

Mother and Her Baby Are Relieved of Eczema



DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT
GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

Maddolena's Story AND The Cameo Bracelet.

CHAPTER XIV.

The baroness dressed and went off to a seance that evening, and, as soon as she had departed, Trixie pleaded a headache, and retired to the little closet-like chamber, which was all she could call her own. There, with trembling hands, she arrayed herself in the gray domino, the most treasured of her few possessions, and then opened her door and listened.

Not a sound was audible in the great, dreary palazzo. Every one who could possibly make a pretext for leaving it had departed long since to swell the throngs in the streets; for was it not the last night of fun and frolic—the night when each person carried a small wax-taper or mocciole, which it was his or her aim to keep alight while doing his best to extinguish those of his neighbors? As for Gessie, she was doubtless absorbed in one of those heavy volumes of history which, to please the baroness, she was reading through, and would not hear the light steps that pattered along the uncarpeted corridor and down the handsome but dirty staircase.

The door of the room in which her companion generally sat, once passed, Trixie found the way clear before her; for, if, on returning from conveying the baroness to the house of her friend, the driver of the brougham she hired found his services required again by one of the signoritas, he, a true Italian, accustomed to secrets and intrigues, saw nothing odd in the circumstance.

Madam von Wernick, harassed a little by the stiff lace of her ruff which fretted her neck, was stepping from her own carriage into the vestibule of Madam V's residence, when a graceful figure glided to her side, and murmured a request.

"Will the signora permit me to enter the ballroom under her protection, as I have been so unfortunate as to miss the friends I should have met here? I am, as she perceives, possessed of my invitation card, and do but shrink from making my appearance alone."

The good little frau, too much occupied with the management of her own costume to be as gracious as usual, coldly acceded to the request, but felt and expresses herself really

WOMAN SUFFERED FOR MONTHS

Weak and Nervous. Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Webbwood, Ont.—"I was in a very weak and run-down nervous condition, always tired from the time I got up until I went to bed. Sleep did not rest me at all. My sister recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to me and others told me about it, but it was from my sister's advice that I took it. It did not take long until I felt stronger, headaches, and my appetite came back to me. I am a farmer's wife and have many things to do outside the house, such as milking, looking after the poultry, and other chores. I heartily recommend the Vegetable Compound to all who have the same trouble I had, for it is a fine medicine for women."—Mrs. LOUIS F. ELIASSE, Hillcrest Farm, Webbwood, Ont.

Another Nervous Woman Finds Relief
Fort Huron, Michigan—"I suffered for two years with pains in my side, and if I worked very much I was nervous and just as tired in the morning as when I went to bed. I was sleepy all the day and didn't feel like doing anything, and was so nervous I would bite my finger nails. One of my friends told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it helped me so much that I soon felt fine."—Mrs. CHARLES BEELER, 501-14th St., Fort Huron, Mich.

Women who suffer from any feminine ailment should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

When I regret that my butterfly wings are clipped, it is natural for me to do so; but when you profess to regret it, too, it is hypocritical!"

"Do you, then, give me no credit for the feelings to which I have confessed?" Sir Charles demanded.

"What are they?" she asked. "But no; I had rather be spared any description of them. Do I not know that I owe all your interest in me to my mask? See, at this, our parting moment, I doff it. You may gaze if you choose at the face you have expressed so much anxiety to behold. It will not be the first time it has met your view, as I have already warned you."

As Trixie spoke, she snatched off the tormenting screen of black velvet, and looked at Sir Charles with the same gravely intent eyes that had met his own at the hotel in Boulogne. He recognized directly the face that had once flitted before his vision, and haunted him for some hours, not because it was regularly beautiful, but for some indefinable charm that baffled description.

He started as if from a dream, when, in the most matter-of-fact she said:

"Thanks for your escort, Sir Charles Ormsby—thanks, and good-night." "Not yet," he answered, hurriedly. "You must agree to see me once again—to tell me—to confide to me—"

"Nothing," she interposed. We shall meet sooner, perhaps, than you expect. When we do, you will be thankful that I have resolved to avoid you."

"Is there, then, some horrible tale connected with your name?" he demanded.

"What a flattering question!" she retorted, smiling faintly at his perturbation. "I am merely silent because I do not choose to be the recipient of my own lack of rank and position. Once more, good-night."

"Wish me a kind wish ere you leave me!" he murmured, as he possessed himself of her hand, and bent toward her, looking into the depths of the eyes, that were now dimmed with tears, so tenderly that she lost her self-possession.

"Wish you, a kind wish!—a hundred! If you were but happy—truly, honestly happy—what should I have left to crave for myself except to die and be forgotten!"

With this passionate outburst she sprang away from him and hastened back to the baroness's rooms.

The baroness had not yet returned, so Trixie was able to reach her chamber without being discovered. With a sigh of relief, she turned the key in the door and proceeded to light the wax taper with which earlier in the day she had taken care to provide herself.

As the light suddenly illumined the little chamber, Trixie, to whom the secrecy she had been compelled to adopt was as irksome as it generally is to a frank, high-spirited girl, began to breathe a thankful ejaculation that the necessity for it was over, but the words died away ere they were fully spoken, for, to her dismay, she discovered that she was not alone.

Leaning against the foot of her bed, stood Beattie Mordant, mute as the statue she resembled, but with those coldly gleaming, reproachful eyes taking in every detail of the coquetishly trimmed domino, the rosetted shoes, the lace-draped coiffure, and, alas! the flushed, half-guilty, half-deserted face beneath.

(To be continued.)

Miss Boissineau Tells How Cuticura Healed Pimples

"About three years ago I was bothered with pimples on my face. The pimples were hard, small and festering, and my face was disfigured for a while. They sometimes caused me to be awake hours at a time as the irritation was so great."

"I tried different remedies but without any relief. I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after the first application, I could see an improvement. I continued using them and was completely healed after using three boxes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment." (Signed) Miss Rose Boissineau, 23 Bellevue Ave., Seattle, Wash., Ont.

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Just Folks.

By EDGAR A. GUEST

He isn't much on dinner speeches. Has a voice which scarcely reaches half across the room—a mumble like the summer breeze, which bubbles round the larkspur and the rose. But let the little eyes and noses turn his way—he's in his glory. Telling them some fairy story.

Old folks cannot start him talking. He's a silent man when walking; won't begin a conversation. On the perils of a nation, or religion, or the stages of our progress through the ages. But he has a way compelling. When it comes to story telling.

He can take the Toms and Mays wandering with real fairness. He can hable like a mountain. And as wide eyes start to glisten. And young ears stretch out to listen. From his lips the words come slipping just like honey when it's dripping.

Wasn't made for great oration. Argument or explanation. Grown-up language seems above him. But the little children love him. And I never see or hear him. With the youngsters crowding near him. Held enraptured by his story. But I envy him his story.

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NOTHING SUITS.

One day, in mid-December, as I pursued the kine, the breeze recalled September, the skies were all serene; I said, "I don't remember snow and sleet, if days were colder, weather, if winds were not so sweet; this winter's not the get-ter of bumper crops of wheat. It would be more consoling if clouds were dripping rain, if bitter blasts were rolling across a frozen plain; these sunny days are tolling the knell of hay and grain." "You make me sad and dreary, oh, gaffer," I replied; "for anything that's cheery gives you a pain inside; your path is always dreary, and sorrow in your guide. Enjoy these days of gladness, these days recalling June, forget the season's madness, and caper 'neath the moon; shake off this chronic sadness, oh, Gaffer Witherpoon."

VALT MAGN

The winds are voicing the melodies of spring, and as I go rolling-roving, I'm happy as a king. "Of course it's wondrous weather," says Gaffer Witherpoon, "but fate will doubtless feather a shaft to wound us soon; too many days together are like the days of June, it would be vastly better if there were snow and sleet, if days were colder, weather, if winds were not so sweet; this winter's not the get-ter of bumper crops of wheat. It would be more consoling if clouds were dripping rain, if bitter blasts were rolling across a frozen plain; these sunny days are tolling the knell of hay and grain." "You make me sad and dreary, oh, gaffer," I replied; "for anything that's cheery gives you a pain inside; your path is always dreary, and sorrow in your guide. Enjoy these days of gladness, these days recalling June, forget the season's madness, and caper 'neath the moon; shake off this chronic sadness, oh, Gaffer Witherpoon."

Household Notes.

Be sure that your sink is placed at a height to cause you or your cook the least possible back strain. Ham is delicious when well seasoned and baked in grape juice diluted with half its quantity of water. Molten minced ham with white sauce, spread between thinly rolled baking powder biscuits and baked. A slice of ham can be freshened by covering it with cold water, and bringing it slowly to a boiling point. Stuff stoned dates with cream cheese, serve on lettuce with mayonnaise, and garnish with sliced sweet pepper. Steel wool is a handy thing to have in the kitchen when washing dishes. It removes egg or grease very quickly. It is very convenient to have near your sink a small closet in which to keep reserve soap, silver polish, etc. Just before using it, a clothes-line should be wiped off with a cloth dipped into warm water and wrung out dry. Puncture a metal can top a number of times, place on a ketchup-bottle, fill with water and use as a clothes sprinkler. Bind the neck and back opening of the baby's dresses with lingerie tape and tie the ends in place of a top fastening. Allow the children to have a cupboard or bureau in which to store all their "dress-up" treasures in anticipation of a rainy day. Line buttered ramekins with whole pimentos, fill with a well-seasoned cheese mixture, bake and garnish with crisp bacon. If you keep your flat silver in flannel rolls, fasten to each roll a bit of adhesive tape, on which is listed the pieces contained.

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