

Weakened by Anaemia Doctors Gave No Hope

Said She Was Threatened With Consumption, and Gave Her Three Weeks To Live.

Anaemia is indicated by thin, watery blood. The gums and eyelids grow pale, there is great weakness and fatigue and digestion fails.

Since Dr. Chase's Nerve Food forms new, rich blood, it is naturally most suitable as a treatment for anaemia. This letter proves its efficiency in the most severe cases.

Mrs. J. Adams, Port Hope, Ont., writes: "About six years ago I was taken with very weak spells, and though I doctored with the family physician and used other medicines for two years, I got very little relief and, in fact, continued to grow weaker. I was so weak I could not walk on myself or raise my hand to my head and decided to go to my daughter in Toronto. When examined by Toronto doctors they pronounced me to be in a dangerous condition, threatened with consumption and other ailments and said I would not live for three weeks. One day I was looking

through Dr. Chase's Almanac and read about the cure of anaemia by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I began the use of this treatment at once and am now well on the way back to health, after having used the Nerve Food for six months. I want my friends to know that my cure was effected by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food alone and after my discouragement from the use of other treatments. I feel it my duty to let everybody know about this remarkable cure."

As a restorative for persons who are pale, weak and run down there is no treatment to be compared to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Gradually and naturally the red corpuscles are increased in the blood, the color is restored to the cheeks and the strength comes back to wasted nerves and muscles. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50. All dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

The Web; OR, TRUE LOVE'S PASSION.

CHAPTER XIX.
A Suspicious Scene.

CYRIL—for we will call him so still—had escaped from London in time to be present at the ball by one of those lucky chances which favor ardent lovers.

On the morning of the 14th he had called at Lord Newall's in a state of desperation which almost prompted him, in case he should find that that erratic nobleman had not returned, to leave a polite message to the effect that Lord Newall must find some one else to paint his picture. He had hunted Moses' shop and Harley street every day, and had worked himself into a frame of mind which rendered him a nuisance to himself and to Jack, as that candid friend did not fail to inform him.

But it is the unexpected which always happens, and to Cyril's inquiry, "Is Lord Newall at home?" the footman replied in the affirmative.

Lord Newall, little suspecting that the young artist was Viscount Santleigh, an heir to a peerage compared with which Lord Newall's was a mere mushroom, treated Cyril with that mixture of cordiality and condescension which is so exasperating, and expressed his desire that Cyril should set off at once—that is, the next day, the 15th—for Brittany.

"I am going there to-morrow, and shall be glad if you will accompany me," he said.

Cyril felt sorely tempted to decline the offer and the invitation, but it occurred to him as he hesitated—much to Lord Newall's astonishment—that he could run down to Santleigh and see Norah before he started; and, full of his resolve to make himself famous before he presented himself to the Earl of Arrowdale, he signified his acceptance of the proposal.

"You won't start until the night mail, I suppose?" he said, not quite so

respectfully as Lord Newall was accustomed to be addressed by his "inferiors." "Because I don't think I could manage it if you started any earlier."

"I will go by the night mail, Mr. Burne," said his lordship, a little haughtily.

"All right, then," said Cyril, "I'll be at the station—my lord," he remembered to add.

He jumped into a hansom, and, dashing into Jack's room, informed him, all in a breath, of the arrangement he had made with Lord Newall, and that he intended running down to Santleigh at once.

"Can't you write?" asked Jack, and Cyril had colored.

"Write? No, you know I can't. Besides, I—I may be kept over in that beastly place for months. What, go without seeing her? I'd rather let the picture slide."

"Brittany is anything but a beastly place," remarked Jack with a smile. "But go down and bid your lady-love adieu, by all means. You'll look in here as you come back?"

Cyril caught a train, and arrived at The Chequers at sunset, and considerably flurried Mrs. Brown by telling her that he was going to leave The Chequers the next morning, and demanding a clean shirt, hot water, and his dress clothes.

While he was dressing—which he did in a kind of mental abstraction, thinking all the time of how Norah would look when he entered the ball-room—he missed his ring, and, on coming down, asked Mrs. Brown if she had seen it.

"A ring, sir?" she said, getting flurried instantly. "Oh, dear me, sir! You don't mean to say that you've lost—"

"Oh, no, never mind," broke in Cyril, promptly. "I dare say I've left it somewhere about the rooms. I've dropped it somewhere else; I'm always losing something. Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Brown, but if you find my head lying about some day, please put it on the mantelshelf. Don't worry about the ring," and he hurried out to his fly, which he had ordered as he came through the village, and was

driven away, leaving Mrs. Brown in a nice state of confusion, and muttering: "Bless me, what a wild young gentleman he be! But there, he's a harlot, and he can't help it."

Cyril was driven to the park, and entered the anteroom of the ballroom to leave his dustcoat, and while he was being relieved of it by the footman peering through the opening into the big marquee.

It was brilliantly lighted, and looked indeed like a fairy scene, with its flowers and flags and its myriad of vari-colored lamps. But he could not see the one person for a sight of whom his heart ached. Then he entered, and, looking round with scarcely concealed eagerness, saw her—saw her dancing with Gullford Berton!

She was smiling at something he was saying, and her loveliness, heightened by her simple ball dress, bewildered and overwhelmed him. To the lover the beauty of his mistress is always changing, intensifying, always a sacred mystery and subject for wonderment.

Hitherto he had only seen her in ordinary walking attire; to-night she was arrayed for conquest: a queen in splendor, though her dress was only a simple one—her arms gleaming like ivory, her red-brown hair shining like burnished gold, her beautiful eyes glowing with the reflected many-colored lights, her lips half-parted with a smile.

He gazed at her open-eyed, drinking in her loveliness, falling down before it, mentally, and worshipping it. Could it be possible that this lovely creature had condescended to love him, to tell him so, to promise to be his wife?

Then all in a moment a chill struck him. She was dancing with another man, his arm was round her waist, her hand was resting on his shoulder, and that man was—Gullford Berton! And he had come all this way to see this!

Love is unreasonable, illogical. It never occurred to him that, being there, Norah could scarcely refuse to dance because her lover—who had left her for nearly a fortnight without a word of explanation—was absent! He did not think of that, but stood still, and suddenly grew cold—not hot—with unconscious jealousy.

At that moment Lady Ferndale saw him, and went up to him.

"Mr. Burne," she said; "and at last! How unkind of you to keep away from us all day!"

"It is my fate that is unkind, Lady Ferndale," he said. "I assure you—"

"Never mind. I shall keep my scolding until after supper, and so give you time to invent some pretty excuses. But now you have come you must dance. Let me see."

She looked round, and saw Becca standing looking on with glittering eyes, her small foot softly tapping the ground impatiently, and her ladyship, thinking "At any rate, I have found a handsome partner for him," went toward her.

"There is a young lady—that pretty one with the black hair. Will you dance with her?"

"I will dance with any one you are good enough to choose for me," said Cyril, and he went up to Becca, casting a longing, wistful thought, if not a wistful glance, toward Norah.

Becca blushed becomingly, and her dark face grew radiant. She had thrown over her last partner, whose clumsy movements had threatened the destruction of her frock, and had been dying to dance. And now Mr. Burne, a real gentleman—though an artist—had chosen her.

Becca could dance—Santleigh and Ferndale girls took to it naturally, just as the children of the Pacific Islands take to swimming—and, to her delight, Mr. Burne was simply a perfect waiter. Blushing with pleasure and pride, she went two or three times round the room with him, then the smile on her parted lips and in her glittering eyes died away, and she stopped.

"What is the matter?" asked Cyril, awaking from a moody abstraction.

"Anything wrong? Haven't I got your step, Becca?"

"Oh, you dance beautifully, beautifully, Mr. Burne," said Becca. "But—but I want to pick up my dress."

But it was not to arrange her train that she had stopped. When she had

YOUR GOLD

will be easily relieved by taking a spoonful of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

after each meal. It fortifies the throat and chest while it enriches the blood to help avoid gripe, bronchitis and even pneumonia. Scott's is well worth insisting upon.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 16-14

started for the ball that evening Becca was perfectly satisfied with her dress, but deplored the fact of one thing being lacking—she had no jewelry. All the ladies would, she thought, be smothered in diamonds, and most of the village girls would have brooches or bracelets or ear-rings, and she had nothing, not even a—

Then, suddenly there flashed upon her the remembrance of the ring she had "found" beside Cyril's watch.

Now, a man, if he had stolen it, would never have dreamed of wearing it in public. Only a woman—and only a woman of Becca's type—would have had the courage and audacity of even entertaining the thought.

She looked at it, put it on, held up her hand before the glass, and—went to the hall in it!

She had it on when Cyril entered, and had meant to take it off, but when he approached her and asked her to dance she forgot the ring in her flurry and fluster of pride and gratification, and only remembered it after the third turn.

She stooped down, found the arrangement of the train so difficult that it required both hands, and managed to take off the ring and slip it into her pocket.

"I'm all right now, sir," she said, looking up at him with angelic innocence in her black eyes, and they resumed their dancing.

Poor Cyril danced like a machine, in perfect time and harmony, but neither his heart nor his brain was in it, and all his soul was intent upon his beautiful sweetheart.

He watched her, sometimes directly, sometimes over his shoulder, and he saw her walk off on Gullford Berton's arm. They disappeared for a time, and then when he saw them next the dark-faced, self-possessed Berton was still her companion.

Cyril wondered whether they had been dancing together before, whether they had "spent the evening" in each other's company, and his heart ached and burned as he tried to talk to Becca, who was really dancing beautifully and deserved on that account a little attention.

Veils of coarse dark, tulle are heavily embroidered in white or gray.

A slender woman can follow almost any fashion and look right in it. Many of the best looking dresses for small girls are fashioned on middie lines.

Incandescent Gas Lighting.

Possibly, the feature of incandescent gas lighting most frequently noted by casual observers is the great ease with which tasks, ordinarily arduous under artificial light may be performed under the Welsbach gas mantle.

The light has a peculiarly "soft" quality, difficult to describe, but which is readily recognized by those who have had experience with the gas mantle lamp.

In its general effect upon bodily health and comfort, the use of incandescent gas lighting is decidedly favorable. The currents of air set up by the burning gas improves ventilation, tending to expel the air vitiated by respiration and draw in fresh air to replace it. Harmful or dangerous disease germs are instantly destroyed in the flame. The extent to which this effect takes place may be verified by placing a gas lamp close to a ceiling without any provision for interfering with the up-rushing air currents. The charred particles which collect immediately above the lamp are the remains of dust particles which before passing through the flames were laden with germs and microbes. Actual experiments have shown that the burning of gas lamps in rooms previously containing bacteria, resulted in absolute sterilization of the air.

Contrary to the popular notion the temperature of rooms lighted by incandescent gas lamps is seldom markedly greater than under incandescent electric light, even under unfavorable conditions of ventilation, while in rooms provided with the ventilating facilities required by the demands of hygiene, the temperature in gas-lighted rooms is frequently lower.

But it was not to arrange her train that she had stopped. When she had

Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should have a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A SIMPLE, PRACTICAL STYLE.



1596—Ladies' House or Morning Dress.

In linen, khaki, gingham, seersucker or percale, this style will be most serviceable. It is made with overlapping fronts, and round neck outline, and has a four-gore skirt cut in comfortable fulness. The sleeve in wrist length is finished with a hand cuff. In short length a neat turnback cuff forms a suitable trimming. The model could also be developed in serge, flannel or flannellette, and is nice, too, for lawn. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3 yards at the lower edge.

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

A SMART AND PRETTY STYLE FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.



1891—Girl's Dress with Added Trimming.

Serge, gabardine, voile, prunella, checked suiting and plaid mixtures, taffeta, velvet and corduroy are nice for this style. The trimmings could be of matched satin on serge or of checked or plaid suiting. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a 10-year size.

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

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We offer:—
REAL GOOD TEA @ 40c. lb.
EXTRA GOOD TEA @ 45c. lb.
SUPERIOR QUALITY TEA @ 50c. lb.

We are enabled to do this as we import these teas in large quantities direct from Ceylon when the markets are at their lowest, and we give our customers all the benefits. We have on these values quadrupled our Retail Tea Trade during the past year, as all our customers find our teas are the very best they can get for the money. The above are all straight Ceylon Teas, but we can also give you the milder Blended Teas as packed by Messrs. Lipton, Ltd., London (and which have always had a large sale), at 50c. and 60c. lb. The other teas previously mentioned are put up by ourselves to suit a large portion of the Newfoundland market which does not care for blended teas.

However, we can suit you to a T no matter what your taste.

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Now discharging 2000 Tons Screened SYDNEY COAL. SPECIAL PRICES: **ANTHRACITE COAL** All Sizes.
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Seven Glorious Hours at Verdun.

How the French Regained Ground—Surprise Attack in Rain and Mud.

By E. Ashmead Bartlett.

I have just witnessed the crowning irony of the war—in all history, I have watched French army of Verdun—exhausted and useless, according to the reports—relate in seven hours, out withdrawing a man or a gun, the Somme, practically the whole ground which it took the German army six months to hold at a cost of roughly half a million of the best German troops.

Downpayment was the key to peace, according to the proclamation.

It turned out to be neither the nor the other.

Every German hope and every partial promise was concentrated on Douaumont. For the possession of this dominating plateau the German infantry fought and died like heroes. No one will deny that. For that plateau the German people gave sons, willingly, relying on the Imperial word that decisive victory must be won which would bring the longest peace in its bloody train.

Now in seven hours all is changed. The work and futile sacrifices of months have been undone at a cost which perhaps may work out at eight per cent. of the achievement.

Moral Value of the Victory.

The importance of the victory, not to be calculated in mere words of figures. It is the moral effect on German people and on the German army that must count most in the long run. The truth is, however, that cannot be concealed for ever. The French army at Verdun was shown to be exhausted. But October 26th showed that with proper artillery support and sound infantry tactics with a minimum of loss the German army can retake positions in hours which cost them six months' loss. There is only one constant to put on these facts. There is other possible explanation. The German army in the west everywhere stands in numbers, guns, and morale. It can only be won in the west. The German army is slowly but surely being whittled down. Its open veins are now bled. It is only a question of time, patience, fresh sacrifices, unlimited munitions.

Days of Big Gun Fire.

For some days the enemy seem to have had an expectation that the attack was mediated, and he had in a state of extreme nervousness. Thus the actual hour of the attack may have taken him by surprise, but he cannot claim it was altogether unexpected. For days French heavy guns have been smashing his positions to pulp, and Sunday afternoon being seized, the sudden panic of an expected infantry attack the enemy opened "ferocious barrage" with no fewer than eighty batteries, the position of which the French have been endeavoring to accurately locate weeks. Thus in his panic the enemy prematurely gave his positions, and thus materially assisted the French counter-attack on the afternoon of the assault.

There being no fight on Monday was able to have a good look at the enemy and his circle of forts. It was always believed that the Germans were very near to taking the fortress, that the French were within an hour of vacating the right bank of the Meuse, including the dominating plateau of Douaumont altogether. This is a controversial question that I do not propose to go into here. One thing I do know is this, that they were intended to evacuate the town and its citadel, and that orders were given to defend it to the last extremity. You have seen the fortification of Verdun and the citadel of the town. You can only believe that in the face of the divine mission which the Highest claims on earth, Divine Providence is certain on the side of the Allies.

How any general staff can even

It Would Take Considerable Nerve After That. Dorgan

most popular Sold **GEO. M.**