

### Despaired of Life at 50 Strong and Well at 70

Mr. Jacob H. Mackey, 336 Midland Ave., Midland, Ont. writes—



**Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills**  
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"I have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for over 20 years and I feel that I owe my life to them. I suffered severely from rheumatism and heart failure. One doctor just gave me one year to live, and even told me I might be found dead at any time. A neighbor advised Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and I have been using them as needed ever since. I am now 70 years of age, weigh 217 pounds and can work as well as any young man."

### LADY LAURAS' RELEASE

#### THE STORY OF A SPOILED BEAUTY.

CHAPTER XLVI.

At the same time the earl was fully satisfied that the young lady was no friend of Mrs. Bowen's. To his mind she looked, with her delicate grace, her high-bred air, her patrician bearing, far more like a princess than the friend of the homely housekeeper. There was some mystery with which he was unacquainted.

Then Angela hastened away, feeling keenly conscious of her utterly false position.

"I ought never to have come," she said to herself—"I must not stay any longer; yet how kind he was! My father's face must have been just like his when he was young."

What a position! Why could not the young earl have remained in Italy a few weeks longer? And yet there was another aspect of the matter that was not altogether displeasing to her. If he had not returned at this juncture, she would never have seen him, and she was pleased to have done so.

Angela went in the greatest dismay to Mrs. Bowen, whom she found wringing her hands in what seemed utter despair.

"Oh, Miss Charles," she cried, "there is a shock! His lordship has come home, and there is nothing ready. I have neither fish nor game in the house. The rooms are all prepared, but there is nothing to eat."

Angela listened in patience, giving the best advice and consolation she could in the circumstances, and gradually Mrs. Bowen lost her fears.

"I came to speak to you about myself, Mrs. Bowen," she said. "I cannot remain here now that his lordship is at home."

"Why not?" she asked briefly. "It is impossible," replied Angela. "I do not think so, Miss Charles. It will make no difference whatever to his lordship or you. You need never see him if you are careful, and

he need never see you. It is not," she added presently, "as though you were a visitor to the family; you are my guest."

Angela then told her what had passed in the library.

"I am almost sorry that you saw the earl before I had time to tell him," said Mrs. Bowen. "Not that it will matter in the least, for I am quite within my rights. My lady told me herself that, when the family were from home, I could have a friend to stay with me. If you keep to your rooms, my dear, there will be no annoyance; and he will not stay long, I am sure. The rooms that his lordship uses are all in the western wing. We are as far from him almost as though we lived in the village. You need not be uneasy, miss, nor trouble yourself in the least degree about it."

Still, despite these comforting assurances, Angela did not feel quite at ease. She could not forget that she held an utterly false position. She therefore resolved that, while Lord Arleigh remained in the house, she would keep to her rooms, and not go into that part of the house where she would be likely to meet him. She would go out early in the morning or late in the evening, when there was little chance of encountering him. It was possible that even on the morrow the advertisement might appear, and then she could go away at once.

"Oh, mother," she cried, impatiently, "if you knew all you would not delay!"

The coming of the earl made a great difference to Angela. She felt both awkward and under restraint, and she hoped fervently that she should never see him again; yet at the same time she had a vague longing to look upon his face once more, because it was so like her father's. She shrunk back at the sound of his voice, yet she would have liked to speak to him again.

"I have traveled through many lands," said Lord Arleigh to himself; "but I have never seen a face and figure like hers. I must know more about her."

He rang for Mrs. Bowen, ostensibly to give some orders. When these were done with, he remarked carelessly:

"I am glad to find that you have

not been lonely, Mrs. Bowen. You have a young friend staying with you?"

"Yes, my lord," was the brief reply. "What is her name?" was the next question.

"Miss Charles, my lord."

"A vague kind of name," he thought, "neither common nor uncommon, neither plebeian nor patrician."

"I hope," he continued, "that my sudden return will in no way interfere with your guest, Mrs. Bowen."

"I do not see how it need, your lordship, as Miss Charles is my guest."

He longed to ask more questions about her, but was courteous enough to refrain. He said to himself that he must accept the position as it was; yet he was sure there was some mystery. Miss Charles was a lady; why was she on visiting terms with his mother's servant? Lord Arleigh went to sleep that night with the fair face of Angela Rooden shining through his dreams.

#### CHAPTER XLVII.

Another day had passed, and still no advertisement appeared. By this time Angela had grown accustomed to the thought of Lord Arleigh's presence. She had not seen him since the morning of his arrival; but she knew that he thought of her, for Mrs. Bowen frequently brought messages to her—Lord Arleigh hoped that she would use the library as if he were not at home, that she would use the library as if he were not at home, that she would feel at liberty to visit the picture-gallery and the conservatories. He hoped that Miss Charles was supplied with fruits and flowers. The fact was that he longed to see her again, and he would have given anything for a chance interview; but he was courteous itself. He would not take any steps to bring about such a meeting. Even Mrs. Bowen herself, most stately and decorous of housekeepers, was perfectly content.

But there came a morning when the weather was unusually warm, and only a breath of air stirred the leaves of the trees. The magnolias were all in flower, and the odor of the great white blossoms filled the air; the syringa-blossoms were out, the roses seemed to be everywhere; the tall white lilies stood erect like sentinels, their glowing golden hearts open to the sun; the air was languid with rich and luscious perfume. The only relief to the excessive heat was the slight salt breeze that found its way from the sea. Angela had a longing to escape for a time from the heat, the perfume, and the vivid green down to the sands.

The beach at Cuddeale was charming; steep and rugged cliffs at the back, the summits of which were clothed with rich green grass and purple heather; the yellow sands in front stretched out far and wide. There was a bend in the cliffs which formed a little bay, called Brantome Bay, one of the loveliest spots on the coast; and further on there were great wave-worn caves that were filled with water when the tide was in, and were dark and resounding when it was out. The caves were known by the name of Brantome Hollows. On the other side of the bay there was a streak of firm, yellow sand on which large bowlders half covered with sea-weed lay about in picturesque confusion. Altogether it was a spot to delight the artist-mind, with its blue shining waters, golden sands, and purple heather-crowned cliffs, and just the very spot for which Angela longed on this sultry day.

There was no danger of meeting the earl, for he had gone out some time before, and Mrs. Bowen had told her that it was very uncertain whether he would return for lunch or not.

"I shall be away for some hours, Mrs. Bowen," Angela said. "I am going down to the beach, and I will take my books with me."

So she walked through the park, with its long grass and stately old trees. The heat seemed to increase until she neared the beach. Then the briny odor of the sea reached her, cool and fresh. She chose a shady spot under the shadow of an overhanging cliff; and, seating herself, her thoughts went away over the blue-dancing waves. There was almost a longing in her heart that the rest and the peace could last forever.

(To be continued.)

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### Just Folks.

By EDGAR A. GUEST.

#### PURPOSE.

Not for high place or fame alone. Not for the richest men desire, is this brief space of years we own. If this were all, the race would tire.

Men would grow weary of the strife to possession they were chained, And could not see throughout this life More than the medals to be gained.

Were there no sweeter joys than greed, No deeper happiness than fame, No goal beyond the present need, Life were no better than a game.

The flag would fall, the race would die, The home be stripped of sentiment, And broken every family tie. If all our years for gain were spent,

'Tis not for gold the race is strong, 'Tis not for fame alone we toll, We live and strive and move along, For something Time can never spoil.

There is a purpose for our care Although but vague and dim it seems, A reason for the ills we bear, And each man sees it in his dreams.

Beyond the gold, above the fame, And every flag that is unfurled, Past hills of joy and pits of shame, Men mark the progress of the world.

And so we count it sweet to live And good to play the role of man, Glad in the knowledge that we give Our little to the greater plan.

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### Extermination of Pests.

Sydney, N.S.—During the past few years Cape Breton crops have suffered severely from maggots, which have destroyed whole fields of cabbage and garden stuff. Local demonstrations for the extermination of the pests have been arranged through the Provincial Agricultural College. These have proved one hundred per cent efficient in the Annapolis Valley.

### Household Notes.

Serve creamed lobster in a border of steamed rice.

A pinch of grated nutmeg improves boiled cabbage.

Cream of wheat is nice served with chopped eggs and milk.

A pinch of salt and a little vanilla improve peanut brittle.

A slice or two of onion gives flavor to cream of tomato soup.

To make cream whip add five drops of glycerine to each pint.

A little mint flavor improves a soup made from mutton bones.

A dash of curry powder will be appreciated in creamed chicken.

When baking fish put two tablespoonfuls tomato catsup in the pan.

Jellied bouillon is very attractive when put through the potato ricer.

Young carrot tops may be used for a garnish if everything else fails.

If bananas are baked like apples, they become a valuable breakfast food.

A little piece of fresh liver is an excellent addition to a hash of dry meat.

A good combination vegetable is peas and asparagus tips served in cream.

Eggs are good baked in potato shells and sprinkled with grated cheese.

Chopped prunes give variety of flavor in doughnuts, cakes and cookies.

Beating a rug destroys the fiber. It is far better to use the vacuum cleaner.

When breaking in new shoes sprinkle them with talcum powder.

Boiled onions in white sauce are good covered with buttered crumbs and baked.

An unusual dessert is made by baking winter pears and serving with jelly sauce.

Gingerbread baked in muffin rings is delicious served with cheese or chocolate sauce.

Shrimp timbales are good served on buttered toast with mock Hollandaise sauce.

A little chopped green pepper greatly improves croquettes made of canned salmon.

Twenty minutes to the pound should be allowed for roasting a shoulder of lamb.

Fill cream puffs just before serving full with preserves, whipped cream or custard.

If browned crackers and cheese are served with a fruit salad, it makes a delightful dessert.

After a meringue is taken from the oven it should stand in a warm, dry place until cool.

Thin sliced bananas are good served on lettuce leaves and garnished with fish chopped nuts.

Macaroni may be served with a meat gravy. Most men prefer this gravy to a tomato sauce.

A delicious garnish for sautéed chicken is large dice of boletus mushrooms, sautéed in garlic butter.

If you wish to have potatoes browned with the meat, parboil them first, then arrange around meat.

Biscuits will be lighter if the dry ingredients are sifted together before adding shortening, milk and egg.

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