

Kingsmills**May Sale of Silks**

The greatest Silk selling month of all the year. Come and take your share of these special lines. Remember, these are all high-quality Silks, and the color range is complete.

Silk Crepe de Chines.....	\$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50 yard
Raw Silks.....	\$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.75 yard
Habutai Silks.....	\$1.50 and \$1.65 yard
Wash Satins.....	\$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50 yard
Taffeta Silks.....	\$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.75 yard
Fancy Plaid Silks.....	\$1.98 yard
Novelty Stripe Silks.....	\$2.50 yard
New Silk Shirtings.....	\$2.75 yard
Silk Poplins.....	\$1.50 and \$2.00 yard
Charmeuse Satins.....	\$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.50 yard

Main Floor.

Pullovers and Sweater Coats
FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.

Ladies' Pullover, \$4.95 and \$7.95.

Pure Wool Pullovers, in latest stitch and style; such charming colors as rose, melon, maize, cadet, purple, paddy, etc. You'll be delighted with these Sweaters.... \$4.95 and \$7.95 Ladies' Knitted Coats, \$7.00 to \$18.00—For golfing, motor-ing or for general wear. These stylish Coats are just the thing, and their style and quality are just what you want, \$7.00, \$10.00, \$12.00, \$15.00 and \$18.00 Children's Sweaters and Sweater Coats, \$2.95, \$3.95, \$6.00 For wee tots and little girls and boys, in all the stylish weaves and styles, and all the wanted colors. Bring the children to this big, new Sweater Coat Department.

Second Floor.

Kingsmills**Appetite Keen and Bowels Regular**

You can relish your meals without fear of upsetting your liver or stomach if you will put your faith in **Carter's Little Liver Pills**.

Foul accumulations that poison the blood are expelled from the bowels and headache, dizziness and sallow skin go.

Small Pill—Small Dose—Small Price
DR. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, Nature's great nerve and blood tonic for **Anemia, Rheumatism, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and Female Weakness.**

Genuine must bear signature *Dr. Carter***HELENE'S MARRIED LIFE**

BY MAY CHRISTIE
Copyright, 1920, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate
LXXXIII.—TERROR.

I lay there, petrified and helpless, with the woman's wild, distorted face glaring into mine. Alone—at dead of night—and with a maniac who was evidently prepared to murder me!

I could not scream. I could not move. It seemed to me as though I personified the dreadful simile of the rabbit hypnotized by the forest-pythons. . . . I couldn't possibly describe her countenance. Malevolence of the deadliest kind was written there. She hated me, this dreadful, unknown creature of the glaring eyes and rage-distorted face!

"I saw you with him! I saw you with him! You—you—" she was panting now. Her breath was on my cheek. Her bosom was heaving stormily.

And her eyes! I never shall forget those dreadful eyes. . . . For weeks and weeks they haunted me.

I breathed a sudden little prayer for strength.

Then, quick as a flash, I gave the lamp a dexterous jerk with my elbow, so that it fell with a crash to the floor, the glass-bulb smashed, and immediately the light went out. The room was plunged in darkness.

There was a sharp cry of rage from the creature bending over me—a blow—and I had wrenched myself away from her and out of bed!

Then began a dreadful game of hide-and-seek. I often wonder how it was that my bronze-colored locks failed to turn white with the horrors of that day and night.

I could hear the soft pad-pad of her feet upon the carpet. The curious part was that I couldn't scream for help. My voice choked in my throat, and not a sound would come.

It must have in reality been but a few seconds—though to me it seemed like hours—before I found the handle of the door, jerked it open, and dashed out to the hall.

There I ran full tilt into Alice's husband, who was coming towards me with a lighted candle in his hand.

"Helene! What on earth's the matter? I thought I heard a sound—a window opening—"

I clutched him by the arm. I couldn't speak. I could only point breathlessly in the direction I had come. Every second, I expected a dreadful figure to hurt itself upon us. . . . "Tell me, quick!" Alice's husband spoke softly, as though he did not wish to arouse his household. But a tenseness was in his tones. "Pull yourself together, Helene."

"A woman—a wild creature—in my room—" I gasped. "Oh, don't go near her. She—she'll murder you."

"Nonsense," came the quick comment. "I'm frightened of no woman. Here, hold the candle, Helene, and let's see for ourselves. Personally I'm inclined to think you're having a nightmare."

He switched the light on in the hall as he spoke, and his right hand slipped into the pocket of a dressing-gown he wore. I could see a momentary gleam of something shining.

And courage oozed back to my veins. For the gleam was the barrel of a revolver, hidden in that pocket.

Outside the door of my room, which was open, he hesitated for a moment. "Get behind me, Helene. See, yes, that's right. Now we'll go in and see who this precious visitor is. Come on."

He strode into the room. I followed him. We lighted another light. And nobody was there!

I flung a heavy kimono round my shoulders. "The balcony," I cried. "Look! Look!"

He swung around. The window was still wide open, and it had seemed to me as though something moved upon the narrow balcony outside.

But it proved to be only the swaying of the trees.

Alice's husband now made a thorough search of the apartment, first securely fastening the open window. Every cranny of my room was rigorously investigated.

But nothing could he find!

"If it weren't for the open window, Helene, I should again repeat that you'd been dreaming," he said at last, eyeing me with a troubled gaze. "My dear child, I don't see how you can possibly leave you and Alice, with all these mysterious happenings going on in the neighborhood. It isn't safe."

He flung a glance towards the balcony. "The woman—or whoever the intruder was—has evidently returned the way she came. So you won't be worried again, tonight—"

He soothed my mind at all. I glanced towards the door.

"It's just as likely that she escaped that way, and is hiding in the hall—or somewhere in the house," I was trembling with a mixture of cold, fatigue and fear. "Oh, I'm a coward—but I couldn't possibly go back to bed—I'd die of fright!"

This unheroic statement wrung no look of condemnation from kindly Mr. Anstruther—as it might have done from a less chivalrous type of man.

"Come down to the dining-room, and have a glass of wine, Helene," was all he said.

Monday—Struggle.

HELD ON THEFT CHARGE BROKER KILLS HIMSELF

W. Graham Browne, Former Bank Manager, Fires Bullet in Brain.

MONTREAL, May 14.—(By the Canadian Press).—William Graham Browne, head of the firm of W. Graham Browne & Company, boot dealers, 224 St. James street, Montreal, manager of the Sovereign Bank at the time of the collapse some years ago, shot and killed himself in the washroom of the Bank of Ottawa building at 8:30 o'clock tonight.

He was under arrest on a charge of theft of \$50,000 from the Royal Bank of Canada, and was in the charge of Detective George Lapierre of the Thiel Detective Company of Canada. He had been arrested in the afternoon at Cote station and was being taken to the Montreal detective bureau, when he asked the detective to be allowed to stop at his office to see his lawyer.

While waiting there he asked to be allowed to go to the washroom. The lawyer arrived. The detective and he talked for some time. The former then began to notice that Browne had been away for a long time. He went to the washroom and found his prisoner dead. The bullet had pierced the brain.

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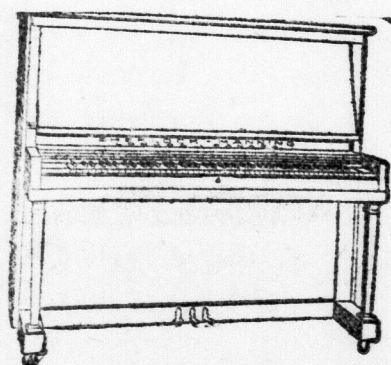
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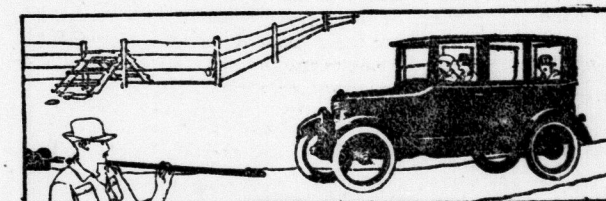
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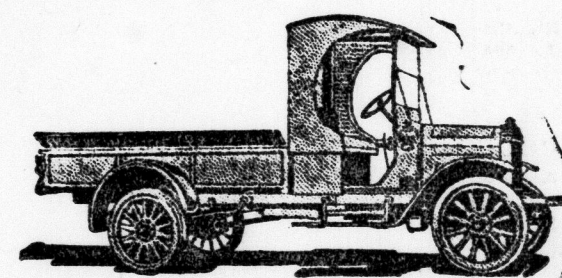
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