

**Pains in the Side, Chest, or Back,
Aching Muscles Cured Quickly**

Even Doctors Marvel at the Penetrating Power of Good Old "Nerviline."

Pains anywhere—in the chest, neck, side, back or muscles—they are always a discomfort. If the inflammation is severe, the pain will be intense. If allowed to continue, complications will follow. Physicians say one of the best remedies is "Nerviline"—it can't help curing, because it penetrates through the sore tissues, carrying healing properties that destroy every symptom of pain. In cases of colds, sore chest and pleurisy, there should be a good hand-rubbing with Nerviline, and, of course to prevent the trouble coming back, it's advisable to put on a Nerviline Vorous Plaster, which, by absorption

through the skin draws out all congestion. For general household use, for curing the ailments of the young and old, for destroying all pain, outward or inward, nothing can excel Nerviline; thousands testify to this effect. For nearly forty years Nerviline has been a renowned and trusted remedy in thousands of homes where practically no medicine is needed. Nerviline is safe to use. For children's coughs, colds and sore throat nothing can be used with more certain results. Get the large 50c. family size bottle to-day. It is more economical than the 25 cent trial size, and is sure to keep down the doctor's bill and cure a host of minor ills that arise in every household. All dealers sell Nerviline.

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

CHAPTER XXXII.
"I have no excuse to make for what is past. My life has been a mistake, a lost one; and turn as I will, I can see no way of retrieving it. That is why I made the final plunge into certain infamy without thought of trying to save myself. It is strange, but my comfort, through all the agony I have endured, has been that you do not love me. I would give my life in lingering drops, for one moment of your love; but since that can never be, I am glad that you do not love me, and cannot suffer as you did."
"I have executed a paper making over all the Warnes estates to whomsoever shall be the rightful heir to the Basingwell property. You will find the document in a sealed envelope in the hands of your lawyers. I have taken nothing—shall take nothing with me but a diamond ring that was given to me with some Warnes money, and given to me when you loved me."
"I go with Lord Gree. Have no thought of dishonor to yourself. The infamy is all mine, the dishonor is all his. I scorn and loathe him as you do me, and it is for his punishment that I go with him."
"Lionel, I love you."
"Flora Vanemore, Lady Warnes."
When Harrison returned to his master he found him sitting as he had left him.
"The bath is ready, your lordship," he said.
"Harrison, Lady Basing—Lady Warnes has gone. She will not return. I will have a cup of coffee, and will take the ten o'clock train to London. I shall not return here again. I leave the castle in the hands of you and Mrs. Barlow. Do whatever your judgment dictates. The will of the new heir is declared. Get me the coffee. I will take my bath."

CHAPTER XXXIV.
There was plenty in the crowded hospital for the willing hands of the volunteer nurse to do, and they were willing, if not skillful. All night long she worked under direction of the silently hurrying doctors, and when dawn came she worked still. She saw the old corps of surgeons replaced by a new one, and the old corps of nurses replaced by a new one; but there was a need of all the nurses that could be had, and no one knew her except as she showed herself willing, and so she took her place among the day nurses as she had taken it among those of the night, unchallenged and gratefully welcome. Only one of the new surgeons, fresh from a night of rest, noticed that her hands, however willing, were not practiced, and he said, kindly:
"You have not had much experience?"

"No, I have just come; but I wish to be of service, and will do whatever you say."
He looked with admiration at her beautiful face, and cast a glance over her dress. He knew by her slight accent that she was English, and by every token, that she was a lady.
"Perhaps," he said, "it would be well to put you under the direction for a few days of a skilled nurse. There is a countrywoman of your own yonder," she followed the direction of his glance, and saw the sweetest, tenderest, most beautiful face she had ever looked on. "Shall I assign you to her?"
"Anything to be of most use. Thank you."
She was worn and tired, but she halted the fatigue of her charitable work with the fervor of one who would find forgetfulness. The surgeon looked up at the wounded soldier as they stood beside her.
"Sister Phyllis, here is a new volunteer; will you take her under your direction and instruct her? You will find her as apt as she is kind-hearted. I did not hear your name," he said, with a bow to Lady Warnes.
"Sister Flora," she answered.
The surgeon bowed, smiled and left them. He was too busy to remain with them, but he had time to say to himself that the two Englishwomen were nearer to literal angels of mercy than were often seen anywhere.
Sister Phyllis had acknowledged the introduction with a smile and a lighting up of her rare face, and when the surgeon had gone said in a low voice, which was without suspicion of whisper, but was soft and soothing to the ear:
"It is sad work, Sister Flora, but it seems a woman's work, and it is not long before one knows what to do. This man is dying, the surgeon says—Oh, no, poor fellow! he does not hear. There is nothing to do here, but watch him now and then. If he should recover consciousness he may have a message. Most of them have that. Here is a new case coming. There may be amputation or some other operation. Will you come and wait with me?"
The voice, the kindly words, the soulful eyes, and the sweet, honest way of Sister Phyllis won the other, and she followed her with a swelling heart. The thought that flashed into her mind was a wish that she had been like this fair creature, so that she would have been worthy and acted worthy of Lionel.
All that day, with growing weariness, she learned the art of nursing from Sister Phyllis, and perhaps she learned more, too, for it seemed as if the simple sweetness of the nurse shed its rays into the hearts of all she came in contact with. More than one soldier looked at her out of his dying agony and smiled as if his vision had been of an angel.
"You are very tired," said Sister Phyllis to her once.
"It does not matter," she had answered.

"Oh, yes, it does," Sister Phyllis had said, with her frank, sweet way. "You cannot do as well for the patients if you are not fresh."
"I had not thought of that," she answered. "I have not learned to be unwell yet."
"Ah, but you will," said Sister Phyllis. "Will you not lie down, or go home now? You really are not fit to remain. I saw your eyes shut while you stood waiting for me, a few minutes ago."
"Let me stay until it is time for you to go," she pleaded.
Sister Phyllis yielded, but when night came and brought the relief of the other corps of nurses she led her weary companion to the cloak room.
"I think I had better see you to your house," she said.
"Very well," said Flora, mechanically, and Sister Phyllis looked anxiously at her.
"Have you no cross on your cloak?" asked Phyllis, as she saw Flora arrayed for the street.
"No. Should I have one?"
"You will be safer with it. There is no man in Paris who would say a wrong word to the wearer of the red cross. The men, and the women, too, would mob him if he did. But I shall be with you to-night, and you must sew a red cross on in the morning. But you must not come if you are not rested. Which way do you go?"
They were in the street now, and Sister Phyllis had stopped and looked up at her taller companion. Flora was too utterly weary to make any effort to deceive her companion, and, moreover, there seemed something truth-compelling in the earnest brown eyes that were searching her face.
"I do not know. I have no home. I came to Paris last night."
A momentary flush and look of shrinking dismay passed over the face of Sister Phyllis, and the meaning of it was clear to the other. She drew herself up in superb stateliness, but she made no explanation. A sudden look of softness and pity came into the sweet face upturned to hers.
"If you will go home with me I shall be glad to share what I have with you."
"Heaven bless you for that!" sobbed Flora, the first tears wetting her cheek. "I am a wretched woman, and have done much harm, but you have no cause to shrink from me."
"It was shameful of me to think for an instant," said Sister Phyllis, slipping her little hand into that of the other. "Come! Where did you sleep last night, Sister Flora?"
"I was in the hospital."
"All night? Oh, my dear! No wonder you are weary. Come! It is not far."
"I shall not put you out? Your family?"
"My family," and Phyllis laughed softly, "thinks that everything I do is perfectly lovely. Carrie is all there is of my family, and she will love you on sight because you are so beautiful, and you will love her because you can't help it."
"Is she your sister?" asked Flora, marveling in a weary, mechanical way, at the child-like cheeriness of her companion, who had shown only the deeper and more womanly side of her nature in the hospital.
"Oh, no, not my real sister; but just the same. I don't believe a real sister could love me as much. She is a cripple; but, oh, ever so much better than she was. And such an artist! But that is a lost art just now. Nobody buys pictures. But she goes on painting just for the love of it. She will make even you smile," said Phyllis, naively, "she is so bright and cheery. She is a lesson to me all the time, with her contented spirit."
"I wouldn't have supposed you needed any such lesson," said Flora.
"Oh, yes, I do. I'm not contented. I'm ambitious, and I want many things I can't have, and know I never can," and a shade of seriousness crept into the mellow tone of her voice. "But here we are! Convi-

BRIGHTER CHILDREN
Children are probably brighter to-day than a generation ago—but are they stronger? That's a grave question. So many pinched faces, dulled eyes and languid feeling make us wonder if they will ever grow into robust, healthy men and women.
If your children catch colds easily, are tired when rising, lack healthy color, or find studies difficult, give them Scott's Emulsion for one month to enrich their blood and restore the body-forces to healthy action.
Scott's Emulsion is used in private schools. It is not a "patent medicine," simply a highly concentrated oil-food, free from harmful drugs. It cannot harm; it improves blood; it benefits lungs and strengthens the system. Your druggist has it—refuse substitutes.
Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 15-21

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.

A PLEASING COMBINATION.
Waist 1619. Skirt 1625. This shows Pattern 1619, Ladies' Waist, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1625.



While it may be fashionable to have the blouse of a color to match the skirt, one often finds that silk and cloth in white cream or flesh tints are most becoming. In this costume the waist is of cream white Georgette crepe and the skirt of brown mixed homespun. As shown in the small illustration, the waist may be finished in plain outline. The pointed finish is equally pleasing. The skirt has new lines, with popular, practical pockets. The waist is good for lawn, crepe, batiste, satin, silk, dimity and linen. The skirt for all wash fabrics, broadcloth, serge, voile, gabardine and nun's veiling.
The Skirt Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 4 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a medium size, and measures 3 yards at the lower edge. The Waist is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 44 inch material, if made in plain outline. For pointed outline 2 3/4 yards will be required for a 36 inch size.
This illustration calls for "FWO" separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

1339. — A DAINTY AND BECOMING NEGLIGE.
Ladies' Kimono Perforated for Sack Length in Straight or Pointed Outline.
This style of garment is easy to develop, and very comfortable. It is nice for cotton or silk crepe, for cashmere, albatross, lawn, dimity, crepe or batiste. The design shows a waist in Empire effect, finished with a heading at its lower edge. The sleeve is cut in one with the body of the waist. The neck is finished low in becoming "V" effect. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large, and will require 4 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for the full length style, and 2 3/4 yards for Sack Length for a Medium size.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.



ent to the hospital, isn't it?"
She preceded her companion up the long flight of stairs, stopping at one of the landings to explain that Carrie always said that it was nothing but devotion to art that made them live so high up.
"She utterly ignores poverty," laughed Phyllis. "You should hear her pretend that her brother is a marquis, and that she has a hopeless passion for an earl."
The laugh died out of her voice at her last words, as if that part of the jest were no just at all. At the very top of the high building she came to a stop. She knocked gently at one of the doors.
"Is that you, Phyllis? Come in."
Phyllis opened the door, and said:
"I have company—a lady. May I bring her in?"
"Why, of course. Who is it? Anybody I know?"
The lamp was burning brightly in the room, and from the chair in which she sat, thus showing how much she had improved in health, the crippled girl could see them as they entered.
"No, it's nobody you know," answered Phyllis. "Sister Flora—I don't know your other name—this is Miss Carrie Braithwait. Carrie, this young lady is a new nurse at the hospital, and I have asked her to come and share our quarters for—a while, if you don't mind."
"I had no other home," said Flora, "and she asked me to come here. Was it right, Miss Carrie?"
"You are almost as beautiful as Phyllis," said Carrie, irrelevantly. "Will you kiss me, please? I can't walk very well, though I can a little."
"Why, Carrie!" exclaimed Phyllis, flushing.
"Well, I can walk a little," said Carrie.
"I didn't mean that."
"Thank you," said Carrie to Flora, who had stooped over and kissed her. "I want to be kissed by people I like. Pahaw! Phyllis, that was a compliment to Sister Flora, wasn't it?"
(To be Continued.)

Pape's Diapepsin for Indigestion Or Sour, Acid Stomach

In five minutes! No dyspepsia, heartburn or any stomach misery.
Sour, gassy, upset stomach, indigestion, heartburn, dyspepsia; when the food you eat ferments into gases and stubborn lumps; your head aches and you feel sick and miserable, that's when you realize the magic in Pape's Diapepsin. It makes all stomach misery vanish in five minutes.
If your stomach is in a continuous 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

Everyday Etiquette.

"Will you please tell me how I should sign my name, as I am married, have property and some legal business?" asked Mr. Modernwoman.
"You should sign it as: 'Mary Ann White.' In concluding a business communication you may write your married title in the brackets underneath your name," said her Uncle.
MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GAITER GET IN COWS.

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A few reasons why an estate can be better administered by the Eastern Trust Company than by a personal executor or administrator:
1. The Company affords the estate absolute security; it has a paid-up capital of \$931,000.00, and a reserve fund of \$229,300.00.
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4. It possesses the confidence of governments, universities and prominent charities and administers their funds.
5. A number of other advantages which will appear in due course.

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Good TEA
IS IMPORTANT.

When you buy
Lipton's Tea

You will be sure to have good tea. It has always been a favourite on account of its purity. Lipton's Tea is put up in 1/4 lb., 1/2 lb. and 1 lb. air tight, dust proof, germ proof packages or in handsome decorated 5 lb. tins.
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We also offer for a limited time a limited quantity of a superior make of tea other than Lipton's at 40c. (40c.) per pound only. This is put up in 1 lb. packets only. You will find this a good tea also. Try a package at once.

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War News

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

FRENCH FORT CAPTURED BY GERMANS.
BERLIN, Feb. 27.—It is officially announced that the fort of Douaumont, one of the fortifications of Verdun, was taken by storm by the Germans, and is now firmly held by them. The fort captured in the Douaumont, lies four miles north-east of Verdun. It is one of the best scores of forts circling Verdun, situated just to the north of the railroad, running east from the city of Metz. Douaumont is one of a chain of seven forts protecting Verdun from the East. The forts of Saevigny, Delaunoy and St. Michel lie between the position conquered by the Germans and the city of Verdun. The conquest of this fort was made by the flight wing of the huge attack force, which has circled the great advance in the assault of the French positions. Douaumont is somewhat to the east of what is known as the principal line of defence, being situated four miles east.

NOT CORRECT.
BERLIN, Feb. 27.—An official statement admits that the report of the capture of Chantilly, near Verdun, was erroneous. FRENCH WAR OFFICE SAYS FOR RE-TAKEN.
NEW YORK, Feb. 27.—An announcement from the French War Office in Paris, last night, stated that the position captured by the Germans morning by the Germans, was reached again by French troops, who advanced beyond that point and resisted all attempts to drive them back. Berlin was silent last night in the later result of the great offensive against Verdun. No official report and no news of any kind came from German army headquarters since early yesterday.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.
LONDON, Feb. 27.—The British official statement issued last night reads: "Last night our forces sprang two mines in the neighbourhood of Loos with satisfactory results. This morning an enemy raid on our trenches southeast of Messines was repulsed. There has been shilly-shally activity by both sides during the day."
ST. PIERRE BULLETIN.
PARIS, Feb. 27.—According to latest information our troops are still retreating from some positions in Beaumont district against repeated attacks of an enemy who is no longer reckoning his losses. By order of the Commander-in-Chief advance positions running from Hennefont, held since last year, and used as an observation line, have been brought back and established near the Meuse heights at that has been effected without any attack. Our artillery is active.

T. J. Edens

By U.S. Stephan's to-day, February 17.
N. Y. TURKEYS.
N. Y. CHICKEN.
N. Y. SAUSAGES—1 lb. ctms.
N. Y. CORNED BEEF.
CAL. NAVAL ORANGES.
BANANAS.
GRAPE FRUIT.
WINE SAP APPLES.
TANGELINES.
CELERY.
TOMATOES.
10 crates NEW CABBAGE.
10 bris. OLD CABBAGE.
FISH.
500 lbs. LOCAL HALIBUT.
FRESH FROZEN HERRING.
FINNAN HADDIES.
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We guarantee the Purity and Freshness of our **PURITY BUTTER,** 2 lb. prints only.
Are you drinking **BULLDOG TEA?** 45c. lb.—try it. Mixed Ham, 50c. lb. Strawberry, Raspberry and Orange Pulp in tins. French Butter Smacks, a delicious confection, 50c. lb.
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