

CASCARETS 10¢

For Constipated Bowels—Bilious Liver

Most Cascarets are to be found in the bowels of the people who are suffering from biliousness, indigestion, sour stomach, or other ailments. One or two Cascarets will empty your bowels completely by morning and you will feel splendid. They work while you sleep. Cascarets never stir you up or raise like Salts, Pills, Calomel, or Oil and they cost only ten cents a box. Children love Cascarets too.

TRINITY

WAS WHO IN TRINITY ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO—GEORGE LAMBERT 1778-1848

The romance in real life that associated with Trinity in the old days was not confined to the captains of warships, such as already given in story form. Newfoundland was by then settled by men whose blood was in the Old Country, compelled to cross the ocean; but it was mostly far away and unknown to the general public two hundred years ago. A convenient hiding place for any man who found it necessary to get out of the Old Country. Some person thus visiting our shores back again after a few years, whether the old man with the big head, or when the girl he had married had married someone else. Every settlement in the country could tell of one or more permanent visitors; of whose life they knew but little and knew; but about whom there was a mystery, which the person took to the grave with him.

Trinity at that time was a greater every year, and was a great avenue of retirement to

Trinity, to such as found it necessary. Several took advantage of it, and then got to like it so well, that one after another, they married the first widow or spinster that intentionally or otherwise crossed their paths, respectively; and (as it is registered in the old burial register to the credit of one William Warren) "lived in a married state forty-five years, and recently brought up a numerous family." Permit me to give in outline a case in point, the facts of which I have gathered from scattered but consecutive entries in the old church registers. In other words, with these facts as brick, and my imagination as mortar, I shall endeavor to build up a story structure, that will either point a moral, or adorn a tale.

George Lambert was a farmer's son in the parish of Osborne, County of Dorset, England. His father's farm was bounded on the north by the estate of Lord Rutland. George went to the village school at the earliest possible age, and was kept there until he was big and strong enough to assist in the farm work. Then he was given a definite part of that work to do, under a practical farm hand, who had been given instructions by George's father to make a man and a farmer of him. George had not inherited much of the stuff that had made his father the most successful farmer in the country; and the uncongenial work, under the severe discipline of the man in charge, endeavored with him a rebellious spirit that showed itself on several occasions, and increased with increasing years. Nature, however, had been very bountiful to George in physical gifts; and day by

day he became more and more like his paternal grandfather, who in his day was the most handsome man in all the countryside. Though his father had no reason to be proud of him as a farm worker, and often wondered what he would do himself for in after life; yet he was proud of his handsome son—and George knew it.

His first adventure was, what Lord Rutland referred to as "his beastly impudence," when one fine day, he dared to introduce himself to Lord Rutland's daughter, Miss Marjorie, on her way to town, and to make an appointment with her to escort her home a few hours later. This, of course, could not have been done without Miss Marjorie's consent, and the readiness with which this consent was given, betrayed the feelings on her part towards the handsome George Lambert. It was unfortunate for George as well as Miss Marjorie, that at a bend in the road, when they both looked supremely happy, they met Lord Rutland, who was driving to town, in response to an urgent request from his solicitor. Lord Rutland's rage was terrible to behold. Ordering the driver to stop the horses, he took the whip from the socket, and strode towards the spot where George and Miss Marjorie were standing. His first outburst of rage was addressed to his daughter, who, paralysed with fright immediately obeyed her father's orders to get into the carriage. He then addressed himself to George, who, in spite of the thrashing that apparently was in store for him, stood his ground. Lord Rutland's better judgement, however, came to the rescue, and the thrashing that he intended for George was not administered.

Forbidding him ever to do the like again, and threatening him with penalties that he knew he had no power to enforce, he took his place beside Miss Marjorie in the carriage; ordered the driver to turn the horses, and to drive back again to "the Grange," they were soon out of sight. George was not seriously affected by what had happened, and he might have kept himself entirely free from any way, if he had not, by another indiscretion, given him just the opportunity that he longed for. George



Pain's Enemy

SLOAN'S Liniment is proclaimed the world over as being Pain's greatest enemy. Multitudes of people use and recommend it. Rheumatic aches and pains instantly obey its command and disappear. It penetrates right to the sore spot. No need of rubbing. It does its work thoroughly. Give it a trial. One bottle will convince you. At all druggists and dealers.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT (PAIN'S ENEMY)

SOLD BY GEO. NEAL, LTD.

developed a liking for something else that Lord Rutland valued almost as highly as his family. George became a poacher; and encouraged by the success of his first attempts, he became more and more reckless; with the result that on one moonlight night, whilst on his way homeward through the estate, with a brace of Lord Rutland's pheasants in his bag, he came face to face with the game-keeper, who had become suspicious of George's actions, and was on the look-out for him. By a sudden turn to the right, George made good his escape, before the game-keeper had any time either to arrest him, or to maim him by a shot. George knew only too well that the game-keeper would report in the morning to Lord Rutland, and that his arrest would immediately follow. Prompt action alone could save him. Within a few minutes he was back to the farm. He entered the house quietly and went to his room. He took some sovereigns from a bureau drawer, wrote a note to his father, and in the morning, telling him enough of the circumstances for him to understand his actions, and assuring him that within a year he would write him particulars. Then he went to the stable; saddled the fastest horse there, led him quietly to the main road—and just as the coast town of Poole had begun to stir, George rode into it. His familiarity with the town enabled him to lose no time in finding a livery stable. There he handed over the horse to a caretaker, together with a sovereign, and instructions for him to say nothing about him to any one till he had left Poole; and to return the horse to his father. He then made arrangements to hide for a few days, if necessary, before a vessel would be ready to sail for Newfoundland. Fortune, however, favored him, and within a few hours after his arrival in Poole by the King's highway, he was leaving it by the pathway of the great waters, on the brig "George," and bound for Trinity, Newfoundland.

Though everything about the voyage was entirely new to the farm lad, the sea voyage did not impress him unfavorably; and upon his arrival at Trinity, he was ready to establish a permanent relationship with the terra firma. George knew how to work, and his vigorous, healthy appearance was such an excellent recommendation, that he was soon doing a man's work for a man's pay, and happy in the doing of it. Whilst working on the premises of Benjamin Lester, he met a goodly number of men from Dorset, one of whom was James Ivamy, a planter in English Harbour, who was born and brought up in a village in Dorset, not ten miles from his father's farm. On the request of Mr. Ivamy, George went to live with him in English Harbour. The work was new to him, but he soon caught on to its requirements; and this, together with the unbounded kindness shown to him by the old planter, his wife and his daughter, made work a pleasure, and his daily life one of continuous happiness.

"We are all familiar with the song about 'the farmer's boy,' and especially the verse that runs so—
"When the good old farmer died,
He left the lad the farm he had,
And his daughter for his bride."
Well, that was an orthodox sequence in those days; and by changing the word "farmer" and "farm," to planter and fishing-room, it will give you the history of George Lambert, during the first year that he spent in English Harbour. This is verified by the entry in the marriage register of Old St. Paul's, which reads as follows:
1778 April 30th—Married, George Lambert, of the parish of Osborn, in Dorset, to Catherine, daughter of Jas. Ivamy, planter in English Harbour.
George had made some kind friends in Trinity during the few weeks he had worked there. He met them again frequently when he came up with his father-in-law with dry fish, and for supplies. And then, as there

was no church or regular church services at English Harbour on Sundays; he always came to Trinity with those who came up in the big cod-skinne skiffs for the Church Service in the old Parish Church. Then after service he would run in to see those of his friends who lived near the church and have a cup of tea before he left for home again.

On his first Christmas Day in English Harbour, when the winter weather prevented them from going to Trinity for the Church service that he had been, accustomed to in October, he spent the day pleasantly with family and friends, and in the evening he joined with a number of men who purposed to visit the fifteen or twenty houses that were there then, and to sing the old Christmas Carols, that their fathers had learnt, and sung in Dorset for years past, on the happy, holy Christmas Day. George had a rich, tenor voice, which he loved to use in hymns and songs; but it was never heard with better effect, than in the clear, frosty atmosphere of Newfoundland, and in the Carols that he knew so well. The abundance of Christmas Cakes supplied to them at every house, indicated the appreciation of their efforts, by the people in the house. (This old custom is still observed on Christmas Evening in English Harbour.—W. J. L.)

George did not forget his promise to his father, and he wrote to him, after his marriage, giving him a detailed account of what had happened at Osborn before he left, and assuring him that he was very happy in his new home and surroundings. His letter was received just in time for his father to read it, before he died; and as George's mother had died when he was a child, there was only his younger brother left to carry on the farm work. When the old rector of Osborn went to the farm house to administer the Holy Communion to Richard Lambert the day before he died, he showed him George's letter, and told him all the circumstances. After Richard Lambert's death, the rector wrote to George, telling him all about his father's illness, and conveying to him his father's blessing, together with a copy of his father's will, in which George had been lovingly and generously remembered. One of the clauses of the will was, that if his son George ever made up his mind to return (which he hoped that he would) sufficient money was provided for his travelling expenses, and a half share in the farm. His brother too was deeply anxious that George should come back; so that five years after his father's death, George and his wife and child went back and spent the rest of their days in the old home at Osborn.

HIS PASSING FANCY.
"There was a man who fancied that, By driving good and fast, He'd get his car across the tracks Before the train came past; He'd miss the engine by an inch, And make the train hands sore, There was a man who fancied that—There isn't any more."

A PREMIUM ON PAPER COVERS.
A friend of mine in Trinity called my attention to the following item in "The Overseas Daily Mail" or January 6th, 1923: "An original set of Pickwick Papers, by Charles Dickens, issued in paper-covered parts, has been sold for more than eight hundred pounds to a United States buyer by a Hull dealer." At the same time my friend held in his hand a copy of the same issue of those papers, and from his own library, I remarked, "Why, you're in luck." But he said, "Oh, no." I asked why? He replied, "Although this volume contains exactly the same issue for which the American paid £800, and considered it worth the money; this volume is not worth more than half-a-crown, because the paper covered parts, have been beautifully bound up into one volume." Pshaw! "What fools we mortals be" sure enough.

A FEW MARRIAGES OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.
1823—Thomas Courtney and Ann Penney of English Harbour. Witnesses—James Penny, Mary Shepherd.
1823—John Walters and Sarah Wells of English Harbour. Witnesses—Joseph Wells, Martha Wells.
1824—Isaac Dole of Wiltshire, England, and Sarah Pearcey (widow), Trinity. Witnesses—E. T. Clinch, Jas. Parry.
1825—John Huxson of Hant's Harbour, and Mary Pilly (widow). Witnesses—Richard Bickford, Sarah George.
1828—George Webber of St. John's, and Mary Grant. Witnesses—William Stoneman, James Winter, Charles Newhook.

PUTS HEALTH AND VIM INTO WOMEN

So Says Mrs. MacPherson of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
Branford, Ontario.—"I was always tired and the least exertion would put me out for a day or two. I had a pressing pain on the top of my head, pain in the nape of my neck, and when I stooped over I could not get up without help, because of pain in my back. I felt deep well and was nervous at the least noise. I kept house, but I was such a wreck that I could not sweep the floor nor wash the dishes without crying down afterwards. A friend living near me told me what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for her as I began to take it. With the first bottle I felt brighter and got so I could wash dishes and sweep without having to lie down. Later I became regular again in my monthly terms. I have taken ten bottles all told and am now all better. I can truly say that your wonderful medicine cannot be beaten for putting health and vim into a woman."—Mrs. James H. MacPherson, 302 Greenview St., Branford, Ont.
If you are suffering from a displacement, irregularities, backache, or any other form of female weakness write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Coburn, Ontario, for Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Test-Book upon "All the Female Complaints to Women."



NEW DRESSES!

One of the nicests selections of DRESSES that ever came in the narrows.

Now Here for Your Inspection

Come and See Our Prices

\$6.69, \$9.98, \$10.50, \$14.90, \$19.50

ALL SIZES

Please Remember:
W. R. Goobie Is just opp. Post Office.

Studebaker

1923

Below are the prices of 1923 series Studebakers the finest cars and the greatest values Studebaker has ever offered.

And they are 1923 cars introduced in 1923—with 1923 refinements and betterments. Each is its own guarantee of a continuing leadership. Studebaker has gone far beyond current practice to make these cars the motoring feature of the year. They embody every important improvement known to fine car manufacture.

Owing to increased production due to large extensions in plant facilities, Studebaker is giving greatest dollar for dollar value it is possible to obtain.

Model and Prices Delivered St. John's, Nfld.

Light Six Cylinder Model	Special Six Cylinder Model
112" Wheelbase 40 H.P.	119" Wheelbase 50 H.P.
TOURING	TOURING
ROADSTER	ROADSTER
COUPE ROADSTER	COUPE
SEDAN	SEDAN
\$1,635	\$2,090
1,615	2,040
2,150	3,100
2,675	3,225

SILVERLOCK & CULLEN

Jergen's Cold Cream.

A refreshing, stimulating emollient, possessing antiseptic and healing properties. Especially recommended for chafing and chapping of the face, lips, and hands, and a luxury for the face after shaving. In round screw-cap ornamental jars for the dressing table.
Price 60c. Jar.

PETER O'MARA, THE DRUGGIST, The Rexall Store.

Pastry Flour!

"STOCKS PATENT" FLOUR by the Barrel or Stone None better for Pastry making.

Ambrose James NO. 1 SALMON—1-lb. Cans, 25c.
FRESH HERRING, in Shrimp Sauce—Large oval Can, 40c.
FRESH HERRING, in Anchovy Sauce—Large oval Can, 40c.
FRESH HERRING, in Tomato Sauce—Large oval Can, 30c.
FRESH HERRING (Plain)—Large oval Can, 30c.
KIPPERED HERRING—Large oval Can, 35c.
SMOKED BLOATERS—Large oval Can, 40c.
CHICKEN HADDIE—1-lb. Cans, 25c.
BALTIMORE OYSTERS—1-lb. & 2-lb. Cans.
SARDINES, in Oil from 12c. Can up.
Sardines in Tomato Sauce, from 15c. Can up.
FRENCH SARDINES—Boneless.
LYLES GOLDEN SYRUP—1's & 2's.
NESTLE'S THICK CREAM—5½ oz. Cans, 30c.
NESTLE'S THICK CREAM—11¼ oz. Cans, 53c.
VALENCIA ORANGES—30c. Dozen.

C. P. EAGAN, 2 Stores: Duckworth Street & Queens' Road