

Rids Poisons From the Blood, Clears Up the Complexion

Sallow Skin, Pimples, Pains and Aches Are Soon Gone When Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills Are Used.

The doctor feels your pulse and looks at your tongue, but at the same time he is reading your condition in your face. The sallow complexion tells him that your liver is not doing its work, the pimples tell him that the kidneys are not properly purifying the blood, he realizes that the bowels are constipated and the system overloaded with poisons.

You can apply this test in your own case and may be able to add other symptoms, such as headaches, pains and aches through back and limbs, spells of biliousness and indigestion.

If you have not used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills you will be surprised to find how quickly they will rid your system of poisonous impurities and thereby remove the cause of pains, aches and skin troubles.

Mrs. F. N. Hall, 102 Queen street, St. John, N.B., writes: "I am glad to say I have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills with splendid results. I was greatly troubled with constipation and pimples on the face. I tried other remedies and used liquid arsenic three times a day for a year to get rid of the pimples but received no benefit. I began the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and it was not very long before I was completely cured. The pills acted on the bowels, kidneys and liver and cleansed them of all impure matter. I think they cannot be beaten as a means of ridding a person of that tired aching due to weak kidneys, and I would not be without them in the house for any money." Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

"KYRA,"

OR,
The Ward of the Earl of Vering.

CHAPTER XVII.
A Dying Attonement.

At that moment, while he was wandering thus through the maze of death, there appeared in the open doorway the figure of a young Indian girl, beautiful as a vision, clad in the feathered tunic and moccasins of her tribe, and standing straight and graceful as a young elm.

As she stood, her cloak of fur slipping from her shoulders to her feet, like a cloud opening and revealing a vision, her dark, mournful eyes went straight to the upraised figure of the old earl, and seemed riveted there.

The earl uttered a hoarse, dying cry, and threw out his arms toward her.

"My God!" he gasped, uttering some strange name, "you hear me! I—have—atoned!"

Stephen, at the sight of that terrible fear and the strange word or name, turned his head and saw what the dying man did.

Only for a moment—the next, as Stephen Gringe clutched the bedclothes and hid his trembling, quivering face in them, the apparition had vanished. The old earl had fallen back dead into the arms of the new one. The dead man and the living man, crouching, breathing, and gasping beside him, had alone seen the Indian girl, and Stephen Gringe alone could explain the significance of the vision, and the effect it had produced.

Quite as much startled and alarmed as were the now dead earl and Stephen Gringe, Kyra—for it was she—turned and fled down the stairs as secretly as she had ascended them. The house was in confusion, the porter away from his post, and the hall door ajar.

She had but to wait a few minutes until the coast was clear, and then made good her escape.

Only the footsteps in the snow remained to tell the story of her first visit to Vering Wold, and in half an hour her track was effaced by another fall.

She regained the inn, paused with Indian courage to rebolt the door, and stole to bed, panting, terrified, mystified, but yet in some measure satisfied, for had she not found her god, her brave, her chief again, and was he not near her! So while the great bell over the turret of The Wold tolled forth the dirge for Wild Lord Jack, Kyra fell asleep.

Don't Cough Your Throat Sore "Nerviline" Will Cure You Quickly.

The Annoyance of a Bad Cough Soothed Away in One Day.

Nothing so bad for the throat as coughing, and nothing half so annoying as to have some one near by that is hacking, sneezing, or constantly clearing the throat.

Rub on Nerviline—it will save you all further pain and distress. Even one good rub with this soothing, penetrating remedy will bring the finest relief, will take out that rasping soreness, will stop that irritating tickle that makes you want to cough so much.

Nerviline isn't something new. It is a record of forty years of wonderful success behind it.

In rubbing on Nerviline you use something safe, reliable, and sure to cure. Its action is marvellous. The way it sinks in through the tissues—the way it penetrates to the seat of the congestion is really a wonder.

For chronic colds, coughs, or sore throat you can't beat this trusty old family remedy. Its name spells cure for any sort of pain in the joints or muscles. Try it for rheumatism, rub it on for sciatica or lumbago, test it out for neuralgia or headache—in every case you'll find amazing virtue and curative power in Nerviline.

Most families keep the large 50c. bottle always handy on the shelf; trial size 25c., at all dealers in medicine.

"The envelope is sealed with my seal, Mr. Gringe."

Lord Vering changed his position slightly, so as to face the rest of the faces in the room.

"There must be another and a later will in existence than the one you have there, or the earl—"

He paused.

"Just so," my lord, said Mr. Butterwick, taking a pinch of snuff and filling up Lord Vering's pause significantly. "Or the earl was laboring under a hallucination. Mr. Gringe could settle that point very easily, perhaps?"

Stephen Gringe again looked up and fixed his eyes on the lawyer.

"All in the Wold knew the state of my lord's mind," he said, in a low voice. "He wandered constantly, and talked of many things that happened long ago, and never happened at all."

"Was he wandering when I saw him in this room three years ago?" asked Lord Vering.

At this plain question Stephen Gringe drew a chair to the table and seated himself; there was no lack of respect in the action—he was an old man, and a chair had been placed for him; then he looked up and sighed.

"Most like, my lord, most like. He must have been very bad, for his words have borne no fruit. What corner of The Wold has been left unsearched? What has been found?"

"Nothing," said the lawyer, "excepting this, the existence of which I was perfectly well aware of, and the discovery of which I expected."

Then he looked up at Lord Vering, and then round the room.

"This is the late earl's last will and testament, and with your permission, my lord, I propose that it be read."

Lord Percy raised his head and gave a gesture of assent that was anything but emphatic.

Mr. Butterwick fixed his gold glasses on his nose, and solemnly opened the sealed packet; as solemnly straightened out the parchment, and commenced to read the contents.

It was a plain, straightforward document, and its purport was easily understood by the smallest intellect in the room.

There were such and such bequests and legacies to such and such servants, certain paid sums to any others that might be in the earl's service at his death, and were not mentioned in the will—excepting in both cases the chief and most faithful of them all—Stephen Gringe—his name was mentioned in one short, curt line:

"As for my devoted follower and steward, Stephen Gringe, I do hereby make it a request of my nephew and heir, Percy Chester, that he do take the said Stephen Gringe into his service, and substantially repay him for all that he hath rendered unto me."

That was all. Not one penny for the man who had spent his life in the service of his master.

A murmur, just audible, rose round the room.

Percy turned his eyes upon the old steward with a grave regard.

Stephen Gringe alone seemed unmoved and unsurprised. He sat bent down, with his hands folded on the table before him, and his small eyes fixed on the fire, and not a muscle of his face moved as the curt sentence was read out.

The lawyer paused and rustled the parchment, and then, in slow, solemn tones, read out the few remaining sentences, and they gave all the immense savings of Wild Lord Jack to his nephew, Percy Chester, next of kin and title. Gold shares, houses, bonds, lands, all, saving for the few bequests, went to the new earl. There was a dead sign of cod, broken at last by the little dry cough of the man of law, as he put down the parchment. Then Lord Percy turned and strode to the table, calm, composed, but fearfully earnest.

"I do not believe that this is my uncle's will!" he said.

The servants, who had risen respectfully, paused aghast; Charlie Merivale stood with his congratulatory hand held out and disregarded; the lawyer, with a respectful shake of the head—"if this is not the last and valid will, where is the other, or others?"

"That I cannot tell," replied Lord

EXTREME WEAKNESS AND SUFFERING

Read How Mrs. Goodling got Relief and Strength.

York, Pa.—"I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and found it to be all you say it is. I was so sick that I could not stand at my sink to wash dishes and I could not sit without a pillow under me. I had the doctor every few days but since I have taken the Compound I don't have to send for him. I have had three children and could not raise any of them, but since I have taken the Compound I have a bright baby boy. I advise every suffering woman to try it and get relief. It has done wonders for me."—Mrs. CATHARINE GOODLING, 138 E. King Street, York, Pa.

When a medicine has been successful in bringing health to so many, no woman has a right to say without trying it, "I do not believe it will help me." There must be more than a hundred thousand women in this country who, like Mrs. Goodling, have proven what wonders Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound can do for weak and ailing women. Try it and see for yourself.

If there are any complications you don't understand, write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass.

Percy; "but I am as certain that this is not my uncle's last will—that this is not in accordance with his desire—as that I am standing here."

Very quietly the words were spoken, but very firmly.

The lawyer rose, rustling the parchment as he did so, and looked pained and slightly troubled. Never, in all his experience, had he met with a man contesting the will in which he stood sole legatee.

"My lord," he repeated in a low voice, "are you acting wisely? Pardon me, have you sufficient grounds for such a—a—really positive statement? I think you told me that you had only seen the late earl twice during the last ten years—once three years back, before your travels, and now at his death. Pardon me again, if I remind you that you have had few opportunities for learning his testamentary intentions."

"One opportunity only; but an opportunity which he made himself, and in which he spoke too plainly for me to forget or think lightly of it. Mr. Butterwick, my uncle told me then, in so many words, that I should inherit no single penny of his personal property. He made a plain, straightforward statement to that effect in the presence of Stephen Gringe there; he alluded to that statement and confirmed it in the hour of his death, and yet, by a will dated as long back as seven years, I am made, in direct contradiction to his expressed intention, the sole heir to all he possessed."

The lawyer bowed.

"And the heir you will remain, my lord, until another and a later will be found."

Lord Percy was about to speak again, then remembered the presence of the servants, and motioned them permission to retire.

Stephen Gringe rose with them, Lord Percy stretched out his hand and quietly forced the old man back into the seat, and kept his hand on the trembling shoulder. There was a world of sympathy, of kindly feeling in the action, and the old man's head drooped, and his eyes filled.

(To be continued.)

Straight full skirts with long pocket openings are just as fashionable and much more becoming than the ones with panliners.

LaSole—One trap here had 12 bris. codfish yesterday and others from 1/4 to 1 brl.; sign of caplin.

St. Mary's—Caplin plentiful and all bankers and boats baited; good work on trawls.

Bonavista—A little caplin yesterday and a good sign of cod; some boats brought a load but none with traps.

Twilligate—Cod continues scarce; traps 1/2 to 2 bris.; hook and line nothing; caplin plentiful.

Seal Cove—Sign of fish and caplin; herring scarce.

Belleoram—Good fishing all along the coast for trawls; prospects excellent.

Lamaline—Better sign of fish for traps; trawls doing well.

King's Cove—Traps 2 to 10 qts yesterday; liners 2 to 5 qts.; caplin bait; stormy to-day.

Lawne—Traps 10 to 20 qts.; trawls 3 to 4 qts. yesterday; all traps and skiffs loaded; plenty caplin.

Bonne Bay—Traps 1 to 10 qts.; caplin plentiful.



ICE CREAM FREEZERS!

—For easy and economical ice cream making—

The Lightning helps you more than any other freezer. Time, turning and strength, ice and salt, saved by the Wheel Dasher and Automatic Twin Scrapers, and a deliciously light and velvety ice cream made.

BLIZZARD, 3 Quart\$2.50
BLIZZARD, 4 Quart\$3.10
LIGHTNING, 3 Quart\$2.90
LIGHTNING, 4 Quart\$3.60
LIGHTNING, 6 Quart\$4.50
LIGHTNING, 8 Quart\$6.25

THERMOS BOTTLES—Pint and Quart.
SELTZERS—5 Pints. PICNIC BASKETS.

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THE Heatless TROUSER PRESS

The Very Latest Thing.

PANTS CREASED WHILE YOU SLEEP WHILE YOU TRAVEL



Another shipment just to hand and going out fast. The users of these already sold declare they could not do without one now.

It's simplicity itself. You just lay trousers out flat, close the Press as you would a book

And the Press does the rest.

Does not shine your trousers as the iron does. The crease is equal to the work of any first-class tailor. Hangs up in wardrobe or folds away in suit case or trunk.

Price: 50c. each.

Same as sold in New York.
POSTAGE 11c. EXTRA.

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SOLE AGENTS FOR NEWFOUNDLAND.

Fishery News.

Appended are some reports of the codfishery received from many sources:—

To Marine and Fisheries Department.

LaSole—One trap here had 12 bris. codfish yesterday and others from 1/4 to 1 brl.; sign of caplin.

St. Mary's—Caplin plentiful and all bankers and boats baited; good work on trawls.

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To Board of Trade.

From J. Butt (Blanc Sablon to Forteau)—No traps, boats or skiffs are out yet. There is just a sign of cod and plenty of caplin and lobsters. There is no ice about and prospects are good.

From M. Jenkins (Cow Head to Trout River)—The total catch is 1,100 qts. Thirty dories and skiffs and 35 traps are fishing. Prospects are fair but bait is scarce. The lobster catch is poor.

From R. W. Andrews (Great Jervis Head to Pass Island)—Twelve traps and 200 dories and skiffs are fishing. Prospects are improving and there is plenty caplin at Hermitage, Pass Island and Connair Bay. The traps are getting from 5 to 20 qts. a haul and one had over 80 qts. ashore at Pass Island. The total catch is 1,500 qts. with 400 for last week.

The following are the catches of most of the Burin bankers which have arrived home from the Grand Banks:—

Vanessa, 200; Ella C. Hollett, 750; Gordon M. Hollett, 1,100; Miriam May, 350; Norman O. 350; Armenia N. Y., 200; Susan E. Inkpen, 1,000; Mina Swim, 700; Moanman, 700; Marjorie N. Inkpen, 450; Jessie M., 420; Bohemia, 200; Nita M. Conrad, 750; Joseph P. Mesquita, 200; Donald G. Hollett, 1,100; Ada D. Bishop, 500; Commander, 450; Cavalier, 200; Ethel M. Bartlett, 800; and Little Jean, 150.

The fishery on our local grounds to date and along the shore to Cape St. Francis is excellent. This morning the waters around the harbour were teeming with caplin and traps as well as hook and liners did well.

Double Drowning Fatality.

Levi March and his son John were drowned while fishing at Bonavista on Saturday morning last, a message to that effect having been received in the city by the Minister of Justice from Magistrate Roper, of Bonavista. Mr. Roper states there is evidence that the two men were washed out of their boat by a heavy sea. The boat was found moored on the Northern Ledge, filled with water. No further particulars were received.

AMBULANCE CALL.—The ambulance was called out yesterday to Hamilton Street and conveyed to the General Hospital a man named John Griffin to be operated on for appendicitis.

WINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES NEURALGIA.

A real Guarantee

To be more than a guarantee must be absolute and willing to make good.

The General's guarantee is backed by a business of roofing mills, and roofing made in America.

Certain

The guarantee is for 3 years. There is no substitute for a high-sounding name on CERTAIN. No better roofing can be manufactured by graduate chemists, guaranteeing them. "TEED" means—proven that the guarantee TAIN-TEED will.

The roofing felt, given a thorough saturation last, is then given a hardening process so it is impervious to the saturation lasts. Attention, and is in good kinds have become.

CERTAIN-TEED. There is a type of flat or pitched roof with the best residence or out-let. CERTAIN-TEED at reasonable prices of roof.

General Roofing World's Largest New York City Chicago Detroit Los Angeles Atlanta Copyright

War News

Messages Received Previous to

BRITISH OFFICIAL LONDON.

A British official issues reads: Considerable activity last night at various our trenches vigorously points from the River D. eltz. There were no infant. Further south we carried cessive raids; one near River the second near Giverny has been devoid of any potent except for continuing activity in the vicinity of

ST. PIERRE BELLE

PARIS.

On the left bank of the bombardment continues of lines at Hill 304, and our in Chattancourt region. Bank an attack by our troops positions north of Hill led us to capture this and ments of trenches, also ta prisoners. During the day violent artillery fighting in sector. In Apremont fighting. Our artillery organizations and camps Sec, east of St. Mihiel, long-range cannons fired

Good

Double wrapped used and most in stock.

GEO