

Life Guards in your Blood!

If hostile forces invaded Germany to-morrow, a vast army of trained soldiers would concentrate to destroy them. And the same thing ought to happen every time your blood is invaded by one of the innumerable microbes which enter your nose whenever you breathe, and your mouth whenever you eat or speak. Millions of soldiers should be ready to defend you against disease.

What are those soldiers? Ask any doctor. He will tell you that your blood contains certain white cells which garrison your body, living side by side with the red cells—workers which supply the tissues of your body with oxygen. It is only lately that scientists have discovered the purpose for which the white soldier-cells exist.

By watching tiny drops of warm blood

Under the microscope, they found out that the duty of the soldier-cells is to grapple with invading microbes, and, if possible, to destroy them. That is what nature intended. But when your power of resistance is impaired by overwork or any other cause, the garrison of soldier-cells may be too weak or too few for a successful defence, and the invading microbes will win the day. At such times it is necessary to provide a supply of new recruits ready to take the place of the white cells, dying by millions in the fight for your life. How can you do this? By taking Virol.

Certain "rare constituents" of our food have a stimulating effect on all those glands of the body in which white cells are made. The same is true of red bone-marrow, as we might expect, seeing that this marrow exists for the making of blood. These "rare constituents" are combined with red bone-marrow in Virol, so that in it we have a double instrument for helping the body to reinforce the army of health.

When you are suffering from weakness or exhaustion, take Virol regularly three times a day, a teaspoonful after meals, or it may be taken in warm milk, and you will serve health where health begins, which is in healthy blood, crammed with fighting cells that will take the life of any invader.

Virol, the food which replenishes the blood with white cells that conquer disease.

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Thousand Hospitals and Sanatoria

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Grand Alliance;

Love That Knew No Bounds.

CHAPTER XII.

"My dear," confessed Mrs. Dacie, after the sisters had left them, with anxious injunctions to come in soon, for the sun was going down—"my dear, the very sound of your voice seems like part of my own people and makes me better; but do you know I was miserably shaky last week, and I think we all frightened one another. Being so little together, you see, we had forgotten each other's ways. They meant to be kindness itself, but except when I could induce Maria to read this young linen-drafter's poetry to me, she could talk of nothing but my symptoms, and seemed determined to make out I was going to have a fit! And poor Caroline was so particular over everything I ate and drank, that it was coming to my never relishing a thing at all. They—very thoughtfully, I'm sure—brought a young doctor in to see me unexpectedly, and, Sydney, it seemed so dreadful to have anyone but my own husband asking me questions—I was quite overcome. I expect it was then they wrote. To tell the truth, I'm sorry they did—if, dear child, caressing Sydney's head, "it has not put you about too much making the journey for me!"

"And that it has not done the very best," the girl hastened to answer. Here was someone else tender and kind to her. Notes of love seemed ringing like joy-bells about her to-day! "If you like having me it is

only just summer excursion for me, and"—making light of what she had done—"as all the scenes are fresh to me, it ought to give me plenty to remember and profit by."

Which words were to sound like some elfish prophecy, their whole full fillment hid for many a day in darkest cloud.

"Mary Ellen," here cried Miss Thorne from her window, "our sister Caroline thinks there's going to be a dew."

"Which means we must go in," said Mrs. Dacie, rising obediently. "I am afraid my three old ladies have been three old worries to each other."

And Sydney, though quite ready to deny the imputation as far as the speaker was concerned, was soon forced to admit its truth with respect to the others.

For her advent, in place of Mary's had thrown each hostess into a trying ferment of hospitality. Miss Alwyn, the liberal, well-dowered young lady from The Dale, must see that Mary Ellen, although now narrowed in her means, belonged to people who understood proper entertainment. So a flutter of hasty preparation pervaded the house as the pair from the garden entered. Much chinking of the best plate, unwrapped from tissue-paper, was audible from one room. Miss Thorne, her everyday stuff gown exchanged for creaking brown silk, was caught polishing up the best silver tea-pot in another. A half-open door, closed by some unseen jerk, discovered Mrs. Carew, her cap-strings pinned back, presiding over the concoction of an omelet. One little serving-maid was sent racing off to the nearest farm for cream. "Which," bouncing presently into the trim drawing-room, "please, mum, I couldn't get nohows," she announced, "because it hadn't bin spoke for overnight." Another stumped to and fro the dining-room, changing, with a

cautious speed that evoked much labored breathing, the crockery of the every-day supper-table for that precious best china whose rare use was deep anxiety to all concerned. With profuse regrets at there being no late dinner prepared, "which could easily have been had we at all expected you, Miss Alwyn!" Supper was proceeded with, sounds of rumbling and scuttling overhead meanwhile betokening action upstairs on the visitor's behalf. An ominous tumble and a shrill squeal compelled Mrs. Carew, with a "Please excuse me," to hurry aloft, to return, however, with the gratifying news that it was only Susan who had collapsed under a mattress.

"Our house is so small," she explained; "we have only one good-sized spare room; and that being west, you see, dear Mary Ellen must have it."

"With her tendencies, you understand," said Miss Thorne, "the morning sun on her asleep might have serious effects."

"And of course we couldn't think of putting you in the little south room that would have done for Mary," chirped the widow.

"So we have made the necessary changes, and put you in our east room; we can go anywhere!" said the spinster, with cheerful resignation. "And do you like your head north or south, Miss Alwyn? Susan and Betsy, and my sister and I, will lift the bed any way you choose, with pleasure."

Any room, and any bed, and heid head in any direction would equally have suited Sydney, but on that and score of other points she had to express an opinion before her fidgety hostesses would be content; and by the time she was allowed to go to rest she felt as if many days of such assiduous politeness would try her as it had done poor Mrs. Dacie.

But the mild trial was to last only hours, and these fewer than at first arranged. Thursday was to see her returning with Mrs. Dacie. She sent a brief note home to that effect. At

Wednesday's breakfast-table its pre-

sident and vice-president received her with perturbation. They could get no eggs! Could Miss Alwyn manage without them? Fish only came round once a week. Miss Thorne had gone herself to the only grocer's for coffee. It might be poor, but it was the best to be purchased. They and Mary Ellen took tea. They didn't allow Mary Ellen coffee. With her habit it was too heating. But they so wished to provide what Miss Alwyn liked

And would she mind dining early and would she like lamb? If she preferred poultry they would send two miles off for a chicken. Provoking to relate (and unusual), they had on a little cold meat in the house.

"Which will do—" began Sydney but was interrupted with—

TWO NERVOUS WOMEN

Made Well By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I had a severe case of nervous prostration, with palpitation of the heart, constipation, headaches, dizziness, noise in my ears, timid, nervous, restless feelings and sleeplessness.

"I read in the paper where a young woman had been cured of the same troubles by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound so I threw away the medicines the doctor left me and began taking the Compound. Before I had taken half a bottle I was able to sit up and in a short time I was able to do all my work. Your medicine has proved itself able to do all you say it will and I have recommended it in every household I have visited."—Mrs. MARY JOHNSON, 210 Siegel Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Another Bad Case. Ephrata, Pa.—"About a year ago I was down with nervous prostration. I was pale and weak and would have hysterical spells, sick headaches and a bad pain under my shoulder-blade. I was under the care of different doctors but did not improve. I was so weak I could hardly stand long enough to do my dishes.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made me well and happy and I have begun to gain in weight and my face looks healthy now."—Mrs. J. W. HORNBERGER, R. No. 3, Ephrata, Pa.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

"Certainly not! Lamb or chicken, it must be for you, Miss Alwyn! However, Carry, whip some cream for Miss Alwyn, with the gooseberry tart. If it had only been Friday, now, we could have offered her a Lutterthorpe cream-cheese."

"Lutterthorpe," repeated Sydney, "I know that name. It is close to Guyswick." It was indeed the hamlet where her old nurse, Taffy, had lived. "Is it far from here?"

"An hour or so by rail, I think," answered Mrs. Carew. "But the cheeses are only made on Fridays, I'm afraid."

"I was not thinking of them," said Sydney, "but—rather of how delightful it would be to ease this household of her too clearly disturbing presence, and go forward to those regions of her childhood's holidays, thence perhaps to a glimpse of Guyswick, or even as far as Stillcote-Upton and Jacob Cheene. Mrs. Dacie, consulted, saw no reason why she should not revisit her old haunts. The sisters made a bad hand at concealing that they were glad to be released of extra-prandial preparations, and so, cheerful on all counts, ten o'clock saw Sydney on the wing again, though only by a staggard train which, dawdling along some thirty minutes, then set her down at a country junction, to wait another half hour before getting on to Lutterthorpe.

Waiting was no hardship, though, on this brilliant summer morning. Her mind busy with remembrance of yesterday, with anticipation of to-morrow, Sydney paced up and down razing at the rising hills and fruit-lad slopes, hearing, almost sharing, the glad carolling of the larks soaring overhead. Presently, sauntering back from the platform's limit, she found a companion in delay. A dog-cart was just being driven from the asphalted yard; a tall man, alighted apparently therefrom, was standing by the endmost roof-supporting beam. The station-master, beside him was saying, as she drew near.

"You can go in five minutes, sir, if you take the loop line. But the mail by Stillcote gets to your place eight minutes sooner. That'll come through in twenty minutes."

"Thanks, I should greatly prefer the first," answered the traveller, in a voice that arrested Sydney's attention. Resonant, pleasant, sad-sounding, moreover, like some full note out of—it must be dream-land!

"If you like to sit down, sir, the room's empty—"

"I would rather stay just where I am."

"Then if you stop still, sir, I'll be sure to come with your ticket when your train comes in."

And the civil functionary went off with a touch of the hat, checked before it had reached its full proportions. Sydney went by, to the end of her planked tether; returned and glanced furtively at the stranger. Had she ever met him before? He leaned against the upright beam, a broad-framed figure of something more than common height, well enough dressed, but without a suspicion of the petit maitre about him (what made recollection of Rupert Villiers measure itself by him for a moment, to a disadvantage?)—a face powerful but not ungente, brown-mustached and bearded, hair darker, eyebrows darker still, drawn together over a resolutely down-bent gaze.

Sydney passed close beside him. Not for a moment were his eyes lifted. She loitered on slowly, then turned back. He stood there, still as a statue. As she advanced a troop of people drove up and seized on the station-master for details of Welsh touring tickets, while their luggage was wheeled on the platform in such a way as to bar the progress of a countryman with a huge basket of live fowl.

"If I marn't go one way I maun go the 'other!" cried this individual, es-saying to pass in front of the yet immovable stranger; "now, then, master stir up, won't ye, an' let a body go by!"

Thus adjured the gentleman started, moved suddenly in the wrong direction, and was within an ace of stumbling some four feet down on the metals below.

(To Be Continued.)

Evening 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.

9927.—A SIMPLE NEAT LITTLE FROCK.



Girl's One Piece Dress with Straight or Shaped Edge at the Closing, and with or without Girdle.

Such a pretty dress was developed from this design in blue and white dotted tub silk. It is equally effective in gingham, percale, galatea, challie, lawn, dimity, voile, or crepe. Feather-stitching or insertion would form a pretty trimming on this model. The model has inverted fullness at the underarm seams and the sleeve and neck finish is pleasing though simple. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. It requires 2 5-8 yards of 36 or 40 inch material for a 6 year size. A Pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

9930.—A SPLENDID MODEL Girl's Apron.



This simple little design is so easy to develop, that "mother's" girl will be glad to do it alone. The deep arm-hole is so comfortable and the effect so neat, to say nothing of the good covering which the apron will give to the dress beneath. For home, cooking school, for play time, this design will prove very satisfactory. The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 2 1-8 yards of 27 inch material for a 6 year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

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