

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 wasted nerves back to health and vigor. Fifty cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

"The Die is Cast For Better or For Worse."

CHAPTER VIII.

In telling her of his love he had been guilty of little less than a social crime; and he felt like a criminal, as he stared out of the window and recalled with indescribable sensations the expression her face had worn when she had turned away from him. It seemed to him that there could be no explanation of his fault, but that the very least he could do, if he meant to regain a shred of self-respect would be to find some work, out of England, if possible, and plunge into it in search of forgetfulness.

Forbes was shocked and distressed at the sight of his young master's pale and haggard face; but, of course, he did not ask any questions; and in silent sympathy he accompanied Lashmore in a survey of "accounts." Lashmore found that he had about four hundred pounds remaining; and he at once announced his intention of going abroad, an intention against which the fond and faithful old man would have liked to remonstrate; but he knew that no remonstration would be of any avail, for there was a look on Lashmore's face which reminded Forbes of the young man's father when in his stubborn mood.

Lashmore ate very little dinner that evening, and slept as little that night, for remorse is not a good appetizer, and is a still worse bed-fellow. He rose in the early morning, and, lighting his pipe, went out into the park to try and get rid of the headache and headache which oppressed him almost as badly as he deserved, for the face and voice of Eva Lyndhurst haunted him and filled him with despair. To love without hope is bad enough, but to have insulted and wronged the woman one loves—that was madness itself.

There were not many persons out walking in the park, but there were several riding; and Lashmore leaned against the rail and watched horses with the keen eye of one who loves them. At another time he might have looked on enviously and thought regretfully of the days, not so very long ago, when he had horses of his own; but this morning he had still more poignant matter for regret; so he looked at the bankers and stock-brokers as they jogged by on their solid hacks, at the young girl on her pony, followed by the trim groom; at the stout bishop, ambling placidly on a cob as stout and even more placid than himself.

MAKING IT PLAIN

A common mistake which some people continue to make is to accept from a druggist an "extract" of cod liver thinking they will get the benefits of an emulsion of cod liver oil. The difference is very great. An "emulsion" contains real cod liver oil, which has had the hearty endorsement of the medical profession for many years, while an "extract" is a product which contains no oil and is highly alcoholic.

Scott's Emulsion is the standard emulsion of the world. It guarantees the highest grade of real cod liver oil, skillfully blended with glycerine and hypophosphites, and is endorsed by good physicians everywhere.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 16-18

But presently Lashmore's attention was aroused by the appearance of a very beautiful horse, a thoroughbred, or nearly so, which was picking its way fretfully over the tan. It was a beautiful creature, and evidently as nervous as a cat, and the man who was riding him—Lashmore put him down as a stable-help—had as evidently quite enough to do to manage him. As the horse came nearly abreast of Lashmore, it was started by a child running by with a hoop; it gave a tremendous shy, the man, nearly unseated, pulled hard at it, and the horse rose almost straight. The man swore and struck the horse over the head with a far too heavy crop, and the animal got down on its front legs and bolted, scattering the bankers, and stock-brokers, like a flock of sheep.

Much interested, Lashmore walked quickly across the circle, and was in time to see the man pull the horse up; he was as white as death, and evidently in a terrible funk. Lashmore got under the railing and went up to them.

"Little bit fresh, isn't he?" he said. "Yes, he is," said the man sullenly, with an oath. "But I'll take it out of him before I've done with him." "I shouldn't thrash him, much less worry him," said Lashmore. "He is only nervous and shy; he's a thoroughbred, isn't he? And you've got too tight a curb on him; he'd go better on a snaffle."

"And break my adjective neck," said the man, as he started off again.

Lashmore crossed back to his original place, for he was curious to see which would come out on top, horse or man; and, in due course, the horse approached, plunging and pulling, and trying his best to get away, to do anything to relieve the cruel pressure of the bit on his delicate jaw. As he came up to Lashmore, the horse rose again, and the man was thrown. Lashmore sprang forward and got hold of the bridle, and the man rose, a little shaken, but not hurt, and came forward with upraised crop. Lashmore caught his arm, and, one is bound to confess, used some strong expressions.

"You ass!" he said. "Strike him, and the next time you get on his back he'll throw you on something harder than tan, and break your silly neck. Whose horse is it?"

The man muttered something about not wanting anybody to interfere with him; but Lashmore cut him short with:

"You don't know how to manage this horse; that's as plain as a pike-staff, and I'm going to show you how. Let the stirrup leathers down a couple of holes, and I'll take him round a turn or two; you'll have pulled yourself together by that time. I shan't run away with him, and he won't run away with me. You can tell your master, if you think it necessary to tell him, that a man who has—had—horses of his own gave you a little assistance. Stand out of the way," he added warningly, and he got lightly into the saddle, and he lightly felt the bit, the curb of which he had loosened.

The horse plunged and reared slightly, but not feeling the horrible pressure which it expected, but, instead, a soothing hand on his neck, he got down and started, of course, still nervously and feverishly, but with comparative calmness. After a minute or two, Lashmore gave him a little more head, still petting and talking to it, and the beautiful crea-

ture, fully comprehending that he had a different kind of rider, became quieter and quieter, and presently Lashmore was riding him with an almost loose rein, "on a piece of cotton," and wishing to Heaven that the horse were his.

He pulled him up after a while in the gentle, condescending way which a horse loves, and was patting him, and telling him what a really good-tempered animal he was, when a man who was standing by the rail, smoking a very long and a very black cigar, touched his hat and said:

"That's a fine animal you're on, sir." "He is, indeed," said Lashmore, with a sharp little sigh. "Had him long?" inquired the man, who was short and thin, and had that indescribable appearance which one attempts to describe with the word "horse." "His face, clean-shaven, was shrewd and good-natured, and his question was put respectfully and in a tone of good-natured bonhomie. "I ask, because you seem to be trying him."

"I didn't make him in this muck," said Lashmore. "It was a fool of a man who had been riding him before I got on; got him on a hard curb and was frightened of him. He isn't mine. I'm sorry to say. I wish I knew his owner."

"Then you can have your wish mighty soon, young man," said the man dryly, and with a twinkle in his keen eyes. "He belongs to me." Lashmore stared at him; then laughed more brightly than he had ever expected to laugh again; he had had a turn on a good horse.

"Then I should recommend you to ride him yourself or get a man who understands how to manage a nervous, high-bred thing like this."

"I know," said the man, as dryly as before. "I saw the whole business. He can't ride, and you can."

"Well, I hope you'll excuse the liberty I've taken," said Lashmore; "and now I'll take him back to the man."

"I'll lead him to the stables—but perhaps you'd be so very kind as to ride him there? It's a news not far off."

"Right!" assented Lashmore. "I shall be sorry to part company with him."

He left the rider at the next opening and walked the horse beside its owner to the mews, dismounted and gave the animal a good friendly smack by way of farewell. The owner stood eyeing the tall, well-built, lissome figure with obvious approval; then he said:

"Half a moment, sir. 'My name's Coke—think of coal, then you won't forget it—I'm over here in London on business; staying at a quiet hotel close by. Will you come and have breakfast with me, or a glass of something, if you've breakfasted?"

"I haven't," replied Lashmore; "and I'm as hungry as a hunter. I shall be delighted."

They walked to a quiet hotel in as quiet a street, and Mr. Coke became communicative, if not expansive. It appeared that he had come from South America, where he owned a great deal of land, and that he had

revolt—if you can't get it regulated, please, for your sake, try Pape's Diapepsin. It's so needless to have a bad stomach—make your next meal a favorite food meal, then take a little Diapepsin. There will not be any distress—eat without fear. It's because Pape's Diapepsin "really does" regulate weak, out-of-order stomachs that gives it its millions of sales annually.

Get a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any drug store. It is the quickest, surest stomach relief and cure known. It acts almost like magic—it is a scientific, harmless and pleasant stomach preparation which truly belongs in every home.

YOUNG WOMEN MAY AVOID PAIN

Need Only Trust to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, says Mrs. Kurtzweg.

Buffalo, N.Y.—"My daughter, whose picture is herewith, was much troubled with pains in her back and sides every month and they would sometimes be so bad that it would seem like acute inflammation of some organ. She read your advertisement in the newspapers and tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She praises it highly as she has been relieved of all these pains by its use. All mothers should know of this remedy, and all young girls who suffer should try it."—Mrs. MATILDA KURTZWEG, 628 High St., Buffalo, N.Y.

Young women who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by this root and herb remedy.

If you know of any young woman who is sick and needs help, please write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Only women will receive her letters, and it will be held in strictest confidence.

run over to England to pick pedigree cattle and a horse or two. While they were making their way through a good, but solid, breakfast, Mr. Coke grew more expansive, and went into details. He was a single man, and ran the show, as he called it, himself; he had started in the world with less than the proverbial half-crown, but was now prosperous; and he spoke with quiet but convincing enthusiasm of the place—it was called Quirapata—where he had made his home and his money.

As they lit their pipes and leaned back in the genial glow of an admirable meal, Mr. Coke, who had evidently taken a great liking to his new acquaintance, not a little startled Lashmore by asking him, with a kind of respectful bluntness, who he was, and what he was doing, and winding up with:

"If you've nothing particular on hand, I'd like you to come back with me."

Lashmore colored. "My name's Lashmore," he said. "I would have told you before, but I haven't had an opportunity."

Mr. Coke's eyes twinkled. "I don't always talk so much," he remarked. "No, no; I didn't mean that!" said Lashmore, with a laugh. "I should like to accept your kind invitation; but the fact of it is, I can't, just because I am looking for something to do, some work; and, honestly, I can't waste the time."

"I shouldn't think of asking you," said Coke. "I'm not fond of wasting time myself, and, between you and me, I don't think I've been wasting it this morning. If you're looking for work, and care for the kind I can offer you, we shan't be long coming to terms. You're a gentleman, I can see; you may be down on your luck."

"I am," said Lashmore, laconically. "Quite so. I've been there myself. I'm not a curious man, and I've learned that it doesn't pay to poke your nose into another person's business. I'll lay odds that your trouble is none of your own making, or I'm no judge of a man. But let that pass. We've got onto the solid bed-rock of business now, and I'll make you a proposal. You come over with me to Quirapata; be my manager, overseer, right hand, whatever you like to call yourself, sign on for three years, and I'll give you— He considered for a moment, blowing dense clouds of smoke—"two hundred a year. Hold on; you'll want references, of course. How will the London and Westminster Bank suit you? They'll tell you all that's worth knowing about me."

"It will suit me very well," said Lashmore gravely; "but I fear my references will not suit you; I have none." (To be Continued.)

To clean a cotton rug, lay it on a cement floor, sprinkle it with naphtha soap powder, scrub with a clean broom, hang it on the line and sprinkle with the hose.

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.



2012—Girls' One-Piece Yoke Dress, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths. All wash materials, such as linen, chambrax, gingham, galatea, crepe and percale are nice for this model. It is also good for plaid and checked suitings, for serge and gabardine. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for an 8-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A COMFORTABLE AND ATTRACTIVE LOUNGING ROBE.



2009—This model is lovely for cotton or silk crepe, for lawn, cashmere, silk, satin or gabardine. The fronts overlap at the closing. The neck edge is finished with a broad collar. The sleeve is cut in kimono style. The pattern has 4 sizes: 24, 32, 42 and 46 inches bust measures. It requires 6 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for a 34-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

No. Size

Address in full: Name

Just landing a cargo of Best Screened North Sydney Coal (OLD MINES). Our Usual Good Coal.

M. MOREY & CO. Advertise in the Telegram

List of Letters Remaining in the G.P.O. to March 28th, 1917.

- A** Allen, Ludwig M., Water Street Adams, John, Water Street Anderson, Mar., Hamilton Street Anderson, Miss N., Military Road Adams, Samuel, care G. P. O.
- B** Barrett, Mrs. James, 15 — Road Barnes, Mrs., Newtown Road Bamister, Miss Eva, Bond St. Baird, John Byrne, Thomas, Nagle's Hill Beacon, Mrs. F., care John Mayo, Pilot's Hill Brennan, F., care J. J. Tobin, Water St. Bellan, Mrs. James Brennan, Timothy Bishop, Miss B. Bowman, Edward, Patrick St. Brown, Eph., Blackmarsh Road Bolger, Miss Alice, Pleasant St. Brooking, Miss Jennie, Walsh's Sq. Budden, L. 22 — Street Bugden, Miss Carrie L., New Gower Street Butler, Mrs. Joseph, care G. P. O. Blanche, Miss N., Water Street W. Butler, Mrs. John, Lime St. Brown, H., card (P), Prescott St.
- C** Campbell, Richard, care General Delivery Carrigan, Miss Ellen, New Gower St. Clarke, Albert, Carter's Hill Cotter, Denis, Nagle's Hill Comford, Patrick, Clifford St. Corbett, J. J., care Gen'l Delivery Cooper, Mrs. Arthur, Cook St. Coombs, Mrs. Eugene
- D** Dawe, Alfred, Casey St. Delaney, R. J., care Post Office Driscoll, Hubert, Cornwall Avenue Downes, Thomas Duffy, Joseph, card, care G. P. O. Duff, Michael Doyle, Miss E., card (P), 206 New Gower St.
- E** Earle, Henry, Osborne House Elms, Mrs. John, Beaumont St. Elsworth, Mrs. Geo., Hayward Ave. Edwards, Miss Annie
- F** Farrell, Miss Annie, Carter's Hill Fower, C., card, New Gower St. Fitzpatrick, Stephen, Gower St. Fitzgerald, S. E. Fields, Wm., Gear St. Fitzpatrick, Wm.
- G** Garnier, Miss V. Garland, Miss Laura, Henry St. Gray, Mrs. Lyman Gillingham, Mrs. John, Charlton St. Griffin, Miss Minnie
- H** Goldsworth, Mrs. Gideon, care Knitting Mills Hayward Avenue Godley, W. F., York Street Goodland, Mrs. A. J., Victoria St. Gushie, Miss Mary Giles, Miss Hannah, James St.
- H** Hart, Mrs. Wm. Harvey, W. T., LeMarchant Road Helden, Mrs. Morris Hickey, Miss Catherine, Gower St. Hickey, Mrs. Patrick, Cochrane St. Hines, Miss Eva, care G. P. O. Housnell, Mrs. Henry, Bond St. Howell, Wilfred, late Burin Howard, W. S., care G. P. O. Hogan, Thomas, Cuddy's Hill Holloway, John, Gower St. Harris, S., Gower St. Hollett, Miss Annie, Duckworth St. Hurler, Capt. V. J. Hiscock, Miss F., card (P), care Wm. Stinnett
- J** Janes, Mrs. Lizzie, Patrick St. Jones, Francis H. Janes, Miss Lizzie, care General Delivery Jacobs, Miss Susie, Prescott St.
- K** King, Robert Knight, Miss Marion, card
- L** Loary, Miss Bridget, Water St. Luley, Fannie, retd.
- M** Martin, Jas., Newtown Road Manning, Thos. F. Mackey, Paul Martin, John, Newtown Road Miller, Miss D., Brazil's Square Mills, Miss A., Pennywell Road Morrissey, Mrs., Pennywell Road Moore, Miss Annie, Pleasant St. Morrissey, Mrs. Thos., Queen St. Murphy, John Maher, M., card (P), Water St. Miller, Mrs. C., card (P), Bond St.
- Mc** McDonald, Miss Nellie, Nagle's Hill McGrath, J. J., Bell St.
- N** Newhook, R. H., care Post Office Nosworthy, James, Pennywell Road Noel, Allan, Flower Hill
- O** O'Brien, Frank W., retd. O'Brien, Miss Catherine, Water St.
- P** Parsons, Miss Gerlie, care G. P. O. Pardy, Miss Violet, Springdale St. Parrell, Mr., Allandale St. Percy, Mrs. Robert, Duckworth St. Parsons, A., late Wabana Parsons, Mrs. Wm., 192 — St. Peddle, Miss Nellie, New Gower St. Pendergast, Catherine, care Insane Asylum Pynn, Mrs. C., card, Nagle's Hill Power, Miss Alice, card, Gower St.
- Q** Quigley, Mrs. Matthew, St. John's E.
- R** Richards, Miss Beatie, card Rose, Nicholas, Gower St. Ricketts, Miss Bride, care G. P. O. Rose, George, Mt. Scio Rogers, Miss Mary, — St.
- S** Stapleton, James, Water St. Saunders, Stanley, Springdale St. Starks, Miss Annie, Circular Road Sheppard, George, Water St. West Sheppard, Martin, Gower St. Sheppard, Miss May, Prescott St. Smith, Miss Bertha, Prince's St. Snow, Mrs. Edward (of Abner), LeMarchant Road
- T** Taylor, H. C. Taylor, Mrs. William Templeman, Miss Maegle, Military Rd. Thistle, Arthur, John St. Tuffin, Ernest Tuck, Peter Tompkinson, Mrs. H. A., Banerman Street
- W** Walsh, Thomas, Long Pond Road Walsh, Robert F., Mt. Scio Whalen, Miss M., care Jessie Crocker, c/o G.P.O. Walsh, Martin, Nagle's Hill Way, Wm., Barter's Hill Weir, James, Newtown Road Winsor, John, LeMarchant Road Whiffen, Miss Martha Whipple, Mrs. Robert, Summer St. J. ALEX. ROBINSON, P. M. G.

Your Business Success in 1917

rests upon the dependability of your service of supply. Three big facts—big buying power, tremendous production, expert workmanship—stand behind our claims of superior service. It will pay all merchants to see our spring ranges in Men's and Boys' Suits, Overalls, Shirts, etc. DO IT NOW.

Newfoundland Clothing Co., Ltd.

A SNAP! We offer for immediate delivery, One 1917 OVERLAND AUTOMOBILE, Slightly used; Guaranteed in perfect order.

T. A. MACNAB & Co.

Just landing a cargo of Best Screened North Sydney Coal (OLD MINES). Our Usual Good Coal.

M. MOREY & CO. Advertise in the Telegram

M. MOREY & CO. Advertise in the Telegram

M. MOREY & CO. Advertise in the Telegram

M. MOREY & CO. Advertise in the Telegram

M. MOREY & CO. Advertise in the Telegram

M. MOREY & CO. Advertise in the Telegram

The

Here is a perfectly app gives you mo of like specific It is just a and your fam For it is finished in a match, and that one could It has the that drives m power over de It has a wh and 4-inch ty in a car at the Come in an demonstration The Willys 114 inch w T. A. City Club B The W T

BRIGHT LIGHT I hee of youth pro south studies and wh h i bells, dazzl of fa the fi game. of su ing p a wide swath in the arts, field he may have picked, words, while we predict, and wrought till I am half full many rise to fame, and man I can't recall who it fulfilled them all. It seems a rule that boys who cut school, whose heads see bone or wood, are those who make good. The prodigies renown for brightness in town, to whom their tea with pride, to whom no tri denied, down to the deepo went, when youth is done days end. Perhaps it is b praise that they receive in days swells up their cran or less, and that is fatal to

WILLY MASON

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS