

Severe Kidney Trouble



Mrs. F. Rishart, Campbellville, Ont., writes: "I had trouble with my kidneys and very frequent urination. This was followed by pains which at times were very severe. The doctor said I had inflammation of the bladder and that an operation might be necessary. To this I refused, and began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. From the first few doses I felt the benefit. The pains left, urination was corrected, and I have had no recurrence of these ailments."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

At all Dealers.
GERALD S. DOYLE, DISTRIBUTOR.

LADY LAURAS' RELEASE

THE STORY OF A SPOILED BEAUTY.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"Are you sure that he would not gain by it?" asked the nurse, earnestly. "Do you understand? This is a great and rich property, Miss Angela, and some say it is to be yours, all yours, some time, when my lady dies. Heaven send that that may be long yet! But you know that it will be yours, Miss Angela. I remember all that was said about it when Sir Charles died."

"I know it will be mine, nurse, if I survive my mother," said Angela; "but there is no way by which the captain could be benefited by it."

"That is what I wanted to know," returned the old nurse. "I am sure there is something at work. I cannot tell what, Miss Angela, will you forgive me if I ask you what will become of the property should you die? I hate to say the word, my dear, but I want to understand. What will become of it in that case?"

"I do not know," replied Angela, wondering. "I have never thought about it. I do not remember that the idea has ever occurred to me."

"You will marry, some day, Miss Angela, and perhaps have children of your own to inherit it; but, if you do not, then what will become of it?"

"I do not know. I should think my father's will has made arrangements for that," she replied.

"I should make some inquiries about it, Miss Angela. Ask your mamma."

"I hardly like to do so," she objected. "I have never talked to mamma about money matters, and I am afraid it would seem as though I were distrustful or selfish—and no one in the world cares less for money than I do."

"My lady would never think anything of that kind of you, Miss Angela. How could she? You take my advice, ask her what will become of all this property at your death. I cannot help thinking that the captain will have some hold on it."

"That is impossible," declared Angela. "My father made the will which settled all about the money, and he knew nothing of the captain. It is therefore impossible that the captain should have any interest in it in any way."

But the old nurse was not to be

convinced, having some stronger proof than her young mistress could give.

"I cannot see, and you cannot see," she continued, "but something tells me that the captain would gain by your death. Lose no time, Miss Angela, but ask my lady."

"Even if it should be so," said Angela, "you cannot really think the captain would wish for my death?"

"I should go further than that," the old nurse answered significantly. "Angela held up her hand with a warning cry."

"I will not listen!" she cried, her face pale with emotion. "He could not be so wicked! Oh, nurse, your love for me makes you too suspicious! It could not possibly be!"

"I hope not, my dear. But talk to my lady, and find out all about it. I have my own thoughts about the captain. I do not want to make you uneasy, Miss Angela; but I am sorely afraid for you. You have been very near death twice; the third time might prove fatal."

"Hush—you must not say such things!" cried Angela, white with horror. "You surely do not mean to say that the captain had anything to do with those accidents?"

"I should not be surprised to learn that he had planned them," replied Mrs. Felspar, gravely.

"I will not listen! I will not think of it, Jane. You must not speak to me of such a thing again."

"Miss Angela," cried the nurse, "forewarned is forearmed! You speak to my lady. If you find that the captain has no interest in your death, has nothing to gain by it, I will own that I am too suspicious, and misjudge him; but, if you find that it is as I suspect—that he will gain by your death—then I say to you, Miss Angela, beware!"

"You frighten me, nurse!" said the girl. "I could not think so badly of the captain. He may have married my mother for her money, but it does not follow that he could be guilty of so black a crime as you impute to him."

"Speak to my lady, Miss Angela," repeated the nurse. "Ask her boldly what will become of the property at your death. I cannot help thinking her answer will solve the mystery."

But Angela would not be convinced—would not admit the horrible suspicion even to herself. She thought of it for some time, and tried to banish it; but the earnest tone and manner of the old nurse haunted her, and she could not overcome a slight fear which also troubled her.

A time came when Angela found her mother alone, and she determined to ask her the question that Jane Felspar had suggested.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Lady Laura Wynyard walked one morning into the grounds in search of primroses, she being very fond of the pretty, simple flower, and Angela, thinking it a good opportunity to clear up the old nurse's suspicions followed her.

"I will go with you, mamma," she said. "I have a quick eye for primroses, I can always find them, no matter where they hide themselves. But do you think you could walk as far as the woods? There they are a picture to see—primroses everywhere."

So chatting pleasantly on the beauty of the spring morning, the fresh tints of the fair spring flowers, the merry song of the birds, the tender green of the young grass, and the opening buds, mother and daughter wandered on together.

"Mamma," said Angela, "do you remember those beautiful lines of Browning's called 'Home Thoughts from Abroad'? I will repeat them to

you." And, in her clear, sweet voice, Angela began:

"Oh, to be in England,
Now that April's there!
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning unaware,
That the lowest boughs—and the
brushwood that
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny
leaf:
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard-bough
In England—now.
And after April, when May follows,
And the white-throat builds, and all the
swallows—
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree
Leans to the field, and scatters on
the clover
Blossoms and dew-drops at the bent
sprays' edge!
That's the wise thrush. He sings
each song twice over.
Lest you should think he never could
recapture
The first fine careless rapture.
And, though the fields look rough
with hoary dew.
All will be gay when noontide wakes
anew—
The buttercups, the little children's
dower,
Far brighter than this gaudy melon-
flower."

Is not that beautiful, mamma?" asked Angela. "If I had been given my choice of all the great gifts bestowed by Heaven upon mortals, I should have chosen to be a poet."

"You have a poet's soul, Angela," said her mother.

"I can appreciate, but I cannot originate," remarked Angela. "That has pleased you, mamma," she added, abruptly; "your eyes look brighter."

And for the time being the girl forgot the horrible doubt and fear that haunted her—forgot why she had sought her mother, forgot everything except the sweet, fair beauty of the April day.

"I met with a charming little poem the other day," she continued. "You shall hear that too, mamma. It is by Leigh Hunt, one of your favorite writers, and nothing more sweet or simple was ever written. Listen! It is called 'Lilies':"

"We are lilies fair,
Flower of virgin light,
Nature held us forth, and said,
'Lo, my thoughts of white!'"

"Ever since, angels
Hold us in their hand;
You may see them where they take
In pictures their sweet stand."

"Take the garden's angels
Also do we seem to stand,
And not the less for being crowned
With a golden dream."

"Could you see around us
The enamored air,
You would see it pale with bliss
To hold a thing so fair."

Is not that both beautiful and true? There is no flower so lovely as a tall, queenly, white lily. How fond my father was of them!"

(To be continued.)

"WHAT YOUR HUSBAND NEEDS"

"One night my husband came home looking so ill and worn out that I thought he would faint. I knew there had been something wrong with him for some time, but I could not get him to tell me what it was. Finally he confessed he was tired and sore all over. I made him go to bed. Next morning he insisted upon going to work although he was anything but well. I knew that his trouble was partly due to worry because for some months before he had been out of work. This put us so heavily in debt that the grocer and butcher refused to give us more credit. It was being out of work that worried my husband. He wouldn't eat because he was afraid there would not be enough food for the children. We were so poor that we had to keep the children from school because they had no clothes. I knew that if I could only get my husband strong and well again everything would be all right. He is a carpenter by trade and when in good health earns good wages and he is always sober and industrious. But when I explained how we were situated he gladly offered to do all he could to help us, although he didn't like to interfere with the new doctor's practice. Finally he said, 'What your husband needs is a good tonic and I know of nothing better than Carnol.' I thought that if our old family doctor recommends Carnol it must be all right. On my way home I got a bottle and before the first bottle had been used, my husband was a changed man. After he had taken four bottles his appetite returned, he had more energy, that tired look in his eyes disappeared and what is most important his wages have been more than doubled and he is now superintendent of the wood-working shop in which he formerly worked as a carpenter. Thanks to Carnol our troubles are over and we are once more a happy and contented family."

Carnol 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.

10-622

MRS. MISENER'S AGES AND PAINS

Vanished After Using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

"Branchton, Ont.—'When I wrote to you for help my action was mostly prompted by curiosity. I wondered if I, too, would benefit by your medicine. It has taken six boxes of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Tablets and a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine, and I can honestly say I have never been so well before. I had suffered from pains and other troubles since I was fifteen years old, and during the 'Great War' period I worked on munitions for two years, and in the heavy lifting which my work called for, I strained myself, causing pelvic inflammation from which I have suffered untold agony, and I often had to give up and go to bed. I had doctored for several years without getting permanent relief, when I started to take your medicine.'—Mrs. GOLDWIN MISENER, Branchton, Ont."

Write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Cobourg, Ontario, for a free copy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Allments of Women." G.

Harbor Grace Notes.

In the account of the play "Lena Rivers" which appeared in Friday's issue, 23rd inst., a printer's error occurred which we would like to correct. The sentence: "This 'Henry Graham' proves to be 'Lena's' Father, etc." should have read as follows: "This 'Henry Graham' proves to be 'Lena's' Father, etc."

Mrs. Byles, nee Miss Ada Sheppard, arrived from New York recently on a visit to her parent, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Sheppard. Her friends are pleased to see her at the home town once again.

Mr. Malcolm Parsons, representing the Nbd. Boot & Shoe Mfg. Co., St. John's, was in town last week.

Sunday next, April 1st., Easter Sunday, is being set apart as "Thanksgiving Day" for the Methodist Church here. Rev. Dr. Curtis and Fenwick, of St. John's, as well as other speakers, are expected here to take part in the services of the day. A special programme has been arranged by the Sunday School, which will be given in the afternoon at Coughlan Hall. The service at the church in the evening promises to be a good one. Special Easter Anthems will be rendered by the choir and as referred to at an earlier date, an unique event in the history of the church will be the unveiling of a photograph of the "Rev. Lawrence Coughlan"—the first Methodist Missionary to come to Newfoundland, and who was very closely identified with Methodism at Hr. Grace. This original photograph has been much sought after, but we believe it is now where it rightly belongs, and for this our Methodist folk have to thank a gentleman of the city, who so kindly placed the photograph of the "Rev. Lawrence Coughlan" in their possession.

Messrs. F. R. Ward and H. Fayne, of the Cable Office, Bay Roberts, are at present in town visiting friends.

Mr. Josiah Yetman, foreman of the Marine Railway Docks, has purchased the dwelling on Harvey Street, formerly owned by the late Mr. William Tobin, and occupied by him up to the time of his death, which occurred last week. Mr. Yetman and family will take up residence there early in April.

Mr. A. L. Collis, with the assistance of our best talent is giving a concert in St. Paul's Hall on Monday night next, Easter Monday. The Boy Scouts will make their first appearance before the public, and will give an exhibition of some Swedish drill. The programme will, without doubt, be an enjoyable one.

—COR.—
Harbour Grace, March 26th, 1923.

Just Folks.

By EDGAR A. GUEST.

• WINTER.
Winter has beauty all her own.
An ermine mantle round her thrown.
Her trees with countless brilliants
garnished,
Her hedgerow glistening, silver-hammered.
Her fields a calm and peaceful sight
Beneath a counterpane of white.

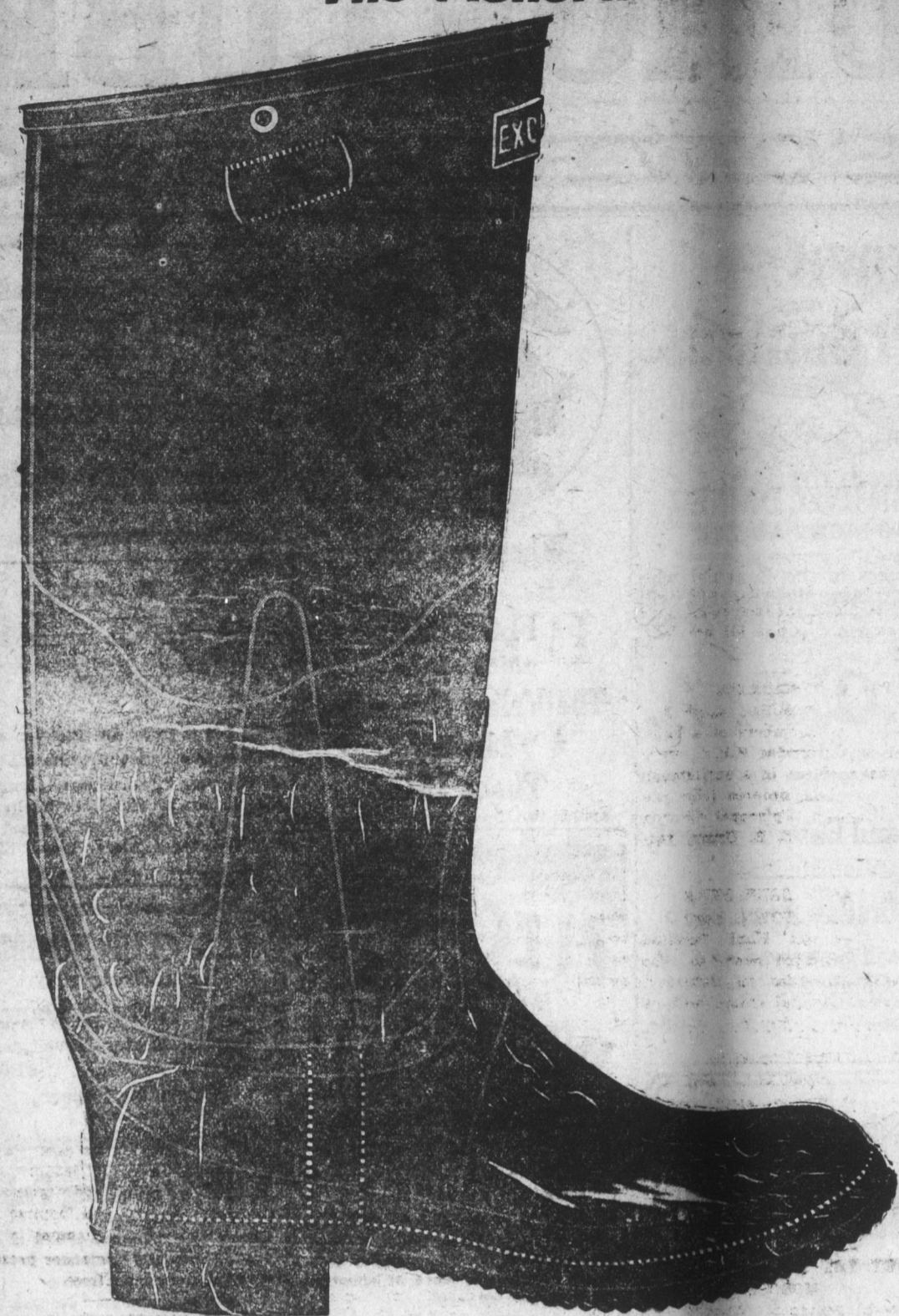
The hills a crown of sugar wear
Flashing the silence that is there.
Wherever winter's tent's pitched
Something with beauty is enriched.

Upon the humblest twigs and stems
She pins her priceless diadems.
With dignity she sits her throne,
Sure of a beauty all her own.

Unusual treatment is noted in sleeves. Sometimes it is the shape, sometimes novel trimming.

EXCEL RUBBER BOOT!

The Fisherman's Friend



With fair wear and tear
Every pair guaranteed.
The thousands of wearers of EXCEL RUBBERS all testify that it is all the name implies—

"EXCEL"

This Boot is being worn in the Bell Island Mines, also in the Lime Stone Quarries at Port au Port and with these severe tests in competition with other brands easily took first place.

Vacuum Process.
Extension Sole.

PARKER & MONROE, Ltd.,

The Shoe Men. : : Sole Agents for Newfoundland.

VANISHED FRIENDS.



Where are the friends of other days? No more they seem to meet me; I walk the old familiar ways, but who is there to greet me? I miss them in the garish noon, I miss them when I'm feeding, I miss them underneath the moon—they've all been jalled for speeding. Oh, some are in for fifteen days, and some are in for thirty, and in their cells a row they raise, and say the law is dirty. I miss my comrades tried and true, their presence I am needing; I'll miss them for three weeks or two, for they've been jugged for speeding. My loneliness, day after day, grows longer, still, and wider; in vain I look for Hiram Jay, for James Adolphus Snider; no more they argue this and that, no more I hear them pleading, and life seems profitless and flat since they were pinched for speeding. "Oda Prines," you say, "and other friends, and be not broken-hearted;" but wearily an old man wends when old friends are departed; all desolate he moves along, men's blatant mirth unheeding, he reckons not of the passing throng, his friends are jalled for speeding. And other men may drive their boats from Hastings to Hoboken, and other men may keep their goats in custody unbroken; but from my heart that once was gay all comfort is receding, and mournfully I go my way, my friends in jail for speeding.

Fads and Fashions.

The new draped gowns cling closely to the figure.
There is an increasing vogue for bright-colored footwear.
The three piece suit has been suggested for sports wear.
The frock of printed crepe has supplanted last year's foulard.
Short jackets of white and beige ermine are favored for spring.
A frock of brown crepe satin is listed with almond-green crepe.
The three piece suit with its cape is in great favor for spring.
Pluffy tulle embroidery is used on a coat dress of black tulle.
Both the beaded shifon and the dyed lace track are in great favor.
Bows of narrow velvet ribbon are used on plain and printed silk frocks.

GAS SERVICE.

The reliability of our Gas Service has been demonstrated this winter. Quality of gas and ample pressures have been maintained in spite of exceptionally severe weather. You are assured of good service, and may materially increase your home comforts by installing Gas Water Heaters, Gas Fires, Gas Cookers, etc. Estimates for any or all of your requirements will be gladly furnished.

ST. JOHN'S GAS LIGHT COMPANY.

Phone 81 Feb 22, 19

Easter Reading.

A new number of "SPARE MOMENTS" just received.
Price, 55c.
Secure your copy to-day.

GARRETT BYRNE,
Bookseller and Stationer.

A headband of narrow ribbon has a pendant pear-shaped pearl which hangs between the eyes.

ST. JOHN'S GROCERY STORES

Finest Local Potatoes.
PORK.
Ham Butt, small, lean.
18c. lb.

Local Turnips.
BEEF.
Finest Family.
12c. lb.

American Parsnips.
HOCKS.
Small.
12c. lb.

BEET.
TONGUE.
Cooked, 1 lb. tins.
45c.

Small Green Cabbage.
BACON.
Very choice.
40c. lb.

EGGS.
Fresh Firsts.
60c. doz.

J. J. ST. JOHN,
Duckworth St. & LeMarchant Road.

Fads and Fashions.

Monkey and soutache braid are used on three-piece jacquette dresses.

A wedding gown of white tulle is made charming with silver lace.

Two-tone fabrics woven to resemble knit goods are used for sports suits.

White braid and heads of royal blue bands are used on a blue serge frock.

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