



**Phyllis Dearborn**  
OR, THE  
**Countess of Basingwell**

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Do you know that in this paper?" he asked the lawyer.

"I do, my lord."

"Then tell me your errand quickly, and without your former useless circumlocution."

Anger acted like a stimulant on Mr. Stillman, and he caught his companion by the hand and led her forward.

"My errand is this: I have here the daughter of the late Earl of Basingwell. Her mother was lawfully married to the late earl, as we are prepared to prove, and this young lady was born in wedlock, and is therefore the rightful occupant of the title and estates which you now wrongfully hold."

Lionel listened to the end, and then went toward the girl, who wore a somewhat frightened expression.

"Of course," said Lionel, in a gentler tone than he had yet used, "you only need to prove this to the satisfaction of my lawyers, and I will vacate not only willingly, but with pleasure. Nothing, my dear young lady, would be farther from my wish than to retain for an instant anything that does not belong to me, Mr. Stillman, you know my lawyers—Messrs. Grey & Whitcomb. Will you talk with them? I will send them immediate word of my attitude in the matter. In the meantime, if the young lady will make her home with us, she will be heartily welcome to do so. I can think of nothing more to say, unless it be that I shall be pleased to supply the young lady with any funds necessary for her maintenance or for the proper prosecution of her interests."

"My lord," said Mr. Stillman, very much impressed and entirely rid of the anger which had troubled him, "this is more than generous—it is almost an injustice to yourself. Such magnanimity I never saw, nor expect to see again. I shall see that the young lady needs nothing, but I leave it to her to decide whether to remain under your roof or not. I am of the decided opinion that her claim is absolutely just, else I beg you to believe that I would never have taken any notice of it. Perhaps you would wish to have a synopsis of the points in evidence. If so—"

"No," said Lionel, gravely, "I will leave that to more competent judges."

"Will you remain here, or return with me?" asked Mr. Stillman of his client.

"Oh, I wouldn't stay for fifty pounds."

**Here Is a Certified Cure  
Of Chronic Salt Rheum**

By Use of Dr. Chase's Ointment—Also a Bad Case of Eczema Just Reported Cured.

Eczema and Salt Rheum are different names for practically the same disease. Small pimples or vesicles form in groups, break and run watery matter, a crust is formed, itching is intense and the disease shows a strong tendency to spread over the body. Whatever may be the cause, Dr. Chase's Ointment will cure, for it heals and dries up the sores and leaves the skin soft and smooth.

Mr. Geo. E. Compton, Brooklyn, N.Y., writes:—"I suffered for two years with Salt Rheum. Though I consulted three different doctors and tried many medicines, it was all to no effect. A friend advised me to try Dr. Chase's Ointment, and I am glad to say that when I finished the sixth box the Salt Rheum was all gone. There can be no doubt that the cure was entirely due to the use of this ointment, and I would rather suffer from Salt Rheum and Eczema to know about it."

Mr. Geo. Hume, J. P., Brooklyn, N.Y., writes:—"This is to certify

"She prefers to go with me, your lordship," said Mr. Stillman, with a benevolent smile. "A little timid, poor thing," he added, in a stage whisper. Then to Lionel, "I beg your pardon, but the document—"

"Well?" said Lionel.

"It will be important in the evidence, I think. In fact, it is the most important."

"It shall be in the hands of my lawyers without delay."

"Just so, just so. Thank you. Good-day, my lord. I wish I could express—"

Lionel put his hand kindly on his arm.

"If you cannot express it you have the comfort of knowing that nobody can, Mr. Stillman. How did you come out from the station?"

"In some sort of a vehicle. I don't know that it is far enough to matter."

"I will ring for a carriage," said Lionel, "it would be a pity if even only the claimant to the Basingwell estates should be obliged to walk. Will you not eat something?"

"Will you?" asked Mr. Stillman, of his charge.

"No, no," was the hurried reply. She seemed more anxious to get away than anything else.

No further effort at conversation was made until the carriage was announced, when ceremonious farewells were said, and the claimant and her lawyer left. Lady Basingwell had sat silent and unmoved, if languidly curious during the whole time; but after they were gone she rose as if to leave the room.

"Lady Basingwell," said Lionel, peremptorily.

She stopped and faced him. She did not dread anything he might say. She was glad of every word he spoke to her. She was glad even to hear him speak. She had come to worship him as a creature so far out of her reach, so far removed from her, that his was like the voice of a god to her.

"Is there anything more that you have done, or purpose doing, to injure my name? I ask less because I expect a truthful answer than because I wish to warn you that my forbearance has reached its limit."

"You are right not to require an answer," she replied, in the monotone that was easiest for her to maintain.

"Such as I can hardly be expected to tell the truth, in the interests of that truth, then, it were better that you talked and I listened."

It sounded like the bitterest sarcasm; but it was in truth a wall from her heart. She knew she had shut herself out of his affection or respect, and she was devoured by despair.

"You do well," he said, "to answer me with gibes. Will you tell me how long you have had this paper?"

"Willingly. For something like ten days."

"And that is all?"

"That is all."

"Where did you get it?"

"I bought it from Mr. Simmons for the sum of ten thousand pounds. You have seen the check."

"Then, even on that day, when you were pretending to tell me the whole truth, you were concealing this from me."

"You forget that I married you for your money," she said. "If I had told you of this, I knew very well you would do what you have done—relinquish the property without a struggle. I have never been able to attain to

that I know Mr. Geo. E. Compton and believe his statement to be true and correct."

Mrs. Allan Weber whose husband is proprietor of the Manitoulin Woolen Mills, Shequandah, Ont., writes:—"I have had a bad case of Eczema on my right leg below the knee. I tried all kinds of ointments and liniments but to no avail, and was pretty well discouraged. Hearing of how Dr. Chase's Ointment is curing Eczema, I decided to give it a trial and I am glad to say that it made a complete cure. The sores healed up completely, and I have had no trace of the old trouble for over a year."

It takes a little patience to cure a severe case of Eczema or Salt Rheum, but you soon obtain relief by using Dr. Chase's Ointment, and you can see with your own eyes the benefits obtained once the healing process sets in. Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Limited, Toronto.

**Don't Merely "Stop" a  
Cough**

Stop the Thing that Causes It and the Cough will Stop Itself

A cough is really one of our best friends. It warns us that there is inflammation or obstruction in a dangerous place, therefore, when you get a bad cough don't proceed to dose yourself with a lot of drugs that merely "stop" the cough temporarily by deadening the throat nerves. Treat the cause—heat the inflamed membranes. Here is a home-made remedy that gets right at the cause and will make an obstinate cough vanish more quickly than you ever thought possible.

Put 3 1/2 ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth) in a 16-ounce bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. This gives you 16 ounces of the most pleasant and effective remedy you ever used, at a cost of only 54 cents. No bother to prepare. Full directions with Pinex.

It heats the inflamed membranes so gently and promptly that you wonder how it does it. Also loosens a dry, hoarse or tight cough and stops the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes, thus ending the persistent loose cough.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of Norway pine extract, rich in guaiacol, and is famous the world over for its healing effect on the membranes.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "3 1/2 ounces of Pinex," and don't accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

the lofty disregard of money that you have. Perhaps in time I shall acquire it."

"Where did Simmons get this paper?"

"Stole it out of a book in this room one day before we were married."

"Are you human?" he cried, with a sort of wall of despair.

"I am what my training has made me," she answered.

"How can you sit there, and without the change of a muscle tell me things that make you loathsome to me? Have you no horror of yourself? Is stealing nothing to you? Is lying nothing? Are all crimes the same to you? Could you live in ease and luxury knowing that some poor creature might even be starving while you were wasting what was hers? Tell me, did that girl move you to no pity? none whatever?"

"I think if there were any pity in my heart, it would be for myself," she answered.

"Pity for yourself! Because you cannot enjoy yourself with stolen money?"

"Put your own interpretation upon it, my lord."

Lionel paced the floor. Suddenly he stopped in front of her.

"What is to become of us?" he asked.

"Become of us! Why, I suppose we shall go to some garret and starve. It would be pleasant to starve with you."

She knew that would anger him; but it was the true feeling that was in her heart. If she might have had his love and respect, it would have been easy for her then to have starved with him. How strangely Fate had twisted her life and her feelings!

"Oh, you are infamous!" he ejaculated. "How can you make a mockery of your own shameful treachery to me?"

"You asked, and I answered," she replied.

"I wished to know how you and I were to live as regards each other."

"I suppose you have already decided that. As my husband, will you not support me?"

"That I will do to the best of my ability," he promptly responded; "but I will not share the same house with you, nor eat at the same table. My food would choke me—the air you breathed would stifle me. This castle has been all too small. I am glad to go from it."

"I shall make no objection to whatever you decide upon," she said.

"You seem possessed with the spirit of mockery," he said; "but I will take you at your word. I do not know what I can do to earn money; but it shall be something, and one-half of that, more, if I can spare it, shall be yours."

The interview ended with these words, and they separated, not to meet again until dinner was served, when they sat down together with the same icy reserve that had characterized all their intercourse since that day when she had told him of her deceit.

After dinner they separated again, and she went to her apartments, where she sat at her little desk for more than two hours, writing and re-writing a letter, which began with

the simple word—Lionel. After that was written and placed in an envelope directed to him, she paced the floor for many minutes, and then, with head erect, went down stairs.

She looked in the drawing-room, and when she saw it was empty her courage seemed to fail her, and she leaned against the side of the door, and murmured:

"I can't; oh, I can't!"

Then she drew a deep breath, and added:

"I cannot go without. He may scorn me, loathe me, and lash me with the bitterest words, but I cannot go without."

She drew herself up again, and went on to the library.

She listened at the door, and knew by the scratching of a pen that he was in there writing. She knocked at the door, and was bidden to enter.

She did so, and saw how at sight of her, he stopped his work and stared coldly. She wavered a moment, and went over to him.

"Lionel," she said, "I have no right never at any time—I have no right to know it. But a new life begins for us from to-day. A life entirely apart. It is not only just, but if you had not said it must be so, I should have insisted on it. You are a poor man now—as poor as you were that night when you came to me and I deceived you into a declaration of love. I told you then that I loved you, and would share your poverty with a light heart—and I lied. To-night, with all my wickedness fresh in your memory, and turning your heart to stone at the very sight of me, I come to you, again poor, and say to you voluntarily, and with the expectation of nothing but scorn for saying it—I love you, Lionel and I would give my life at this moment to have your trust again."

He had slowly risen as she spoke, and when she had finished, looked at her with bitter distrust and scorn. She stood with lowered head.

"Why do you come to me with such a speech?" he said. "Why do you waste your arts on me now? I could not believe you if I would; and thank Heaven, I have so rooted you out of my heart that not one fiber of the old affection remains. You cannot open a wound in that spot again. Say frankly what your purpose is."

"Lionel," she said, in a low tone, "my answer is no more than I expected, no more than I deserve. Tell you frankly what my purpose is? Yes, though you flout me still, and refuse to believe me. I want you to kiss me once more. It will be for the last time, Lionel. Don't you judge me, Lionel, her voice broke, "don't judge me. I have been bad enough, and deserve your hatred; but don't judge me. Oh, Heaven, I don't know what I am saying. Kiss me, Lionel. Don't let me go away without that to remember."

"Kiss you!" he said, with a short laugh of utter disdain, "I would as soon kiss an adder that was only waiting to dart its poison into me. Begone from me!"

She looked into his face out of her helpless eyes, and saw that he was immovable. Then she dropped on one knee and caught his hand before he could disengage it, and pressed a kiss upon it. He snatched it away, and rubbed it with an involuntarily motion. She rose to her feet, and smiled in a sad way at the evidence of the intensity of his dislike.

"It will never come out, Lionel," she said, "and some day you will be glad I did it, in spite of you."

(To be Continued.)

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**GERMAN TERRITORY CAPTURED**  
LONDON, Feb. 24.—Andrew Bonar Law announced in the Commons to-day that 1,000 square miles of German territory in Africa have been captured.

**LORD CECIL WAR TRADE MINISTER**  
LONDON, Feb. 24.—In the Commons to-day, the Premier officially announced the appointment of Lord Cecil as War Trade Minister.

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**RESTRICTIONS ON IMPORTATION OF FRUIT**  
LONDON, Feb. 24.—Walter Runciman, President of the Board of Trade, was asked in the Commons to-day what restrictions would be placed on importation of fruit, and when they would take effect. He said that he would not make a definite statement, except that restriction imposed would not apply to fruit from British Dominions, Colonies or Dependencies.

**ASQUITH REPEATS HIS STATEMENT**  
LONDON, Feb. 24.—Asquith concluded his address to the House of Commons to-day, his words evoking applause from every corner of the Chamber. He stated in clear, direct, emphatic language what are the terms on which we are prepared to make peace. I will repeat them. They are familiar to our Allies and well known to the German Chancellor. What I said on November 8th, 1914, I repeat now: "We shall never sheathe our sword, which we have not laid down, until Belgium, and I will say Serbia, recover in full measure, and, in addition, more, than they have sacrificed, until France is adequately secured against aggression; until the rights of the small nations of Europe are based upon an unassailable foundation; until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed."

"What is there wanting, in clearness and directness in that, I ask you, Trevelyan and the German Chancellor? How can I make it fuller and more intelligible? How can I make more to convince him, and all our enemies that not until peace, based upon these foundations, is within sight of attainment, and not until

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