

"I Was a Fright!"

"Nothing I Could Take Made Me Any Fatter."

"Up to the time I was seventeen years old, I believe that I was the most miserable and unhappy girl that ever lived. Honestly, I was a fright. I was the most ungainly looking creature you ever saw. I was thin and scrawny—straight up and down. My height was five feet nine inches and I weighed exactly ninety-one and three quarters pounds. No matter what kind of clothes I put on I looked like a fright. I was clumsy and awkward. I used to stand before the glass and study my features. I found I had a good nose, good eyes and a good mouth, but my cheeks were sunken and my face looked like a skull with a piece of parchment stretched over it. But nothing I could do or take made me any fatter. Men rarely even glanced at me. When they did, they merely gave me a casual, amused or pitying look—an expression which I can quite understand, why it is a being like that allowed at large! I used to lie awake at night for hours at a time wondering why there were so many beautiful girls in the world and I was so hideous. I

met a friend of mine one day, Elsie W. and I hardly knew her. While she had never been as thin as I was, a year or more ago she was as close second, but when I met her she had taken on flesh and had developed into a fine handsome girl with one of the prettiest figures I had ever seen. I asked her what had caused the big change. She said: "Carnel. She told me she had been taking it regularly for the last three months and that from the first week of taking it she had begun to put on flesh. I was so encouraged by what she said that I couldn't get to the druggist fast enough. I bought a bottle and since then I have been taking it regularly. It has made the greatest change in me you ever saw. I now weigh 126 pounds and all my friends tell me what a wonderful figure I have and I know that I am admired."

Carnel 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.

The Heir of Bayneham

Lady Hutton's Ward.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"Because they have helped to destroy my wife," cried the young earl; "she has been sacrificed to your sins and your pride. She was asked to explain those notes and refused; she was asked why she was in the Lady's Walk—her bracelet was found there—she would not tell; there was some terrible mistake, and your daughter has left her home. I know not where she has gone; I cannot find her, and begin to despair of ever seeing her again. Oh, if you had but told me the truth!"

"Do not reproach me," said the young man; "has not my sin found me out? I could have died more easily with my child's face near me. Through my own fault this one hope is lost to me—I shall never see her again."

He lay there murmuring to himself that his sin had found him out. From that moment, when he heard that his sin and pride had destroyed his child, he seemed to have no more hope. A blank, awful despair seized him; the expression of his face alarmed Lord Bayneham.

"Can nothing more be done?" he asked of Dr. Arne; "has he seen any one? Could not some one pray with him?"

"It he wishes it," said the doctor. "Lord Bayneham," he added, "I see many death-beds, and the most wretched and dreary death is always that of the worldling who has never thought of the time when he must die. Candidly speaking, my lord, nothing can be done for his body, and I fear but little for his mind."

We will draw a curtain over that death-bed; they who were present never forgot it. The awful scene ended at last, and the man who reaped as he had sown went to his judgment.

CHAPTER XXXV.

It was not until Stephen Hurst had been dead for some hours that the mystery of that fatal mistake flashed across Lord Bayneham's mind. He remembered how he had gone into his wife's room and told her he knew all, meaning that he knew she had been in the Lady's Walk. She doubtless thought by that expression he knew all the secret of her parentage and her father's sin.

Then Lord Bayneham remembered that careless conversation when the poor child asked him what he should do, if, after marriage, he discovered

he had made a mistake in his wife, and he had replied jestingly, "Such a one must go home to her friends!" How blind and stupid he had been not to remember all this before! She clasped her hands when he told her he knew all, and asked if she was to go.

If he had but remained with her ten minutes longer, all would have been explained; now he began to fear he should never see her again. Lord Bayneham behaved nobly to his wife's father. He kept his secret; no will was found, and he made no claim upon that large fortune. For the sake of money, he would not betray in death a secret the unhappy man had sacrificed so much to keep. As a friend, he attended to his funeral and went as chief mourner; but never, by one word, did he hint that Paul Fulton was other than he had appeared.

For two days the papers made the most of that fatal accident, and all fashionable London was concerned for one day, and forgot it the next. Lady Grahame was very sorry, and much distressed. "It seemed such a sad thing," she said to everybody; "he was a handsome man, and so very agreeable."

In a few days Lady Grahame recovered from the effects of the shock, and strange to say, that very year she met the Duke of Laleham, who was charmed by her manners and love of comfort, in which he rivalled her. She is now Duchess of Laleham, and once, in a confidential mood was heard to say to Miss Lowe that "after all, she believed there was a special Providence in poor Mr. Fulton's death."

Lord Bayneham redoubled his efforts to discover his wife, but they were all in vain; he could find no trace of her; it seemed as though she had disappeared from the face of the earth. The detective said he had never been baffled before now. From the time the ticket collector had seen her in Euston Square she disappeared. People began to smile at the advertisements, they were so common. But all and everything was in vain; silence and mystery dark as night shrouded the fate of the young Countess of Bayneham.

Lord Bayneham returned home—he was anxious to clear the memory of his beloved wife from even the least cloud of suspicion. Barbara Earle shed warm tears of love and pity when she heard the story. The countess was more touched than she cared to own; both saw clearly how the mistake had arisen. Believing that her husband "knew all" her secret, and could not pardon her, Lady Hilda had left the home where she thought herself no longer loved or esteemed.

They now understood all that had seemed mysterious; the young Lady of Bayneham had stood, as it were,

between two fires—she could not betray her father, and dared not clear herself from the suspicion that had been aroused.

"It should be a lesson," said Barbara Earle, musingly. "One ought never to judge from appearances—I never will again."

"What shall you do, Claude?" asked Lady Bayneham, after a short pause.

"I do not know, mother," he replied sadly. "If I pleased myself, I should give up the search and die. I am worn out with fatigue and sorrow; I see no hope of finding my dear wife again. But as you have often reminded me, the men of my race never despair; I must live on, and bear my life, I suppose."

Barbara's eyes filled with tears as she gazed upon the sad, worn face. Was it for this she had sacrificed her love and her happiness? Better for her cousin if this fair-faced girl had never crossed his path. He was feverishly altered; these few days of suspense had told upon him; there were deep lines of sorrow on the brow and round the firm lips. There was an air of depression that contrasted painfully with his former, say, kindly manner.

"Do not give up, Claude," said Lady Bayneham, laying her hand lovingly on her son's shoulder; "it is a great trial, but I have a sure hope all will yet be well. We must do our best to find your wife. Remember, you do not live for yourself. Your mother, the name and honor of your family, the fame of your race—all depend on you. Do not give up. Hard and bitter sorrows come to us, one and all. The brave fight on, the weak give way. Fight on, my son; no Bayneham was ever weak or cowardly."

"I will do my best, mother," he said wearily. "I think more of Hilda than of myself; she is so young and gentle, she has no one in the world but me."

From Bayneham, as from London, every effort was made to discover Lady Hilda's place of refuge, but all in vain. Weeks became months, but no trace—not even the slightest—was found. She never claimed one farthing of the large sum, daily accumulating for her. Lord Bayneham had directed that no notice should be taken of her letters; that Brymar should be kept in readiness for her, and the money carefully saved; and that added more than anything to his troubles. If living, what was her fate, without money or friends? Lord Bayneham tried to bear up bravely, but he soon became exceedingly ill, and in less than six months after his wife's flight, the young earl lay between life and death, fighting a hard battle with the grim king, and his mother kept watch by him, in sorrow too deep for words. The detective had promised that he would not give the case up, but it was evident from his want of zeal that he had no longer any hope.

The doctors, summoned by the unhappy countess to her son's bedside, said there was one chance for him, and only one; he must have entire change of scene and change of air, and they recommended a stay of some length on the Continent.

He was most unwilling to go. To leave England seemed like abandoning his wife; yet to remain was, if wise men spoke truly, certain death.

(To be continued.)

To-day's Stories.

Old Lady: "Why, you're the man I gave a large piece of plum pudding to last Christmas!"

Worried Bill: "Yes, mum, the same. I'm just able to get about again, mum."

Mother (anxiously watching her little boy at dinner): "My dear child, you should not eat your mince-pie so quickly."

Young Hopetal: "Why not, mamma?"

Mother: "Because it is dangerous. I once knew a little boy about your age who was eating his mince-pie so quickly that he died before he had finished it."

Young Hopetal: "With much concern: 'And what did they do with the rest of his pie, mamma?'"

Fads and Fashions.

The bow-rimmed hat is favored by the younger set.

Beautiful fur-lined coats have collars and cuffs of the same fur.

The large hat is good for dress and restaurant wear for spring.

The delicate trill of Val lace is a

Fashion Plates.

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



A SMART AND POPULAR DAY DRESS.

4216. Here is a model ideal for business or home wear—showing simple lines, attractive and practical features. The collar is convertible. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length or to the elbow. The graceful becoming fullness of this model is held by belt sections over back and front. Frunella or twill for service and kaasha, crepe or velvet for a more dressy dress in this style would be fine for its development.

The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 3 1/2 yards of 84 inch material. To make the collar of contrasting material 92 inches wide requires 3/4 yard. The width of the dress at the foot is 2 1/2 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A VERY UNIQUE STYLE.



4211. Navy serge or twill with braid trimming would be attractive for this model. The collar may be omitted and the neck finished in round outline.

The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 3 1/2 yards of 40 inch material. The width at the foot is 2 1/2 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

No.

Size

Name

Address in full:

Old Firm Quits "Ads," Dies Lingered Death.

LONDON, Jan. 10.—(Star Cable by J.E. Pool Staff Correspondent.)—Day and Martin, the famous manufacturers of shoe blacking, who have been in operation for 150 years, are being sold up.

The manager explains that up to 1912 the firm held the leadership in this trade through advertising. Its failure to advertise since resulted in collapse.

Constipation Banished

A druggist says: "For nearly thirty years I have recommended the Elixir of Rhohe, known as Rother's Curative Syrup, for arresting and permanently relieving constipation and indigestion. It is an old reliable remedy that never fails to do the work." 30 drops three daily. Get the Genuine. 50c. and \$1.00 bottles.

A Serious Matter.

(Harbor Grace Standard.)

Work on Bell Island has closed down, and all operations have been discontinued. This is a serious matter for the men who were looking forward to a winter's profitable employment. No explanation as to the cause has been given—simply that the order was sent forth by the British Empire Steel Co., and the close-down followed.

The reports, reliable or unreliable as they may be, are that the export tax which was relaxed during 1922, up to the 31st of December, and that the Company being in doubt as to its being levied during 1923, has taken the course to close down all the work in the expectation that the Government will be forced to remit the tax for another year. This act would put the onus on the Government as far as the people are concerned—just a matter of remit the tax and the work goes on, exact the tax and the work stops. This is a usual policy followed by some big corporations the world over.

The workingmen naturally seek for aid and want employment, and the company with that power behind it, will sit tight and let the people agitate and have the Government fall in line with the Company's wishes. The tax last year, if levied, would have amounted to \$250,000—25 cents on 1,000,000 tons. The mineral wealth of Bell Island is apparently only worth to the country the labor that is given the people in the mining, the bulk of its value goes to employ the people elsewhere, to the Company and the industries that use the manufactured iron.

The recent change in the French-German affairs may have the effect of shutting off the supply of iron to Germany, a not unlikely result of the strained relations brought about by the French occupation of the Ruhr region. Yesterday's public telegram confirms this report and states that a Paris message says that Stinnes, the German industrialist, has cancelled his contracts for iron ore with the Canadian companies, and that is why work on Bell Island has been closed down.

Prime Minister Squires, at the B.I.S. banquet, Wednesday night, referred to the closing down of Bell Island work, and said that the country must see to it that the shut-down should be only for a short period.

It is said that 300,000 tons will be required in Sydney in the Spring, and that fully that quantity had been mined and placed on the surface ready for shipment.

Whatever may be the cause, the sudden closing down has put hundreds of men out of employment, the result of which will mean hardship to the men, and will entirely change the outlook for the winter and spring for all concerned—the people and the Government.

Floyd Johnson Defeated Brennan.

THE IOWA HEAVYWEIGHT DECISIVELY BEAT THE CHICAGO VETERAN.

NEW YORK, Jan. 12.—Floyd Johnson, sensational Iowa heavyweight, decisively defeated Bill Brennan, Chicago veteran, to-night in a fifteen round contest at Madison Square Garden, Johnson receiving the judges' decision after out-fighting and out-boxing his rival all the way.

It was the acid test for Johnson, who has come rapidly to the fore in the past few months, and his victory over the battle-scarred Chicagoan put him in the front ranks of contenders for the title held by Jack Dempsey.

Ring critics were agreed that the form shown by the young Iowan was the most impressive of any who has appeared on the heavyweight horizon in some time. Johnson, realizing that his championship aspirations were at stake, set a furious pace from the start. He directed a smashing attack to the head and body and had Brennan in distress in several rounds, notably the 12th and 15th. His eagerness cost him several chances to put over what might have been a decisive blow.

Brennan weathered the storm of his young opponent's attack largely because of his ring generalship and apparently good condition. He was totally unable, however, to carry on any kind of an offensive.

A galaxy of notables in past and present heavyweight history witnessed the bout, including three former champions, Jess Willard, Jack Johnson and James J. Corbett. Willard, who is seeking a return match with Dempsey, was given a tumultuous greeting.

Jack Renault, Canadian heavy-

SPECIAL AND SEASONABLE January Offerings NEW DRESS GOODS Special Low Prices

BLACK and NAVY ENGLISH DRESS SERGES @ 95c. 1.00 and 1.25 yard. FINE QUALITY DRESS MELTONS, CLOTHS and TWEEDS. 42 inches wide. Only 95 cents yard.

SUPERIOR QUALITY DRESS TWEEDS, in 3 and 5 yard ends @ 1.25 yard.

WOOL BLANKETS English Make--Wonderful Values

You can afford to buy Blankets again now, if you buy them here, as values are surprisingly good. We have these English Wool Blankets from only \$4.50 pair, and some of very superior quality, at the extremely moderate prices of \$6.90 to \$9.00.

WHITE WOOL NAP BLANKETS, large size @ \$4.90 pair.

WHITE HEAVY FLEECE COTTON BLANKETS, large size @ \$3.75 pair.

SMALLER COTTON BLANKETS, at small prices.

Men's and Boys' Overcoat Bargains

Our Prices for Men's and Boys' Overcoats have astonished the town. MEN'S LONG HEAVY OVERCOATS from only \$6.90 each.

BOYS' LONG OVERCOATS, for Boys 9 to 17 years old; all sizes. Only \$4.90 each.

We have many other good values in Men's and Boys' Overcoats, which cannot be duplicated elsewhere.

Ladies' and Children's Winter Coats

AT VERY LOW PRICES TO CLEAR. These are in good English makes that will wear well and will not fade.

Ladies' Winter Hats

At our usual January Clean-up Prices. See offerings of LADIES' BLACK and COLOURED VELVET HATS at only 50c. each.

LADIES' FELT HATS, at only 20c. each.

CHILDREN'S WOOL CAPS and HATS, at only 20c. each.

Ladies Grey Bloomers

In Heavy Fleece make, only \$1.00 pair. Garter Elastic at Very Lowest Prices.

White only, 8c. yard. Black, 9c. yard. CORTICELLA AND MENDING WOOLS in all the leading shades.

In Mending Wools we show thirty different shades of fine Quality Wool, at 4c. card. COTTON REMNANTS. of all kinds at very low prices.

COLOURED SATEN REMNANTS. Good quality; 36 inches wide. Only 45c. yard.

CUSHION PADS in round and square shapes; new goods at new Low Prices. WHITE SHIRTINGS and CAMBRICS. Splendid assortment just opened in Quality Goods, worth making up! Prices from 29c. to 48c. yard—All 36 inches wide.

HENRY BLAIR

weight, knocked out Joe McCann, of Newark, in the fifth round of the 12-round semi-final match. Renault weighed 192 1/2 and McCann 205 1/2.

Murderers Reprieved.

FOUR DEATH SENTENCES NOT TO BE CARRIED OUT.

The Home Secretary has granted a reprieve in the following cases in which sentence of death had been passed:—

William Lockyer, who was sentenced to death for wife murder at Sunderland.

Mrs. Helen Jones, for the murder of Mrs. Stevens, at North Kensington, London.

Lionel Symonds, the legless ex-sailor, condemned in connection with the death of a young girl on the railway at Hersham, Surrey, and Abraham Rhodes, a miner, of Furrybridge, Yorkshire, for the murder of his wife. The jury had added a recommendation to mercy on account of great provocation.

The case of Symonds is one concerning a "suicide pact."

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