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Valuable advice and information for the treatment of every form of Piles is enclosed with each box of PAZO OINTMENT.

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**LADY LAURA'S RELEASE**

**THE STORY OF A SPOILED BEAUTY.**

**CHAPTER IX.**

"It is caused by your manner of speaking of him, Angel," retorted Lady Rooden. "You must not so offend me again. You must not say that Captain Wynyard loves Gladys Rane, and you must not say that he does not love me, or that he is going to marry me for my money. I will not hear or tolerate any such disgraceful charges. If you wish to please me you will learn to love and respect the man I am going to marry. Good-night, Angel. You had better leave me. You will be calmer to-morrow."

"Yes," returned Angela; "I shall be calmer; but I shall never be happy again. To-night I have lost all that is best and brightest in my life; to-night my hope and happiness have died."

"You will be wiser to-morrow, Angel," said Lady Rooden, coldly. "Now say 'Good-night.'"

With weeping eyes and aching heart the girl bade her mother good-night. Coldly, for the first time in her life, she kissed the beautiful face—coldly, for the first time in her life, Lady Rooden dismissed her daughter; but, when the door had closed and the sound of the bitter sobs had died away, Lady Rooden felt very unhappy. She asked herself if it were worth while to persist in this engagement which was so repugnant to Angela. Her answer to herself was "yes." After all she had a perfect right to do as she would in a matter that so deeply affected right to happiness. She was not compelled, she argued with herself, to pass a long lonely life because her daughter had romantic ideas concerning what was due to her father's memory. It was unheard of that a woman should decline to marry the man she loved simply because her daughter objected to him. It seemed to her both selfish and unkind that Angela should so bitterly oppose this her dearest wish. Yet warm tears filled her eyes when she thought of her daughter's loyal love of her father. A vague foreboding came to her; but she drove it away. To her there seemed nothing strange in the fact that Captain Wynyard should be deeply in love with her. She felt that she was beautiful enough to win and to keep the love of any man, and she could not understand why Angela should persist.

**TO EXPECTANT MOTHERS**

A Letter from Mrs. Smith Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her

Trenton, Ont.—"I am writing to you in regard to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I would not be without it. I have taken it before each of my children was born and afterwards, and find it a great help. Before my first baby was born I had shortness of breath and ringing in my ears. I felt as if I would never pull through. One day a friend of my husband told him that the Vegetable Compound had done for his wife and advised him to take a bottle home for me. After the fourth bottle I was a different woman. I have four children now, and I always find the Vegetable Compound a great help, as it seems to make confinement easier. I recommend it to my friends."—Mrs. FRED H. SMITH, John St., Trenton, Ont.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is an excellent medicine for expectant mothers, and should be taken during the entire period. It has a general effect to strengthen and tone up the entire system, so that it may work in every respect effectually as nature intended. Thousands of women testify to this fact.

ently deny that the captain loved her, and persistently assert that it was for her money alone that he wanted to marry her. If she were plain or old, one might believe such an assertion; but, being what she was, she argued to herself that it was impossible.

It was not with a feeling of unmixed happiness that Lady Rooden laid her head on her pillow. Side by side with her love and her happiness was the memory of her daughter's sorrow and despair. Angela could neither sleep nor rest; nor could she yet thoroughly realize the terrible blow that had fallen upon her. Rooden, which to her had always been the fairest spot on earth, her father's inheritance and his home, would now have a new master. This man whom she instinctively disliked would take her father's place there, would use his rooms, rest in his favorite chairs, read his books, monopolize the love of his wife, usurp his place in every shape and way. Her father's old servants would have to obey him; the tenants and dependents who had loved and respected her father must now transfer their allegiance to him.

"If he were worthy of it," she cried to herself, "I should not care so much; but he is not—he is not! He will make my mother miserable when the veil falls from before her eyes."

The first red flush of dawn was in the skies before Angela had wept herself to sleep.

**CHAPTER X.**

It was late when Angela woke the next morning, and even as her eyes opened a dark shadow seemed to settle upon her as she remembered that her mother was going to marry Captain Vance Wynyard. A weight as of lead lay upon her heart; her brain seemed bewildered.

"My misery is greater than I can bear!" she cried in an agony of despair.

It seemed impossible to her that she could face the realities and duties of life. Hitherto her first thought in the morning had been to fly as soon as she could to her mother, to kiss and caress her, to know what her plans were for the day, to find the fairest and sweetest of flowers for her, to show her every possible mark of love and attention. Now she shrank from meeting her. Hitherto she had felt that her mother's waking thoughts were given to her, that her mother's first desire was to see her; but that would never happen again. Already a barrier had sprung up between them, and the girl's heart was desolate.

The pretty breakfast-room, usually redolent of roses, was empty when she entered; her mother was not there. Thinking she was in the drawing-room, Angela made her way thither listlessly enough. She had opened the door and entered the room before she saw that Captain Wynyard was there, too. At the very sight of him her face flushed hotly and her heart began to beat violently. She would have withdrawn at once; but Lady Rooden saw her, and called to her. She looked at her mother's face, and that one glance caused her sharpest pain. Never had she seen the beloved face so charming as now, lighted up as it was with love and softened into deepest tenderness. On the face of the man by her side there was a smile of triumph, which only served to raise every antagonistic feeling in the young girl's breast.

"Angel, come here!" said Lady Rooden. "I have something to say to you."

Slowly, and with aversion in her eyes, she went up to her mother, Captain Wynyard noting keenly the expression of her face.

"She does not like me, and does not like the marriage," he said to himself. "I shall have an enemy in this slender girl; but it will not matter." "Angel," went on Lady Rooden, "I am glad you came in. I want to speak to you." Then a flush rose to her face, and a certain shyness came

over her manner. "Let me speak for you, dearest Laura," interrupted her lover; and Angela started at the words. Never since her father's death had she heard her mother addressed by that name. "I am sure that the daughter who loves you so dearly and so devotedly will be pleased to hear of anything which will add to your happiness." The captain spoke fluently enough, and he turned his handsome face with a smile to Angela; but there was a certain uneasiness about him, a restraint that almost made his manner ungraceful, for he knew well in his heart he did not love this woman whom he was so anxious to make his wife. "Your mother," he continued, "has been so good and generous as to look upon me with favor, and I have promised to devote the remainder of my life to her. I shall do my best to make her happy; and with the love of the mother I hope to win the love of the daughter. I will do my best to deserve it."

As Vance Wynyard spoke, Angela's face grew white even to the lips. A burning feeling of hate rose in her heart against him. She could not control it for a few minutes so as to answer him, and he, almost glad of her silence, went on: "I promise to devote myself to your interests, and, as far as I can, to fill worthily your father's place."

This unfortunate allusion to her father roused the girl at once. She raised her face to his with such an indignant flash of anger that callous as he was, he quailed before it.

"We will leave my father's name quite out of the question. Let me say, once and for all, that you will never fill his place, and that to my mind it is a desecration of his memory even to say such a thing. He was my mother's husband; he was a noble-minded man!"

"I hope in time to win your good opinion," he said. Vain, cold, and calculating as he was, there was something in the attitude of the girl, standing at bay, as it were, that touched him.

"My dear Angel," cried Lady Rooden, "speak to Captain Wynyard; have you nothing to say in answer to his kindly words?"

"Nothing, mamma," she said, wringing her hands. "I have not a word to say."

"Then, Vance," said Lady Rooden, turning to Captain Wynyard, "I must love you doubly, to atone for my daughter's ungraciousness."

Inwardly the captain felt deeply mortified. He had been so worshipped by women, he had always been so popular, he had always received such homage and adulation from the fairer sex, that his present unexpectation as to his daughter's conduct.



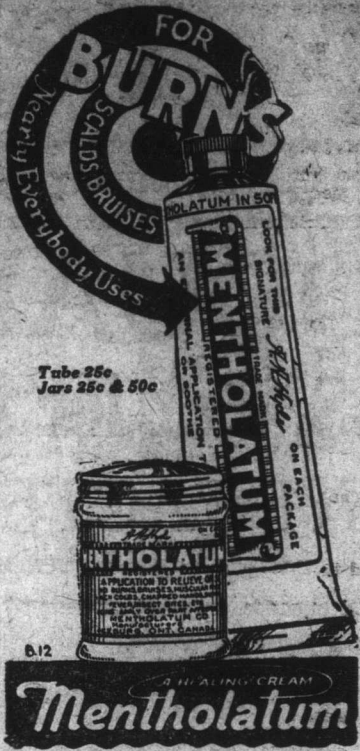
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**DOING IT WELL.**

When I was busy shearing sheep I did the work so well that other shearers used to weep, and wring their hands and yell. And when I started painting pumps so well I played the game my salary kept taking jumps, whenever payday came. Whatever chore I had to do I did it with a will, and often, when the day was through, I'd earned a dollar bill. And now I'm in my green old age, no wolf is at my door; of coin, which seems to be the rage, I have a goodly store. My credit's good, and when I croak The Daily News will say, "He surely left a trail of smoke along life's tollsome way." The heedless fellow does his tasks in such a lazy way! And every hour he stops and asks the boss for higher pay. He has no longing to excel, to more than earn his mon, to do his work each day as well as it was ever done. And every day there is a chance to take an upward step; but trifling fellows won't advance; they have no use for pep. When I was washing Maltese cats, I did the work up fine; I soaked them in the sudsy vats, and hung them out the line. Whatever work I had to do, I lumped on buoyant feet, and now, the journey nearly through, I live in Velvet street.

**Cuticura Soap AND OINTMENT Clear the Skin**  
Ship Sales.

In addition to the recent sale of the oil-tanker Vennachar, Messrs. Davies and Newman, Limited, have just sold the tanker Gauja, about 1,400 dw., for £16,000. The S.S. Benwood, 5,900 tons dw., built at Stockton-Tees in 1910, has been purchased by Mr. O. A. T. Skjelbred, of Kristiansand, for £23,000. The wooden auxiliary five-masted motor vessel Redemptor, 1,485 tons gross, built at Vancouver in 1917, and lying up in Norway, where she had been condemned, has been bought at auction by Messrs. Samuelson and Olsen, of Farsund, Norway, for 25,900 kr. The S.S. Boulama, a two-deck open shelter deck steamer of 4,375 tons dw., built at Londonderry in 1901, and owned by the British and African Navigation Company, Limited, has been sold. The S.S. Helvetter, 2,200 tons dw., built at Glasgow in 1915, has been sold by the Lloyd Royal Belge to the Minor Line, Cardiff, and has been renamed Acton Manor. The S.S. Eston Grove (ex Perez, ex Eastern Coast, ex Powerful), about 2,200 tons dw., built in 1903, and owned by the Harken Steamship Company, Limited, Swansea, is reported sold for about £12,000. The Norwegian S. S. Nordborg, ex Stadion, 700 tons dw., built in 1909, has been acquired by Messrs. Blakstad, Holta and Co., of Skien, for about 170,000 kr. The Swedish turbine steamer O. A. Brodin, 5,150 tons dw., built at Gefte in 1920, and the S.S. Meteor, 1,400 tons, built at Halsingborg in 1917 have been disposed of to Messrs. Gorrison and Co., of Christiania, and have been renamed respectively Erato and Elvra. The Belgian S.S. Syrier, 1,950 tons dw., built in 1920, and lying at Antwerp, has been purchased, subject to inspection by A. S. Bjornboes' Rederi, Kristiansand. The Dutch-owned S.S. Signemlin, 760 tons dw., built in Holland in 1915, has been sold to Mr. C. E. Nielsen, of Skien. The ex-German passenger and cargo liner Prinz Hubertus, 6,900 tons dw., built in 1903, and lying at Falmouth, damaged by fire, has been sold—Syren and Shipping Illustrated.

Cub Cigarettes are appreciated, not only by the smoker but by those in his company.

**Telegram Fashion Plates.**

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



**A SMART FROCK.**  
3960. Here is a delightful style for a school dress. The skirt is cut to flare gracefully. The closing is hidden under the front plait at the left side. This model is fine for the new gingham and cretonnes. It is also good for serge, pongee and linen. Red and white checked gingham with collar and cuffs of organdy, or, yellow chambray, with trimming of white braid would be attractive for this model.  
The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14 year size requires 4 yards of 32 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is 3 1/2 yards.  
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

**A SMART STYLE FOR THE GROWING GIRL.**  
4206. The girl who likes something different will be pleased with the style lines of this model. The long waist and side closing are youthful and becoming. Plaid miting in brown tones, with bands of red broad cloth developed this style.  
The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size requires 3 1/2 yards of 44 inch material. One could have this in blue homespun with pipings in henna or orange. Or in black panne velvet with pass stitchery in green or white.  
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

**A POPULAR STYLE.**  
4055. Charming in its simplicity is this one piece model. As here developed gingham and linen are combined with bands of a contrasting color. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.



**A CHARMING FROCK.**  
4035. The front closing makes this model very practical. The sleeve may be worn with or without a skirt. Serge, flannel, jersey cloth and other knitted materials, as well as linen, khaki and gingham are good for its development.  
The House Pattern 3956 is cut in 7 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. The Kitchener Pattern 4221 is cut in 5 sizes: 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. To make the costume for a 14 year size will require 5 yards of 32 inch material.  
Two separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

**A GARMENT FOR SERVICE.**  
3738. Just the apron you want for comfort and protection; easy to adjust, and easy to make. Gingham, percale, lawn, chintz, cretonne and saten are good for this style.  
It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 5 1/4 yards of 36 inch material.  
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

**AN UP-TO-DATE COSTUME.**  
3956-4221. Knicker and bloomer suits appeal to the active girl as much to "grown ups." This model is ever so serviceable and pleasing. It may be worn with or without a skirt. Serge, flannel, jersey cloth and other knitted materials, as well as linen, khaki and gingham are good for its development.  
The House Pattern 3956 is cut in 7 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. The Kitchener Pattern 4221 is cut in 5 sizes: 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. To make the costume for a 14 year size will require 5 yards of 32 inch material.  
Two separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

**Marriage of Extremes.**  
Love triumphs over all! A three-foot dwarf was married to "the largest lady" of the World's Fair, Royal Agricultural Hall, Birmington, during the week. The bridegroom is Mr. Robert Goudin, who tips the scale at 42 lbs., and his bride was Miss Ruby Truby, who weighs 23 stones. "My only regret," declared Mr. Goudin, "is that my contract at the Royal Agricultural Hall will make it necessary for our honeymoon to be postponed until the spring." Mr. Goudin, who is 42, was born in Brazil, and has travelled all over Europe and North and South America. He speaks nine languages, including English, French, German and Italian. The bride, who is 21, stated that she met her husband at Leicester in the winter of 1921, and became

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The Secret of the Tower—By Anthony Hope.  
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