

**Strongest Liniment in 100 Years**  
**Best for Either Man or Beast**

Nothing for Family Use Can Compare With It.

**RUB ON NERVILINE.**

When you have been exposed to wet and cold and your muscles are full of pain, nerves are jumping with neuralgia, then you should have ready at hand a bottle of Nerviline. It rubs pain of its tortures, gives relief to all suffering, brings ease and comfort wherever used.

No care or expense has been spared to secure for Nerviline the purest and best materials. It is prepared with a single aim; to restore the sick to health. This cannot be said of the preparation that an unscrupulous dealer may ask you to accept instead of Nerviline, so we warn you it is the extra profit made on inferior goods that tempts the substitutor. Of him beware.

Get Nerviline when you ask for it.

**After the Ball;**

**The Mystery Solved at Last.**

Still the stalwart man held out his hand, and Sir Fielding grew despairing as he saw the heavy forehead darkened impatiently.

"Well, if you will neither rest nor eat, at least you will wait and see Chudleigh?" he cried.

"I think not," was the reply. "I shall get another opportunity soon, perchance. At this moment I am anxious to be on my road again."

"Where are you going—where will you sleep?" asked Sir Fielding, in utter bewilderment, and feeling powerless before the stern will which proclaimed itself in such gravely musical tones. "The village, Maurice Durant, is a long way; there is no inn on the road, not a single place that will open its doors to you to-night."

"Save one," said Maurice Durant, in a significant tone.

"Which?" said Sir Fielding.

"The rectory," replied the other. "I sleep in my own house to-night."

Sir Fielding shuddered.

"No, no!" he breathed; "you shall stay!" and going to the door, he called out:

"Chudleigh!"

Chudleigh came down the stairs with a promptitude quickened by curiosity, for he had never heard his father's voice raised so loudly before.

"Chud," commenced Sir Fielding, with agitation, but before he could get farther the traveler stepped forward, and laying his strong hand on the baronet's trembling arm, said, in a deep, grave voice, quickened by the rich, foreign accent:

"Chudleigh Chichester, your father would keep me prisoner in his castle, and I am forcing my way out; you are a friend to freedom, and will sympathize. Sir Fielding, it is not right to break one's oath. I have vowed to sleep beneath no roof in England before my own. Good-night!" and raising his cap with a gesture of farewell, he strode to the door, and, before either Sir Fielding or his son could recover from the commanding charm of his manner, he had swung to behind him, letting in a blast of icy wind and a shower of sleet.

**Believes She Was Saved From Stroke of Paralysis**

All One Side Was Cold and Powerless When She Began Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

A dead nerve cell can never be replaced. In this way it is different to other cells of the human body. But feeble, wasted nerve cells can be restored, and herein lies hope.

In this fact is also a warning to take note of such symptoms as sleeplessness and loss of energy and ambition, and restore the vitality to the nervous system before some form of helplessness results.

Nervous prostration, locomotor ataxia and paralysis are the natural results of neglecting to keep the nerves in healthful condition. The use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food when you suspect there is something wrong, will soon restore vitality to the nervous system, and thereby prevent serious developments.

Mrs. Merritt Nichols, R. R. No. 3, Dundalk, Ont., writes: "I take pleasure in writing to tell you the great benefit I have derived from the use

of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I was so nervous I could not sleep, and found it hard to get my work done at all, but, having no help at the time, had to do the best I could. Finally my left arm became powerless and cold, and this continued to get worse until my whole side was affected, head and all. I decided to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and the first box helped me so much that I used several, and believe that this treatment saved me from having a paralytic stroke. It has built me up wonderfully, and I can recommend it most heartily, believing that if more Nerve Food were used there would be much less sickness."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cures in nature's way by nourishing the feeble, wasted nerves back to health and vigor. Fifty cents a box, all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

For nearly forty years it has been Canada's household remedy, and mothers will do well to follow the advice of Mrs. Jessie Begbins, of Stella P. O., Ont., who says:

"Very frequently there are ailments in the family that can be cut short if Nerviline is handy. When my children come in from play, with a cough or a bad cold, I rub them well with Nerviline, and they are well almost at once. Nerviline is fine for sore throats, toothache, chest colds, lumbago, stiffness, rheumatism or neuralgia. In fact there is scarcely a pain or ache in man or beast it won't cure quickly. 25c. At all dealers.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Sir Fielding; "how changed. I seem to be dreaming! Maurice Durant! Maurice Durant!"

"Maurice Durant!" breathed a low voice at his side, as Maud's trembling fingers clasped his arm. "Papa—he might have been a king."

**CHAPTER VI.**  
**"All is Vanity."**

With voices despairing grim and dead, he hurled his thunders at their heads.

IT was Sunday morning. The storm of Friday had cleared the air, and the sun, washed brilliant by the sleet and rain and blown quite awake by the wind, shone down on Grassmere and lit up the ice-bound ways and whitened fields until they reflected his genial beams like burnished silver set with innumerable diamonds.

The little church in the dale was slowly filling, the simple villagers strolling up the clean-kept gravel path in complete families, and clustering around the portion in conversation groups.

It wanted ten minutes to service time, and they were waiting for the gentlemen to arrive, for it was a part of these simple folk's religious duty to form a line for Sir Fielding Chichester and the "people of the Folly," as the Gregsons were called, to pass through and be courted to, and they no more thought of neglecting it than they would have left undone any other of the few duties of their life which they had been taught from the cradle up.

Five minutes to eleven, and there came the rattle of a carriage—Sir Fielding's, followed by Lady Mildred's—Sir Fielding in his dark, old-fashioned coat and frill, looking every inch a Chichester, and Chudleigh, with Maud on his arm, looking as handsome as even the good people of Grassmere, who were used to good looks in their lord's family, could desire.

Carliotta, who accompanied Lady Mildred, excited much unobtrusive curiosity, dressed in her deep mourning, edged with sable and set off by her queenly form, and received as reverent a recognition as Lady Mildred, who, next to Maud, was, perhaps, the favorite.

At the porch, Maud stopped for a moment to inquire after one of the laborer's wives, who had been ill, and Chudleigh, seizing the opportunity, approached Lady Mildred.

"Well, Chud, we thought you had

lost your way the other night, or got drowned, as you had not come to see us. I don't think Sir Fielding would have been guilty of such unpardonable neglect."

And she shook her head reproachfully.

Chudleigh glanced at Carliotta.

"Had I known that you were so anxious to see me, my dear aunt, I should have ridden or walked over without fail. Have you got settled yet? Do you feel at home?" he said to Carliotta.

"Quite," she said; "one could not be otherwise, the house is so beautiful and Lady Mildred is so kind."

"I am glad you like the cottage," he said, eagerly. "Did you hear the storm on Friday?"

"Hear it?" she said, with great surprise. "It was terrible. We thought the house would have been swept away. The old rectory must have suffered much, I should think. I felt a positive relief at seeing it still towering above the old trees."

"Ah, the rectory," said Chud. "By the way, I have quite a piece of romance for you. You remember the history I told you the other morning—"

"Come, Chud," said Sir Fielding. "It is time to get to our pew."

So Chudleigh had to keep the story of Maurice Durant's return to tell at some future time.

Scarcely had they taken their seats than the Folly carriage drove up, glittering with plated harness and magnificent liveries, and Mrs. Gregson, the son and the two daughters, alighted, accompanied by a tall, military-looking gentleman, dressed in the height of fashion, and with the most extreme care, so striking the villagers by his languid manner and filling them with admiration of his golden hair and seal-like coat that they forgot the customary scrape, and stared as if he were some strange animal.

With much rustling of silks and satins, and passing to and fro of dazzling footmen bearing books and hassocks, the Folly settled down; then the mild-faced curate ascended the plain, oaken desk, and commenced in the weakest voice possible, to read the Morning Prayers to his "dearly beloved brethren."

The prayers were finished, the Litany droned through, and the Ten Commandments drearily recited, and Sir Fielding was serenely preparing to wake up for the hymn which the choir had been practicing the whole of the week, preparatory to settling himself again for the sermon, when a half inaudible buzz from the congregation drew his attention to the fact that the little curate, instead of marching off to the vestry to exchange his surplice, had taken his seat in one of the altar chairs, as if he had quite finished his part of the service and was prepared to rest.

Before Sir Fielding had recovered from his astonishment at the unusual proceeding on the part of the curate, the vestry door was heard to close, and the next instant a figure of commanding height and bearing, attired in an old, black-brown robe of time-worn silk, strode across the chancel and entered the pulpit.

The whole congregation was petrified and too astonished to do aught but stare at the grand head bent over the cushion in the introductory prayer, which rang out in a deep, grave voice, as unlike, in its full, rich music, the good little curate's piping as the strains of a cathedral organ are to the squeakings of a church mouse.

Then, when the head was raised, the villagers and gentlemen drew a deep breath, and, fixing their eyes upon the calm, set face, stamped with a true nobility, and marked by deep, heavy lines above the large, stern eyes, waited for the text, all excepting those who remembered Gerald Durant and his son, wondering who it was that had come down upon them with the air of a Roman emperor and the face of a king.

Sir Fielding drew himself up and gazed around, with a look of bewilderment, and, turning to Maud, who was still kneeling, her sweet face turned up toward the pulpit with an expression of wondering awe almost piteous, whispered:

"Maurice Durant!"

She did not seem to hear him, but slowly arising from her knees as the text, "All is vanity and vexation

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**Vapo-resolene**  
 ESTD 1879  
 A simple, safe and effective treatment involving drug, Vapo-resolene stops the spasms of Whooping Cough and relieves Spasmodic Croup at once. It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma. The air-carrying antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, securing restful nights. It is invaluable to mothers with young children.  
 Send us postal for descriptive booklet, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS VAPOR-RESOLINE CO. (LONDON) (MILWAUKEE, WIS.)

**Telegram Fashion Plates.**

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

**A POPULAR MODEL.**



1939—Girl's Dress, with Blouse, and Skirt attached to an Underwaist. Sleeve in either of Two Lengths. Serge, gabardine, satin, voile, nun's veiling and all wash fabrics are nice for this style. Corduroy and velvet may also be used. The blouse is full beneath square yoke sections, over the fronts. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length with a band cuff, or with a turnback cuff at elbow length. The collar is deep and square over the back. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 4 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

**A CHARMING NEGLIGE.**



1929—Ladies' Kimono or Lounging Robe. Silk crepe in blue and white, with trimming of blue satin was used for this model. Cotton crepe is equally attractive and pretty, as are also lawn, dimity, dotted Swiss and other lingerie fabrics. For warmth, flannel, flannellette, cashmere or albatross would be good. The fronts fall in graceful folds below the deep collar. The fulness may be confined by the belt, or shirred to fit an inside band. In soft materials, the shirring would be very pretty. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 34, 38, 42 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 7 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a 38-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Size . . . . . No. . . . .

Address in full:—

Name . . . . .

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 Samples, style sheets and measuring forms sent to any address.  
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 The "Evening Telegram" is read by over 40,000 People daily.

**Doctor Tells How Eyesight 50% Week's Time**  
 A Free Prescription You Can Have Filled and Use at Home.  
 Philadelphia, Pa. Do you wear glasses? Are you a victim of eye strain or other weaknesses? If so, you will be glad to know that according to Dr. Lewis there is real hope for you. Many whose eyes were failing say they have had their eyes restored through the principle of this wonderful free prescription. One man says after trying it: "It was almost blind, could not see to read at all. Now I can read everything without any glasses and my eyes do not water any more. At first they would pain dreadfully; now they feel fine all the time. It was like a miracle to me." A lady who used it says: "The response seemed easy with or without glasses, but after using this prescription for fifteen days everything seems clear. I can even read fine print without glasses. It is believed that thousands who wear glasses can now discard them in reasonable time and multitudes more will be able to do so."

**War News.**  
**Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.**  
**BRITISH AND GERMAN ENGAGEMENT IN NAVAL FIGHT.**  
 LONDON, Jan. 23.  
 In an engagement between British light naval forces and German torpedo boat destroyers in the North Sea last night, a German torpedo boat destroyer was sunk and other torpedo craft scattered, it was officially announced to-night. The sinking of British torpedo boat destroyers in another engagement with German torpedo boat destroyers in the vicinity of Schouwen Bank last night, with the loss of three officers and forty-four of the crew, was also announced. The text of the official communication says: Last night while our light forces were patrolling the North Sea coast from the Dutch coast, they met a division of enemy torpedo boat destroyers. A short engagement took place, during which one of the enemy torpedo boat destroyers was sunk and the rest scattered, having suffered considerable punishment. Darkness prevented the full results of the action from being observed. During the night there was also a short and sharp engagement between enemy torpedo boat destroyers and our own destroyers, in the vicinity of Schouwen Bank. During this engagement one of our torpedo boat destroyers was struck by a torpedo, the explosion killing three officers and forty-four of the crew. She subsequently was sunk by our ships. Replies of the victims have been informed. Our ships suffered no other casualties.

According to a Hague report to the Exchange Telegraph Co., two German ships were sunk and three other vessels damaged in the North Sea fishery. Reports from Ymuiden, Holland, received by Reuters' Telegram Company via Amsterdam, say the German torpedo boats last night attempted to leave Zebrugge to avoid ice, which was very thick. They were attacked by a large British squadron. The action opened at short range. Early in the fight, the bridge of the German destroyer V-69 was swept away by a direct hit, the commander and two other officers being killed. The V-69 fired one torpedo and was then hit by another British shell, which knocked the funnel flat on the deck. Still another shell put a hole in the forepart of the vessel. Her guns appeared not to have been damaged. The crew of the V-69 numbered about 60. It would appear from the statements of the men that seven other German vessels were sunk. The V-69 belonged to the home fleet.

Yielden, Holland.—The encounter occurred on Tuesday morning in the North Sea between 14 German torpedo boat destroyers and a British flotilla. Sixteen severely wounded Germans have been landed here by a Dutch trawler which took them off the badly damaged German torpedo boat V-69. The torpedo boat was afterwards towed here with twenty dead aboard. The commander had

**Hit a**  
 ANY IT TOUGH? EGGS 65¢ DOZ.— TELL ME—WITH THE 50 PER CENT INCREASE AGAINST A MAN!