

"A Terrible Experience"

"I Recall My Experiences with the Burglar with Feelings of Horror!"

"How would you feel if you wakened in the middle of the night with a flashlight shining in your eyes and the gruff voice of a man threatening that, 'if you make the slightest noise, I'll shoot?' That was my experience the end of last March when my husband was away in the woods and I was alone with my three children. Everytime I think of this experience a shudder passes over me and as long as I live I shall remember it. At the time I really thought I would die. It's a wonder my heart did not stop beating. I was so weak that even if I had any desire to move, I could not. I was bathed in a cold, clammy perspiration. Even to recall the shocking details now makes me shudder. It was a result of this shock that I contracted a high fever and for hours at a time I was delirious. I got so bad that the doctor finally gave up hope of my ever recovering, but by careful nursing, I was finally pronounced out of danger. The shock had left me so weak that for no reason whatever, I would suddenly burst into tears. All the life seemed to have been taken out of me. I kept

getting weaker and weaker, so much so that my husband and children were constantly worrying about me. Doctors prescribed for me and while I willingly tried their medicines, only very few of them did me any good, but unfortunately the good was not lasting. My family asked me if I would try Carnol and I said, 'I was willing to try anything,' but felt that it would not do me any good. Four bottles of Carnol taken regularly, has completely restored my former health and strength and, while I occasionally recall my experience with the burglar with feelings of horror, I am otherwise as well and strong as I have ever been. Carnol is the most wonderful preparation I have ever used for building and restoring health and strength. It has done wonders for several of my friends to whom I have recommended it." Mrs. MacC... Carnol is sold by your druggist, and if you can conscientiously say, after you have tried it, that it hasn't done you any good, return the empty bottle to him and he will refund your money.

LADY LAURA'S RELEASE

THE STORY OF A SPOILED BEAUTY.

CHAPTER XXII.

"I would do a great deal, certainly," said the captain; "but you may take this answer once for all, Laura—I shall never relinquish my friendship for Miss Rane. If you are wise, you will never reopen the subject."

Lady Laura Wynyard looked at her husband with eyes full of wondering pain. That the cold could dismiss a subject of such vital interest to her was incredible. Her whole future was involved in this matter, and she had put it aside as unworthy of discussion. A vision seemed to pass before her of the dead husband who had been so kind to her, to whom her every wish had been law, to whom her lightest words had been of greatest consequence. Were Angela's words really true, that she could not expect such love twice in one lifetime? At last her surprise found voice.

"Vance," she said, "you cannot speak earnestly, I, your wife, come to you with the happiness of my whole life at stake, holding my very heart in my hands, and you dismiss the subject that causes me concern as coldly as though we were discussing the weather."

Captain Wynyard shrugged his shoulders. "My whole life is at stake," continued her ladyship. "I cannot live as I have been living; I can bear no longer what I have borne. I pray you, dearest, give up that which has come between us, and take me to your heart again."

"What nonsense, Laura!" he cried, impatiently. "I am tired of it."

"You must listen," she said. "I have a claim upon your attention; I have a right to speak. You are doing that which makes me unhappy, and I have a right to ask you to give up the cause of my unhappiness. Oh, Vance, if you love me, make me happy! Give up Miss Rane! It is not

much to do for me." "Little as it is, Laura, you may be sure that I shall not do it. I shall not scatter my friends like chaff before the wind to please your ridiculous fancies."

"Have you no pity for my pain?" she asked. "I should have pity for a real pain, but I have none for what is only a fancy."

"Will you do nothing, Vance, to make me happier?" she asked, wistfully. "Nothing of the kind to which you refer," he answered, carelessly. "I should never dream of giving up an old friend for any such nonsense as this, Laura."

"Will you dance less with her, Vance?" she asked. The unhappy lady seemed to think that, if she could win some small concession from him, she might ultimately win all she wanted.

"No, I will not, Laura," he replied. "Will you devote yourself less to her, so as not to attract public attention?" she asked again.

"My dear Laura, in no single thing will I change my present course of conduct," he answered, warmly.

"Not even if it is likely to kill me?" she said. "It will not do that; and, if you die of it, your own folly will have killed you."

The frankly brutal words seemed to stun her. She raised her pale, dazed face to his. "I thought," she said, slowly, "that you would comply at once with my wish; I thought you would kiss me and comfort me, and tell me there was no one half so dear to you as I; I thought you would promise, for my sake, to give up Gladys Rane."

"Your thoughts were all wrong," he interrupted, sneeringly. "Yes, they were. I am sorry you do not love me as much as I thought you did," she went on. "I see that I am not the first object in the world to you. Oh, Vance," she cried, clasping her white hands and holding them out to him entreatingly, "think before you send me away without love and without comfort—think!"

"I have nothing to think about," he

replied, curtly, "except that it is a pity you are not a sensible woman." "Vance," she cried—and the courage of despair came to her—"tell me, if you had to choose now between my love and the friendship of Gladys Rane, which would you prefer?"

"I decline to answer so foolish a question," he replied.

"You hesitate!" she said; and the beautiful pleading face grew perfectly white.

"I do not hesitate," he returned; "I simply decline to answer unreasonable questions."

"That is an evasion," she said. "If you could honestly say that you preferred me and my love, you would say so. You cannot. It is useless for me to say more."

Slowly, and with a heavy heart, she went away from him, her sorrow deeper and more intense than when she sought him. But she had much more to suffer yet.

The captain smiled to himself as he watched her enter the house. Her white face and downcast eyes, the listless sorrow of her whole attitude, did not distress him.

"I have taught her a lesson," he said to himself, with a feeling of satisfaction—and she needed it. She will not interfere again with Gladys."

If Gladys Rane had looked up at him with tears in her eyes, he would have soothed her trouble. If Gladys had told him that she was unhappy, he would have done his best to remove the cause at once. But to his wife he did not give a thought after she had left him. He had not the slightest pity for her; he simply felt indignant and irritated at her attempting to interfere with him.

Lady Laura went back to her room like one in a dream. She could hardly realize as yet what had happened to her. That her husband had sneered at her, had laughed with brutal frankness at her, had flatly refused to yield to her wishes, had tacitly admitted that he cared greatly for Gladys Rane, were truths too horrible for her to look in the face all at once. As she walked along she met Angela, who said to her, gently: "You look ill, mamma! Shall I come and sit with you?"

"No, thank you, dear," she answered; "I would rather be alone. I am tired."

All the music and the sweetness had gone from her voice; it was weak and languid. Angela felt uneasy about her mother; she knew that this was the beginning of what she had all along foreseen.

When Lady Laura tried to realize her position, she could not. It was the first time in her life that she had met with such cruel conduct, and she felt it all the more keenly because it came from the man she loved. He would not, at her request, made with tears, give up his intimacy with Gladys Rane. He would spend as much time as ever with her; he would dance with her as often. And she—

"How shall I bear it?" she cried. "It will break my heart!"

She had always felt secure in her husband's love, and happiness seemed to have given way and she stood alone amongst the ruins.

On the night following they were invited to a grand ball given by Lady Holte. Lady Laura knew that her rival was to be there, and her first decision was not to go, although a charming dress of white satin, elaborately trimmed with blush roses, was prepared for her. She felt unequal to the effort, for she knew it would bring the same heart-anguish over again, the same sorrow, and she told herself that she could not endure it.

When the captain asked her at what hour she wished the carriage ordered, she answered that she did not feel sure that she should go; she was tired and indisposed—and her looks fully bore out her words. But she saw the sudden look of relief that came over his face, when he heard the words, and she altered her mind instantly.

"I will go," she said; "Lady Holte always gives good balls," and, as she expressed her intention, she saw a look of annoyance come into his eyes. "He would have had a long evening's enjoyment with Miss Rane," she thought to herself bitterly.

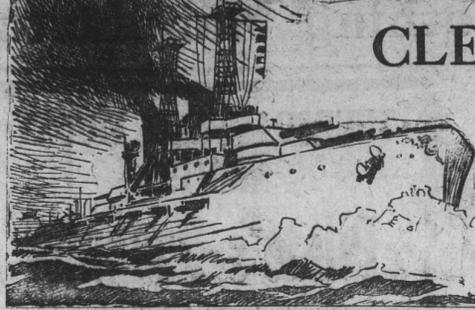
But, if her ladyship flattered herself that her presence would prevent the captain from amusing himself with her rival, she was mistaken, for he was more devoted to her than ever.

(To be continued.)

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COME EARLY IF YOU WANT YOUR SHARE OF THE BARGAINS.



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Of velvet and other materials, full gathered crowns, trimmed with ribbon, edged with lace and ribbon strings.

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Double knit, silk bow at wrist, shaped cuff.

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Elastic knit, staple weight, no seam, narrowed ankle. Reg. 95c.

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A new shipment just in, all shades in this lot.

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Ladies' Tuxedo Wool Sweater Coats.

With brushed wool trimming, one of these will complete your Easter Suit.

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Quilt Cotton.

Floral designs.

Per Pound 49c.

Damaged Cotton.

In large clean pieces.

Per Pound 57c.

Fleece Calico.

32 inches wide, heavy fleece with fine twill back.

Per Yard 29c.

London Smoke.

Extra good quality, 27 inches wide, in Pink and Grey.

Per Yard 23c.

Stripe Flette.

In pretty Pink and Blue stripes.

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Velveteens.

In shades of Grey, Brown, Red and Black.

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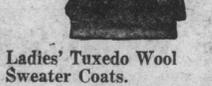
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Ladies' Tuxedo Wool Sweater Coats.

With brushed wool trimming, one of these will complete your Easter Suit.

Each \$6.49



Quilt Cotton.

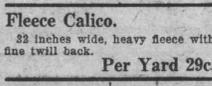
Floral designs.

Per Pound 49c.

Damaged Cotton.

In large clean pieces.

Per Pound 57c.



Fleece Calico.

32 inches wide, heavy fleece with fine twill back.

Per Yard 29c.

London Smoke.

Extra good quality, 27 inches wide, in Pink and Grey.

Per Yard 23c.

Stripe Flette.

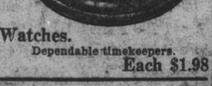
In pretty Pink and Blue stripes.

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Velveteens.

In shades of Grey, Brown, Red and Black.

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Dependable timekeepers.

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A limited amount to clear, this lot includes coats and pullovers.

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No pins, no string, just slip them on.

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In colors of Pink, Sand and Blue.

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Toilet Paper.

3 rolls for 25c.

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12 inch water pails, strongly made.

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Produces beautiful wavy hair in a few minutes (without heat), simple to use and always satisfactory.

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Odd sizes. Reg. \$1.58.

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