

MADE IN CANADA

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ROYAL YEAST CAKES

RICH IN VITAMINES

LADY LAURAS' RELEASE
—OR—
THE STORY OF A SPOILED BEAUTY.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"There," remarked Angela, "my mother will not be made miserable. She will not be outbrided on her notice every hour of the day that which makes her most unhappy. I shall take her away."

"You are a very determined young lady," he said. "Is your mother willing to go?"

"You cannot doubt her willingness to leave a place where your chief effort is to make her miserable," answered the girl, bitterly. "I have no more to say, Captain Wynyard. You have failed to make my mother happy. I will take care of her myself for the future, and you can go the way that seems best to you."

He looked at her in wonder. She seemed to have suddenly grown older, and her fair young face was full of calm courage and high resolve. He felt abashed and uneasy before her.

"I know," she continued, "that it is useless to make any appeal to you. You did not love my mother when you married her; you are not likely to love her now. It is of no use appealing to your honor and asking you to leave Brighton—to leave the society that my mother dislikes, and go to Rood."

"No, that it certainly is not," he replied, promptly. "If your mother and you choose to make yourselves ridiculous, that is your own affair. I like Brighton; I am enjoying myself very much here, and I shall not curtail my visit because your mother chooses to encourage one of her jealous tempers."

"My mother has no tempers," said the girl, sadly; "she is simply breaking her heart. I have no more to say. We shall leave Brighton at noon."

"I may consider myself fortunate in that you have condescended to inform me of your plans," he observed, mockingly.

"I should not have done so had it not been a necessity," said Angela, gravely; and then, without another word, she quitted the room.

It was well for her that she could not see the look of hatred which followed her. It was well that she could not read the evil thoughts of

the man who had so completely ruined her mother's life.

Captain Wynyard tried to laugh at what had passed—to sneer at it; but the grave noble face of the young girl rose before him; the pure reproachful eyes would not leave him. Shortly afterward he went to his wife's room, and said, loud enough for the maids to hear:

"So, Laura, Angela has persuaded you to return to Rood. I am sorry that Brighton does not suit you."

Lady Laura made no answer; nor were the maids deceived by the regretful words of the captain.

"I am sorry that I cannot run down with you myself," he continued; "but your decision has been so sudden, and I have so many engagements, I cannot leave just at present."

Still no remark fell from his wife. Her thoughts had flown back to the pier and the two figures she had seen passing to and fro in the dusk of the evening.

"Good-bye, Laura," he said, drawing nearer to her.

"Good-bye," she returned, coldly.

"Have you anything to say to supplement your daughter's most dutiful address to me?" he asked.

"I have nothing to say," she replied.

He was surprised at the change which had come over his wife and half sighed as he left the room.

"I shall be free from reproaches and scenes for some few weeks, at least," he said to himself a little later, "and I will make hay while the sun shines."

At noon Lady Laura Wynyard and Angela left the Grand Hotel for Rood, and the captain was left to his own devices.

He did not feel quite so happy as he had expected, notwithstanding the greater freedom he now enjoyed. Every one seemed to think his wife's sudden departure rather strange, and people looked curiously at him when he spoke of Brighton not suiting her.

Lady Kinloch made some very unpeasant remarks about it, and even Gladys seemed to grow more circumspet.

"It is Angela's fault," the captain said to himself. "Laura would not have gone but for her; she would never have had the courage to concoct such a scheme." And he hated his wife's fair young daughter with a hate that was to lead him—whither?



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Chafing, scalding, skin irritations and itching, burning eczema, are quickly and thoroughly relieved, and the skin kept soft, smooth, and velvety by the use of
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Apply daily after the bath.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The time-worn and ivy-covered old walls of Rood Abbey that had witnessed so many grand ceremonies, that had been the center of so much hospitality and gaiety, where a monarch had sought shelter and had found loyal hearts, where a queen had rested and had carried with her pleasant memories of the charming grounds, where warriors of old had ridden forth to victory, and men of a newer generation had reigned in noble simplicity, now looked down upon a very different spectacle. Knights and ladies no longer wandered over the grounds as of yore; beautiful women no longer watched from the turret windows, for the coming of their lovers; valiant chieftains no longer gathered faithful followers around them; fair ladies no longer held high revel there. The spectacle on which the old walls looked down was a sad and solemn one; it was the martyrdom of a fair woman—a woman who sought the most hidden paths, who wandered aimlessly through the gardens and the grounds with despair on her pale face and unutterable sorrow in her blue eyes. No pictured face-hanging on the old walls was fairer

than hers; no lady among the many noble ones who had reigned over Rood Abbey was ever more sweet or gentle.

Angela did her best to cheer her mother's desolation; but the task seemed almost hopeless.

In the meantime Captain Wynyard had not found it all sunshine at Brighton. Lady Kinloch, roused to indignation by the fact that he had allowed the ladies of his family to travel without an escort to Rood, while he remained idly at the seaside, gave orders to her servant to say that she was not at home when he called; and from that time she kept a closer watch on Gladys. There were no more walks on the pier in the dusk of evening, no more moraine rides; and for this curtailment of his pleasure the captain blamed Angela, and hated her with a bitter hatred. It was she, he told himself, who had taken his wife from Brighton, and so spoiled all the plans which he had laid down. He fancied that society did not welcome him as warmly as usual, while he could not help hearing that there was an idea abroad that all was not well in the Wynyard domestic circle—that he was not what a kind and devoted husband should be. There were some who thought with sorrow of the beautiful mother and the fair young daughter; and from these Gladys Rane and the captain met with a very cool reception.

The captain was quick enough to detect the awkwardness of the situation. He saw and understood it all at once. Lady Fyne, the leader of fashionable society in Brighton, who had always welcomed him with bright smiles and pleasant words, now passed him with a cool bow. Mrs. Stammers, the most irreproachable of matrons, crossed the road if she saw him in the distance, obviously to avoid her usual greeting. A straw shows which way the wind blows; and the captain found that he could not do just as he would—that, if he broke the laws of society, he must suffer the penalty; and for this, as for all the rest, he hated Angela the more. He began to see that, if he wished to retain his place in society and to shield Gladys Rane from scandal, he must, at least, keep up appearances with his wife.

Captain Wynyard did not recognize this without considerable regret. He enjoyed the revenues of Rood—indeed his wife's large fortune was a source of profound satisfaction to him; but he would greatly have preferred the fortune without his wife.

(To be continued.)

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SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

ARE YOURS IN REPAIR.

"If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life he will soon find himself left alone. A man, Sir, should keep his friendships in constant repair."

—Johnson.

A woman I know was recently left a widow without children. She is a woman between 45 and 50. Her husband has a fairly large insurance which will give her an income sufficient to live simply on without working. Most of her acquaintances say she was lucky to be left in such comfortable circumstances. I get to differ with them. I don't think she has been left in comfortable circumstances at all.

Friend Poor.

For while her husband left her fairly well provided with money she herself has lived a life for the last 20 years which has left her very badly provided with something that is as much needed to make happiness as money.

She is very poor in friends. She has been much wrapped up in her husband and their life together and she has let herself grow very poor in the matter of friendships. She has lost track of old friends and has not put herself out to form new ones.

As a girl she made friends easily and had many of them. They meant much to her and she could not conceive a time when they should mean any less. Then she married and transferred the warmth of emotion and devotion that had made her such a good friend almost entirely to her husband.

They were unusually happy together and in the security of this happiness she forgot the need of friendship, neglected her old friends and was careless about forming new ones. And the result is that to-day when she needs friends as she never needed them before, she is almost a pauper in friendship.

So Easy to Lose Them.

Her case is an exaggerated one but I think there are many of us who, as Dr. Johnson puts it, fail to keep our friendships in proper repair. We lose old friends by neglect, by death, by the inevitable sundering of active friendship which in this country of magnificent distances so often comes about when childhood friends and their lines laid some thousand miles apart. And we are not quick to make new friends, we are wrapped up in business or family affairs, we are rushed along in the day to day activity of the years between 20 and 50, and we do not realize we shall ever have time again, as we did in our younger days, for such leisurely luxuries as friendships.

But Friends Are More.

Acquaintances we have, of course, and neighbors. People we play bridge with, people we dance with, people we talk to at the Church supper, people we are on committees with, people we invite to our teas and our dinners, people we call on. But friendship is more than that. One may have a large circle of cordial acquaintances and still be poor in friends.

This is a time of year for stocktaking. Why not take stock of one's friendships and ask oneself if one needs Dr. Johnson's reminder, "A man should keep his friendships in constant repair," and why not set about repairing some of them if we find that to be the case

A PENNY SAVED IS A PENNY EARNED.

Money Savers.

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- Colgate's Tooth Paste, medium size 15c.
- Colgate's Face Powders, flesh & white 15c.
- Colgate's Compact Powder, flesh & white (new style package) 60c.
- Colgate's Soaps, all odours (box of 3 cakes) per box 35c.
- Woodbury's Face Powder 40c.
- Swansdown's Face Powder, flesh & white 35c.
- Rouge, dark & medium 20c.
- Peroxide Cream 30c.
- Vanishing Cream 25c.
- Cold Cream 20c.
- Kolynos Tooth Paste 40c.
- Peroxide, 4-oz. 18c.
- Vaseline, in tins 4c.
- Soaps, assorted; per cake 5c., 10c., 15c.
- Evans Throat Pastilles per box 27c.
- Formolid Throat Ease per box 10c.
- White Pine & Tar per bot. 25c.
- Syrup of Tar & Cod Oil per bot. 45c.
- Emulsion of Cod Oil per bot. 50c.
- Johnson's Talcum per tin 25c.
- Colgate's Talcum per tin 27c.
- Ferrozone per box 35c.
- Catarrhozone per pkg. 20c.
- Menthol Plasters per tin 25c.
- Nursing Bottle Fittings, each 10c.
- Tinct of Iodine (two sizes) per bottle 10 & 20c.
- Hair Dye per bot. 40c.
- Hair Restorer per bot. 50c.
- Styptic Pencils, each 10c.
- Corn Cure per bot. 15c.
- Adhesive Plaster 1 in. 1 yd. per tin 10c.
- Adhesive Plaster 1/2 in. 1 yd. per tin 5c.

THIS LIST OF MONEY SAVERS AND MANY OTHERS AT

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So easy to drop Cigarette, Cigar, or Chewing habit

No-To-Bac has helped thousands to break the costly, nerve-rattling tobacco habit. Whenever you have a longing for a smoke or chew, just place a harmless No-To-Bac tablet in your mouth instead. All desire stops. Shortly the habit is completely broken, and you are better off mentally, physically, financially. It's so easy, so simple. Get a box of No-To-Bac and if it doesn't release you from all craving for tobacco in any form, your druggist will refund your money without question.

CHANCE.

I once was fond of betting and playing slot machines, and had some dreams of getting a roll by easy means. I backed full many a pony that never won a race, and bet on fighters who were the ringer's disgrace. Sometimes I made a killing, and cleaned up iron men, but sports were always willing to make me broke again. For years in chance I trusted, and joined the sporty crush, and nine days saw me busted, where one day found me flush. I found the gambling fever was seeping through my trunk, so I applied the cleaver and killed that habit punk. I know a lot of stagers with get-rich-easy aims, they're always ripe for wagers, and little quiet games; and they are men of sorrow, with hangovers at their heels; they know not if to-morrow will bring them beds and meals. I do not bet or gamble or spend long hours in play, and to the bank I amble with bundles every day. The packages are smaller than misers might design, but every hard-earned dollar is safely put in brine; and when I'm sick and silly, my timber out of tune, and age comes, bleak and chilly, this coin will be a boon. Where one gets rich by gambling ten thousand try in vain, and we behold them rambling adown the poorhouse lane.

Bolsheviki Have no Art.

Isidore Lehlvaine in Forum Tells of Lamentable Failure in Proletarian Press and Art.

Thus for magazines. The Bolsheviki could not and never will be able to create a proletarian magazine simply because they never will be able to create a proletarian art. What they have succeeded in was to create a proletarian newspaper and therein lies their greatest merit. They brought the newspaper to the peasant, and even to the illiterate. Of course, this part of our discussion deals more with education or propaganda, if you want, and not with art, but the matter is that everything is so chaotically mixed up in Russia that you can hardly separate one element from another.—From February Forum.

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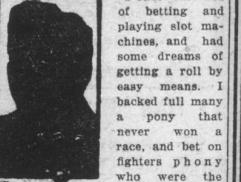
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