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Phyllis Dearborn

OR, THE
Countess of Basingwell

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"Is she a twin of our Phyllis?" he asked.
 "Well, you are stupid. No, she is not a twin; and she is the only Phyllis Dearborn. And she is the Countess of Basingwell, if you please, Sir Lionel Warne. We are not proud, though."

"Phyllis is the Countess of Basingwell!" he repeated.

"Phyllis is the Countess of Basingwell. And as pretty a countess as ever wore a coronet—if countesses wear coronets. Do they?"

"If they wish to."

"Well, there's no telling what Phyllis will wish to do. I only know it will be quite right, whatever it is."

"Undoubtedly. I think I'd like to go to sleep, Carrie."

She looked at him doubtfully, and then seeing that he had shut his eyes and turned his head away, pushed her chair so that she could get up. She drew the curtains, and leaning on her chair, pushed it into the other room.

"Now I wonder why he took it like that?" she said. "He was evidently disappointed about it. I suppose I have just put my foot in it for meddling."

When Phyllis came home she confessed in a whisper what she done.

"I know I ought to have let you do it in your own slow time," she said, "but I thought he ought to know. Anyhow, he does know, and doesn't seem to like it a bit, and you might as well go in and have it out with him. You can fix it up, I don't doubt."

Phyllis did not feel so sure; but she agreed with Carrie that she might as well have the matter settled at once; so after supper she said to Lionel:

"Carrie told you my little secret to-day."

"Yes. A pretty secret, I should say."

"That was what Flora referred to when she was—when she asked you to help me."

"Yes, I supposed so. I shall be glad to. It will be an easy matter, however. You ought not to remain here any longer, under the circumstances."

"I don't know why. I can do more good here than there."

"The Countess of Basingwell has more important duties in England, I think."

"But I can't get to England now anyhow, and if I could I would not leave you until you were well."

"It is very kind of you, I'm sure; but I could not allow you to remain

here for me a moment after you were able to leave for England."

She looked at him in a sort of dismay. He was so little like the light-hearted, jesting Sir Lionel she had known.

"Are you going to make me uncomfortable just because I agreed to accept your protection and help?" she asked.

"It is the last thing I would wish to do," he said; "but do you not realize that the Basingwell property is worth something like a hundred thousand pounds a year, and—"

"Oh, Sir Lionel; you don't mean as much as that?"

"I do, indeed. And a low creature, under the guidance of a pair of scoundrels, is at present wasting the revenues and doing no one can guess what injury to hundreds of innocent people."

"I wish—I sincerely wish I had never had anything to do with the title. Why can't you take it just as you had it before, Sir Lionel. Indeed, I would be glad to escape the responsibility of it."

He shook his head and smiled.

"That would not be possible. You must assume the responsibility. However, we need not think of that until you can leave Paris. I hope I shall be able to go at the same time."

Perhaps he was determined to get well after that, lest she might have to leave him behind. Certainly he was ready to go, though not his robust self, by any means, when the city finally capitulated to the Germans and egress became free.

"Let us get to England as soon as we can," said Carrie. "I would like to have a piece of roast beef once more."

Even Lionel was willing to admit that he believed he would be the better for some more substantial food than he had been receiving, for, to do their best, with their slender means it had been impossible for the girls to get anything fit to eat.

So by the first crowded steamer they crossed the channel. It seemed so short a journey when they thought of the thousands of starving people who had been so near, and yet could not get a morsel of all the plenty of England.

The very air of the islands seemed to give them all a renewed vigor, and Lionel particularly acted as if he had never been sick, though both Phyllis and Carrie knew he was far from strong, and worried about him. Carrie dared to speak to him about his impudence, but Phyllis could not find the words or the inclination, and so let him have his way unopposed.

They wished to go to their old lodgings where Lionel first found them; but he would not permit it, and Phyllis, who had been so used to having her own way before, yielded meekly.

"Why, you give in worse than I do," said Carrie. "However, I must say I like the West-End of London after

all. It's a little sweeter, isn't it, Phyllis?"

"Yes, but, oh, Carrie, I can't bear the idea of all that responsibility. It isn't as if there was no help for it, but he could take the title if he only would."

"Why don't you give it to him, then?" said Carrie.

"I asked him to take it, and he refused."

"You didn't offer it in the right way."

"How should I have offered it?"

"Will you let me do it?" said Carrie. "Will you give me permission to make him take the title and the estates?"

"Indeed, I will," answered Phyllis, "and will thank you all my life for doing it."

"I warrant you will," said Carrie. "Well, wait until the title and property have been given to you, and if I don't make him take them out of your hands I'll eat that cake of soap—and I don't like soap to eat."

Phyllis laughed, but did not have much faith in Carrie's ability to move Lionel, who had grown uncomfortably distant in these days. He laid it to the time he was having with the rascally wretches who had usurped the title.

However, that came to an end finally, and yet he was no more like his old self. He came to the house, one day, and said:

"The last difficulty has been swept away, Lady Basingwell—"

"Oh, don't call me that," she cried.

"It is your name, your title," he said.

"Sir Lionel," said Carrie, who had been standing leaning against the chair in a nervous flutter, "do you know that I think you are about as disagreeable as a man in your position can very well be."

"I am sorry to have even you say that, Carrie," he answered.

"Even me! Well, I shall say worse things before I am through with you, sir. I have Phyllis's permission, too."

"Don't say anything that ought to be left unsaid," said Phyllis, nervously.

"Not a word will I say that ought not to be said," answered Carrie. "Now, Sir Lionel, do you know how your conduct might strike a person who did not take some trouble to know you? It would strike such a person that you are angry because Phyllis has come into the title and estate that were yours, and would be now but for her."

"Oh, Carrie!" cried Lionel and Phyllis in a breath.

"I didn't say it struck me so," said Carrie, spiritively. "Now, Sir Lionel, what Phyllis wishes more than anything else in the world is that you will take the title and the estates."

"I cannot do that, Carrie. It is as impossible as to talk of your doing it."

"If I can show you a perfectly feasible way will you do it?"

"There is no feasible way, and if there were—"

"Don't say what you are going to, Sir Lionel. Do you know that you two people are as foolish as can be. She wants you to take the estates, no matter how; and you want her, no matter how. Stop, Phyllis, I shall speak. You two people are just head over ears in love, and won't say so. There! If you don't settle it after that you deserve to be sorry," and she pushed her chair rapidly out of the room.

(To be Continued.)

Zinc is so essential in war time that it has risen enormously in price in the past year. Costing originally only two-fifths as much as copper, in spite of the fact that copper itself has sharply increased in value. Zinc is a constituent of cartridge brass and shell-fuses, and is used also as a covering for iron barbed-wire fencing. In 1913 the United States, Germany and Belgium were the leading producers of zinc.

Of the three, only the United States smelted domestic ores. Belgium and Germany relied mainly on zinc concentrates that they imported from the broken Hill mines in New South Wales, where, for one reason and another, it does not pay to do the smelting. France, Spain, and Great Britain also produce substantial quantities, but not enough to supply their own needs. Austria and Germany have considerable deposits of ore in Silesia, Hungary, Carinthia, and the Tyrol. As the zinc-smelting furnaces of Great Britain are not well adapted for dealing with the Broken Hill concentrates it buys the bulk of its supplies from the United States.

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Gin Pills
 FOR THE KIDNEYS

'Margaret,'
 The GIRL ARTIST,
 OR,
 The Countess of Ferrers Court.

CHAPTER I.

When the train drew up at the small station of Leyton Ferrers, which it did in the slowest and most lazy of fashions, two persons got out. One was a young girl, who alighted from a third-class carriage, and who dragged out from under the seat a leather bag and a square parcel instead of waiting for the porter, who was too much engaged in light and pleasant conversation with the guard, to pay any attention to such small cattle as passengers.

The other person was a young man who sauntered out of a first class carriage, with a cigar in his lips, and his soft travelling cap a little on one side, and with that air which individuals who have been lucky enough to be born with silver spoons in their mouths naturally acquire, or are endowed with. Standing on the platform as if it and the whole Great Southern Northern Railway system belonged to him, this young gentleman at last caught sight of the porter.

"Hi, porter!" he called, and when the man came up, quickening his pace as he took in the tall, well-dressed figure of his summoner, the young man continued with a smile, "Sorry to tear you away from your bosom friend, my man, but there's a portmanteau of mine in the van, or should be."

The porter touched his hat, and was going toward the van, when the young man called after him:

"See to that young lady first," he said, indicating with a slight nod the young girl, who was struggling with the bag and the parcel.

Somewhat surprised at this display of unselfishness, the porter turned like a machine, and addressed the girl; the young man sauntered down the platform, and leaning over the fence, surveyed the June roses in the station.

"There's a fly, sir," said the porter, nodding toward the road, where a shambling kind of vehicle on its last wheels, attached to a horse on its last legs, stood expectantly.

The young man surveyed the turnout, and laughed.

"All right; take the bag down to it. Wait! here's a drink for you. By the way, where can I get one for myself? No inn or anything here?"

"No, sir, nothing," said the porter.

meanwhile the porter had got the portmanteau, and stood awaiting the passenger's pleasure.

After a minute or two, and in the most leisurely fashion possible, the young man turned to him.

"Got the bag? All right. I'm going to Leyton Court." The porter touched his cap. "Is there anything here that can take me?"

"There's a fly, sir," said the porter, nodding toward the road, where a shambling kind of vehicle on its last wheels, attached to a horse on its last legs, stood expectantly.

The young man surveyed the turnout, and laughed.

with almost pathetic sadness. "Nearest is at Parrock's Cross, a mile and a half on the road."

"Then I shall have to remain thirsty till I get to Parrock's Cross," said the young man, with an easy smile. "Do you think your horse can get as far as that, my friend?" he added to the driver.

The man grunted, mounted the box, and the Noah's ark rattled slowly away.

The young man lit another cigar, put up his feet on the opposite cushions, and surveyed the scenery, through eyes half closed, in perfect contentment, good humor, and indolent laziness. Presently they came abreast of the young girl, who was stepping along with the graceful gait which belongs to youth, and health, and good breeding.

"Now, I wonder where she is going?" he said to himself as he looked at her. "If she were a man now, I would give her a lift; as it is—By George! she's pretty though. Pretty? She's lovely! I wonder whether she'd take the fly from me, and let me tramp it instead of her? Don't dare ask her! I know what she'd do—give me a look that would make me wish I were fifty miles under the sea, and not say a word. What a devil of a stupid world it is!" And with this reflection as a kind of consolation, he made himself a little more comfortable, and closed his eyes completely.

It was a lovely evening. Some days in June, as we miserable Englishmen know only too well, are delusions and snares, cold as December or wet as October, but it was late in the month and really summer weather; and as the girl walked along the smooth path, which a shower had made pleasant, the trees shone in all their midsummer beauty; the birds sang their evening hymns; the flowers loaded the air with perfume.

(To be Continued.)

Little Lectures
 by NURSE WINGARNIS.
 (Lecture No. 3.)
Anæmia

Our blood is composed of red and white corpuscles—the red to nourish the body, the white to fight disease. In Anæmia—or bloodlessness—the red corpuscles are more or less deficient. Thus the blood cannot provide sufficient nourishment for the body. Therefore the face becomes white and "pasty"—the eyes become dull and "heavy"—and a feeling of intense weariness pervades the whole system. To overcome Anæmia, the blood supply needs re-creation—re-creation with red corpuscles, charging with red corpuscles. And it is here that

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1611—Girls' Dress, with or without Yoke and Overskirt, and with Sleeve in either of Two Lengths.

Dotted Swiss with "Val" lace and insertion is here shown. The design is good for any of the soft fabrics now in vogue, batiste, crepe nun's veiling lawn and dimity. It is also nice for silk and cashmere and other lightweight woolen goods. The waist may be finished with the yoke portions, which could be of contrasting material, or it may be cut low as in the large view, and have the new sleeve with flounce. The long sleeve is nice if warmth is desired. It is finished with a deep cuff, that could be made of material to match the yoke. The skirt shows a new and popular form of drapery at the sides of the over portion. The underskirt has three gores. The overskirt may be omitted.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for an 8-year size without overskirt, and 4 yards with overskirt.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to 40 addresses on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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1599—This desirable model has new style features and is most practical in its makeup. The fronts are full under a square yoke, and open over the hips, deep plaited panel portions in back and front, where it is finished with a tuck stitched return that may also afford added width if required. The model is so arranged that the fullness is comfortable and pleasing. The sleeves are in wrist length and dart fitted. A stylish collar finishes the neck edge. The skirt possesses such wonderful power. Because, being a blood-maker, "Wingarnis" creates a wealth of new, rich, red blood, which brings the roses back to the cheeks—gives a sparkle to the eyes—and surcharges the whole body with new vitality and new life.

The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures about 3 1/2 yards at its lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to 40 addresses on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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War News.

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

FIGHTING GROWS FIERCE.

PARIS, March 3.
 Bombardments and attacks on the part of German troops continued all yesterday evening in the region to the north of Verdun, according to an announcement made by the French War Office this afternoon. This fighting was conducted with redoubled violence. Near Douaumont several aimless endeavors on the part of the Germans were repulsed with equal success for them, nevertheless the Germans succeeded in reaching the base of Douaumont, where fighting continued with ferocity. The village of Vaux also was attacked by the Germans, but their advances were checked by French fire, and the Germans were compelled to retire, leaving a great number of dead. The bombardment continued with great intensity, yesterday evening, and last night, in the Woerthe district, but the French forces held the Germans in check by their curtain of fire. The artillery of the Germans has been active in the vicinity of Malancourt near Haucourt.

RUSSIANS VICTORIOUS ADVANCE.

PETROGRAD, March 3.
 The Russian advance in Asia Minor is proceeding along the three main lines, from Erzerum towards Trabzon, Sivas and Bitlis meeting with equal success in all three directions. Since there has been no serious Turkish resistance since the fall of Erzerum, there is little to record in this theatre of operations, except the continued forward sweep of the Russian armies, retarded only by the rugged character of the country, and the severity of the weather. In their retreat the Turks appear to have been mainly occupied with attempts to save their guns and equipment, in which they were only partially successful as the Russians report an increasing toll of captured cannon, which the Turks were forced to abandon. The Turks are said to be strengthening the fortifications at Sivas which is about two hundred miles west of Erzerum, this point being the only one considered here as likely to be a serious obstruction to the westward progress of the Russians. It is believed to be improbable that the Turks will attempt to make a stand until Sivas is reached. Turkish reinforcements are pouring into this centre. In the north and south passes the Russians are progressing. Their forces are closing in on Trabzon and Bitlis and the Russian occupation of both these cities is momentarily expected. This successful co-ordination between the different Russian army groups is enabling the main army, which is pushing due west from Erzerum, to continue its advance without reaching out too far ahead of its supporting wings, and becoming subject to attacking attacks from the Turks.

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