

## "I Avoided an Operation - Appendicitis Disappeared"

Mrs. James Wells, Udon, Ont., writes:



**Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills**

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## LADY LAURA'S RELEASE

### THE STORY OF A SPOILED BEAUTY.

CHAPTER XLIV.

"I have mismanaged the whole matter most fearfully," he said to himself, with darkening brows; "I should have been more prompt in action. There is no one to blame but myself."

If Angela did not return, if she never fell into his power again, even the loss of his wife would not bring him one step nearer to Gladys Rane, the insurmountable barrier of poverty would still be between them. It was such a complete downfall, such a complete crushing of all his plans, that he could not recover himself.

Notwithstanding all that had happened, he would have gone up to town, but that Lady Laura fell ill of a slow fever, one of those subtle fevers that seem to wear the very life away, but yet cause very little outward show of illness. He was careless enough of the opinion of the world in general, still even he did not like to leave his wife ill at Rood while he went up to town for a round of gaiety.

He was not the most pleasant of companions during those days, and the few ignorant people who talked about the captain's devotion to his wife little dreamed how she trembled at the very sound of his footsteps, how she shuddered at the sound of his voice. Outwardly his manner was negligently kind; but he knew how to make her heart ache with a veiled sarcasm, how, with a few careless words, to give her unutterable pain.

"If I am to suffer," he said to himself, "let her suffer too;" and he was base enough, mean enough to feel some relief when he could inflict pain on her. He had forgotten, or rather he chose to forget, that he owed everything to her—money, luxury, magnificence—that all the ease he enjoyed, the splendor that surrounded him, came from her hands. In the earlier days of their married life he had at times said a few grateful words to her, had alluded to the money as hers, had asked for her approval and advice. Now he took entire possession of the estate, as though it had always been his own, managing everything after a lordly fashion and consulting only his own interest.

When the fever had somewhat

abated, and Lady Laura was able to come down-stairs, it was a dark and lowering face that met hers. No one would have called him the "handsome captain" who saw him then. "I wish," said her ladyship to him one evening, when he had been particularly unamiable and disagreeable, "you would go up to town, Vance. It is useless for you to remain with me; your heart is not here."

"That is just the kind of opportunity a woman likes," he said, sneeringly. "If I were to leave you and seek what Heaven knows I want—a little change and recreation—you would consider yourself a martyr."

"I should not," she returned. "The time has arrived when the pain of your presence is far greater than the pain of your absence."

"I am glad to hear that, Laura," he said scornfully. "It shows that you are coming to your senses, and there is a better chance for me. Nevertheless I shall not go up to town and leave you here."

"It will not be for love of me that you stay," she retorted bitterly.

"No, my dear; I have plans of my own, and it suits me to remain here," he said carelessly.

Lady Laura was thinking that, if he would go, she would send for Mr. Sangame, and then she could soon have Angela home again.

CHAPTER XLV.

Brantome Hall was neither ancient nor even altogether modern; it was simply a large, pleasant, old-fashioned, rambling house, with great well-lighted, lofty rooms. A broad river wound its way close by, and in the distance was the long line of the sea.

By the banks of the Rhin at Brantome was Angela's favorite walk. She had been three weeks at the Hall and day after day she had scanned the Times, but the longed-for advertisement had not appeared. It had been agreed between Jane Felspar and Angela that they should not write to each other unless there was some great need. Jane, not wishing to alarm the young girl, did not inform her of Lady Laura's illness which was tedious, but not dangerous, and Angela wondered much whether they had gone up to town, and, if so, why her mother had not sent for the lawyer. It seemed to her so all important that the will should be destroyed that she could not understand an hour's delay.

The three weeks had not been unpleasant ones. There was the sense of freedom from a terrible danger, from an intolerable fear, from the hideous daily contact with a man whose soul was steeped in wickedness, from the hourly pain of seeing her mother's sufferings. Until she was at Brantome and in perfect safety, she did not fully realize how much she had suffered or how much she had feared. In the long hours that passed she had time to think and reflect, to remember with a shudder how near she had been to death, to remember with horror how for months past the dark shadow of danger had followed her. She was so young and so innocent, so completely inexperienced in the ways of the world, so unversed in its intrigues and crimes, that the horror of what she knew never left her. When she slept, it was to dream that she was falling through the treacherous ice, or that she was in the boat on the lake, and the water rising fast around her. At other times she saw the deadly poison dropped very slowly into the glass, and afterward the captain's terrified face turned toward her. After a few days of rest, these dreams and fancies faded in

some degree; but the change of scene did not entirely eradicate them.

Angela had been most kindly received by the housekeeper, Mrs. Bowen, as a friend of her cousin's who required rest and wished to be alone as much as possible. Mrs. Bowen's practiced eye detected the fact that Angela was a lady, and, although she marveled just a little how such a one could be the friend of Jane Felspar, she was a sensible woman, and did not allow her curiosity to interfere with her desire to please her cousin Jane. She saw there was some mystery, but, as it did not concern her in any way, she was well content to leave it alone. Her mistress had given her permission to have a friend to stay with her when she wished, and she was but taking advantage of her offer.

The old housekeeper set apart for Angela's use a charming little room overlooking the greenward that led down to the river—a room in which the shadows of green boughs made rich tracery on the floor and walls, a room filled with flowers, and the hangings of which were pale sea-green and gold. A few pictures in gilt frames, some books, a piano, a couple of easy-chairs, two large windows that opened on the grass, helped to make the apartment, if not luxurious, at least some comfortable.

"This room, Miss Charles, is called the green room," the housekeeper explained. "Even when the family are at home it is seldom used; and I thought you would be more comfortable here than in the larger rooms. You can use it just as you will; and your sleeping-room is the one above it. My cousin informed me that you wished to be alone as much as possible."

"You are very good to me," said Angela, gratefully.

Angela took possession of the green room, and made herself as happy as possible. At her will she wandered over the great rooms of the house; but she took especial delight in the library, which contained many rare books. But for the books, her life would have been a lonely one. The servants never intruded upon her; Mrs. Bowen came at rare intervals, but never remained long.

(To be continued.)

## Fads and Fashions.

Two slim pleted panels hang down the front of a plain frock of bright yellow crepe.

A very attractive crepe frock has its blouse in rose color and the finely pleted skirt in blue.

A suit of Roshanaro crepe has a white skirt and a black coat embroidered in white chenille.

Capes are cut on both straight and circular lines, have collars of fur, and contrasting linings.

With a tailor of black crepe trimmed with silk cording is worn a blouse of yellow crepe.

Bands of embroidery in green, black and gray are used on a straight line frock of yellow linen.

A deep puffed collar is used on a black crepe satin cape worn over a black gown of satin and lace.

A frock of printed foulard and navy serge has pleted sleeves of the foulard and a cape of the serge.

Embroidery in string color is used on a costume of black morocain trimmed with thick shirring at the sleeves and the edge of the jacket.

## CRAMPS

Miss Marie Rasmussen of Nordlandst, 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 "Liniment."

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At all drug stores and dealers.

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## Grief and Worry Childbirth La Grippe Excesses and Overstrain

Nervous Exhaustion Take the new remedy

**Asaya-Neurall**

(TRADE MARK) which contains the form of phosphorus required for nerve repair.

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## Cohen's Good Goods

CONSIGNED ABROAD, TURN UP ON BROADWAY.

Elegant Taupe Twills, Vanished on Route to Newfoundland. Found Here, Proving That Dark Clouds Often Have Silver, If Not Silken, Linings.

Business was good with Abraham Cohen last January. Cohen, who operates a garment jobbing business at 260 West 117th Street, found his elegant spring suits and dresses in misses' and women's sizes moving easily. The taupe twills with the Peter Pan collars were a knockout and the orders poured in.

At one swoop the jobber disposed of \$3,000 worth of misses' and women's costumes to the Broadway House of Fashions at St. John's, Newfoundland. This was a deal for you. All at once, \$3,000 to one store, away up there next to the north pole, from Abraham Cohen, jobber in garments, of New York. Fifth Avenue styles brought right to the outposts of civilization.

The Broadway House of Fashions was well pleased with the deal, too. No use talking, those taupe twills with the Peter Pan collars would knock 'em cold in Newfoundland. The Broadway House of Fashions got ready to increase its advertising space in the St. John's, Newfoundland, newspapers and prepared for a big rush.

Abraham Cohen got the stuff all well packed in three cases for its long journey. The cases he sent to a North River pier for transport to Newfoundland by the next steamship. Then he wrote up \$3,000 on the credit side of his ledger and went smiling about his other affairs.

The Broadway House of Fashions, in St. John's, N.F., received the three cases with cries of joy. The messenger boy was rushed off to the newspaper office to get a local item about the arrival of the three cases of taupe twills with Peter Pan collars in the next issue. But when the cases were opened nothing but bricks and wrapping paper were found where the \$3,000 worth of real swell garments should have been.

This made a sad piece of news for Abraham Cohen, as well as for the Broadway House of Fashions, of St. John's, N.F. But, such things happen in business where there are crooks all the time, y'understand, and Cohen sought forgetfulness searching for new bargains.

Yesterday's mail brought him an invitation to attend a special sale, wholesale only, being conducted at 589 Broadway. Cohen hurried over, because, y'know y'never, can tell in the clothing business when a good deal will come right into your hand, almost. Cohen came near to fainting when he was shown, at 589 Broadway, the taupe twills with the Peter Pan collars that he had shipped to the Broadway House of Fashions at St. John's, N.F., last January. Just two words, he said it—"Goniff! Police!"

David Lerner, of 735 Forest Avenue, Brooklyn; his brother, Benjamin, of 351 East 169th Street, the Bronx; Samuel Harowitz, of 63 East 118th Street, and Max Schlein, of 244 Roebling Street, Brooklyn, were locked up at Police Headquarters last night charged with grand larceny on Cohen's complaint. Cohen says they had his cloaks and suits. The prisoners say them came by them in a strictly business way, y'understand.—New York Tribune, March 31, 1923.

## THE DAILY MARVEL



THE DAILY MARVEL

The autos ramble to and fro, before the village kirk, I wonder, as I watch them go, what fellow does the work. It seems a constant holiday in this glad world of ours, and all my friends are out at play, like birds among the flowers. No higher purpose may be seen, no more devout desires, than just to burn up gasoline, and wear out rubber tires. Joyriding is the only plan that seems to stick and stay; yet somewhere there must be a man who works eight hours a day. Men ride beneath the glowing stars in costly limousines, or else in small synthetic cars that cost three hundred beans; they're driving in the garish noon and in the gloaming gray, but where is he, the lonesome loon, who works eight hours a day? Sad is his fate, where'er he is; he bends to useful toil, while countless autos past him whiz, and use up gas and oil. Like Tubal Cain he makes a raft of things the people need, and nobly, by his toilsome craft he earns his chickenfeed. And as he drives his sweaty freight he cries, in ringing note, "I'll just keep up this wretched stunt till I can buy a boat!"

## Fads and Fashions.

Bands of embroidery from which hang pleted ruffles make novel sleeves for an informal evening gown.

In dinner gowns the colors used, the use of the front drape and pleting show the Egyptian influence.

A sports suit of striped woolen, in red and green on beige, has a plain



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beige jacket and a coral crepe blouse.

A frock of dull green lace is interwoven with gold threads in such a way that they produce a tapestry effect.

A street frock of navy crepe morocain simulates and bolero and uses striped crepe for its sash and inside sleeve.

An evening gown of turquoise blue

crepe Rome has its bodice beaded in crystal and a tiered effect in the skirt.

A suit of navy twill cord embroidered in soutache shows the Egyptian treatment. Girdle and blouses are of printed silk.

Colored embroidery outlines the raglan shoulders and is used about the waist of a frock of white crepe

cut on peasant lines.

Layers of unbound brown mull with a jet centre make the huge bow used on the pleted brim of a hat of black silk satin.

Exquisite hand-drawn work is used on a simple crepe frock in sand or worn with a leghorn hat having a green band in crepe.