

LADY LAURA'S RELEASE

THE STORY OF A SPOILED BEAUTY.

CHAPTER LII

The captain asked for the housekeeper's name, and was told that it was Mrs. Bowen, and that the woman had been a faithful and valued servant of the Arleighs for many years.

That threw no light on the subject. He had never heard the name of Mrs. Bowen mentioned; nor could he imagine how Angela became acquainted or could be on visiting terms with a person of that description. He knew nothing whatever of the connecting link. He knew Jane Felspar by name, but that was all.

How came Angela to Brantome? John Denham had the fullest information on that point, too. Miss Charles arrived on such a date—a date which corresponded exactly with that on which Angela had left home. Miss Charles kept much to herself, the man informed the captain, and the servants seldom saw her. She was the housekeeper's friend.

The captain was greatly puzzled. It seemed hardly credible that Angela should be so near, and yet it was most certainly Angela's face he had seen. He was determined to solve the mystery, and he did. He watched the grounds of Brantome until he saw her, and then in his mind her fate was sealed. He saw her plainly, and had no further doubt as to her identity.

Angela was at Brantome Hall, hiding under the name of Miss Charles. Why was she hiding? What did it mean? He could not tell; but, whatever the cause, it mattered little now. Fate had delivered her into his hands, and she should not escape him again. "How, when, or where he would achieve his object he could not tell. He only knew that she must be removed from his path with as little delay as possible.

On Thursday, when night had set in, he rode from Cudale Hall to Brantome Park, fastening his horse to a tree while he reconnoitered the house. He watched the shadows on the blinds, and recognized Angela's. In this way he discovered which was her room. It was not very high—only on the second story; and, as he stood in the soft darkness, he said to himself that he could easily reach

the window by means of a ladder. There his horrible thoughts stopped—thoughts that appalled even himself.

He did not tell Gladys Rane that he had found his lost step-daughter. He conceived it to be more prudent not to do so. If anything happened, no suspicion could fall upon him; Gladys herself had not the least idea that the daughter of her rival was so near.

CHAPTER LIII

Angela devoted the early hours of Friday afternoon to packing the trunks which were to be sent on to London, at which place she would claim them. Of the few things which she forgot to pack away one was a silver-gray wrapper.

It was a peculiar garment, long enough to cover her dress, exquisite in texture, and graceful in form. There was no special designation for it. It was neither cloak, cape, dolman nor mantle, and Lady Laura always called it a wrapper. In their early married days the captain had purchased one similar to it for his wife; and she had been so much pleased with it that she had expressed a desire that Angela should have one like it; and the captain, who was at that time most attentive to his wife's wishes, immediately ordered another for Angela. Lady Laura liked her wrapper all the more because her husband had given it to her, while, because it was her step-father's present, Angela had never cared for hers. The mother had long since worn out hers and forgotten it, while the one belonging to the daughter had been buried in the recesses of her wardrobe. When Jane Felspar packed Angela's clothes to send them to Brantome, she sent the gray wrapper with them, and the girl had worn it at times because she had little else to wear. She had worn it last when she went to the rose-garden, and had left it folded carefully on one of the seats, and had forgotten all about it. It was not until her boxes were packed that she remembered the silver-gray wrapper and went in search of it.

It lay just as she had left it, on the seat by the great rose-trees. She carried it back to the House, and then it occurred to her that she wanted to make some purchases in Cudale, in order to give a few presents to those who had been most kind to her during her stay at the Hall. She was doubtful for a few minutes as to whether it was prudent for her to go into Cudale, knowing that the captain was in the neighbor-

HELP FOR YOUNG WOMEN

Mrs. Holmberg Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her

Viking, Alta.—"From the time I was 15 years old I would get such sick feelings in the lower part of my abdomen, followed by cramps and vomiting. This kept me from my work (I help my parents on the farm) as I usually had to go to bed for the rest of the day. Or at times I would have to walk the floor. I suffered in this way until a friend induced me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have had very satisfactory results so far and am recommending the Vegetable Compound to my friends. I am glad I tried it for I feel like a different person now that I don't have these troubles."

Letters like this establish the merits of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. They tell of the relief from such pains and ailments after taking it. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from natural roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and today holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills in this country, and thousands of voluntary testimonials prove this fact.

If you doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Cudale, Ontario, for Mrs. Pinkham's private text-book and learn more about it.

hood; but the afternoon was very pleasant, and she longed for the walk. Restless and excited, she was glad of a pretext that would occupy her time, and she told herself that it was not likely that she would meet any one she knew; still, to provide against such a contingency, she resolved to wear a veil.

It was after four o'clock when Angela started for Cudale, wearing the silver-gray wrapper, and little dreamt of all that would spring from the circumstance. Her way lay through the park, over the pretty rustic bridge that spanned the river, through some clover-fields, then by the shaded high-road to Cudale. The afternoon was not too warm for walking, a sweet western wind bringing great gusts of perfume from the clover-fields, and her heart rose as she walked on, all nature smiling around her.

She reached Cudale, and having made her purchases set out for her walk home. She had left the town, and had just turned into the high-road, when suddenly, without warning, she met Gladys Rane. There was no time to draw down the veil, which she had intended to hide her face, no time to avoid her; they had met face to face.

"Miss Rooden!" exclaimed Gladys, in utter wonder. "Is it really you?" Then came into Angela's mind the words:

"Truest friend and noblest foe."

Could she make of this woman, her mother's rival, a noble foe? She must try. After all, she need not be alarmed at the discovery, for she would have left the locality on the morrow.

"Yes; it is really I, my own self, Miss Rane," she replied.

"But Captain Wynyard told me that you had left home—that you had gone away."

"I have been away from home for some time."

"But where are you staying? Does Captain Wynyard know that you are here? What an extraordinary thing! I can hardly believe that it is you."

"Will you walk part of the way with me?" said Angela; and, then she remembered suddenly that she did not want Miss Rane to know that she was at Brantome Hall. She must be careful not to let her know it. "I have much to say to you, Miss Rane," she added. "Will you walk with me?"

A nervous dread of remaining near Cudale came to her—a dread lest she might encounter the captain, who it was not improbable, might be walking or riding near by. Angela had often wanted to talk seriously to Miss Rane, and the opportunity seemed now to be afforded her. She had fancied that she should like to tell Gladys some of the thoughts that were in her mind about her, and thus try to induce her to change her conduct toward the captain. But it was most undesirable that their meeting should be held in the public road, nor could Angela take Gladys in the direction of Brantome. She remembered presently the King's Meadow, which was half way between where they were standing and Brantome Hall.

(To be continued.)

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

WORDS I HATE.

Almost everyone has on his index expurgator 10 or 8 certain words which make his nerves tingle.

Tearing cloth is such a sound for some people. Myself, I rather like it.

But the scraping out of a pipe with a knife is torture to my ears.

Now I think that there are also certain words which have almost as painful effects upon our auditory nerves. I will tell you some of the words I hate and have heard others speak of hating, and maybe some of them will be yours, and then again maybe you will have some more words to add to the list and we will have a symposium some day.

That Cheap Word, Swell.

I detest the word "swell," also the word "swell." To use them to describe anyone seems to me to detract from one's own self-respect. There is an unspakable cheapness about the words that reflects back on the user. Secondly, I hate the word "hubby" used in place of husband. Husband is had enough but "hubby" is atrocious. As had as the absolutely impossible "wife," and rather more commonly used.

I think it was George Ade who said that in spite of his mastery of slang there were certain words he never could bear to use, and one of them was "chicken" for a woman. Ever since then I have felt a bond of sympathy and affection for George Ade (if it was he).

Elegant, in anything except the legitimate meaning (in which one hears it used about once a year) is an offensive word to me.

From Spandulles to Berries. I particularly detest the many circumlocutions by which people avoid the use of the words money or dollars. As a child I always disliked the sprightly terms "spandulles" and "simoleons," and then later, "bones." I feel that same antipathy to-day for such phrases as "That suit set me back 90 iron men" or "I'll have to rustle around to get the berries if you want a car like that." People seem to have a feeling that if they can couch a beast about money in some other terms than dollars and cents they thereby rob it of all offense. I think they add to its objectionability.

"If there is one word I am getting an active dislike for," says a Letter-friend, "it is that word 'Pep.' I always associate it with fake patent medicine ads, 'Renew lost vigor, etc.'"

Another friend thinks the slang word "attaboy" absolutely "awful" (speaking of cruelly abused words).

Phoning and Antelone.

Still another friend finds her ears most pained when she hears people speaking of "phoning," "riding in an auto," or "giving away their photos." "I know this is a busy world," she says, "but surely we can spare the time to use the whole world instead of insinuating it by clipping it off in that cheap way."

What words do you hate, Reader-friend?

I've told you, now you tell me, and perhaps have the pleasure of finding other folks sharing your pet antipathies.

A soft taffeta with a moire finish is used for a gown with woe puff sleeves and a quaint sash of Gorgee crepe.

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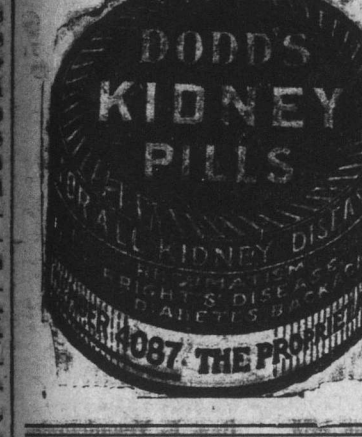
AGENTS.

april 19, 1923

THE HERMIT.



The sun has delivered a hot goods, and how it has sunk in the sea; I go to my cave in the woods, to fill up on turnips and tea. This solitude, how it enchants me! The sweet to be living alone, after



from my angular suits, from friends who would borrow a bone. I lie in this cyran retreat no autos, those engines of dread, no coroners wear out their feet collecting the maimed and the dead. I say to my tortoiseshell cat, the only companion of mine, "No driversmiths are passing the hat—ah, me, this existence is fine! No candidates come to the door, no salesmen are seen at the gate, there comes no invidious bore with stories of pre-glacial date. The doodle-bird nests in its tree, the kangaroo hops on its toes; I've swai-

lowed my turnips and tea, it's time for my holiest repose. I lie on my pallet of straw, and think of the simps who abide in cities, oppressed by the law, and pinched when they go for a ride. I think of the clamor and strife, the killings with bludgeon or gat; "Oh, jimmie, this is the life," I say to my tortoiseshell cat.



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Try this recipe and write for the free Carnation Cook Book.

FUDGE

2 cups sugar, 1/2 cup Carnation Milk, 1/16 teaspoonful cream of tartar, 1/2 cup water, 2 tablespoonful butter, 2 squares unsweetened chocolate. Put sugar, Carnation Milk, water and cream of tartar in a sauce pan. Stir thoroughly. Place on stove and boil slowly. When nearly done, add chocolate and continue cooking until the candy forms a soft ball when dipped in cold water. Remove from fire. Let it partially cool, then stir vigorously. Turn into a greased pan.

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Fashion Plates

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4309. Nainsook, mullin, crepe, and crepe de chine or rayon silk can be used for this. The closing is at centre back. One can finish with knicker or pantellette style.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-38; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches measure. A Medium size requires yards of 38 inch material.

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4042. This garment is made of freedom and comfort at play time. "toy" pockets will appeal to the wearer. Gingham with facings of linen, or pongee with chambray for trimming would be attractive. Here shown flannel percale and brie are combined.

This Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6 and 8 years. A 4 year size requires 3 1/2 yards of 32 inch material. Trim as illustrated requires 1/2 yard of contrasting material 22 inch wide.

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