

TAKE IT FOR
CRAMPS—COLIC—DIARRHOEA

APPLY IT FOR
BRUISES—SPRAINS—SORE THROAT

PERRY DAVIS
Painkiller
The Home Remedy

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

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"If Angela dies!" He found himself repeating those words a hundred times each day, and mentally determining what he would do in that case. If ever the property became his, he had made up his mind as to many things. One was that he would purchase a steam yacht in which to cruise with the love of his life—Glady; another, that he would form for himself a fine stud of racers. He would be the envy of all the men, as he was now the admiration of all the women.

If Angela died, if the fragile, unhappy wife followed, there would be a career, a future before him; and Glady—dark, beautiful Glady, with the passionate eyes—she would form part of that future, too.

Then for a few days the captain would shake off the thoughts. Angela was young, healthy, and likely to live as long or even longer than himself. But suppose she met with a fatal accident? She might be drowned, she might fall from some great height, she might by some misadventure take poison—a hundred unforeseen things might happen. There was no end to the list of accidents that might befall any one.

The next time he looked at her there was a new expression on his face. He was wondering if it were probable that any of these accidents might happen to her; and his look was so vexed, so strange, that Angela grew nervous under it.

"You make me feel quite uncomfortable by looking at me in that fixed fashion, Captain Wynyard," she said at last.

"Do I, Angela? Still you should not, deny me the pleasure."

"But what are you thinking of when you look at me in that way?" she asked.

"Many very pleasant things," he replied, turning away.

With fustian cruelty the captain wondered what would be the effect on her mother if Angela met with a violent death.

In all human probability, he told himself, she would die too. The only gleam of comfort and hope she had came from her daughter; deprived of that, it was not likely that she would live long.

With such thoughts gradually strengthening their hold upon the captain, the autumn passed, and then winter followed with its snow and ice.

Meanwhile visitors came and went, and the tide of gaiety ebbed and flowed through the old halls of Rood. Still that one hope dominated the captain's life—the hope that Angela might be removed from his path. The smiling debonaire grace disappeared from his face, the lines of it grew deeper and longer, and at last its ex-

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Itched and Burned. Lost Sleep. Cuticura Heals.

"My face was afflicted with pimples for about three years. They were hard and red, and fostered and scaled over. The pimples itched and burned causing me to scratch and irritate them, and I lost many a night's sleep on account of the irritation."

"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample which helped me so I purchased more, and after using four cakes of Soap with the Ointment, I was healed." (Signed) Miss Martha Thomsch, R. 2, Box 45, Winona, Minn.

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"I do not care for quadrilles," she said. "I like a long, straight sheet of ice and a swift run."

"Then you shall go to Hatfield Pool," he decided. "There is a straight run of quite half a mile, and it is completely frozen."

"Is it safe?" asked Lady Laura,

pression became cruel. His friends noticed how changed the captain looked, and wondered what had happened to him. All that had happened was that he had brooded in silence over a cruel thought until it seemed to have become part of his nature, till it so far influenced his whole nature that it had changed the very expression of his face.

As the days passed, as they grew darker and colder, so his demeanor seemed to change with him. He grew grave, stern, and cold, the bantering words, the light jests, the brilliant smiles, the cheerful, genial manner, all vanished. The master of Rood Abbey went about with a gloomy face, absorbed in thought, for the shadow of a great crime was over him.

The winter was a severe one; the cold was intense, and all the lakes and ponds round Rood Abbey were frozen, the river that ran on to Hatfield being in some parts covered with ice. The prevailing pastime therefore was skating. The captain never tired of forming skating parties, and every day brought a goodly number of friends to enjoy the sport offered by the smooth ice of the Abbey ornamental lakes.

One morning, when Captain Wynyard came down to breakfast, he found his newspaper untouched on the table. He unfolded it, and almost the first thing he saw was a paragraph headed, "Fatal Accident at Newton Mere." It related how a young lady, out skating with some friends at Newton Mere, had met with a sad end. She had been told which part of the mere was safe, and where it would be dangerous for her to go. She had evidently mistaken the directions, for she went to that part of the mere where the alder trees bent over the ice against which she had been especially warned. Either she had mistaken the locality or the directions, for she tried to cross the mere, and so to get to the alder trees. The thin ice at once gave way, and before the young lady could be rescued, she was dead.

Some impulse made the captain fold up the paper and take it to his study, lest any one else should read the account, and it should become a subject of comment. He read it over and over again with ever-increasing interest. This was an accident, a pure accident, which no one could help or avoid; and the sufferer was a young girl. If an accident like that could happen to one girl, why not to another? Who could say anything if it did? With skating there was always a certain amount of risk and danger; even the cleverest and most skillful skaters came to grief at times. Then, when he had read and re-read until he knew the whole paragraph by heart, he destroyed the newspaper, lest any part of the story should be seen.

The visitors at the Abbey wondered on that day what had become of the captain. Instead of going out in the morning, as usual, to skate, he remained in his study. When he appeared at luncheon, his face was dark and grave; and in the afternoon, instead of joining the company, he disappeared again.

The next morning the captain seemed more like himself. It was not often that he addressed Angela vivaciously, but he did so during breakfast. "You like skating, Angela?" he said, interrogatively.

"Yes; it is my favorite amusement in winter. I enjoy it even more than dancing. I like the sensation of seeming to fly through the frosty air."

"There will not be many of us this afternoon," he said; "the Delagoey cannot come. We shall hardly number enough to have a quadrille on the ice."

"I do not care for quadrilles," she said. "I like a long, straight sheet of ice and a swift run."

"Then you shall go to Hatfield Pool," he decided. "There is a straight run of quite half a mile, and it is completely frozen."

"Is it safe?" asked Lady Laura,

lovingly regarding the sweet face of her daughter.

"Safer than our lakes and ponds are, and of greater extent," he replied. "The ice is quite thick. We will go there to-day."

But, when the time for starting came, there were but four in the party—the captain and Miss Rooden, with young Squire Arden and Lady Bell Norton, who were staying at the house.

"We are going to Hatfield Pool to-day," said the captain. "We will drive there, then we shall have more time on the ice."

There was a strange restlessness about the captain, although he endeavored to assume his usual light-hearted jovial manner. Arrived at the pool, he helped Lady Bell to put on her skates, and would have done the same for Angela, but she declined his assistance.

Then Lady Bell started, the young squire following her closely.

There was a curious gleam in the captain's eyes, a livid line round his lips, when he said:

"Angela, if you want a long stretch of good ice, go toward the bend of the pool near the willows there. It is quite safe."

CHAPTER XXXV.

The afternoon sun shone bright and clear on the frozen surface of Hatfield Pool. It added beauty to the tall trees with bare, frosted branches, to the frozen fields and hills, to the glittering sheet of ice, which was thick and well able to bear being skated upon, except near the bend of the pool, where the willows grew. There the ice was so thin that it would hardly have borne the weight of a child. The sun shone also on the fair, flying figure of Lady Bell, whose costume of black and crimson velvet trimmed with rich fur contrasted vividly with the whiteness around her, on the young squire who was in quick pursuit of her, and on the lovely face and figure of Angela, whose face just then was bright with expectation; it shone, too, upon the livid face of the man who stood near her. When ready to start, Angela turned with a smile to the captain.

"Which way am I to go?" she asked.

At first he hardly heard the words, for a thousand voices filled his ears, all with the same cry which had haunted him so long—"It Angela died!"

"Which way did you say, captain?" repeated the clear, sweet voice of the girl.

His own was hoarse and unnatural when he answered:

(To be continued.)

"HAD A NARROW ESCAPE"

"I never realized until a few months ago how risky it is to neglect a cold in the chest. I have always had such good health, that a cold either in the head or chest while unpleasant, never gave me any worry. Outside an occasional cold, I had never known what it was to be laid up even for a day in all my life, until last December. One afternoon I got a chill and no matter how close I got to the stove, I couldn't seem to get warm. This chill was followed by a cold in my chest. As usual I neglected it and it kept getting worse and worse. Finally I had to go to bed and send for the doctor. His examination showed that I had pneumonia and a bad case of that. By careful nursing on the part of my husband, my children and some friends, I managed to pull through, but the doctor told me I had a narrow shave. And here's where my troubles began. While I was now out of danger, I was anything but well. I was still very weak from the effects of the pneumonia. Although I had lots of life and energy before my sickness, I was now worn out and tired all the time. I slept fairly well, more because I was exhausted. But my sleep didn't refresh me because, while I appeared to be asleep, I was conscious most of the time of what went on around me. Although all kinds of tempting dishes were prepared for me, I had no relish for food. This sickness had already undermined my health to such an extent that I was a living skeleton. I was getting discouraged as nothing I took seemed to do me any good. I wonder if Carnel wouldn't build you up; a friend said one day, 'I did me a world of good. I was completely run down and you can see for yourself how well I look today. Why don't you try it?' Thanks to this friend's advice I am in perfect health again, as healthy and as full of life and vitality as I have ever been."

Carnel is sold by your druggist, and if you cannot conveniently 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. 9-522

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SIDE TALKS.
By Ruth Cameron.

THE LOGICAL CHILD.

"Jimmy, have you been down and brought in the wood?" Jimmy, laying a reluctant finger in his place in the book, "No mam."

"Which way did you say, captain?" repeated the clear, sweet voice of the girl.

His own was hoarse and unnatural when he answered:

(To be continued.)

"HAD A NARROW ESCAPE"

"I never realized until a few months ago how risky it is to neglect a cold in the chest. I have always had such good health, that a cold either in the head or chest while unpleasant, never gave me any worry. Outside an occasional cold, I had never known what it was to be laid up even for a day in all my life, until last December. One afternoon I got a chill and no matter how close I got to the stove, I couldn't seem to get warm. This chill was followed by a cold in my chest. As usual I neglected it and it kept getting worse and worse. Finally I had to go to bed and send for the doctor. His examination showed that I had pneumonia and a bad case of that. By careful nursing on the part of my husband, my children and some friends, I managed to pull through, but the doctor told me I had a narrow shave. And here's where my troubles began. While I was now out of danger, I was anything but well. I was still very weak from the effects of the pneumonia. Although I had lots of life and energy before my sickness, I was now worn out and tired all the time. I slept fairly well, more because I was exhausted. But my sleep didn't refresh me because, while I appeared to be asleep, I was conscious most of the time of what went on around me. Although all kinds of tempting dishes were prepared for me, I had no relish for food. This sickness had already undermined my health to such an extent that I was a living skeleton. I was getting discouraged as nothing I took seemed to do me any good. I wonder if Carnel wouldn't build you up; a friend said one day, 'I did me a world of good. I was completely run down and you can see for yourself how well I look today. Why don't you try it?' Thanks to this friend's advice I am in perfect health again, as healthy and as full of life and vitality as I have ever been."

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THE FAILURE.

James Dingbat failed in many things, he seemed to have no luck; as he tried to do a tree-trunk climb, disaster to him struck. He opened up three kinds stores, and always, soon or late, the sheriff came and closed the doors, and put his seals on straight. And people said, "This Dingbat might be lazy, tired and slow; he isn't constituted right, or he could make things go. We've known him since he was a boy, and we have always said he never would succeed, he'd never get ahead. He has no purpose high or true, he's not with zeal replete; his head is full of liquid glue, he reasons with his feet." James Dingbat failed a dozen times, and then he bought a lyre, and soon his fame through many climes, spread like a house afire. The odes he sold, by pecks and pecks, made all the world grow pale, and money orders, drafts and checks, came in by every mail. With fortune's smiles on him bestowed, he was a happy man, and to the country club he rode in his large blue sedan. And people said, "This Dingbat scout has now lived down the past; ah, well, we never had a doubt that he would win at last. In him we always recognized a man of noble worth, and so we're not at all surprised that he astounds the earth."

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Kolyon Tooth Paste 40c
Peroxide, 4-oz. 18c
Vaseline, in tins 4c
Soaps, assorted; per cake 5c, 10c, 15c
Evans Throat Pastilles per tin 27c
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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
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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
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The fact that Newfoundland recognize unions is known in this city. It is known that Reid premises 1918, the Reid W.A., and bread who were on conditions and a Reid are known the foe of organized labor. Reid were the very high rates. Treatment men and to suffer all kinds of usages at the paration is a party. Men asleep at their in the R. ployees of the go were th worked in the on the Reid, the very high plies and the few years he denunciations their treatment. In the present Reid Newfo very active, were active a paid servants work for the doing the same round up and giving t if they did n they were a notice.

REID'S
To-day Reid the districts candidates in connection ation plot hention on the cal activities. People are b and ask them anxious for "ornment" T their answer writing. The Govern in the Govern the interest Reid Company Reid can sel