

Spent Countless Nights Unable to Rest or Sleep

Was Run Down and in Terribly Nervous Condition—By Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Gained Regularly.

In this letter is told once more the story which comes from many thousands of women. It is the story of exhausted nerves, of a run-down system and of all the accompanying misery of sleeplessness, headaches and loss of energy and vigor.

But there is a silver lining to this cloud. There is the light of new hope and courage which comes with the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

This letter is so representative of the kind we are daily receiving that you can judge from it what you might expect from this treatment under similar circumstances.

Mrs. Conrad Schmidt, R. R. No. 1, Milverton, Ont., writes: "Two years ago last spring I was run down, had nervous prostration, and was in a terribly nervous condition. I could not sleep or eat. Could scarcely count the nights that I passed without sleep, and if I did eat, had sick headaches and vomiting spells. My limbs would swell so badly that it hurt me to walk. I would jump up in bed,

awakened by bad dreams; in fact, I was so bad I thought I could not live, and started to use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food without much hope.

"It was not long before I began to improve under this treatment, and I can truthfully say it has done me a world of good. It took some time to get the nervous system restored, but I kept right on using the Nerve Food regularly and gradually gained in health and strength. I have a fine baby boy now. He weighed 12 lbs. at birth, and though my friends were anxious after the condition I was in, I got over that fine, and now weigh 120 lbs. Before using the Nerve Food I was a mere skeleton."

You are not asked to expect miracles from Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. But if you are willing to feed back your exhausted nerves to health and strength you can depend absolutely on this great food cure to produce the desired results. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Phyllis Dearborn

OR, THE
Countess of Basingwell

CHAPTER XXI.

If her soul had not been tried by danger, if persecution had not opened her inner eyes, and if she had not been brought into contact with Lionel's nobler and truer nature, she would not yet have been able to appreciate the degradation into which she had been swept and which was likely to carry her away.

Poor creature! she groped in vain through her experiences for some rock to catch hold of and cling to. All she could see was the ray of hope ahead of her that this storm would blow over and leave the future clear for a better life. She would continue her deception only as long as she must, and be true to Lionel in the future. That was her programme.

Lionel let nine o'clock pass by, and she knew that he intended to take no notice of the appointment with Lord Gree. It was a relief for the time, but she was sure that Lord Gree would not permit the matter to rest there, and the fear of what his next step would be kept her on the rack all through a sleepless night and into the next day. With it all, however, she was forced to appear to Lionel as if only the purest happiness reigned in her soul.

Then at last the moment came. She was wandering idly along the path that led to the brook, Lionel having left her side for a moment, and was trying to find a rest from the hideous part she was playing. The sunlight of a perfect morning was flickering through the restless leaves and dancing on the velvet lawn, and in the midst of her trouble she was thinking of the perfect peace there would be in life at the castle if it were not for the nightmare that brooded over her.

AT ALL STAGES OF LIFE

The Woman's Medicine. Good for All Ages. Mrs. Harold Smith's Experience.

Clarkburg, W. Va.—"I am writing to tell you the good your medicine has always done me and I hope my letter may be the means of helping some other suffering woman. When I was 19 years old I caught cold and had suppression for two months. I got so weak I could scarcely drag myself up the stairs. I went to two doctors, then my mother got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I took it. I never had any more trouble and got strong fast. Then I took it again before my little girl was born and it helped me a good deal and I give the Compound the credit for it. Then this spring I felt very badly again, but I took the Compound and have been well all summer. I cannot be grateful enough for your medicine."—Mrs. HAROLD M. SMITH, 470 Water Street, Clarkburg, W. Va.

For forty years it has been making women strong and well, and curing backache, nervousness, uterine and ovarian inflammation, weakness, displacements, irregularity and periodic pains.

If you want special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass.



nothing to do now but look after their little troubles. I will attend to it. Don't bother about it," and he thrust it into his pocket and led her along, not seeming to know whether he led her.

But after a little while he recovered his self-control and talked with her about a ride they were to take in the afternoon, when she was to try a new saddle horse he had bought for her. After that he was quite like himself, except for an occasional dark gleam in his eyes, which she would catch suddenly and then find gone. It was enough, however, and she knew that what had been postponed from last night was to occur on this.

The self-controlled intensity of Lionel's anger gave her a feeling of fear that she had never before experienced, and yet she had nothing to do but wait and smile.

During the ride in the afternoon, and at dinner afterward, Lionel was as witty and gay as in those days when he was the very light of London society; but Flora knew too much to be deceived, and she waited, waited with a dull pain weighing heavily within her breast. It seemed as if something lay there, crushing down her heart.

She could see that he was watching the clock even as she was, and at a quarter before the hour of nine it seemed to her only natural that he should get up from the easy-chair, in which he had vainly been trying to seem at rest, and say, carelessly: "Excuse me for a little while, Flora, dear; I must go out to the stables."

It seemed to her even that she had known exactly what his excuse would be. As if the words he spoke had already been echoing in her own brain. "Don't be gone long, will you, Lionel?" she answered, with a smile, and then wondered how she had been able to smile.

"Oh, no," he replied, carelessly; but she had caught that terrible gleam in his eyes before he had turned his face away, and it left her haunted.

Lionel was gone! She was alone! When he came back—if he came back—what would he know that he did not already know? What did the next few minutes have in store for her?

Did Lionel know that Lord Gree would be armed? She started up to run after him and tell him. Then she dropped into her chair.

"I dare not say a word," she murmured, and so sat staring vacantly into the licking flames; thoughts, pictures, fancies, dreams filling her passive brain.

And so she sat, as if the world was peopled no more and only herself was left, until an unbidden picture of the wood rose up before her, and she could see two men struggling for life in its gloom. Now Lionel was holding the other by the throat and choking his base life out, and now it was Gree, with his malignant smile, who was looking down to where the blood was oozing from a tiny wound in Lionel's side.

The she bounded up with a cry that



Busy Workers

Men and women workers should keep themselves provided with OXO CUBES. Taken with a slice of bread or a biscuit a cup of OXO makes a quick hot meal at once strengthening and satisfying.

OXO CUBES are as inexpensive as they are convenient. Used in your household for one week you will find a difference not only in the health and wage-earning power of your family, but in the saving of food-expenditure.

A CUBE TO A CUP

Tins of 4, 10, 50 and 100 Cubes.



There are other Coffees—but they are not "Seal Brand"

In 1/2, 1 and 2 pound cans. Whole—ground—pulverized—also Fine Ground for Percolators.

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

started herself, and her impulse was to run out to the wood and stand before the men and avow her wickedness, and not be forced to go through life with the stain of blood upon her. She had suffered enough from the evil she had already done; but to go through life wrestling with a phantom was more than she could bear to think of. But go out there, tell Lionel that her every word, her every care, had been a falsehood! Oh, no, she could not do that. Nor could she remain there and wait, wait for whatever terrible thing might happen.

At least she would go where she could listen and perhaps hear something carried on the night air from the spot. It was not so far away. With this in her mind she ran to her room, and from there she threaded the corridors until she was in the north wing of the castle, all silent and deserted, as if midnight had come too soon there. She stole into one of the bed-chambers and looked out of the window into the blackness of a moonless night.

She unfastened the casement, and softly pushed the window open. She thrust her head out, and listened. There was no sound save that of the frogs and the insects, but the voices of these seemed to hold mysteries for her as she strained her ears to hear, and they whispered strange things which she seemed to understand without knowing how.

Time did not exist for her then. She knew neither how long she leaned out into the black stillness, nor what she did or thought while she leaned. Only there came suddenly to her ears the sharp report of a pistol, then agonized cries, then dead silence, with the insects and the frogs mocking her.

After that she drew her head in, closed the window and fastened it, and returned to her room. She arranged her dress, where it had somehow become disordered, gave a touch to her hair, and went down to the little drawing-room, and sat down and waited again. There was nothing but waiting left now. The face of the clock showed twenty minutes past nine.

(To be Continued.)

The Wrong Man.

The gentle Elsie sat drearily in the gloaming in the front room. She was very miserable, for on the previous night she had had words with her own, and now she fears her haughty Harold will not call.

She hears a step, a ring, a voice she knows, and someone speaking to the servant in the hall.

She will not wait until a light is brought, but gently calls "Come in!"

The visitor enters, and with a sigh of awful volume, the fair Elsie casts herself into his arms and softly murmurs:

"Oh, my darling, I'm so glad you've come! I have so wanted to make it up and settle."

And he of the embrace remarked: "Well, miss, it's very nice of you, and I'm very glad, too, that you're going to settle up at last."

It was the gas-collector!

IMPORTANT SALE

OF White Goods,

Which we will set in motion FRIDAY, 4th February, for 15 DAYS. It will be worth your while to patronize us and get some of the many bargains we have to offer from our big shipment of American Goods.

CHILD'S & MISSES' WHITE EMBROIDERED DRESSES, fit 3 to 10 years. Price 80c. to \$1.00.	FLEECE UNDERWEAR. Boys' sizes, 24 to 34. Price 26c. up. Girls' size, 4 to 12 years. Price 25c. to 44c. Ladies' for 28c. to 65c.	SHEETING .35c. to 60c. TABLE LINENS, 29c. to 60c. TABLE NAPKINS, 8c. to 30c.
MISSES' COLORED DRESSES, smart and very dainty; fit 6 to 12 years. Price \$1.80 to \$2.25.	NEW YORK LATEST TAMS. Our New Price, 56c. Corduroy Velvet in various colors.	TRAY CLOTHS, 26c. to 35c. TEA CLOTHS, 35c. to 60c. TABLE CLOTHS, \$1.45 to \$3.00 PILLOW CASES, 20c. to 40c.
100 LADIES' & MISSES' MIDDY BLOUSES, all samples, 70c. to \$1.00. Big value.	Our New Price, 56c. Corduroy Velvet in various colors.	HONEYCOMB QUILTS, \$1.25 to \$1.70 MARCELLA QUILTS, \$2.00 to \$3.70 BED SPREADS.
10 doz. LADIES' WHITE & COLORED BLOUSES, part samples, 80c. to \$2.40. All beautifully trimmed.	LADIES' KIMONOS, \$1.50 to \$3.50. Shades Pink, Saxe, Helio.	Greater value than ever before in SHIRTING .8c. to 20c. FLANNELETTES, 10c. to 25c.

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We have a fine selection of Men's Winter Overcoats in various colors and mixed Tweeds. Also, a special line of Chinchilla Overcoats in a few fashionable shades, and fitted with the new Bartell Pockets. These Overcoats may be had in all sizes, are perfectly cut and tailored, and range in price from \$20 to \$25.

U. S. Picture and Portrait Co.

LIGHT, HEAT, COMFORT!

The proprietor of one of the best known multiple shopping systems is credited with saying, "Give me any old shop, in any old street, and I'll guarantee to make it in twelve months the most widely known and best frequented shop in the district." He was asked to explain. Holding up three fingers he said, "I believe in the trinity of LIGHT, WARMTH, COMFORT. I should disentangle the moths until the candle drew them, I should bring them into a warm, comfortable shop, filled with a soft, pleasing radiance, and the rest is—well, mere child's play."

Mixed metaphors, perhaps, but expressive. Now we can more than imagine the kind of shop this well-known individual would open, for we pass it in almost every town—always a landmark to the street. No one fails to notice it. There is an indefinable air of welcome and invitation as one stands for a moment on the pathway and lets one's gaze travel inside it. The subdued, restful lighting effect that so charms because of its very unobtrusiveness, the absence of dark corners, the intangible feeling that if one would step inside one would be sure of experiencing a delicious sense of warmth and comfort and cheerfulness—all these are part of its appeal. Truly a shop with an individuality.

We cordially invite all progressive business men to visit our showroom and see our latest Lighting and Heating Appliances, by the adoption of which the ideal outline in the above extract from a London paper may be easily secured. Our new RADIO X. Lamp and GASTEAM Radiators fill all light and heat requirements.

ST. JOHN'S GAS LIGHT COMPANY.

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Kaiser's Views Disgust Friend.

Paris, Jan. 28.—The Matin prints the following, written by Count Meger, former secretary and confidant of Don Carlos, and now a leading member of the Carlist party, the sympathies of which are strongly pro-German.

"I was at Frohsdorf when the war broke out. I was then Germanophile, and was pleased over the prospects of German success, on which I counted. I hurried to Vienna, and the first thing I saw was the secret document written by the German Emperor to the Emperor of Austria to inform him of the order given to carry on a work of extermination.

Only Two Months.

"My soul is bursting with grief," wrote the Kaiser, "but it is absolutely necessary to put everything to fire and sword; men and women, children and aged, must be slaughtered; not a single tree must be left upright, not a roof intact. With such a system of terror, the only one to be followed against a people so debased as the French, it is certain that the war will not last two months, while proceeding with humanitarian consideration, it might be prolonged for years. I am having recourse, then, whatever it may cost me, to this method, which in spite of appearances will greatly diminish bloodshed.

"Such atrocious words made the first breach in my admiration for Germany. A few days later I read in an evening paper a speech delivered by the Kaiser to his soldiers in which he declared that he had learned that two French military doctors had entered Metz and poisoned the garrison wells with cholera microbes. Then I understood that such a man was not only cruel but a shameless liar and calculator."

The flavor and juiciness of meats depend almost as much on the method of cooking as on the quality of the meat.

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FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
URIC ACID RHEUMATISM
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Prepared by
DR. J. C. DODD
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