

**Phyllis Dearborn**  
OR, THE  
**Countess of Basingwille**

CHAPTER VII

"I thought you might like a teetle money, Sir Lionel."  
Mr. Simmons' accent was never more pronounced than when talking with Sir Lionel.  
"The gift of prophecy has fallen on you, Mr. Simmons. Yes, I wish some money, and I suppose a little will do, provided our ideas of size agree."  
"How much, Sir Lionel? You know I can haf jooost as much, now, as you vant."

"D'you know, Simmons, I had a suspicion of that, myself."  
"The death of that poor unfortunate—"

"Your compassion only increases his misfortune," said Sir Lionel, grimly, and Mr. Simmons knew that his condolences or congratulations were not at all necessary.  
"Well," he hastened to say, "you haf only to say how much."  
"Five thousand pounds," said Sir Lionel.  
"And ven do you vant it?" said Mr. Simmons, cheerfully.

"Can you let me have it this afternoon, without incommoding yourself? I would rather not put you to any trouble."

Mr. Simmons' smile at this reminder of yesterday was a painful thing to witness.

"It will be no trouble, Sir Lionel."  
"Then let me have it this afternoon. And, what had you in your mind by way of security, Mr. Simmons?"

"Just a note of hand, Sir Lionel."  
"Secured of course by a mortgage on the property already somewhat covered?" queried Sir Lionel, carelessly.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Simmons, as if he would accept the proposition as one of his patron's jests. "That property carries all that it can carry, Sir Lionel. This note would be payable upon your coming into the Basingwille property."

"I don't own the Basingwille property yet, Mr. Simmons," said Sir Lionel, with sudden sternness, "and I do not propose to borrow any money on it. But I do own this other property, less the mortgages on it, and I intend to keep it and pay the mortgages. If you have any memory at all you will recall the paper I showed you yesterday. It was a list of my property, with appraised values and sums borrowed on it. Yesterday it was worth to me just the sum I borrowed on it, but the property of the heir of the Basingwille estates is of more value than that of a ruined spendthrift. So, Mr. Simmons, if you choose to give me five thousand on that property you may. If not, you may leave me. Nothing but yes or no, Mr. Simmons."

"You are so sharp, Sir Lionel," Mr. Simmons began to protest, when he saw Sir Lionel reach out to tap the bell. "Well, yes, then; but I'll make a close shave—"

"No details of your business, if you please, Simmons. They do not interest me," said Sir Lionel.

To be beaten in a transaction, and then refused the right to protest, was so bitter to Mr. Simmons, that he gave way to his feelings to Harrison on the way out.

"Sir Lionel is a sharp vun," he groaned.  
"I'll tell him you say so," said Harrison, coldly, and turned as if to do so.

"If he doesn't know it already, it isn't no use to tell him," said Mr. Simmons, desperately, and then plunged out of the house.

"I'll not ride this afternoon," said Sir Lionel to Harrison, a little later; "but I shall make a call, and I would like the carriage brought around."

"I am glad for her sake," he murmured to himself, as he was driven by Lady Flora's, "that she will not be killed upon to make any sacrifice. That a noble—what a glorious creature she is!"

Who would have doubted it to see her when she greeted him!

"I would not go out," she said, simply, "I knew you would come."

**A Woman's Problem**

**How to Feel Well During Middle Life Told by Three Women Who Learned from Experience.**

The Change of Life is a most critical period of a woman's existence, and neglect of health at this time invites disease and pain. Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs. Read these letters:—



Philadelphia, Pa.—"I started the Change of Life five years ago. I always had a headache and backache with bearing down pains and I would have heat flashes very bad at times with dizzy spells and nervous feelings. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I feel like a new person and am in better health and no more troubled with the aches and pains I had before I took your wonderful remedy. I recommend it to my friends for I cannot praise it enough."—Mrs. MARGARET GRASSMAN, 759 N. Ringgold St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Erie, Pa.—"I was in poor health when the Change of Life started with me and I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, or I think I should not have got over it as easy as I did. Even now if I do not feel good I take the Compound and it restores me in a short time. I will praise your remedies to every woman for it may help them as it has me."—Mrs. E. KISSINO, 931 East 24th St., Erie, Pa.

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He hardly dared to do it; but he kissed her.  
"And I knew you would expect me," he said. "Have you heard anything about me?"

"Have I, indeed!" she exclaimed, with an adorable smile. "Why, all London is talking about it."  
"About what?"

"Your farewell supper."  
"I don't mean that."

"Then what do you mean?" she asked, her beautiful eyes opening wide with wonder, as she drew back and looked at him from arms' length.

"Something has happened that will solve the problem of what I ought to do."  
"Tell me quickly, then," she said, and drew him to a chair, while she took another. "I have worried about it ever since we parted. Your honor is so sensitive that I feared it would—"

She bent her head, and hesitated. He took her hand and held it.  
"Would what?" he demanded.

She tossed her head up and looked resolutely at him.  
"Would make you think my happiness lay in separation. And, Lionel, I could not bear that. Whatever you tell me, don't let it be that."

"No, my darling," he answered. "The thing that has happened will bring us together. Lord Barham is dead."  
She shook her head doubtfully.

"Lord Barham!" she said, hesitatingly and perplexedly—"I don't know—Oh, Lionel!" she suddenly cried; "you don't mean—not the heir to the—the earldom of Basingwille?"

"Yes, I am the heir now."  
"Oh, Lionel!" and her clasped hands fell in her lap.

"You are not sorry?" he said.  
"Sorry!" she repeated, musingly. "Not sorry—no. But we could have been happy—and he was so young—"

He did not go, however. That was a pleasure he was obliged to put off.



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and it was surprising how it disturbed him to have to do it. But when he reached his apartments there was a man waiting with a message for him.

"I am the valet of Lord Basingwell," he said, in a manner of haste and trouble.

The trouble was too honest for Lionel to trifle with.

"Sit down. Tell me what your errand is."

"Lord Basingwell is dying. He felt the sudden death of Lord Barham very much more than was anticipated, and was prostrated—partial paralysis the doctors say; but when I left he was in full possession of his senses. He knows he is dying. He insisted upon knowing. His greatest anxiety is to see you before he dies. He says he has something he must communicate to you. I came away by the earliest train I could take."

"Where is he?"

"At Basingwell."  
"When is the next train out?"

"Four-thirty."  
"That will give us just time to catch it," said Lionel, with a sigh; but he would not disappoint the dying man, though he had no doubt that the communication had something to do with his own past, reckless life.

He and Lord Basingwell were only distantly connected, so that there were no ties of blood to draw them together, and hitherto there had been no ties of interest; for who could have suspected that the young and vigorous boy would be taken away? Then the dying earl had always been a careful, an almost parsimonious manager, and the few times the two men had met it had been with manifest want of sympathy. Lord Basingwell could not but look on Lionel's course with reprobation, and Lionel did not blame him for it.

But even if the dying man wished to caution him on his habits—needless as the caution now was—he would not refuse him the satisfaction of doing so. He was glad that he could reassure the old man.

It was night when they reached Basingwell, and the valet had assured Sir Lionel that a warm meal would be waiting him; but they were met at the station by a coachman, who said the earl had grown rapidly worse; so that there was nothing for Lionel to do but to go directly to the sick room, hushing the apologies of the valet with kindly words.

The housekeeper, the nurse, and the doctor were in the room when they reached it, and the dying man lay as if already dead on the great bed in which in by-gone times kings had slept.

"Is he dead?" whispered Lionel, seeing that even their entrance had not roused him.

"No. It is a stupor from which he will recover in a little while; but his mind is growing clouded, and it is doubtful if he will be able to tell you what he wished to."

"Have you any clue to what it is?" asked Lionel.

"None whatever."  
"Has he long to live?" asked Lionel.

"He can hardly live through another stupor. The shock of Lord Barham's death seemed to affect him unduly, or he might have recovered from this stroke. He was wrapped up in the young lord, but he was such a—"

Lionel noted his hesitation.

"Please speak plainly. I may need every hint of his character to enable me to fathom his words when he tries to talk to me. I know him very slightly."

"Well, sir, he was a very hard and selfish man, and not given to sentiment of any sort. But he took this very hard. His words showed that."

"What words, please?"

"His words on hearing of the accident. He said nothing for a full minute, they say, and he was always quick of speech, and then burst out: 'It is a judgment on me!' Hush! he is stirring. Heavens! he is sitting up!" and the startled doctor ran to where his patient had risen like one galvanized, and was staring about the room.

"Where is he? Where is Sir Lionel? Did he not come? I am blind! Doctor, don't let me die till he comes. Justice must be done!"

(To be Continued.)

You may wear an old-fashioned dash of ribbon tied in long loops.

**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.

1509—A TRIM & BECOMING STYLE.



Junior Dress in Semi Princess Style, With Convertible Collar.

Plaid woolen in soft blue and brown tones would be nice for this, or shepherd check suiting with facings of white pique. For more dressy effect, one could choose poplin, taffeta or velvet, with facings of silk or satin. Plaid silk with brown velvet, white satin with black taffeta, or messaline with poplin would all be equally attractive. The Pattern is cut with panel fronts, that join full skirt and waist portions. The waist back has no lines. It has a deep tuck at the sides, and is stitched over the skirt below the belt. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for a 14 year size.

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

1522—A SIMPLE BUT ATTRACTIVE STYLE FOR HOME OR BUSINESS WEAR.



Ladies' House or Home Dress, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

As here shown striped gingham, in blue and white was used, with white line for trimming. The waist and skirt are cut on simple lines, with front closing; deep pockets trim the skirt, and a broad collar finishes the waist. The sleeve is dart fitted in wrist length, and is finished with a neat cuff. In short length a turn back cuff forms a suitable trimming. This style is good for all wash fabrics, also for taffeta, poplin, serge, corduroy, voile, and velvet. In blue serge with facings of blue or black satin, it would make a splendid business dress. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures about 3 yards at its lower edge.

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**War News.**

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

OFFICIAL.

LONDON, Jan. 20. The Governor, Newfoundland: A British submarine grounded on the Dutch Coast. The crew were rescued by a British destroyer and a Dutch warship. No lives were lost. Headquarters in France report six German aeroplanes attacked an enemy supply depot, northeast of Albert, causing considerable damage. In fifteen aeroplanes were brought down. Two British machines were lost. Enemy trenches were raided north of the River Lys and several prisoners were captured. Two enemy aeroplanes bombed Nancy. French aeroplanes retaliated on the railway stations at Metz and Arrasville. German attempts to cross the Drina have been repulsed. Two German attacks near Dvinsk were also repulsed. In the Caucasus considerable success has been obtained and the enemy dislodged on a 66 mile front. They withdrew in disorder towards Erzurum.

General Aymer continues to advance and is now about six miles from Kut. BONAR LAW.

THE WITHDRAWAL.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 20. The British Ambassador, Sir Cecil Spring Rice, told Secretary of State Lansing to-day that the withdrawal of British subjects from danger points in Mexico, is not to be taken as an indication that Britain has altered its policy of leaving the Mexican situation in the hands of the United States.

LEFT FOR PARIS.

LONDON, Jan. 20. Col. House, representative of President Wilson, departed to-day for Paris, having concluded a series of conferences here with prominent British officials. Premier Briand and other representatives of the French Government, who attended the recent British War Conference, also left for Paris.

THE RIVAL AIR FLEETS.

LONDON, Jan. 20. The assertion made by a section of the British press that the German aerial service has recently been perfected to such a point as to surpass that of the British, is not endorsed by Harold J. Tennant, Parliamentary Under Secretary for War, who was questioned on this subject this afternoon in the Commons. Tennant said that military authorities were satisfied that British airmen had given a good account of themselves in recent fighting. The German method of fighting in the air, Tennant said, is of a defensive nature. The new Fokker monoplane, which have been described in the press as superior to those of the Allies, are well adapted for defensive work, the Under Secretary explained, but are incapable of making long flights. If the Germans adopted the offensive and went behind the British lines, he thought they would meet machines quite equal in efficiency and speed as the Fokker.

KING NICHOLAS WILL FIGHT TO THE LAST.

LONDON, Jan. 20. Sir John Roper Parkinson, Consul General at London for Montenegro, today received official confirmation of the report that King Nicholas of Montenegro and his sons would remain at the head of their troops, determined to fight to the last.

NEVER CAPITULATED.

LONDON, Jan. 20. An official French statement received here to-day by wireless from Paris says: Montenegro Army never capitulated, and, in fact, no formal negotiations for peace were entered upon. King Nicholas is said to be at



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