



"CASCARETS"—CONSTIPATION

Clean Your Bowels! Stop Sick Headache, Dizziness, Colds, Sour Stomach, Gases, Bad Breath

Clean your bowels—then feel fine! Enjoy the nicest, gentlest bowel cleansing you ever experienced by taking one or two candy-like Cascarets to-night. They physic your bowels fully. All the constipated waste and sour bile will move out of the bowels without griping or straining you up. There will be no bowel

poison to cause colds, sick headache, dizziness, biliousness or sour stomach when you wake up in the morning. More men, women and children take Cascarets for the liver and bowels than all other laxative-cathartics combined. 10 cent boxes, also 25 and 50 cent sizes. Any drugstore.

LADY LAURA'S RELEASE

THE STORY OF A SPOILED BEAUTY.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"She was a widow, was she not, when the captain married her?" asked his friend.

"Yes; she was a widow, with one daughter—that lovely young girl who is sitting near her. Lady Laura looks very delicate. I have heard strange things about her."

"What have you heard?"

"Why, that the captain—I do not know him—do you?—married her solely for her money, while he was deeply in love with Miss Rane."

"Do you believe it?"

"What I have heard of the captain is not much in his favor, and I should say that he was quite capable of that, and worse. If anything were to happen to Lady Laura, rumor says he would not lose much time in making Miss Rane his wife."

"That is true," said the captain to himself, with a grim smile. "None the less I should like to send the fellow over the pier-head for sarsaparilla."

"Nothing but the lives of those two delicate women stands between Captain Wynyard and that enormous fortune," one of the speakers remarked presently; and from that moment the world was never the same again to Captain Wynyard.

The sound of voices, the sweet music, the wash of the sea round the pier died away; he heard them no more. But the words "Nothing but the lives of those two delicate women stands between Captain Wynyard and that enormous fortune," rang in his ears, to the exclusion of every other sound.

"What is in them?" he asked himself sharply. Nothing. He had always known that fact. But it was

LIFE WAS MISERY!

"I was reading the other day about Neurasthenia, about the large number of people who were troubled with this disease. It is just what my wife had. She felt miserable all the time and was constantly depressed. She would waken in the morning and tell me that something dreadful was going to happen that day. Life was nothing short of misery for her. She was so depressed that I expected she would lose her mind and have to go to a sanitarium and I kept wondering how I would get the money to pay for her. She could not eat and had no appetite for food. She was irritable and cranky most of the time. If she was crossed in any way, she would immediately work herself up into a violent temper. This worried me because she had always had a kind and gentle disposition and nothing which was said or done seemed to irritate her. I spoke to our family doctor about her and he said that her trouble was imagination and that if she would try and forget about her depression and look on the bright side of life she would be all right. Of course I didn't dare tell her this because I knew she would get into one of her tempers. When she got over these fits of temper, she was always weak and ill and more depressed than ever. The doctor said a tonic might help her and give me a prescription but this did not do her any good. She tried all kinds of other tonics with the same result. Carnal was recommended to me and I wish to state that it is the leader of all tonics. Since taking it my wife has changed completely. Now she is always ready for her meals and work is no burden. It is a pleasure for me to recommend Carnal to anyone who is in need of a tonic or a body builder. Excuse me for writing this letter but I want you to accept my thanks for that wonderful tonic known as Carnal." — Mr. J. M. Toronto.

Carnal is sold by your druggist, and if you can conscientiously say, after you have tried it, that it hasn't done you any good, return the empty bottle to him and he will refund your money. c. 7-622

not at all likely that two women, both young, would die to oblige him! Then the band played the gay "Sweetheart's Waltz," and, before it ended, he was saying to himself that, even if his wife died, he would be no nearer the fortune while Angela lived. But, if Angela died first, and his wife followed, the money must be his, and he could marry Gladys Rane. It was absurd, however, to think of such a thing ever happening. True, his wife was delicate; she did not look strong; but Angela might, and probably would, live fifty years. And, with these thoughts running through his mind, Captain Wynyard escorted the ladies home.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Lady Laura Wynyard was suffering from nervous headaches. She had tried many remedies, but had found no relief. Yielding to her mother's entreaties, Angela had joined a party of young people intent upon going to see the picturesque ruins of Bramber Castle, and driving home by moonlight. The captain and his wife had also been invited; but the latter was not well enough to go out, and the gallant captain found a greater attraction nearer home. He had left the hotel soon after lunch-time for dinner. Lady Laura had been alone during the afternoon and evening, and it was in consequence of her terrible weeping that the nervous headache came on. Doris Newsham, one of the most faithful of maids, was in despair, for her mistress' headache would not yield to any of her usual remedies.

"I know what would do you good, my lady," she said; "but perhaps you would not like to try it."

"I would do anything to get rid of this trying pain," returned her ladyship. "What is it, Newsham?"

"Why, my lady, if you would go and stand at the pier-head, and let the sea-breeze blow round you, I am sure it would do you good."

"The remedy is simple enough; I will try it, Newsham," said her ladyship.

"Shall I go with you, my lady?" asked the maid.

"No; I prefer to be alone. Give me a cloak and veil; I do not care to be recognized, for I could not talk to any one. No one will distinguish me, will they, Newsham?"

The maid looked at the tall, graceful figure, and thought to herself that nothing could disguise her mistress.

"I think not, my lady," she replied. Lady Laura walked to the head of the pier. The sea was rough; the waves seemed to tumble over each other in their haste; the breeze was full of a refreshing briny odor. Gradually it cooled the burning temples, it eased the weary, heavy eyes. It was a breath of relief. The evening shadows were falling thick and fast over land and sea as Lady Laura stood looking at the white cliffs beyond which lay Rottinkdean and Newsham, the lights that shone on the vessels out at sea. In the presence of the grandeur of Nature's work, she forgot herself and her troubles.

Suddenly she became aware of two figures sitting not far away from her on one of the side-seats looking toward the sea—a man and a woman—and the man was leaning, with an air of loving tenderness, toward his companion. In a moment she recognized the outline of her husband's broad shoulders. She could not see his face; but she was none the less sure that it was he, and that the woman who was with him was Gladys Rane.

Drawing her veil more closely round her face, Lady Laura stood still and watched them. They were talking earnestly but she could not distinguish what they said. Once

she saw her husband clasp Gladys' hand; but the hand was quickly withdrawn. She watched them like one spell-bound. This was her own husband; this man who had stolen out in the shadows of evening to meet another woman—her own husband; and, though he cared so little for her, she loved him with all the devotion of a true and loyal wife. Should she go to him and demand an explanation of his conduct? No; for he might say that she had followed him; he might humiliate her before her rival; he might say that he had met Miss Rane accidentally and that they were enjoying the beauty of the soft gray evening together. No; it would be useless to confront him. He would only laugh her to scorn, and her rival would triumph.

The shadows deepened, and still she stood watching the two who were so unconscious of her presence. After a time they rose, and the silent watcher saw the captain draw Gladys' cloak more closely around her. Then they began to walk slowly up and down. They were so engrossed in each other that neither of them noticed the black-robed figure standing near them. As they passed and repassed Lady Laura could just distinguish a few words of the conversation. She overheard the captain say:

"No, not yet; do not go in yet, Gladys. Nothing can be more delicious than this."

The next time he passed he was saying, "I have longed to tell you all this, but have had— And the sea-breeze, which was to cure her headache, carried away the rest of the words."

When they passed again, it was Gladys who was speaking; she was talking earnestly and in a low tone of voice. The only words that the unhappy wife heard were these: "Stronger than fate."

She wondered, in a dull, vague fashion, what was stronger than fate. Was it love, or hate, or circumstances?

Still the untiring footsteps went up and down; still the faint murmur of voices reached her. Then the soft, gray shadows of evening were dispelled, and the light flashed crimson from the pier-head, and the colored lamps along the pier gave forth a sudden glow. In turning round, Lady Laura found that her husband and Gladys Rane were gone.

"She will go home to Lady Kinlock and talk about the beauty of the evening, the soft falling shadows, and the ureamy sea; but she will not mention my husband's name. My husband will come home to me gay and animated because he has seen her; but he will not allude to her in any way."

She sat down on one of the seats at the end of the pier, her brain on fire, her heart beating wildly. She longed with an inexpressible longing that the calm and repose of death would come to her rescue. Life held nothing for her but utter misery unrelieved by a gleam of happiness. Even should her husband repent of his unkindness and love her with his whole heart, it would never blot out from her memory this terrible ordeal. If death would but come to her and release her from the pain and the fever of life!

(To be continued.)

Straightline cloth coats, widely banded with fur around neck and down one side are having a vogue. They are unbelted, and usually worn with the small, stiff, felt hat with scoop brim.



Baby's Skin Troubles
Chafing, itching, skin irritations and itching, burning eruptions are quickly and thoroughly relieved and the skin kept soft, smooth and velvety by the use of
Dr. Chase's Ointment
Apply daily after the bath.

Help for Headache

Troubled with headache? For quick, grateful relief, use

Vaseline Mentholated
PETROLEUM JELLY

Apply to the forehead and temples, rubbing gently with the fingers. It is wonderfully soothing and refreshing. There are "Vaseline" preparations for many accident cases. They should be in every home, and every vessel.

Start a Medicine Chest with a liberal supply of "Vaseline" Mentholated and Borated Jelly and the other "Vaseline" preparations shown here on the lid of the chest.

Sold at all drug and general stores.
Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, NEW YORK CITY
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An Antiseptic Ointment
When an antiseptic ointment is needed for inflamed eyelids, chafing, and similar affections, the most convenient and effective preparation is

Vaseline Borated
PETROLEUM JELLY

When applied to the nasal passages, it is an excellent treatment for catarrh.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SMILE.

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm, Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread, Eternal sunshine settles on its head. —Goldsmith.

When I was a little girl of 12 and we were studying Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" at school, my teacher told me that that comparison of the village pastor to a mountain was the most beautiful simile in the English language. Teacher had said it. That settled it. I was so impressed that I learned the quotation and for some years, when I wished to be impressive, I repeated it to someone with the interesting information that it was the most beautiful simile in the English language.

With a Smile.

A few days ago it came into my mind as I was looking at a mountain around whose breast the rolling clouds were spread. I recalled the poetry with a deep sense of its unalterable beauty. And I recalled teacher's dictum with a smile.

How typical of the way we are always trying to standardize taste and to say what is best and most beautiful—and getting ready to quarrel with people who don't agree with us.

As if there could be any simile however beautiful that had a right to be labelled the most beautiful!

As if the individual's feelings didn't enter into matters of taste.

As if anyone could tell anyone else what was the most beautiful simile or the most beautiful symphony or the most beautiful painting in the world.

Of course it is true that there are certain forms and standards of pure beauty.

"The Best Taste."

And of course our tastes change as we change ourselves and what we thought most beautiful as a child we cease to think so as we grow older.

For that reason those who have had wide experience, who have heard much music or read many books, doubtless have the "best taste," in the sense to which people are apt to come as they also study and experience many kinds of beauty.

But to try to convince anyone that a thing is beautiful or ugly because

Twillingate District and Jones and Boone.

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir,—Reports of great enthusiasm at Springdale and Little Bay Islands, in connection with "Cap" Jones and "Pap" Boone's meetings, which appeared in recent Advocates, are only dreams. They get a respectable hearing, but, as per usual, they had no remedy for the grave problems which face Newfoundland to-day. It is true "Pap" Boone did mention about as many of our raising too many youngsters and too few potatoes. The majority present had the opinion that this was rather foolish stuff to get from a minister of the Gospel; however, he was freely pardoned, as, after all, we knew he was only "Cap" Jones' sparring partner, and heaven only knows, our bread-dough member needs some kick back. When all is said and done, however, the writer would suggest that our silent "Champion" should carry a gramophone record about with him, as we understand Pilley's Island, Port Anson, Springdale, Little Bay Islands, and other places too numerous to mention, were entertained by the potato and youngster story. This arrangement would save the fishermen many dollars ("pap" Boone's salary). "Cap" Jones told us it was impossible to take off the 25 per cent. tax. He said that if taxation was reduced it would mean the withdrawal of the "Home" and "Prospero" from Green Bay this summer. Somehow or other our puffed out member forgets that less taxation means greater purchasing, and therefore more freight to be handled by our steamers. I think the public at large knows full well that our coastal boats have had to leave St. John's trip after trip with quarter and half cargoes, simply because our export merchants were unable to buy because of inflated prices, through heavy taxation. When will Coaker learn his apron string hangers the first rudiments of politics? Let me warn Coaker that the people of the North are now about to think for themselves, and that "Cap" Jones is about to get the biggest scare of his life. The empty stomach vote, and it is a large one, will have a large say this time.

Yours truly,
"DROP O' SCOTCH."
Springdale, Hall's Bay,
March 1st, 1923.

Just Folks.
By EDGAR A. GUEST.

THE MEANING OF SUCCESS.
A little more to do with,
A little more to do.
An old, hard duty through with,
Then rise to meet the new.

Success is not in resting
Beneath a summer sky,
But always re-investing
The joys the gods supply.

To him who pines his mettle
Come tasks for mettle's brawn,
And he must keep in fettle
From whom shall must be drawn.

Soon dies the rusted glory,
Swift fades the idle fame,
He briefly tells his story
Who feeds upon a name.

From life there's no retiring
Till Aes has spoke the word,
Always the sound of firing
From the battle fields is heard.

Who can do, must be doing,
Who holds the gift, must give,
Some larger goal pursuing,
Or he has ceased to live.

A bouffant frock of pale yellow tulle chooses to have its skirt made entirely of petals. The neck line is outlined with a row of petals, and a wreath of tiny flowers serves as gir-dle.

SIDE TALKS
By Ruth Cameron.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SMILE.

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm, Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread, Eternal sunshine settles on its head. —Goldsmith.

When I was a little girl of 12 and we were studying Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" at school, my teacher told me that that comparison of the village pastor to a mountain was the most beautiful simile in the English language. Teacher had said it. That settled it. I was so impressed that I learned the quotation and for some years, when I wished to be impressive, I repeated it to someone with the interesting information that it was the most beautiful simile in the English language.

Dye Stockings or Sweater in Diamond Dyes

"Diamond Dyes" add years of wear to worn, faded skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, hangings, draperies, everything. Every garment contains directions so simple any woman can put new, rich, fadeless colors into her worn garments or draperies even if she had never dyed before. Just buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—then your material will come out right, because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to streak, spot, fade, or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.

Fads and Fashions.

The bandana handkerchief blouses are worn with pleated skirts in either matching or contrasting colors.

A straightline silhouette for spring shows marked tightness in the back and slightly more fullness in front.

A very smart gown of bright red velvet uses no trimming or adornment except a band of brown fur at border.

Newest skirts feature knee fullness; that is, fullness from the knees down, giving a flaring effect in lower part of skirt.

Spring tailcoats have both their skirts and jackets fairly short, with one-sided effects, frequently featured in the skirts.

"I Avoided an Operation Appendicitis Disappeared"

Mrs. James Wells, Udora, Ont., writes:—

"I took a severe pain in my right side. It was very bad at times. I tried oils and tablets without gaining any relief. The doctor pronounced it chronic appendicitis. I dreaded an operation and a friend advised Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I used them and not only obtained relief from pain, but I believe it has completely freed me of appendicitis, as it is now over a year since I have had any of the old symptoms."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills
At all Dealers.
GERALD S. DOYLE, DISTRIBUTOR.

LOWER DUTIES!

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LOWER PRICES!

At BLAIR'S.

Black Scotch Fingering Wool
Superior Quality
ONLY 10c. SKEIN.

FLOOR CANVAS
PAINTED BACK.
2 Yards Wide, Good Patterns,
ONLY \$1.39 YARD

LADIES' CORSETS
A Right-up-to-the-Minute Style, at Prices right down to the **LOWEST POSSIBLE.**
ONLY \$1.25 PAIR

Remember, also we are offering
Silk Georgette Crepes
— AT —
ONLY \$1.50 YARD

Get your share of this **WONDERFUL BARGAIN.**

HENRY BLAIR

The Brunswick Gramophone.

N.B.—Do you realize what it means when you are told that it plays all records without any attachment?

Get one for St. Patrick's Day and enjoy in your own home a concert by the great artists, John McCormack and Karle singing as nobody else sings "The Melodies" and other delightful Irish music.

Charles Hutton,
Sole Distributor for Newfoundland.

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