



# ELECTRICITY and NERVE FORCE

Nerve Force is so much like Electricity, and the latter is so much better understood, that we have used this vivid telephone picture to illustrate what takes place in the human system when the connecting nerve fibres are deranged or something goes wrong at Central.

In the nervous system the brain is the Central where the Nerve Force is created, and whence are issued the orders which control the whole human body. Here is consumed one-fifth of the blood in the human body, and when the blood supply is deficient in quality or quantity, the brain and the nervous system are first to feel the effects.

Neuralgic pains and headaches, inability to rest or sleep or concentrate the mind, dizziness and noises in

the ears, are some of the symptoms of a starved nervous system.

Just as machinery lags when the current of electricity fails, so the bodily organs weaken when the supply of nerve force runs low. Digestion is impaired and you lose appetite, the liver, kidneys and bowels are slow in performing their functions, the heart's action weakens, circulation is slow, hands and feet are cold, you are easily tired, lose ambition and grow downhearted and discouraged.

This describes the condition under which Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can prove of greatest assistance to you. Forming new, rich blood it feeds the starved, exhausted nerve and brain cells back to health and vigor. The new vital, nerve force flows out through the intricate system of nerve fibres to every member and every organ of the body, carrying new vigor, energy and strength and driving out pain, weakness and disease.

50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers, or Edmansons, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations disappoint.

## Dr. Chase's Nerve Food



Dr. Chase's Recipe Book, 1,000 selected recipes, sent free if you mention this paper.

### "KYRA,"

OR  
The Ward of the Earl of Vering.

CHAPTER I  
"I am glad you enjoyed yourself, Charlie, and as you like that sort of thing I'll see you get a pastebord for most of the dinners worth going to; but Charlie, dear boy, I think if I were you—I merely mention my opinion—I wouldn't see too much of the count—and, no, I certainly wouldn't eat any grilled bones at his rooms."

This in the gentlest way it was possible to say it.

The boy turned his face to him and put up his small fist to touch the other's long, white hand.

"Never again, Perce! You don't think I would have gone if I had thought—"

"My dear Charlie," broke in the other, softly. "I merely put in a word. I trust you as I would myself, and I know that you would find out for yourself very quickly what was right of the board and what was wrong. I only put in a word to save you the trouble and help you on the road—no more."

"Perce, I think you are the dearest fellow in the world," breathed the boy, with his eyes suspiciously moist.

Perce Chester turned away with a little pressure upon the young shoulders.

"I am going to send down to the

bank—is there anything I can do for you, dear boy?"

"Oh, yes," replied Charlie. "I've got my check this morning from the lawyers—would you get it changed for me, if it isn't too much trouble?"

"No trouble at all. How much is it for?" asked Percy Chester, as if the check had not come from himself, as if he did regularly every quarter in a roundabout way.

"There it is," said the boy; and with the same businesslike, innocent expression, the donor examined it carefully, and counted out its equivalent in gold.

"Thanks," said the boy. "Awfully nice to have a regular income, isn't it? Makes me feel so free—"

Percy Chester nodded.

"Yes, that is just it. If it be large enough. I have never heard you complain, Charlie; but if you should be short at any time, of course—"

The boy flushed and laughed.

"I believe you'd give me your last crust, Perce, and I am almost sorry sometimes that I haven't to come to you."

His cousin laughed.

"Come on, my boy; we'll go round, and do our social duties, and then—well, you shall go down with me and see some of the two-year-olds," he added, with that air of equality and bon camarade which so entirely won the boy's heart, and then he rang for his valet.

CHAPTER II

It was the morning after the Duchess of Rosemere's ball, and Lillian Devigne, the young lady who had

been so fortunate as to find such exceeding favor in Charlie Merivale's sight, stood by the table of the morning-room in her mother's house at Park Lane.

Though the ball had been a heavy one—the first important one of the season, and Lillian Devigne had done her duty as the probable belle of the season—there was neither lassitude nor the sign of weariness about her. To describe her one would need the pencil of a Lely, for she was peculiarly his style of beauty; golden-haired, perfectly oval-faced; deep-blue eyes, with a knock of darkening to a violet hue; a nose small and perfectly formed; and a figure supple, yet fully formed—graceful, yet decided and clearly defined. If there was a fault to be found, one would have discovered it in a look of sensitiveness about the small mouth, that gave the idea of being too well under command—too mechanically obedient to the wish of its lovely owner. It was a mouth incapable of expressing emotion of its own accord and impulse; every curve seemed prompted by art, every smile by will and apart from gratification.

At the moment of our introduction the mouth is at repose, the sweet lips slightly apart, as their owner stands in an attitude which a sculptor might copy, arranging in a vase the flowers from an untied bouquet.

Dressed in a morning costume of apparently careless, yet really deeply studied simplicity, Lillian Devigne's beauty shone to even better advantage than it did last night when the glimmer of jewels rivaled her eyes and the rich ball dress constrained the curves of the graceful figure.

Beside the bouquet on the table lay the ball programme, filled in every line, and as she arranged the flowers she paused every now and then to glance at the list of names scribbled down on the card.

In the manner of doing this—slight and apparently trivial as the action was, there was something so business-like, so purposeful, that an observer, forgetful of her fresh, youthful loveliness, would have set her down as an

experienced campaigner in the battlefield of the London seasons.

And yet this was Lillian Devigne's second season only—scarcely the second even, for she had appeared at the last levee of the preceding season, and had startled only the few closing receptions by her marvelous beauty. The name, that of a family among the oldest in England, was quite familiar to every member of the upper ten, but when she appeared under the chaperoning wing of her mother, Lady Devigne, the world was startled into remembering that no member of that branch of the family had made an appearance for some years. Lady Devigne accounted for her absence from the fashionable gatherings of the last ten years by her husband's death and by the cares attendant upon her daughter's learning and education, duties which she had availed herself of so absorbing a nature as to render her own appearance in society impossible. But these were not the only reasons, one still remained behind, and, like most unspoken ones, the most potent.

Want of money had been the cause of her retirement; want of money had compelled them to hide their heads in out-of-the-way Continental towns; want of money now, at that present moment, rendered their life one endless struggle and scheming; and want of money was rapidly developing the girlish nature of Lillian Devigne—as it had developed and spoiled many another—into the sharp, shrewd marriage huntress. Ever since she could remember had the want of money followed in her shadow and haunted her life; one of her first lessons was the inculcation of the truth that poverty is a crime, and that to be rich is to be righteous. Her idea of duty had been formed upon the principle—that there is nothing better than gold and power, and that both were within her reach if she chose to avail herself of the gifts nature had bestowed upon her, and the accomplishments which her mother had somehow or other managed to secure to her. So Lillian Devigne started in life, with all the unmarried peerage as her prey, and her beauty and talent as weapons of the chase. And what advantages were hers! Were ever beauty and grace more liberally bestowed on and exultingly assorted in one person. Who was to know that the one thing wanting to make a perfect whole was a heart that could love without calculation, and a mind powerless to rise above the dross of the world and the worship of gold.

Certainly no one who looked at her that spring morning as she bent over the flowers and daintily divided her attention between them and her ball list, lost in thought so profound that she did not hear the rustle of her mother's silk dress as the door opened and Lady Devigne entered.

Lady Devigne was of that uncertain age which clings so tenaciously to itself; smaller than her daughter, with features that were only not quite

sharp, with an occasional troubled, restless, hunted look in her eyes, and an air of forced repose which told more plainly than the most natural restlessness how ill at ease was the heart that beat beneath the calm exterior. Lady Devigne was considered a most disinterested, simple-minded lady; at home the air of high bred simplicity yielded, perhaps insensibly, to a sharper, more capricious, and imperial tone.

Who, for instance, of the brilliant friends at the duchess's ball would have recognized the soft, placid voice of Lady Devigne in the sharp, querulous tone in which she now addressed her daughter.

"What are you doing, Lillian? What a fearful mess all over the table! If there is anything I do hate it is stale flowers about a room."

"These are not stale, mamma," was the calm, cool reply, "and they are too beautiful to throw away."

"I see no beauty in them—common things that could be bought at any shop in Covent Garden, or he would not have sent them. Do let them be thrown away."

"He! whom?" asked the daughter, not interrupting her task for a moment.

"Who else but the count," retorted Lady Devigne, opening the desk of her lavender and taking out three ugly-looking account books. "It is like his presumption to send them. Does he think we are deceived by his diamonds and swaggar? We know too much of foreign counts and princes! far too much!"

"Far too much," echoed the soft, sweet voice, that cut like a whip-cord across the fretful irritation of the mother. "But Count Hudspeil did not send these."

"How do you know?" queried Lady Devigne, incredulously.

"By inference," answered Lillian, putting the last flower in its place, and wiping her unsold hands on her delicate lace handkerchief.

"Inference! I wish you could find out some way of paying these bills by inference," muttered her ladyship.

"I am sure the amount of meat and potatoes that are eaten in this house is something fearful; but I forgot, you cannot take any interest in these matters. Inference! What do you mean?"

"Simply that I have reason to think these came from some one of far greater importance than Count Hudspeil," said Lillian, sinking into a chair, and looking dreamily at her mother's worried face.

"Do speak out, Lillian," exclaimed her ladyship; "if you mean to tell me—tell me, you know how I hate to have to guess at this and the other, or to be kept in suspense. Who did send them?"

"Percy Chester," replied Lillian. "Percy Chester!" echoed Lady Devigne, pushing the account book from before her, and leaning back with an air of reflection which entirely obliterated the querulous lines of her face. "Are you sure?"

(To be Continued.)

Black alpaca is pretty embroiled with dull blue thread.

### How to Save Your Eyes

Try This Free Prescription.

Do your eyes give you trouble? Do you already wear eyeglasses or spectacles? Thousands of people wear these "windows" who might easily dispense with them. You may be one of these, and it is your duty to save your eyes before it is too late. The eyes are neglected more than any other organ of the entire body. After you finish your day's work you sit down and rest your muscles, but how about your eyes? Do you rest them? You know you do not. You read or do something else that keeps your eyes busy. You work your eyes until you go to bed. That is why so many have strained eyes and finally their eye troubles threaten partial or total blindness. Eyeglasses are merely crutches; they never cure. This free prescription, which has benefited the eyes of so many, may work equal wonders for you. Use it a short time. Would you like your eye troubles to disappear as if by magic? Try this prescription. Go to the nearest widest drug store and get a bottle of Bon-Opto tablets. Drop one tablet in 1/2 glass of water and allow it to thoroughly dissolve. With this liquid bathe the eyes two to four times daily. Just note how quickly your eyes clear up and how soon the inflammation will disappear. Don't be afraid to use it. It is absolutely harmless. Many who are blind might have saved their eyes had they started to care for them in time. This is a simple treatment, but marvelously effective in multitudes of cases. Note that you have been warned not to delay a day, but do what you can to save your eyes and you are likely to thank us as long as you live for publishing this prescription. The Valman Drug Co. of Toronto will fill the above prescription by mail, if your druggist cannot.

A prominent City Physician to whom the above article was submitted, said: "Bon-Opto is a very remarkable remedy. Its constant application will insure permanent eye spectacles and good druggist and it can be seen from any of our druggists to keep on hand for regular use in almost every family."

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### List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to May 15th, 1916.

- Aylward, Miss Mary, New Gower St.
- Andrews, R., Duckworth St.
- Andrews, Miss K. (card), Theatre Hill
- Ashbourne, Wm.
- Adey, Miss Minnie F., Hoylestown
- Bally, Mrs. Mary
- Barnes, Miss Emily, care C. H. Barnes, LeMarchant Rd.
- Baker, Miss Mary, Water St.
- Black, Mrs. T. P., care Gen. Delivery
- Batten, Abraham, Duckworth St.
- Bryant, W. C.
- Baldwin, Miss Charlotte, Gower St.
- Barrow, Miss Susie, Gower St.
- Barron, Mrs. Wm.
- Bragg, James, George St., S. A. Hotel
- Barnes, Wm., Long Pond Road
- Bennett, Mrs. Peter, c/o Gen. Delivery
- Bearns, Mrs. S., Pennywell Road
- Byrne, Mrs. James, King's Road
- Byrne, Miss Margaret
- Belbin, Miss Emma, King's B. Road
- Bell, W. F., Bell Street
- Bird, Miss Maggie, late Grand Falls
- Bishop, Mrs. Walsh's Square
- Bourne, B. R.
- Brown, Mrs. Thos., Queen St.
- Butler, Miss Emma J., Collins' Square
- Butler, Mr. & Mrs. James, card, Flower Hill
- Burt, Mrs. Joseph, care Gen'l Post Office
- Blundell, Mr. H. A.
- Butler, Miss Lucy
- Budlong, Miss Met., card
- Burton, Robert, LeMarchant Road
- Bursey, Wm., care Savings Bank
- Butler, W. J., Young Street
- Byrne, James, Victoria St.
- Brown, Mrs., Military Road
- Boyle, Mrs. B.
- Clark, Mrs. Wm., New Gower St.
- Carpenter, George W.
- Caines, Mrs. George, Duckworth St.
- Chatman, Albert
- Caso, Ernest
- Chase, Walter W.
- Christian, G. G., late s.s. Glencoe
- Collins, Peter, card
- Cooper, Miss Rose, card
- Crimp, Miss May, c/o Peter O'Mara
- Corner, Frank J., c/o C. E. O'Reilly
- Coleman, Miss Lena, Theatre Hill
- Corkum, Clarence S.
- Callahan, John, 51 — Street
- Christiansen, Ralph
- Coleman, Thomas, Barter's Hill
- Cook, Miss Violet
- Cook, Wm., c/o Gen. P. Office
- Coller, J. P., care Mrs. White, Pleasant St.
- Connolly, D. C., Gower St.
- Churchill, Mrs. Ambrose, New Gower Street
- Curran, Miss Mary, New Gower Street
- Churchill, Mr. and Mrs. Wm., Balsam Place
- Chafe, Wm., off Gear Street
- Crane, E. J., card
- Cook, Miss Florence
- Connors, Patrick J., Waldegrave St.
- Cranford, Miss Caroline
- Chester, Mrs. Baxter, New Gower St.
- Cook, Wm., Long Pond Road
- Daley, Miss Mary, Pleasant St.
- Daniels, George, Gower St.
- Day, Joshua, c/o G. P. O.
- Dwyer, Miss A., Bond St.
- Dervie, Mrs. Frank, New Gower St.
- Dallant, Thomas, Forest Road
- Durdle, Miss L., LeMarchant Road
- Eddicotte, Miss Kate
- Elkin, Mrs. Stanley
- Ellsworth, Const. T., West End Station
- Facey, S., New Gower St.
- French, Solomon, Scott St.
- Fitzpatrick, Mrs., Pleasant St.
- Flynn, Miss Mary, Spencer Lodge
- Forsey, Miss Bertha
- Ford, Samuel
- Ford, Mrs. S. E., Prescott St.
- Gallop, Mrs. Morgan
- Green, Mrs., Lime St.
- Gillingham, Tom, card
- Glover, Jasper, late Port aux Basques
- Goudie, Ernest
- Harding, A. B.
- Hayward, Miss Sarah, New Gower St.
- Handrigan, Nellie, Water St. West
- Hewlett, Arminius, c/o Gen. Delivery
- Hilton, Mr., George St.
- Hill, Miss Annie, 22 — Street
- Holden, Michael, late s.s. Sagona
- Holland, Miss Mary B., Hamilton St.
- Hurley, Mrs. Norman, card, John St.
- Hutchings, A. G., Hamilton St.
- Horwood, A., card, Military Road
- Jones, J. P.
- Jones, J. W., card, c/o G. P. O.
- Jenkins, J., Casey's St.
- Johnson, Ralph
- James, Miss Bessie
- Jackson, Mrs. George, New Gower Street
- Johnston, James, Nagle's Hill
- Joy, Mrs. John, Lion's Square
- James, Wm. J., Banerman St.
- James, J., Hagerty's Street
- Jackson, Mrs. George, New Gower St.
- Jones, Vincent
- Keefe, Mrs. H., slip, Forest Road
- Kent, Mrs. Wm., Water St.
- Keboe, Veronica, Military Road
- Keefe, Mrs. B., Barter's Hill
- Kelly, Daniel
- Kelly, Miss Gertrude, card, late Placentia
- Kennedy, Mrs. John, card, New Gower Street
- Kirby, Charles, Prince's Street
- Kirby, Miss Mary, Banerman St.
- King, Mrs. Bertha
- Lacey, Gilbert
- Lamb, Miss Mary, Spencer St.
- Lynch, David
- Lovely, Bert, care G. P. O.
- Layman, Jane, retd., Cabot St.
- Laey, Mrs. James, Pennywell Road
- Maynard, F. J., care Gen. P. Office
- Martin, Herbert, Colonial St.
- Martin, Haviland S., card
- Martin, Miss Annie, New Gower St.
- Malone, Miss Eugene, card, New Gower Street
- Marshall, Mrs. M., King's Road
- Malloy, Mrs. James, George St.
- Mandel, Matd., care Gen. Delivery
- Martin, Jack, Newtown Road
- Miller, Miss Ida, care Gen. P. Office
- Miffin, Sydney C., card
- Mitchell, Miss Nellie
- Moore, Mrs. J., Monroe St.
- Morris, A.
- Morris, Wm., care G. P. O.
- Murphy, Miss A., Gower St.
- Murphy, Miss Mollie
- Murphy, John J., Agent
- Murphy, Miss Bride, Young St.
- Murphy, Miss Bessie, Cabot St.
- Murphy, Pte. Patrick, retd.
- Murray, Ralph
- Murphy, Mrs. May, Banerman Road
- Matford, Miss M. B., card, care General Delivery
- Maloney, J. J.
- McDonald, Mrs., Duckworth St.
- McLeod, Miss Grace, Mundy Pond Rd.
- McCarthy, Mrs. Ellen, card, Water Street West
- McDonald, Wm.
- McDonald, Miss Mary, card, George's Street
- Nash, Miss Annie, Freshwater Road
- Nosworthy, Mr. and Mrs. Geo., card
- Nolan, Miss Mary Ellen
- McKinnon, Mrs., New Gower St.
- O'Keefe, Philip, Prescott St.
- O'Brien, Mrs. E., Queen's Road
- O'Donnell, John, care Reid Co.
- O'Toole, Francis, Black Marsh Road
- Parsons, George, Pennywell Road, care G.P.O.
- Parrell, Wm., Long Pond Road
- Parrell, Wm., Allandale Road
- Parsons, Miss Annie, care King George Institute
- Piercy, Miss Bessie, card
- Pike, Master Wm., Gilbert St.
- Power, Miss Annie M., Gower St.
- Power, James, care Ivy Hotel, Water Street West
- Page, Miss Dorothy, Pennywell Road
- Parsons, Miss Jessie, card, care Mrs. White, Pleasant St.
- Quirk, Thomas, c/o Genl. P. Office.
- Ryan, Miss Katie, Queen St.
- Reddy, James, Newtown Road
- Reid, James, Freshwater Road
- Redmond, James
- Richards, Miss N., Duckworth St.
- Roberts, Henry, Allandale Road
- Roberts, E. W.
- Rogers, Joseph
- Robins, John, South Battery
- Roberts, Miss Annie, Allandale Road
- Rogers, F., Hutchings' St.
- Roberts, Solomon
- Roberts, George, Allandale Road
- Ruby, Miss M., Water St. West
- Rogers, Joseph, George's St.
- Stewart, Capt. George
- Spracklin, Herbert
- Stratton, Miss Amella
- Sansford, W. J.
- Shaw, Miss Mary J., Pleasant Street
- Stapleton, Miss Laura, Theatre Hill
- Sharpe, Sarah
- Saint, Miss Hettie, Scott's St.
- Stevens, Chas., care G. P. O.
- Sterling, T. H. & Co.
- Smith, Miss Ida, LeMarchant Road
- Smith, Miss D., Power St.
- Sinnott, J. J., Queen St.
- Simms, Mary C., care Mrs. Furlong
- Smith, J. H., Gower St.
- Smith, A. B.
- Sinclair, Miss Patience, Circular Rd.
- Snook, Abner, Freshwater Road
- Scott, Miss P.
- Short, Susie, Queen's Road
- Sullivan, Martin, Ivy Hotel, Water St.
- Sullivan, Miss Flossie, card, Queen's Road
- Squires, Richard, Lime St.
- Squires, Joseph, Queen St.
- Spartell, Eric, Gower St.
- Sinnott, A., Pennywell Road
- Taylor, Bert, card, c/o Reid Co.
- Taylor, Louis, care G. P. O.
- Trenchard, Wm.
- Trenchard, Hayward, care G. P. O.
- Thistle, Joseph, New Gower St.
- Tiler, Raymond
- Thompson, Art, Newtown Road
- Thorne, Mrs. Richard, Freshwater Rd.
- Thompson, Wm., Duckworth St.
- Underhay, Miss Annie, Circular Road
- Ward, Frank R., Gower St.
- Walsh, Martin, Long Pond Road
- Wall, Miss Annie, 21 — St.
- Whelan, Mrs. Patrick M., Gower St.
- Walsh, John, late Hr. Grace
- Walsh, Mr. P. O. Box 571
- Weir, Mr., Newtown Road
- Whelan, J.
- Wholan, Mrs. Mary, Gower St.
- Winsor, James, care G. P. O.
- White, Mrs. John, Carter's Hill
- Williams, John, King's Road
- Whitbourne, Wm., Cochrane St.
- Williamms, A. Circular Road
- White, Mrs. A. E., Gower St.
- Wright, Henry
- Williams, Sandy, c/o Genl. Delivery
- White, Mrs. A. E., Gower St.
- White, Miss Lucy, Freshwater Road
- Woodridge, Miss Althea, Queen's Rd.
- Woodcock, E.
- Watton, Emily, Miss, Cowan Home.
- Young, B. B., New Gower St.

### War

Messages Received Previously

BRITISH BOMBARDERS  
British warships have bombarded the coast of the Mediterranean Sea, and are believed to be in the Turkish line of communication.

ALLIES DETERMINED TO  
The Allies continue to stand solid for a fight to the end, and are believed to be in the Turkish line of communication.

ITALIANS EVACUATED  
The Italian officials issued here to-day a statement by the Italian government, and also of the line of communication to Sagliodaspio.

WILL NOT RELAX  
The German officials here to-day a statement by the German government, and also of the line of communication to Sagliodaspio.

RE THE GERMAN  
The German officials here to-day a statement by the German government, and also of the line of communication to Sagliodaspio.

THE FRENCH COASTING  
The French coasting ships are being used for the purpose of transporting supplies to the front.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS  
The Associated Press has been reached by a telegram from the front, and it is believed that the situation is improving.

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