

Operations Failed to Cure

Kidney Disease
Mr. John E. Pumphrey, Farmer, Viceroy, Sask., was twice operated on in an English hospital for kidney disease. Urinary troubles grew worse and caused excruciating pain. He now states positively that he has been cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and is enjoying excellent health.

This is further proof that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, by their combined action, cure the most serious and complicated ailments of the kidneys. Prove this for yourself.

One pill a dose, 25 cts. a box, all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

Phyllis Dearborn

Countess of Basingwell

CHAPTER II
"I see that I am beautiful, and I hope you are not mistaken in believing I am as beautiful as you say," she said.

"You are as beautiful as I say," responded the mother. "Now, listen. I have written to your cousin, the Marquis of Ellingford, and he has consented to pay for your sojourn for two years at Madame Roche's finishing school. He will also allow me enough money to keep body and soul together during that time. And, to use his own language, which is forcible and plain, but hardly elegant, he will not put up a penny more for us, though we starve."

"Why the finishing school, mother? You have just said that I was accomplished enough."

"Certainly you are. It would be useless to go to the finishing school if you were not, for you would learn nothing there. What you go to the finishing school for is to become acquainted with girls of your own age and of your own society. Perhaps you will also come to know some of the brothers. But don't make the mistake of supposing that the brothers are to be encouraged. That will come later, and I shall see you some day enjoying the comfort and luxury that have never been mine."

"When that day comes, mother, I shall not forget that I owe all to you."

Well, the two years at the school came to an end, and the most beautiful woman in England, as more than one man had already called her, was ready to launch her boat on the social waters, and push out into the currents and whirlpools in quest of that treasure island, a rich husband. But, alas! she had no boat to push. And more than one envious mother, knowing pretty well what the finances of the countess were, secretly smiled

with pleasure at the thought that the beautiful girl would not be able to rival their plainer daughters.

The countess had not been thinking for nothing all these years, however. It was a desperate case with her, and she was determined to succeed. A novel idea—well, perhaps it was not such a novel idea either, since it had been tried before, but it was novel to her—a novel idea came to her then, and she put it into execution. She sent a note to William Simmons, the money-lender, asking him to call upon her. He knew the standing of every title in England—the financial standing—and he smiled disdainfully on receipt of the note. But there was a short postscript which made him purse his lips and say:

"Well, I will go, anyhow."
The postscript was:
"I have good collateral."

The Countess of Dareleigh received the money-lender in lodgings, and he was almost inclined to turn back without seeing her; but curiosity held him, and he walked into her shabby parlor with the familiar manner he always kept for needy clients. They were all needy, for that matter; but some had collateral and some had not. And Simmons was not to be deceived—the countess had none, or she would not be in those lodgings.

"I want five thousand pounds," said the countess to him the very first thing.

"Vitch estate do you want it on?" he asked, with familiar insolence.

The countess walked quietly to the door and said:
"Flora, will you come in, please?"

The fat, insolent little money-lender rose straightway to his feet at the sight of the superb creature who sallied into the room as if it had been a royal drawing-room. For a moment he could not breathe.

"This is the estate I want it on," said the mother, who had noted the effect of Lady Flora's beauty on the fellow. Then, seeing that he was too dazed to understand her without an explanation, she went on: "I wish the money to enable my daughter to enter society as befits her station. You can see that she will have her choice of husbands within the year. When she is married you shall be repaid with your own interest. What do you say?"

"I say that I bow to your brains and to her beauty. You shall have the money—ah, eef—eef I can see some way to bind you both."

Well, it became a compact, and Lady Flora entered society. No one could complain with fairness of the sensation she created. She became the beauty par excellence, and offers of marriage were fairly hurled at her within a month. But none of them was accepted, for the reason that none of them was rich enough. She might have been pretty well deceived in that respect but for the kind offices of Simmons, who had his own advantage to serve in keeping her posted as to the finances of the various noblemen of the realm.

A singular partnership that the widow and daughter of an earl had entered into with a money-lender! But why not? It was a matter of business on the part of them all. Simmons had money to loan on interest; the countess had a daughter, and the daughter had beauty.

Two years went by without a marriage taking place, and another five thousand pounds had found its way out of Simmons' coffers. It showed he had faith in the venture. Still he was nervous, for ten thousand pounds was no bagatelle, even to him. However, it was his own fault, for each time that an offer was made he had said no.

How those aristocratic young noblemen would have writhed if they had known that the despised if useful Simmons had the disposal of the fairest hand in Britain!

When Sir Lionel, with a lineage extending back a wearisome distance, and a fortune that seemed limitless, came a-wooing, the countess was for letting him have his will; but Simmons, knowing the young man's ways, said no, and explained why. The countess, then, was for sending him about his business, so that he should not be interfering with more desirable suitors. Then Lady Flora spoke emphatically.

"I won't discourage him," she said. "Why not?" asked her mother, aghast.

Sir James Watson's Opinion Considered Most Valuable.

He says that the commonest of all disorders, and one from which few escape is Catarrh. Sir James firmly believes in local treatment, which is best supplied by "Catarrhozone." No case of Catarrh can exist where Catarrhozone is used; it is a miracle worker, relieves almost instantly, and cures after other remedies fail. Other treatments can't reach the diseased parts like Catarrhozone because it goes to the source of the trouble along with the air you breathe. Catarrhozone is free from cocaine, it leaves no bad after-effects, it is simply nature's own cure.

Beware of dangerous substitutes offered under misleading names and meant to deceive you for genuine Catarrhozone which is sold everywhere. Large size containing two months treatment costs \$1.00; small size, 50c.; trial size, 25c.

"He is the fashion. If he loves me all the men will do so. Some to pattern after him, and the more desirable ones to take me from him."

"She has brains as well as beauty," said Simmons. "My lady, get the Marquis of Gree if you can. He hates Sir Lionel, and he is the richest unmarried nobleman in the kingdom."

"I thought surely Sir Lionel was wealthy," said the countess.

"So he is," said Simmons, with that famous shrug of his; "but he won't be very long. I gif him sex months. There is only van thing—the Earl of Basingwell is on his last legs. Excuse the expression, ladies. Lord Barham is his heir. Lord Barham is a healthy boy of sixteen. But the boy might die. Then Sir Lionel will be richer than the Marquis of Gree. That is too little chance to take."

"It is no chance at all," said the countess.

That is how it came about that on the afternoon when Sir Lionel sat smoking and thinking of Lady Flora, he knew that Gree was his rival with her. Hardly a rival either, since he had not the slightest intention of ever putting his love in words, and was prepared to play the last act of what he called the comedy without giving so much as a sign of his feeling.

CHAPTER III
"I'll dress for a ride," said Lionel to Harrison, shortly after the departure of Simmons. "Tell Tom to bring Sultan around."

"It will be better than going to see Lady Flora now," he muttered; as Harrison left the room to execute his commands. "I am a trifle excited—I suppose it is only natural—and I might make a fool of myself. After the thing is done, and I have taken my farewell of the world, there can be no danger."

Of course he saw Lady Flora on the Row, and she saw him. He did not know it, but she wondered greatly to see him as gay and debonair as ever, when he had just borrowed the last penny he could on his heavily mortgaged property.

Simmons had sent her a little note to that effect. It completely closed the door on any possibility of marriage with him, and left the way clear to his rival, the Marquis of Gree. Well, she very much preferred the marquis anyhow, but she could admire courage, and she knew of no courage greater than to be able to face coolly a final plunge out of the world of society. That was why, in spite of her intention of cutting him presently, she gave him a smile so

gracious that his heart gave a leap. "Perhaps if I had met her in the beginning," he said to himself, "all this might have been different; but the die is cast now, and I must go with as few regrets as possible. I must confess, however, that I would be glad to know that that fellow Gree was not to win her. Well, it's no business of mine."

He swallowed the sigh that he was inclined to utter, and went on through the Row smiling as carelessly as in his most affluent days, so that not one looking at him could have suspected anything.

But in some mysterious way the word had been passed around that something unique was to happen at the supper he was to give that night, and curiosity was so aroused that no one possessing an invitation to the supper would have failed to make use of it, on any consideration. Rumors of ruin were in the air, and as he never had done anything like anybody else, it was anticipated that he would come to ruin differently.

When he returned to his rooms he waited until he was dressed to go out, and then said to Harrison:
"Excuse my curiosity, Harrison, but are you not pretty well provided with this world's goods?"

"A matter of ten thousand pounds, Sir Lionel."

"As much as that. I am glad of it, Harrison. I was afraid you were not so well off."

"That is because you never remember, Sir Lionel, your own generosity. It all comes from you."

"I am glad of that, too, Harrison. If faithfulness could be paid for you would have had ten times as much. I am sorry to part with you, Harrison. It is truly one of my regrets."

"Part with me, Sir Lionel," said the valet, turning pale.

"I know," said Sir Lionel, smiling with a sweetness that was one of the rare beauties of his strong, manly face, "that it is customary to give a month's notice in such cases, but I believed you would overlook the formality."

There was a tremor in the man's voice as he answered:
"You know it was not that, Sir Lionel. Will you tell me why you discharge me?"

"I don't discharge you, Harrison. I part with you as with a trusted friend. Ah! for the reason—yes. To-night I shall spend the last penny I have in this world, and I shall have no use for you, since I shall have nothing to support you with, to say nothing of even keeping you alive."

Sir Lionel said this with his kind, careless air, but the valet listened with a chill on his faithful heart.

"Oh, Sir Lionel," he said, forgive me! But what do you intend to do? I have lived with your father, and I have lived with you; and I love you more even than I loved him, and there is nothing in this world I would not do for you. You are going to do something desperate. I know you, Warnes; you stop at nothing. No, Sir Lionel, I will speak. I never did before. I have been the best servant I know how to be, never even criticising what you have done, but always being proud of you. Now, you are going to do, Heaven knows what terrible thing; and you think I can stand by and see it done. Sir Lionel, Heaven knows I would never overstep the line that divides us; but you will forgive me if I say that every penny of the ten thousand pounds I have is yours—yours as freely as you gave it to me."

Sir Lionel smiled and put his hand on the shoulder of his valet.
(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.

1531 — A PRETTY FROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.

Dress With or Without Plastron Trimming, and With Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

A good-looking school dress could be made from this model, of serge or wool poplin, with braid trimming and yoke facing of matched satin. For a best dress, soft batiste, dimity or organdy could be used, with lace or insertion and embroidery for trimming. The plastron may be omitted. The sleeve in wrist length has a band cuff. In short length it is to be finished with a narrow band, to fit the arm. This design is also good for voile, gabardine, challis, checked or plaid suiting, for galatea, percale, gingham, repp or chambray. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes—4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 4 yards of 36 inch material for an 8 year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

1517—WAIST, 1517; SHIRT, 1503.

Two Attractive and New Styles. This costume comprises Ladies' Waist Pattern 1517 and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1503. Georgette crepe in a mauve shade with trimming of lace was used. The skirt is of serge in a shade to match the waist. Both styles are good for any of this season's dress materials. The skirt of gabardine, wool poplin or broad cloth, with waist of charmeuse or taffeta, would be nice. The waist is also nice for linen, batiste, or nun's veiling. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes—24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches bust measure. It requires 2½ yards of 36 inch material for a medium size. The Skirt Pattern is cut in 6 sizes—22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 3¾ yards of 54 inch material for a 24 inch size.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

Size

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N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern can not reach you in less than 16 days.

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These are very Special Value, The Right Weight, Colour, Price.

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Our new style sheets for Fall and Winter just to hand.

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BIG WORDS—but they are backed up by leading scientists of the world. Call and see this wonderful Lamp and get the proofs.

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War News

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

NEW VICEROY OF INDIA
LONDON, Jan. 13. The Times understands that Chelmsford is to be the new Viceroy of India. Lord Chelmsford is 69 years old, and has held the Governorship of Queensland and New South Wales.

NEW PARTY FORMED TO OPPOSE
LONDON, Jan. 13. Following the formation of the last week under the leadership of Edward Carson to advocate vigorous prosecution of the war, and has reached a membership of 100,000, started yesterday on the Liberal side as an offset to that section of the Liberals opposing the Military Service Bill. Sir Henry Dalglish, Frederick Cayley and Sir John Mond are leaders in this new party. A number of well known Liberal Government policy from the Liberal side, including Annan, should have already joined and expressed in some quarters that two independent movements should eventually, and form a party, supporting the Government in all measures tending towards vigorous war policy.

SUGGESTION TO REMOVE FROM BRITISH PEERAGE
LONDON, Jan. 13. The suggestion has been made in the House of Commons that the Dukes of Cumberland and Devon should be removed from the peerage. Premier Asquith said that it would be a slow process, and the Government was not prepared to initiate at present.

NAVAL OPERATIONS DESCRIBED
LONDON, Jan. 13. Naval operations off the coast last summer and autumn described in an official despatch. Vice-Admiral H. S. Bacon, Commanding the Dover patrol, who has explained the great care taken to confine the fire to purely military naval objectives, so as to avoid minimum loss of life and damage to the civil population, among other things, were large numbers of citizens of allied countries. In order to this principle into effect, it was sometimes necessary to modify and to postpone projected attacks. The despatch says that the results, therefore, have been effective, rational, and sensational. After speaking of the extreme accuracy of the navy, which he attributed as being due to the novel methods and careful

By S. S. Stephano, Monday, January 10, '16:
N. Y. TURKEYS.
N. Y. CHICKEN.
N. Y. CORNED BEEF.
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CAL. NAVEL ORANGES.
TANGERINES.
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CELERY.
FRESH OYSTERS.
TEXAS ONIONS.
FINNAN HADDIES.
KIPPERED HERRING.
20 cases FANCY EGGS.

DANNAWALLE TEA, 50c. No advance in price.
BULLDOG TEA, 45c. 100 Two TEAS with satisfaction every sip.

10 cases SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT BISCUITS, 16c. pkg.
DUTCH BUTTER, 1 lb. block, 25c.
MINCED HAM (Cooked), 30c. lb.
BLUE BERRIES, 15c. tin.
STRAWBERRIES, 25c. tin.
LEMON CLING PEACHES, 2½ lb. tin, 25c.
JAMS, assorted, tumbler, 34c. each.
NARMALETS, tumbler, 11c. each.

20 boxes PURITY BUTTER, 2 lb. prints.
Just received ex aa. Stephano

DUTCH CIGARS Just received
King Edward VII. ... 10
Lima ... 10
Carmichael-de-Soto ... 10
Valor ... 10

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