

**A Clear, Beautiful Skin**



There are millions of tiny openings or pores in the skin, and these must be kept open and clear if the beauty of the skin is to be maintained.

Because it cleanses these pores and encourages the healthful action of the skin, Dr. Chase's Ointment is most effective as a skin beautifier. Roughness, redness, pimples and all sorts of skin blemishes disappear by its use, and the skin is left clear, smooth and velvety.

**DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT**

At all Dealers.  
GERALD S. DOYLE, DISTRIBUTOR.

**LADY LAURAS' RELEASE**

**THE STORY OF A SPOILED BEAUTY.**

CHAPTER XLV.

Angela had therefore plenty of time in which to think of all that had happened and conjecture what the future was likely to bring. She had decided one thing—nothing should ever induce her, even if a new will were made, to live under the same roof with the captain.

"Nor shall my mother either," she said to herself. But as to how she could manage this she could form no idea. "I am alone in the darkness," she said; "but light will come."

She little dreamed how or in what way.

One morning Mrs. Bowen broke in upon her solitude.

"Miss Charles," said she, "I am going through the picture-gallery this morning. Would you like to see it? There are some very fine pictures in it; but most of the collection is old-fashioned. There are few works of the old masters."

"I should like very much to inspect it," replied Angela.

"Then come with me now, please."

"What a fine gallery!" exclaimed Angela, as she and Mrs. Bowen reached the long, lofty, well-lighted room. "This was the late Lord Arleigh," said the housekeeper, drawing near to a large portrait; and Angela found herself looking at a kindly gentle face, not handsome, but with a touch of melancholy in its expression.

"I like that face," remarked Angela. "It is a good one."

"Yes, but melancholy," said Mrs. Bowen. "The shadow of an early death was always on the earl's face. This is Lady Arleigh," added the housekeeper, pointing to the portrait of a lady. "My lady is not beautiful," observed Mrs. Bowen, "but she is very distinguished-looking."

"It is certainly a striking face," agreed Angela, and then they passed on.

The housekeeper had examined the hangings of the windows, and while she did so, she left Angela to wander at her will. All the best modern artists were well represented—Millar had Oulens, Alma Tadema, Leighton, Frinseps, and others. Presently her attention was attracted by a large painting hanging in an alcove, and

**NO OPERATION FOR HER**

She Took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Escaped the Operation Doctor Advised

Louisville, Ky.—"I wish to thank you for what your medicine has done for me. I was in bed for eight or nine days every month and had a great deal of pain. The doctor said my only relief was an operation. I read of Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine and tried the Vegetable Compound and the Sarsaparilla, and they surely did wonders for me. I feel fine all the time now, also am picking up in weight. I will tell any one that your medicines are wonderful, and you may publish my letter if you wish."—Mrs. E. D. ROBINSON, 1180 Ash St., Louisville, Ky.

Backache, nervousness, painful times, irregularity, tired and run-down feelings, are symptoms of female troubles. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound should be taken whenever there is reason to fear such troubles. It contains nothing that can injure, and tends to tone up and strengthen the organs concerned, so that they may work in a healthy, normal manner. Let it help you as it has thousands of others. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is now selling almost all over the world.

she stood before it, looking at it in silence. It was the portrait of a handsome young man; and why it impressed her so much was because the face resembled that of her own father. The proud, princely head was covered with clusters of golden hair, and the slight mustache, hiding a mouth that was beautiful as a woman's, was of a dark hue. Angela stood looking at the picture with delight.

"Mrs. Bowen," she asked at last, "whose portrait is this?"

The housekeeper came up to her with a smile on her face, as though she were pleased to answer the question.

"That is the present earl; he is away with my lady in Italy."

"The present earl!" echoed Angela. She was about to remark that he resembled her father very much, but she refrained.

"What is his name?" she asked.

"Glenarvon Arleigh," was the reply; but my lady and Lady Maud always call him Glen."

"I like the name," she said, slowly, "and he is in Italy, Mrs. Bowen?"

"Yes, miss; they are all there; and I am afraid they will stay for some time longer yet."

Angela thought to herself that it was not at all a misfortune; for if the family had been at home, she could not have sought refuge at Brantome Hall.

After that morning she went often to the picture-gallery. The great attraction of the place was the portrait in which she saw some slight resemblance to her father. She liked to stand before it, to gaze at it and recall the beloved face. The resemblance was great in the laughing blue eyes and the contour of the brow. She never thought of the original; the picture had a fascination for her because it reminded her of her father. None the less, the face of Glenarvon, Lord Arleigh stole into Angela's heart and made part of her dreams, though without any reference to the young lord himself.

CHAPTER XLVI.

The days passed on, and still no advertisement appeared. Day after day Angela scanned the columns of the Times, but there was nothing to tell her that her mother had destroyed the will. She grew uneasy, although she knew that, if any emergency arose, Jane Felspar would communicate with her; while if all went on well, she had arranged not to write at all.

Angela tried to banish her disquieting thoughts with books and music; yet she had nevertheless always a strange sensation as of one waiting for some tragical occurrence.

There were days when she was too restless to read or to sing, when she wandered through the quiet alleys and by the river-banks, thinking of the strange feeling which had so entirely taken possession of her.

There came a morning in June when everything was at its brightest; but the loveliness of the day had no charm for Angela. She was chafing under the delay, and her thoughts were of her mother, of the captain, and of the will, while she asked herself how much longer she would have to remain at Brantome. She went to the library to search for a book to distract her unhappy thoughts and while there she heard a carriage coming quickly up the drive. She did not pay much attention to the circumstance, although it was a very unusual one, and forgot all about it in a few minutes' time. She at last found a book that pleased her—George Elliot's "Romola." She went to one of the bay-windows, which was half open, and, half reclining on one of the great Turkish rugs, forgot all else in the charm of the story. Angela's whole heart grand conception. She found in books

was engrossed with the novelist's what she had found in real life—noble women like Romola, ignoble men like Tito.

"The captain is like Tito," she said to herself, "but more wicked and more dangerous."

The character of Romola, so grand, so noble, grew upon her, and she read on, deeply absorbed in the story, until a hound close by disturbed her. She looked up with a deep sigh, as of one waking suddenly to real life, and then for a few moments she thought that the portrait she had admired had stepped out of its frame and stood confronting her.

Blue laughing eyes were looking into her own; a fair handsome face full of surprise was bent over her. There were the ideal brow, the pleasant mouth, and the clustering hair that she had been looking at the previous day. The book fell from her hands, and she started up in dismay.

"Pray do not let me alarm you," said a very pleasant voice with a rich musical ring. "I was unaware that there was any one here."

Angela knew that it was Glenarvon, Lord Arleigh, who stood before her, and she was at a loss what to do or say. He hesitated, evidently waiting for her to give some account of herself. The startled girl little dreamed what a charming picture she made standing there, with the sunlight falling over her white dress, her face flushed into the color of a damask rose; she looked so shy and girlish, so young and lovely, that the picture never died from the young earl's mind.

"I am Lord Arleigh," he said, with a low bow.

"I am," Angela began, but stopped abruptly. Was she to tell this man who was looking at her with eyes so like her dead father's a lie? There seemed no help for it; the danger that hung over her was of such a terrible nature that she must conceal her identity at all hazards until the fatal will was destroyed.

"I am staying here with the housekeeper, Mrs. Bowen," she explained after a moment's pause.

She saw the surprised look in his eyes, and she felt that he had recognized at once that she was not of the class from which Mrs. Bowen's visitors came; but she had the satisfaction of knowing that she had saved herself from having to remember that her first spoken words to Lord Arleigh had been false ones.

"I came," she added, "in search of a book."

"I hope you will use the library and the books as often as you like," he replied courteously. "I have just returned from Italy in consequence of a telegram from my agent, and I had no time to send any notice of my coming to Mrs. Bowen."

"And I ought not to be here," thought Angela. She had no explanation to offer as to her appearance; and what could he think, she asked herself, on finding her so completely at home in his own house?

Lord Arleigh seemed to understand her confusion and embarrassment, for he hastened to add:

"I know that Lady Arleigh, my mother, wishes Mrs. Bowen to give her friends every opportunity of enjoyment. I beg therefore that you will use the library and take from it what books you will."

(To be continued.)

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YOU can stop excruciating pain instantly if you will only apply

**SLOAN'S LINIMENT**

Sloan's Liniment is pain's greatest enemy, and is backed by 40 years of success throughout the world. It is an invaluable remedy for

- Rheumatism Sciatica
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It penetrates right to the seat of trouble, warms and soothes the nerves and tissues, banishing pain.

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**EXCEL RUBBER BOOT!**

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With fair wear and tear Every pair guaranteed. The thousands of wearers of EXCEL RUBBERS all testify that it is all the name implies—

**"EXCEL"**

This Boot is being worn in the Bell Island Mines, also in the Lime Stone Quarries at Port au Port and with these severe tests in competition with other brands easily took first place.

Vacuum Process. Extension Sole.

**PARKER & MONROE, Ltd.,**

The Shoe Men. Sole Agents for Newfoundland.

**SIDE TALKS.**

By Ruth Cameron.

**WOULD HE MURDER HER?**

"If I had married that woman I think I should have either murdered her or committed suicide before this."

**HE'D BE ANOTHER MAN.**

And he wouldn't be the same man. The effects of marriage as a character-moulder is something we don't fully recognize.

**Corns Go**

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. Soothe the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in clear liquid and in thin plasters. The action is the same. As your druggist.

**Blue-jay**

MINARD'S LINIMENT USE BY PHYSICIANS.

**Household Notes.**

Before frying onions, be sure that the fat has passed the budding stage and is perfectly still and giving off a thin line of blue smoke.

Keep the steel topped coal range clean by washing with soapy water. When dry, rub top with cloth slightly saturated with a good thin oil.

**FACING THE MUSIC.**

The long night through James Kickshaw wept, and kept the boarding house awake; men tossed in bed who should have slept because his teeth were filled with ache.

**How To Sleep 3-IN-A-BED**

YES, it can be done—but not I like this.

The trouble is, most people go to bed with "something" on the mind—ON THE STOMACH!

Beckham's Pills are an efficient and harmless for children as for adults—softening the stomach, invigorating digestion and stirring liver and bowels to natural activity.

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**Fashion Plates.**

The Home Dressmaker should have a copy of this book of our Fashion Plates. There will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A POPULAR STYLE FOR SLIMMER AND MATURE FIGURES.



4307. Linen and checked gingham are combined in this model. One could have wool jersey with plaid or checked taffeta or woolen for contrast. Braid and embroidery too, are pleasing for decoration.

SIMPLICITY AND GOOD TASTE COMBINED.



4305. Here is a model that has attractive features, and is without comfortable. Figured and plain wools or the same combination in crepe or foulard, or linen and gingham could be used for this style.

Pattern mailed to any address clean by 10c. in silver or stamps.

**ELKAY'S STRAW HAT DYE**

Makes your hat look like new. Is permanent and water-proof. Easy to apply. Dries quickly to a lasting lustrous finish. Good brush and directions with every bottle. All the popular colors.

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