung him, for he felt that there must be something in Lady Camilla's conduct that had given rise to the storm. He longed to enter into explanations with her; but, piqued at his fancied neglect, she was not so ardent at contriving meetings with him as

she had once been. Not one since his return to Rome had he contrived to be alone with her, for when she was not surrounded by friends and flattery, Colonel Severn was at her elbow; but some few days after Sir Charles' last encounter with Trixie, they found themselves side by side in a bric-a-brac shop, where the baronet was making purchases for his mother and sister.

"When can I have half an hour's conversation with you?" he asked, while ostensibly engaged in selecting from a tray of cameos. "I have a message for you from Lily, and something to say on my own account."

"I should certainly like to hear dear Lily's message," she answered; "au reste, you must chance whether I shall be able to listen to you, mon ami. You would not come to me when you could—and she breathed a little plaintive sigh—"so you must not murmur if I, too, should prove neglectful."

"All that may have given you cause for that reproach I can explain away, Camilla."

"Can you? I am so glad! and she glanced at him tenderly. "I have so few friends now"—another sigh—"that I cannot afford to lose one of them. I am going to the Colosseum to-night when the moon rises, with some relatives of Colonel Severn."

"Fresh arrivals; if we should encounter you there—"

"She ceased speaking, but he understood her, and answered directly: "Thanks. To-night, then, at the Colosseum."

Under cover of the tray over which they were both bending, Charlie Ormsby pressed his lips to her gloved hand. He had often done this before, and she had smiled and forgiven him; but now, when he raised his eyes to her face, he saw, with surprise, that every vestige of color had vanished from it, and she was gazing over her shoulder at a gentleman who had been close behind her while the appointment was made, but who was now rapidly striding out of the shop.

"Who was that?" he asked.

"I do not know," was the reply; and Lady Camilla forced a smile as she moved away to pay for her purchases and rejoin the friends with whom she came.

But Sir Charles was not satisfied with her reply to his question; and, when she had departed, he repeated it to the shopman.

"The gentleman who scowled at you so terribly, signor? It was Il Marchese Scaviglio. Holy saints! but he is a dangerous man to offend—very dangerous!"

And the speaker shook his head, and crossed himself so devoutly that Charlie Ormsby, though he was a brave man, felt a thrill creep through his veins. If, as he feared, this fiery, revengeful Italian had heard the designation, and proposed to be present at it, what would be the consequences to Camilla?

It was on the evening Lady Camilla had appointed for the interview at the Colosseum, that Bessie Mordant, released from attendance on the baroness, by that lady suddenly taking it into her head to fulfill a hitherto forgotten engagement, came upon Trixie standing in a secluded corner in earnest converse with the girl Maddolena. The night had fallen, and the small chamber lamp by which Bessie was lighting herself to her room did not enable her to obtain a view of the faces of either of the speakers; yet something in their attitudes told her that the subject they were discussing was of great interest to one, if not both. She hesitated a moment, for she disliked the idea of passing on and leaving Trixie under the influence of the thoughtless and ignorant foreigner, who was so accessible to bribes, so ready to lend her aid in

carrying out a stratagem. However hazardous; but on second thoughts she determined to proceed as if she had not perceived them. She had played the part of a true friend when she warned Trixie that Sir Charles was not free to pay his addresses to any one; if the young girl refused to accept this warning, who could help it? But, though Bessie communed with herself in this half-angry strain, her natural sweetness of disposition, added to a conviction of the danger her young companion was incurring by this intimacy, made her feel really thankful when a quick step followed her own, and she turned to throw her arm affectionately around Trixie. But the latter was too much absorbed in what she had been hearing to perceive her friend's anxiety on her behalf.

"Come back," she whispered, her voice tremulous with the vague apprehensions Maddolena's tale had awakened—"come back, and hear what this chatter has been pouring into my ears, and try whether you can unravel its meaning. I am afraid—yes, positively afraid—to believe that my own explanation is the true one."

What did she mean? She was too excited to answer this question, and so the surprised Bessie permitted herself to be led to where Maddolena, with half-closed eyes, was telling over her beads; but the Italian's voice suddenly ceased, and her face assumed a reproachful air, when she saw by whom Trixie was accompanied. Bessie was no stranger to any of the foreign servants; her English reserve made her shrink from their well-meant familiarities; she could not, like Trixie, sympathize with them in their little troubles; for her own heart was too heavy and their vexations of too light a character to win from her more than an impatient ejaculation at their frivolity.

Accordingly, Maddolena began to hint that she was de trop, and so bluntly refused to repeat what she had been saying, that Bessie would have moved away if her more experienced companion had not prevented it.

"Patience!" Trixie whispered, in her native tongue. "She has such an unquenchable love of gossiping and other nonsense. Only give her time, and we will learn all we want to know."

"Are we justified in encouraging her to repeat what cannot concern us?" "Yes, if it be a matter of life and death," was the startling reply; "who knows but that you or I may be enabled to utter the warning that will prevent a crime?"

During this hasty colloquy, Maddolena chattered on, declaring that all she had said to the Signorina Beatrice had been in the strictest confidence, and must not be repeated to a third person, or Antonio—ah, what would not Antonio say? Had he not boud her to the strictest secrecy?

"And who is Antonio?" asked Bessie. Maddolena answered by smoothing down the smart little apron, tossing her long golden earrings, and averting, with a complacent smile, that he was only a respectable lad, a neighbor's son whom she had known ever since they were both laid in the same cradle while their mothers worked together in the vineyards—that is, had seen him once, twice—that she had not been able to resist telling what had been so much to his credit, and yet to his loss, poor, unlucky lad! Fortune was cruel to tempt the peevy in that manner. The sum offered would have enabled them to marry at once, and she could have worn a bodice of real velvet quite equal to Lisa Rheda's, although Lisa held her head so high, just because her uncle was a rotary.

Miss Gladys M. Russell, of Bay Roberts, spent the week-end here, visiting relatives and friends, and returned by Monday morning's train.

Mr. Samuel Bailey, son of the late Inspector and Mrs. Bailey, formerly of this town, but now residing in the city, has spent some days here recently on a business visit. Sam's old friends were glad to see him in the old town again, and wish him the best of luck.

We tender our congratulations to Miss Mary Cron, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Cron, who has been training as a nurse at the General Hospital, St. John's, and has passed her final examination with honors at the recent examinations. Nurse Mary arrived home on Friday last. Her many friends are glad to see her, and extend best wishes for future success at her high calling.

Mr. Leslie V. Chafe, who had been suffering from an attack of measles, is able to attend to business again, his friends are glad to note.

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### Harbor Grace Notes.

It was learned with regret here that the death of Mr. James Bradbury had occurred at the General Hospital on Sunday last, 20th inst. He had undergone an operation there for appendicitis, but the end came a short while after. Deceased was a son of the late Charles and Mrs. Bradbury of this town, and lived here for the greater part of his life; he was engaged chiefly in the cab business. Latterly he removed to St. John's with his family, where they resided up to the time of his death. He leaves to mourn a wife, nee Miss Belle Gordon, one daughter, Miss Grace Gordon, one daughter, Miss three sons, John, Gordon and Archibald, also his mother, two brothers, Eugene residing in Boston and Albert at home; three sisters, Mrs. Willis Pike of Bell Island, Mrs. John Ash of this town, and another sister who resides in U.S.A. The remains were brought here by Tuesday afternoon's train, and the funeral took place this afternoon from his mother's residence, Water Street West, and was attended by a large number of citizens, showing their last token of respect to their fellow townsman. Interment was made in the Methodist Cemetery, Rev. Mr. Harris conducting the services at the church and graveside, to the bereaved ones in their hour of deep sorrow, the community expressing sympathy.

Mr. E. Lodge, Inspector of Methodist Schools, arrived in town on Thursday last, to inspect the school here, and left again after a short stay.

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It is pleasing to learn that operations on Bell Island will be resumed shortly. So many of our men of Conception Bay have depended on this as a means of a livelihood. We understand that a motor boat will leave here to-morrow, Thursday, and will convey a number of workmen there from this town. Employment has been found at Deer Lake and vicinity for quite a number of the unemployed, and at present the outlook in this respect is much brighter than it has been heretofore.

Yesterday's storm may be termed the first real snowstorm for the winter. The heavy wind and frost was felt here considerably, but so far as we are aware, no damage was caused by the gale, other than some minor troubles with fire in some of the dwellings.

The death occurred yesterday of an aged resident in the person of Miss Mary Hayes, at the good old age of 92 years. Although much beyond the three score years and ten limit, last summer her familiar form was frequently seen in town, and her pass-

# MURPHY'S GOOD THINGS

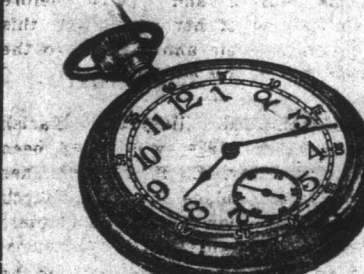
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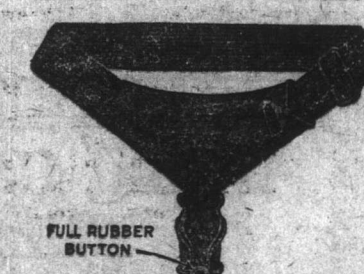
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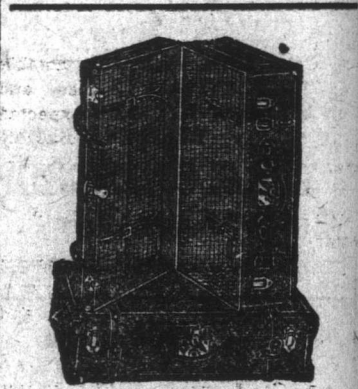
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Fleece lined, knitted wrists.  
Pair Pair 69c. to 98c.

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18 x 36, pretty design.  
Each 19c.

**Ladies' Tuxedo Sweaters.**  
Ladies Tuxedo Style Coat Sweaters.  
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Genuine Italian Briar, straight or curved stem.  
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Full skirt, gathered to silk worked yoke, long sleeves.  
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Long shoulder straps.  
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**Interest to Outports.**  
We will buy any double thread socks in trade.  
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**Men's Wool Drawers.**  
Slightly soiled, good quality. Reg. \$2.49.  
Now \$1.49  
Red Label Stanfield's Underwear  
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**Men's Silk Ties.**  
Wide ends, pretty designs.  
Each 49c. to 75c.

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There are many women who find their household duties almost unbearable owing to some weakness or derangement. The trouble may be slight, yet cause such annoying symptoms as dragging pains, weakness and a run-down feeling.

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You might be interested in reading Mrs. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon the "Allments of Women." You can get a copy free by writing the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Oshawa, Ontario.

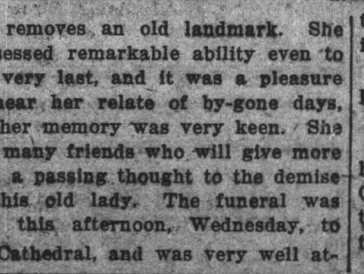
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ing removes an old landmark. She possessed remarkable ability even to the very last, and it was a pleasure to hear her relate of by-gone days, for her memory was very keen. She had many friends who will give more than a passing thought to the demise of this old lady. The funeral was held this afternoon, Wednesday, at the Cathedral, and was very well attended. And so our old friend sleeps in the R. C. Cemetery on the hill, and so for her we add—Requiescat in pace.

The annual meeting of the shareholders of the Marine Railway Docks Co., was held yesterday afternoon, at the registered office of the Company, the premises of E. Simmons, M.H.A.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Norris, of St. John's, accompanied by two of their children, arrived in town by Saturday night's train, on a visit to Mrs. Norris' father, Mr. John Stapleton. CORRESPONDENT.  
Hr. Grace, Jan. 23, 1924.

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