

For Catarrh of the HEAD, COUGHS, Chapped Hands or Cracked Lips, Nearly Everybody Uses



**Mentholatum**  
A HEALING CREAM

**LADY LAURA'S RELEASE**

**THE STORY OF A SPOILED BEAUTY.**

CHAPTER XIV.  
No words could have been cooler, no manner more studiously indifferent.

"Oh, mother," she cried to herself, "to think of what you have done!"  
Angela stood among the guests while the carriage drove off amidst a shower of rice and old slippers. Then, with a heavy heart, she shut herself in her room and was seen no more that day.

Lady Laura had made every arrangement for her comfort and convenience. She had invited Miss Jameson, a second cousin of hers, to stay with her daughter while she was abroad. They were to remain in London two or three days longer while the household was arranged and set in order; then they were to go to the Abbey. Angela longed with her whole heart for the old home and the sweet, green country.

"If we had not left it," she sighed, to herself, "my mother would never have seen him, and we should have lived on happily."

Although she never discussed her mother's second marriage with Miss Jameson, Angela saw that it was very distasteful to her. Miss Jameson was an elderly lady possessed of both sense and discernment. She was one of those, too, who had seen something in the past season of Gladys Rane and Captain Wynyard; also she had a shrewd idea that he had married her beautiful relative for her money. She understood the sadness and gloom that fell over Angela; she understood the restless, languid manner, although no word on the subject was exchanged between them.

When the confusion of the wedding was over, and Rood House had returned to its normal quiet, the two ladies went to the Abbey.

It seemed to Angela that the picturesque old building had never looked so bright and cheerful. The ardent rays of the sun brought into prominent relief the battlemented towers and bold outline of the building. Never to her had the green, rippling foliage looked so fresh; never had the grass had such an emerald hue. The gardens were in their full beauty; the roses hung in richest profusion; the air was sweet with the breath of flowers—tulip, white lilies, clove carnations, purple heliotrope, sweet mignonette.

But a shadow fell over the life of Angela Rooden. This grand old

home—her father's home—would never be hers in the same way again. The brightness would be clouded, its beauty marred by the constant presence of the man she disliked. It would be a constant source of agony to her to see him there, to hear his voice, to endure the restraint of his presence.

"Home will be home no more," she said to herself; and the words proved to be only too true.

CHAPTER XV.  
A beautiful evening in August, when the summer is at its fairest and all nature at its brightest; when the fruit hangs ripe and luscious in the orchards, and the wheat stands in the fields, and the earth yields its precious products with unsifted hand; when the world seems all sunshine, fragrance, and color. The grand old Abbey never looked more beautiful than it did this brilliant evening. The sun was setting in the golden west, and the light fell full upon the stately pile—on the arched windows, on the ivy-clad walls and the fine old towers. One could not look at the Abbey on this August evening without thinking of its ancient glories, and feeling what a halo of poetry and romance was over those ancient walls.

This was the evening on which bride and bridesmaid were expected home. Letters had been received from them announcing their intended return. Lady Laura Wynyard had written regularly to her daughter. The Swiss lakes were perfection in her eyes—Geneva and Lucerne, Zurich and Interlachen, delightful places of resort; the scenery was magnificent, the weather all that could be desired, the tour most enjoyable. But above and before all was her husband—the most perfect of men, the kindest, the best, the dearest; there was no other like him; and she was quite sure that, when Angela knew him better, she too would love him—all of which Angela dismissed with a sigh. It was natural enough for her mother to write in this strain; but she could not bear to read it. The last letter said they would return on the twentieth of August, when everything must be in readiness and a recherche dinner prepared for the captain. Lady Laura Wynyard was not in the least disenchanted with respect to her idol; but she had made the discovery that a good dinner was a great consolation to him.

Miss Jameson smiled quietly when Angela read that portion to her.  
"I will see the housekeeper," she said. "I understand what will please a gentleman better than you do."

Angela was glad to be relieved of the duty.  
"I remember what papa liked," she remarked, with a sigh; "but his tastes were very simple."  
"Simplicity of taste does not characterize the captain," said Miss Jameson, quietly; and then she went to give instructions to the housekeeper.

The whole household was delighted at their mistress's marriage. Many of the servants still remained who had been there in Sir Charles's lifetime. The housekeeper, a stately and imposing personage, who had always considered Sir Charles in every sense of the word a model man, was delighted that her ladyship was married again, and hoped the captain would be like the old master. The butler, too, whose hair had grown gray in the service of the family, was well pleased.  
"It will be like old times," he said to himself; but he had heard a few stories of the captain's wild doings, and he hoped her ladyship would keep a tight hand on the reins.

As the time drew near, Angela went out to take her last look at the home that she felt would be home no more. She walked slowly down to the great gates of the Abbey, and gazed down the long and beautiful avenue of chestnuts, her father's

favorite promenade. It seemed to her almost as though she could see his tall figure and handsome face under the spreading boughs. She looked at the deep, swift river, and thought of the boating and the fishing he had so enjoyed. There was the boat-house that he had designed and built. Every nook and corner, every tree and flower, seemed to speak of him. It was he who had arranged the handsome vases on the terraces, which were filled with choice flowers. It was he who had planned the grouping of the fountains, he who had guarded the fine old trees so jealously. Everything spoke of him, of his love and taste. And now—

In a few hours more his successor would be here—the man whom her mother had put in his place, the man whose heart was given to another woman. It seemed impossible for her fully to realize the greatness of the change. Some one in her father's place, lounging under the lordly chestnuts, sitting by the fountains, walking on the lawn and the terraces, giving orders about the gardens and the flowers, and that man the one she disliked above every other in the wide world! She began to realize dimly what her life would be under the continual restraint of his presence.

She gave one long, lingering look at the places she had loved so well. Under the spreading boughs of the cedar stood the chair her father had always used, where he had nursed her for long, sunny hours when she was a child. Farewell to it all—the happiness that would never return!

She went in doors with a heavy heart. The pleased and expectant faces of the servants, the air of preparation and festivity that pervaded the whole mansion, she felt almost as a wrong done herself.

"If it were but my father coming back!" she sighed to herself; and then Miss Jameson came to tell her it was time to dress.

She was in the drawing-room, looking very lovely, when the carriage drove up to the great gates. She heard it plainly enough in the stillness of the summer evening, and her heart began to beat wildly—beat as it had never done before. Her whole frame trembled, her face grew deadly white. Miss Jameson, in her calm kindly manner, went up to her.

"You will come to the entrance hall!" she said; but the girl looked at her with strange wild eyes. "My dear," continued Miss Jameson, "this will not do. You must rouse yourself. Do not distress your mamma on the first evening of her return. Rouse yourself, and come with me."

They reached the hall just as Captain and Lady Laura Wynyard entered. All the servants were assembled to greet the new master, and the scene was a very pretty and animated one. In everything it was plain that her ladyship gave way to the captain. She made every one understand that he was to be master, which was a very different thing from herself being mistress.

"Why, Angela," she cried, when the slender, white-robed figure hastened to her, "you seem to have grown, my dear!"

"Oh, mamma, how glad I am to see you!" and Angela kissed the beautiful face again and again.  
(To be continued.)

**CRAMPS**

Miss Marie Rasmussen of Nordland, Kristiansund, Norway, writes as follows:  
"I sometimes suffer terrible pain from cramps in the hands and feet, and have found nothing that gives me more relief than Sloan's Liniment. It is certainly a wonderful preparation."  
Every day brings added testimony praising the world-famous "pain's enemy."

**SLOAN'S LINIMENT**  
Don't be without it. Profit by others' experience. At all druggists and dealers.

**SLOAN'S LINIMENT**  
PAIN'S ENEMY

SOLD BY GEO. KNOWLING, LTD.

**Saves Home Baking**

Ask for luscious raisin pie—fresh and juicy—at your grocer's or a neighborhood bake shop. Just telephone for one to try.  
Once taste it and you'll agree that there's no longer any need to bake at home.  
Serve tonight for dinner. Let your men folks decide.  
Made with delicious  
**Sun-Maid Raisins**  
Had Your Iron Today?

**Empire Wireless Chain.**

**SWINDON AS PROBABLE SITE OF BIG STATION.**

Swindon, the great railway centre, promises to become equally important as a link in the British Empire wireless chain. Negotiations have been going on for some time to secure a site just outside the town. These have been for a farmstead between the old town and the new, and high hopes are entertained in the neighbourhood that Swindon ultimately will be linked up directly with the ends of the earth by wireless. "Questions of a financial consideration," explained an official of the Post Office, "naturally make the Government department concerned very reticent as to their plans. It is at the last moment there should be any financial hitch over the purchase of the site, the Government experts have two alternative sites in the North of England. In any case, it is certain that a determined move forward will be made this year with the wireless chain to link up the British Empire, even if 1923 does not hear the first 'all red' wireless communication flashed round the globe."  
It is two years since the first committee was set up to inquire into the Empire wireless chain. It has been decided that the proposed big wireless station in England shall provide direct commercial communication with India, South Africa, and Australia. In India the Imperial Government will erect and operate a station capable of direct communication with us. There is a station in Cairo, though the proposed station on the canal zone has been deferred. Stations at Singapore and Hong Kong are being reconsidered. Windhoek, the site of the wireless station in what was formerly German East Africa, may become part of the Empire chain scheme, so that the line will include England—possibly at Swindon—Cairo, South Africa, talking in German East Africa, India, Singapore, Hong Kong, Australia, and Canada. At present the biggest official station working as an Empire link is the one at Leafeld, near Oxford, which is in direct communication with Cairo. Leafeld is not so powerful a station as the private station at Carnarvon, and should the Swindon wireless station be erected, Leafeld would act as a subsidiary station for direct communication on the shorter routes.

**RINGBONE ?**

"I bought a horse with ringbone for \$30.00. Used \$1 worth of Minard's Liniment on him and sold him for \$35. Profit on Liniment, \$5.4. Molas Deroses, Hotel Keeper, St. Phillips, Que."

**MINARD'S LINIMENT**  
The Stable Stand-by.

**Marvels of the Microscope.**

Of all the instruments that man ever invented it is probable that the microscope is at the same time the most useful and the most interesting. Even with the aid of an ordinary magnifying glass, one sees heaps of things that, without it, one never realized; but a high powered microscope magnifying from 300 to 1,500 diameters introduces us into a new world altogether.  
**Spiders as Nightmares.**  
Put a common spider under the lens, and it becomes a gigantic and formidable monster. Its jaws are terrific, its head a nightmare.  
You can see all its eight eyes, and if you examine its feet you will notice that they are double combs wonderfully adapted for arranging the fine threads of which its web is composed.  
The eyes of insects are extremely interesting objects. Most of the flies possess "compound" eyes, each with an immense number of facets.  
The horse-fly has 8,000 facets, each apparently giving a separate image; bees have 15,000 eyes, and dragonflies as many as 17,000. Each facet is a separate lens through which a photograph may be taken.  
Examine the wing of a bee under the microscope, and it appears as a pair of barred spears. Their points



**Baby's Skin Troubles**  
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  
**Dr. Chase's Ointment**  
Apply daily after the bath.

**Telegram Fashion Plates.**

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Patterns. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.



**A "TRIM" SUIT.**  
3808—Very important in the life of a little boy is a comfortable suit—whether it be for school or play. The style shown here is good for chevrot, flannel, serge, homespun, velvet and corduroy. Wash goods are also attractive.  
The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4 year size will require 8 yards of 27 inch material.  
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

**A DAINTY FROCK FOR A LITTLE TOT.**  
4200. One may have this without sleeves and without the bertha, or as illustrated. The development with bertha and without sleeves could be in batiste or voile with hemstitching and embroidery. With sleeves and without bertha the dress is nice also for percale, crepe and gingham.  
The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 years. A 4 year size requires 2 1/2 yards of 32 inch material.  
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

**A POPULAR STYLE.**  
3930. Here is ease and convenience for the "little" person and quite the latest fashion whim—to "wrap" your dress about you and go about it without "mussing up your hair." The basket pockets will be attractive, and are useful too. This style is good for repp, linen or gingham. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.  
The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size requires 3 1/2 yards of 32 inch material.  
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.



**A NEW PLAY SUIT FOR A SMALL CHILD.**  
3532. This simple version of the "Romper" fashion will readily appeal to the busy home dress maker, because of its easy development, and comfortable lines. Gingham was selected for this style with white linens for collar and cuffs. The sleeves may be in wrist or elbow length.  
The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 3 year size requires 2 1/2 yards of 27 inch material.  
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

**A POPULAR PLAY DRESS.**  
4201. This simple version of the "Romper" fashion will readily appeal to the busy home dress maker, because of its easy development, and comfortable lines. Gingham was selected for this style with white linens for collar and cuffs. The sleeves may be in wrist or elbow length.  
The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 3 year size requires 2 1/2 yards of 27 inch material.  
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

**A GOOD GARMENT FOR PLAY-TIME.**  
3874. Trim and neat, and altogether practical is the model portrayed here. The boy who likes to romp and run will welcome a play suit of this kind, with its spacious pockets, and comfortable lines. The style is good for wash fabrics, for serge, and pongee.  
The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4 year size requires 1 1/2 yards of 27 inch material.  
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

are far sharper than those of any needle that man could make.  
In the bee's legs are pockets for holding pollen, each pocket being closed by rows of bristles which interlock in the most wonderful manner, so preventing the pollen from falling out.  
You know how a fly walks on a smooth pane of glass. At least you have seen one do so hundreds of times, but it is not until you have examined the insect's feet under the lens that you appreciate the powerful "suckers" which enable it to perform this amazing feat.  
Wonders of a Finch of Dust.  
Well worth examining is the dust that comes off the wings of a moth, when touched by the finger. Highly magnified, it shows up exquisitely

colored and shaped scales. Some are like arrow heads, some resemble leaves. All are beautiful. A pinch of ordinary dust reveals itself as a most amazing collection of all sorts of objects.  
You see the flinty shells of those tiny vegetable growths called diatoms, the pollen of plants, atoms of sand, which look like pebbles, and fibres of cotton, wool, and so on, each of which is curved or veined in a different fashion.  
A drop of pond water seen under high magnification provides you with an aquarium of such strange-shaped monsters that you hardly believe your eyes.  
A pinch of garden soil or a loaf from a living plant provides studies almost equally interesting.

**YOU PRESS A BUTTON, THEY DO THE REST!**



While you have settled back in your easy-chair, safe from wintry blasts, stop a moment and give a thought to the man miles away in the country, entirely cut off from civilization, hewing timber for pole lines and storage dams, surveying for new construction work for 1923, guarding the big machines in the distant central station.

They are working on one of the greatest jobs in the world! Men do things like this, so that the rest of us can be comfortable.

There's more than a monthly bill for a dollar or two back of those electric push buttons on your wall. Be a partner in an organization that does things!

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Jan 12, 1923



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When you feel draggy, listless, lazy, not really sick, but far from well, what you need is a new supply of rich red blood.

Winter listlessness is only an effort of nature to adjust the body to the changed condition of the temperature and season.

**BRICK TASTELESS**

helps the system and aids nature. It is a safe medicine that makes good blood, sound digestion and builds up the system.

BRICKS TASTELESS can be purchased at almost any general store where medicines are sold, or at **STAFFORD'S.**

Price \$1.20 per Bottle.

If your appetite is poor try a Bottle and note difference within a week.



**Face Powders Face Creams Rouge**

**STAFFORD'S**  
Duckworth Street and Theatre Hill

JUST RECEIVED, per S.S. Rosalind, a large assortment of **FACE POWDERS** (flesh and white). Prices: 10, 20, 25, 35, 40c. per box.  
**FACE CREAMS** 25, 28, 30c. per crack.  
**ROUGE** (medium and dark) 20c. per package.

Don't Say Paper, Say the Evening Telegram