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**Maddolena's Story**  
AND  
**The Cameo Bracelet.**

CHAPTER XXI.

"Why, so it is, most horrible; but I must have better proof of Lady Camilla's treachery before I shall be induced to condemn her. She is her own mistress, as I was forced to remind your friend, and answerable to no one for the gifts she accepts, or the violators she receives."

"Will this excuse her in your eyes for playing such a double game?" asked Trixie, surprised and angry at the coolness with which he spoke.

"What have I to do with it? Her ladyship is not under allegiance to me—yet."

"But you love her," murmured Trixie, half in inquiry, half in reproach.

"And you dislike her; you have owned it before now, is there not, then, a little hypocrisy—just the least in the world, you know—in the presence of regret that she appears to be acting treacherously?"

"I don't know," faltered the girl, conscious that it would be difficult to analyse the feelings with which she had regarded the proof that Lady Camilla was holding communication with her Italian lover. "I certainly longed for you to know what we have, or fancy we have, discovered, although I had not courage to tell you myself, lest it should—"

"What, little one?" he asked, when she paused.

"Lest it should grieve you very much," and she ventured an anxious glance at his grave but not troubled face. If he was suffering, he certainly was able to conceal it.

"Why did you think I should fret if my lady smiled on another? It would not be the first time. I do not think it is in the nature of your sex, my dear, to be constant to one love ever, and I may not complain, if I would, seeing that I am not my own master. You need not start, nor look as if the remark astonished you. I have long suspected that you knew quite as much as I could tell you respecting the only event of my life that I have reason to wish undone."

Trixie let her folded hands drop by her sides and looked away from him toward the narrow slit that served for a window, and through which the evening star was visible.

"It matters little what I know, I do not speak of it to any one."

"No, you have been the discreetest

of maidens, for which I thank you; I certainly have not wished my most unfortunate marriage bruited in the ears of my relatives. But, hark ye, Gemma, keeper of other secrets besides mine, with me there need not be so much reticence. I have a shrewd notion that you can tell me where to find the mysterious personage who owns, and yet refuses to bear, my name."

"What makes you say this? Why should you suppose that I—"

and there Trixie stopped and, half rising from her seat, eagerly surveyed him.

"Fahaw! do you think that I have not put one and one together, and guessed that you have been made the confidant of Miss Beattie Mordant's affairs? If it did not puzzle me how a poor, stunted child could develop into so handsome a woman, I should say that Beattie is but another form of the name my bride bore when I led her to the altar."

Trixie shook her head.

"There would be nothing marvelous in a dwarfed, neglected girl becoming taller, stouter and brighter when she fell into better hands, and that Beattie Mordant is well acquainted with many circumstances in your early life I have discovered and wondered at; but that she is your wife, Sir Charles Ormsby, I do not believe. What has led you to such a conclusion?"

"Many things, trivial in themselves, yet very convincing. Looks she has bestowed on me, words she has let fall, and her own avowal that I am a married man, if such a mere form can be called marriage? Beattie! I thought as much. And why is she here but to play the spy on me—to gather evidence that will enable her to convict me of some disgraceful act or other, that will give her a plea for dissolving our union?"

"No—no, Beattie is incapable of such meanness!" cried Trixie, warmly. "You do her injustice, you persistently blind yourself to her noble nature and many good qualities. Play the spy! bringing disgrace upon you! The charge is as false as it is cruel."

"A blent fair detestment of all that are accused, tell me why she is residing with me tante, under a partially assumed name?"

"I cannot; I am not in Beattie's confidence; but that she hides anything of which she has reason to be ashamed I never will believe."

"Oh! paragon of Beattie!" he cried, mockingly. "Perhaps her indignant friend thinks I ought to swallow the bitter pill of her presence in the hour of my humiliation, and feel very grateful to her for opening my eyes to the fact that there is a canker in the rose I thought so perfect."

"If the presence of Beattie humiliates you, what must mine do?" and Trixie rose, and began moving slowly away. "I do not wonder that you are displeased with both of us; you think we have shown an unkindly haste to denounce Lady Camilla; that it would have been kinder to be silent until—"

"I found out for myself that a pretty woman can rarely be content with one admirer," he exclaimed, in the same cynical, half-jesting strain that puzzled and repelled the still agitated Trixie. "Pooh! child, our fair friend has a right to amuse herself, and it is rank folly to make all this fuss and flutter, because she is not free enough from the toils of her sex to refuse a cameo bracelet when it is offered to her. But here she comes. My dear Lady Camilla," and he stepped to the summit of the tower stairs—those stairs on which a grim sentinel always stood to prevent any one descending them.

**Experience of a Well-Known Barber**

Letting the system become run down is responsible for more illness than anything else. When the body is strong, healthy and vigorous, all the organs are in perfect condition. Disease then has little chance to lodge. But let the system become run down and the resisting powers of the organs are weakened. The body is then susceptible to any trouble—colds, pneumonia, consumption, anemia, fevers, contagious diseases, and all other diseases of a wasting nature. Therefore, when you are weak, listless, tired, drowsy, nervous, irritable, is the time you need a tonic. Carnol is the ideal remedy. It feeds the nerves, enriches the blood, builds up bodily tissue and increases weight. After a run-down condition following flu, Mr. Tingley, the well-known barber of St. John, N.B., was greatly benefited by Carnol. He says: "I had a bad attack of the flu in the fall of 1919 which left me in a weak, run-down condition. My appetite fell off and I had gone down in weight from 155 lbs. to 132. A local druggist recommended Carnol to me and on his advice I took four bottles. From that time my health and strength came back and I now weigh 155 lbs. I am now enjoying the best of health and can safely recommend Carnol to anyone in a similar condition."—C. W. Tingley, 289 Prince William St., St. John, N.B. Carnol is sold by all good druggists everywhere.

without permission—your friends were growing quite uneasy about you; the dews are heavy to-night, and as you are so very delicate, it is not wise to expose yourself to them."

"Perhaps not; but it was so pleasant out there; and she sighed softly as she let him divest her of the shawl that had been wrapped around her exquisite form. "I should have loitered under the trees another hour if Monna Santa had not hurried me in."

"It is not like you to be so enamored of solitary walks," Sir Charles observed, with a penetrating glance.

"Our tastes change as we grow older," she replied; "and, unless I can have a companion who thinks as I do, I prefer to be left to my own musings."

"The chief does not waylay or pester you with his attentions when you are out—does he?"

There was an uneasy look in Lady Camilla's eyes, as if she began to suspect the drift of these questions; but apparently Sir Charles' well-assumed nonchalance put her on her guard, for she answered, with her customary smiling ease:

"I have not been annoyed by any one. Monna Santa says it would be at the peril of their lives if either of the bandits approached us. Tedious as we and our imprisonment, we cannot complain of any want of respect or attention."

"We cannot, indeed," the baronet promptly assented. "So polite are these brigands—so anxious to keep us with them, that I begin to think with one of the baroness' demoiselles"—he glanced at Trixie, who still stood within hearing—"that some other reason than the hope of a liberal ransom is actuating them; what think you?"

She looked startled. Hitherto such suspicions had been carefully concealed from her in pity, for the weak state of her nerves, so that she did not know how long they had been entertained.

"How can I tell?" she faltered. "I have urged you to effect our liberation, no matter on what terms; and if you will not—"

"Or cannot, Lady Camilla," he interposed. "Do me the justice to remember that my hands are tied by my assumed character. But I am ready to avow to these men my real name."

"No, no!" burst from her lips, in evident alarm. "It would be madness. I should never forgive myself if any harm befell you through—through my impatience."

"Thanks; but I will be careful of my life, never fear. It has grown precious to me since I have been so near laying it down. I think I hear the baroness calling."

CHAPTER XXII.

In apparently gay mood than customary Sir Charles took his station behind Madam Caspares' chair when she supped, and waited upon her and her companions as usual; but he refused to partake of the meal, although he drank freely of the wine, that was sent up to be mixed with the cold clear water the ladies preferred.

The bracelet still lay in his pocket; yet he made no allusion to it, although Trixie, who could not resist watching him closely, saw his hand steal toward it repeatedly. Then she began to wonder what he would do with it, or whether Lady Camilla would raise and inquire for the trinket if he continued to retain it in his possession.

But all suggestions were at an end when, the baroness signifying that she felt tired, he said his adieu, and prepared to retreat to his straw pallet in the antechamber.

"A fair good-night to ye all, gentle friends," he exclaimed, gaily, as he kissed the cheek of madam, and bowed over the hand of the widow. "By the way, Lady Camilla, I have something of yours here which I must return, or your dreams may be perturbed at once."

Every drop of blood had from her face as he clasped the glittering ornament on her arm, and then steadfastly looked into the depths of the eyes that vainly sought to avoid his.

"How very handsome!" cried the baroness, putting up her glass that she might get a better view of it. "My dear Camilla, I never saw this before? Whose is it? Yours?"

"Certainly it is here," responded Sir Charles, lolly. "This is the last gift her ladyship accepted from the murderer of her husband."

"Charles Ormsby!" cried his horrified aunt, "what are you saying?"

"The truth, ma tante—the truth. Why do you look at me so strangely? Lady Camilla will tell you that the admiration of a young and handsome marchese is more precious to her than the memory of the good man, whose worst fault was loving her too well."

"In mercy spare her—spare her!" murmured Trixie, who trembled at the scorn in his clear, incisive tones, and the piercing looks that seemed to read Lady Camilla's guilty soul.

"I have done," he answered. "After all, silence would have been wiser; and he quitted the room, although Lady Camilla, sinking on her knees, besought him to stay—to hear her; and her hysterical sobs must have penetrated to that outer chamber to which he retreated.

"I wish some one would enlighten me," said the baroness, peevishly, while Beattie supported the half-fainting widow, and Trixie bathed her face and hands with cold water. "I was mad when I let my nephew accompany me; but for him this might not have happened. Who is going to tell me the meaning of this ridiculous scene? I hate scenes, but I like them explained, when they do occur."

(To be continued.)

The test of Ivory Soap is that it keeps its promise which is to cleanse the skin thoroughly. No soap can do more. Many promise to work wonders with your complexion—but how many soaps can faithfully keep that promise?

**MOVIE QUEENS.**

Oh, movie queens, you spill the beans so often it is sad. Unless you cease to heat the peace, you'll get your trade in bad. We moral wights, sit up o' nights to read the public prints, and seldom fail to find a tale, dished up in lurid tints, of movie queens in garish scenes that shock us to the soles, of midnight lark and orgies dark, corkcrews and flowing bows. And we arise, we moral guys, and say to all our kin, "You shall not go to movie show, to that abode of sin! Oh, aunts and wives, your blameless lives, from evil must be free; these movie queens, both fats and leans, are dangerous to see! Oh, wives and aunts, the film enchants, when it is clean and pure; but as it is, we say, see whiz, that it can't long endure." And movie queens who spill the beans, this feeling spreads and spreads; we'd like to view a queen or two with halos o'er their heads. We'd like to see two queens or three of whom men cannot say, "Those are the dames whose giddy games our moral censors frown." Oh, movie queens, the soap tureens are waiting for your art, unless you walk the line o' chalk, and from freak stunts depart. Forsake the flats of plutocrats who drink synthetic booze; wind balls of yarn, and sew and darn, and shun police court news.

**WALT MATON**

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By EDGAR A GUEST

**ARROGANCE**

Deny it, scoff at it, though you will. There's more to life than cleverness. White hands and fashion's newest dress; One may be smartly lacking still.

Think not the worthy and clever word is all that God would have us say; Think not on grammar's polished way. Goes every prayer that shall be heard.

The man who is not worldly wise, Who does not know the things you know, Who bears the sneers which you bestow, May be an angel in disguise.

Toll is the gift of circumstance. It had been yours were fate, kindly. That brilliant and boastful mind You own by such a narrow channel.

That one with hammer, one with pen, Work for life's pittance year by year. Is not a cause to boast or sneer; This matters not if both are men.

Respect him though his speech be plain, Befriend him whensoever you can; Do not despise your fellow man; Search out the heart and not the brain.

All would be clever if we could. All would the robes of glory wear. But this great privilege we share: Honor in any such is good.

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**'The Droonin' O' McNab'**

"Angus MacBrain presented himself to the Boss of the Cleungangour Works and doffed his bonnet.

"'Hoo's a wif ye, man Angus? What can I doo for ye the deel?' was the great man's greeting.

"'Aigoo, Masteer Macrae, I was working along the canal all the morn, when I see the McNab t' the watter. He was caim out, 'Ah'm droonin' Ah'm droonin'!'"

"'I ken weel yere droonin', McNab, I see, 'but ye needn't mak sic a roo about et!'"

"'Man Angus! heastly and anxiously interposed the Boss. Ye didna pull him out!'"

"'Na na! I just let him droon!'"

"'Droo had!' interposed Masteer Macrae heaving a sigh of intense relief and patting Angus on the shoulder.

"'An' I has some ha-ree, Boss, tae be sperrin' ye tae see me his job.'"

"'Ye're tak' him, ladde, replied Macrae, shaking his head. Hoober, sh'e's given et the son, tae Sandy Freen, who pushed him out!'"

**BIG CLEAN-UP SALE**

AT  
**BLAIR'S**

Anticipating the Closing-out of Our Retail Departments

As we figure on closing out the Retail end of our Business this year, we shall be giving a series of Sales, that will mean much lower prices for goods specified, than you will get elsewhere. These prices are for Cash only. Buy early as many lines will not last long.

As a start for this month's Sale we offer:—

**MEN'S STANFIELD HEAVY WOOL UNDERWEAR**—Green Label at \$1.60; Red Label at \$2.45; Blue Label at \$3.00.

**LADIES' STANFIELD WOOL UNDERWEAR**—Also at cut prices, but styles too numerous to quote here.

**LADIES' WHITE FLEECE VESTS and PANTS**—Extra good weight, for only 65c. Garment.

**LADIES' HEAVY CREAM and GREY FLEECE BLOOMERS**—Regular \$1.30 for \$1.00.

**LADIES' CORSETS**—Extra good value at \$1.15 Pair.

**LADIES' HEAVY WOOL SWEATER COATS**—Our Special Pirce was \$3.50. Now \$2.95 each.

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**\$1.75 each**

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**CHILDREN'S WINTER COATS**—All offered under Cost.

**CHILDREN'S WOOL CAPS**—Only 10c. each.

**LADIES' WINTER HATS**—Not a big lot left, at prices that will quickly clear same.

**LADIES' BEST QUALITY SCOTCH WOOL GLOVES**—All colours, at 60c. Pair.

**SMALL CHILDREN'S SCOTCH WOOL GLOVES**, at 10c, 15c. and 20c. Pair.

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**BOYS' PULLMAN WINTER CAPS**—Regular \$1.25 to \$1.40 for 90c. each.

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