

THE STUBBORNNESS

of the MULE is proverbial. Though not proverbial it is a well-known fact that millions of housewives who have tried SUNLIGHT SOAP stubbornly refuse to use any other.

Sunlight Soap

as their ally, can look forward to wash-day without dread, for they are assured of a quick despatch of all dirt.

TRY IT IN YOUR NEXT WASH.



War News.

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

OFFICIAL.

LONDON, Jan. 25.

The Governor, Newfoundland: A successful bombardment of trenches near Armentieres, causing considerable damage.

Elsewhere the enemy attempted an attack near the mouth of the Yser. French artillery prevented the enemy from leaving their trenches. Small enemy parties attempting to cross the Canal at Houtast, were repulsed.

Lausanne—The bombardment of the Erzerum forts is being continued. Kurd detachments were defeated north of Lake Van.

Macedonia—French aeroplanes bombarded the cantonments of Monastir and Gerkhino.

A German seaplane was driven off from Dover yesterday by a British seaplane. A German sea plane was forced into the sea by a British machine near Nieuport to-day.

BONAR LAW.

DOMINION LINER SUNK.

LONDON, Jan. 26.

A Liverpool message to the Exchange Telegraph Company gives a report that the Dominion Liner Norseman has been sunk.

The only steamer mentioned in recent issues of the Maritime Register is a large British vessel of that name owned by the British and North American Steam Navigation Co. of Liverpool, gross tonnage 10,750, 500 feet long, built in 1897 at Belfast and last reported on arrival at Liverpool on Dec. 5th from New York.

WAS ENGAGED IN TRANSPORT SERVICE.

PORTLAND, Maine, Jan. 26.

The Dominion Liner Norseman reported sunk in a message to-day from Liverpool made many trips to this port in previous years. She was a sister ship to the Irishman which left here Saturday for Liverpool with thirteen hundred horses and mules, and a large cargo of grain and general merchandise.

On her last trip from Portland, in January, 1915, the Norseman took out one of the largest general cargoes ever sent from this port. Previously the vessel had been engaged in transporting troops.

TURKS CAPTURED BY RUSSIANS.

LONDON, Jan. 26.

Four thousand Turks, including 50 officers, were captured by the Russians in a recent battle in the neighborhood of Erzerum, according to a despatch from Petrograd to Reuters.

The Russians are also said to have captured scores of machine guns and enormous quantities of ammunition. The despatch says the rout of the Turks after the battle which resulted in them being driven into Erzerum appears from later accounts to have been even more decisive than first reports show.

The influx of 120,000 Turks into Erzerum will considerably reduce the defensive power of the fortress. In Priquet marsh region, Volynia, the Russian positions are stated to be only four verst (two and three quarter miles), from Pinsk, so successful have been the Russians' recent attacks.

DISCUSS NEUTRALITY.

STOCKHOLM, Jan. 26.

The maintenance of neutrality in

Perry Davis' Pain-Expeller Home Remedy. APPLY IT FOR CRAMPS—COLIC—DIARRHOEA—BRUISES—SPRAINS—SORE THROAT. 25c. & 50c. Bottles.

conformity with the principles of international law was the keynote of all the speeches before both houses of Parliament yesterday when the debate on the budget opened.

The leaders of all parties dwelt on the virtual unanimity of the Swedish people in favoring a firm and impartial neutrality. The Premier declared this to be the policy of the Government, but he added: "We repudiate the idea that our policy means we will not abandon neutrality under any conditions. It is our fervent desire to keep peace, and it is our duty to work for this end with all our might, but we must also reckon with eventualities by which the maintenance of peace in spite of all our efforts would no longer be profitable."

Ottawa Girl's Message of Hope.

TELLS WOMEN OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Miss Logan Tells How They Relieved Her of Pains and Aches So Many Run-down Women Know.

Ottawa, Ont., January 25th.—(Special.)—"I am glad to say I have found Dodd's Kidney Pills have done me a wonderful lot of good."

So says Miss Gladys E. M. Logan, of 264 Queen St., this city.

"I suffered from drowsiness and sharp pains across my back. My sleep was broken and unrefreshing. I had headaches and was subject to neuralgia and rheumatism. I was depressed and low-spirited and troubled with palpitation of the heart."

"I was always tired and nervous and very sensitive and there were hollows under my eyes.

"For two years I was in this worn-out condition, often having to lay off for a day or two. I was attended by doctors and wasted money on useless medicines, but I only found relief when I used Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Miss Logan's statement is a message of hope to thousands of women in Canada. They are suffering just as she suffered. She wants them to know they can find relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

In Memoriam.

JAMES J. WHITE, PRESENTING.

James J. White, whose entering into rest has been chronicled in the Daily Press, demands more than a passing notice in the Diocesan Magazine. He was the eldest son of the late Dr. White, of Trinity, and brother of Canon White, Rector of the Cathedral, and was born 54 years ago in the days of his boyhood, Trinity was one of the most flourishing settlements in Newfoundland, and the church life, school life and social life braced a bright and intelligent people for the daily round and common task. His father was a man of strong personality, most highly respected and revered, a faithful and intense churchman, an intelligent and progressive citizen, a true friend and a promoter of every good work, and he and his family did much for the uplift of the place. For many years Jim was associated with his father, and for a time it looked as if he were going to devote his life to Trinity and the medical profession. He however, decided otherwise, and after a certain amount of experience gained as a Lay Reader at Salmon Cove and elsewhere, he entered Queen's, and at the completion of his course, he was ordained Deacon in 1889, and Priest in 1892. For a brief period he worked with his very good friend, the Rev.

Aching Bones and Sore Joints Cured All Rheumatic Tendencies Destroyed

Away Go the Crutches, Every Sufferer Made Well Quickly.

Old age is usually afflicted with rheumatism. Very few past fifty escape its tortures.

Many it bends and deforms. Upon the countenances of others it marks the effects of its awful suffering. Nerviline will cure rheumatism. It takes the pain out of throbbing muscles and swollen joints. It untwists gnarled knuckles. It does this quickly and surely.

Nerviline is not used internally. You just rub it on—lots of hand rubbing is required for a minute or two, and then you feel Nerviline penetrating through the tissues; you feel it drawing out the congestion, feel it sink in deeper and deeper till at last it touches the core of the joint or the heart of the muscle affected.

You won't stay in pain with Nerviline—no one ever does. Just try it—you will be amazed at its magical power over pain, a power it gets from the extracts and juices of certain rare herbs and roots it contains. It's harmless—any child can use Nerviline, can rub it on for a sore throat, for a bad cold, for stiff neck, for earache. No family remedy half so useful.

The large 50 cent bottle is the most economical; trial size 25 cents. All dealers.

Phyllis Dearborn

OR, THE Countess of Basingwille

CHAPTER X.

When Lionel saw Phyllis trembling as if she would fall, he sprang toward her with outstretched arms; but she leaned against the window-sill, and held out one little white hand to stop him.

"It is nothing, I am quite right now," and she forced herself to stand upright.

"You are ill. I am sure you are," said Lionel, anxiously.

"I am not," said Phyllis, quietly.

"At least I am growing better all the time."

"It is taking such care of me," said Carrie, with self-reproach.

"Now, Carrie, dear," said Phyllis, in her composed way, "I ought to know, and I assure you it is nothing of the sort. Please go on with what you were saying, Sir Lionel."

"I had finished," he said. "I wish you would admit that you are over-doing it, and let somebody do something for you."

"What somebody, and do what?" inquired Phyllis, quietly, taking up her palette.

He laughed shortly, and looked inquiringly at Carrie. She shook her head to intimate that she was as powerless as he. So he said, boldly:

"Let me be the somebody, and let me do anything."

"What would you do?" asked Phyllis.

"Does she always put questions in this way?" asked Lionel of Carrie.

"Always," emphatically. "She calls it getting at the truth."

"How foolish you are," said Phyllis.

"If there was anything the matter with me I would admit it, and would be the first to do something to get well. But do I look ill?" and she stood up, her lithe, rounded figure erect, the color of robust health tinged her smooth cheeks, and her red lips parted over her pearly teeth.

Lionel looked at her with deep admiration, and found himself wondering who was the more beautiful—Phyllis in her shabby gown, or stately Flora in her robe of silk.

"You don't look ill," he said; "but you may be. Why did you turn pale and act as if you were going to faint?"

"But I didn't faint," she said.

"No, you didn't faint." Then he turned to Carrie, for it seemed to him that Phyllis was growing annoyed at his persistence. "I haven't asked you yet if you are better than you were. Are you?"

"Oh, yes; but it was not so bad as it seemed the other night. I was frightened, though. Oh, I want to

thank you, Sir Lionel, or must I call you—what was it you said?"

"Earl of Basingwille. No, you needn't call me that if you don't like. What were you wanting to thank me for?"

"For telling the doctor you would pay the bill."

"Oh, yes," and Lionel laughed; "but when I said that I wasn't worth a penny. It was a cheap promise, though I meant it. I have the money now, though."

"But you are not to pay the bill," said Phyllis, in her quiet, decided voice.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Oh, Phyllis, let him," said Carrie. "I would like to say that the famous Sir Lionel did it for me," and she laughed merrily.

"I am going to pay the bill, Carrie," said Phyllis, decidedly.

"But that is not right," said Lionel.

"You almost promised I should pay it."

"I do not remember that," she said, with a strange touch of hauteur in her tone. "I may have yielded to your insistence, but that is all. Please say no more about it. I shall pay the doctor."

"Have I offended you?" asked Lionel, in a tone of pain.

Carrie looked on in wonder. She had never seen the gentle Phyllis like this before. And so suddenly, inquired Phyllis, quietly, taking up her palette.

"No; but it is useless to talk of it. We are very grateful for all you have done. It was more than kind of you to come to my assistance, and I shall never forget it. It has been kind of you to come here again to see us, and Carrie has been delighted. I know. But you cannot pay the bill, and—"

she hesitated; then went on, with a firm set of the dainty chin.

"You must not come here again."

"Oh, Phyllis!" cried Carrie, in dismay.

Lionel turned pale.

"I thought you were honest and open as the day," he said.

"You have no right to say otherwise, she said, proudly.

"If you give me cause I have," he said.

"I am sorry," she said, more gently, "if I have given you cause. I have not intended to."

"I appeal to Miss Carrie if it is not so," he said.

"Carrie is not a fit judge," said Phyllis.

"Well, for goodness sake!" he pettishly exclaimed, "will you tell me what it means? Here I was sitting and talking in the pleasantest atmosphere, without a cloud between any of us, and suddenly you act as if I were offensive to you. You won't let me have the pleasure of paying the paltry bill, and you tell me I shall not be permitted to come again."

"I am sorry if I have hurt you. I did not mean to be rude. I did not mean to be decisive," she said.

"Well, you have been," he said so ruefully that even she allowed a smile to flit over her lips.

"This is no place for—for the Earl of Basingwille to be visiting," she said.

"You did not think so a little while ago," he said, in puzzled remembrance.

"I think so now."

"I wished to bring Lady Flora Vancouver to see you," he said, cunningly.

"Oh-h!" exclaimed Carrie, so longingly that Phyllis was moved.

But she was not turned from her set purpose of discontinuing the visits of Lionel.

"We do not wish to be patronized," she said.

"Oh, Phyllis, that is rude!" said Carrie, indignantly.

Lionel, bit his lip. There was evidently more in this than he could fathom. He could hardly have told why he was so much pained by the girl's sudden and curt refusal to have anything more to do with him.

"Miss Phyllis," he said, suddenly, "I do not know why you are treating me as you do. I have too good an opinion of you to believe that it is mere wantonness. It may be that something you read in the paper of which you speak has led you to treat me so. I have no notion of what was said there. I do know, however, that the worst that could be said is that I have been a reckless spendthrift. I have never consciously wronged anybody, and I have done nothing I am ashamed of. I think you owe it to me to tell me what I have done to make you act as you do toward me. Will you tell me?"

"Sir Lionel—Lord Basingwille, I will admit that I owe it to you to tell you," she said, with touching dignity and frankness, as if she had determined to throw aside evasion; "but believe me when I say that I cannot tell you. I am not ungrateful to you, and I trust you as fully as I can trust. I am sure you are a good and noble man. Please do not urge me to let you pay that bill, for I cannot—I cannot do it. Oh, if you only knew why!" and she was so near to tears that he put out his hand and said, with a simplicity as great as her own:

"Please do not cry. I believe all you say, and greatly as it troubles me, I will believe that I must not ask to pay that bill. May I not come again?"

"Please do not ask. It is better not. It isn't you—indeed, it isn't you. If it were not for—for what I cannot explain to you, I would be so glad to have you, and the beautiful Lady Flora, too, come here. I did not mean that horrid thing about patronizing you. I am not afraid of that," and she drew herself up with an unconscious pride that stirred the blood of the patrician who looked at her. "You will say good-by, won't you?" she pleaded.

"Yes," he answered reluctantly. "I will go. Miss Phyllis," he said, turning abruptly after a step toward the door, "I am sorry to leave you in this way. I did not realize before how much I had counted on knowing you. I know you are quite out of my world—I mean the world of fashion—but it had seemed to me that we might know each other in a very delightful way. You would like Flora, and she is so true herself that she would understand you. I had hoped to be a sort of brother to you two—girls. I don't mean it offensively when I say girls. But you lead such a funny, lonely, hard sort of life up here that I thought— Well, when I began I intended to be as honest as you are. I don't mean that I haven't been honest, only I haven't said what I intended to—frankly. You won't be offended, will you?"

"No; because we know you do not mean to offend," said Phyllis, gravely.

"I have a great deal of money, and you have none. I wanted to send you abroad to study art."

"It would be lovely!" murmured Carrie, looking wistfully at Phyllis.

Phyllis looked at her, and smiled.

"If Carrie could go without me," she said; "but she cannot. Carrie will accept of me of selfishness. I cannot accept. If there were a way for Carrie—"

"You know I could not live without you," said Carrie.

"You see it is impossible," said Phyllis. "But don't think we do not appreciate your goodness. We do, as much as Carrie."

"Shall I never know why?" asked

Shattered NERVES. How utterly weak and helpless one becomes when the nerves give way. Sleepless, nervous, irritable and despondent. Life becomes a burden. But there is Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to rebuild your exhausted nervous system, restore the action of your bodily organs, and dispel gloom and despondency into new hope and courage. Try it—today, tomorrow, a box, at all dealers.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Lionel, surprised at his own persistence.

"Heaven forbid!" answered Phyllis, with a sort of shrinking terror.

"Do you forbid me trying to discover?" he asked.

"Thank Heaven, you could not do that," she replied.

"Do you object to my buying a picture of each of you for a keepsake?"

"I will gladly give you one," she said; "but it will not be worth taking."

"I wish to buy," he said.

"I will not sell to you," she answered, proudly.

"Will you, Carrie—Miss Carrie, I mean?"

"I will do anything you wish," answered she, the tears so near the trembling eyelids that Lionel turned to hide the moisture that came into his own.

"Please show me what you have done," he said, a moment later.

"Do you mind showing him, Phyllis?" asked Carrie, meekly.

Phyllis was not so far from tears herself that she could trust herself to say much, so she took a portfolio and opened it before Lionel. It was full of little sketches, all taken, as he could see, from the window that opened out of the little room. He looked them over, and then turned, with surprise, to Carrie.

"You are an artist," he said, "and a true one, else you would never have seen so much out of this window, which seems to look out only on dingy chimneys and cloudy skies. May I buy more than one? I am in earnest, and not trying to kick you into taking my money."

"That was unkind," said Phyllis.

"It is all I. I am ashamed of it; but it is all so incomprehensible to me. No, I won't say any more about it. Will you sell me more than one, Carrie?"

"All of them if you wish," said Carrie, tearfully.

He laughed, but it was in a sad-hearted sort of fashion.

"I will take them all. What is the price?"

"As much as you choose to give," said Carrie, defiantly.

"Even Phyllis laughed.

"I'll take you at your word," said Lionel, gravely.

"You won't be too generous, will you?" pleaded Carrie, frightened as soon as she had spoken.

"Trust me," he said. "Won't you sell me one little picture?" he said to Phyllis.

"No, but I will beg you to take one of mine," she answered.

"I will take a copy of Carrie," he said. "Please to give me a picture."

They both laughed, and there was more of the first delightful feeling growing into existence already; but he was wise enough to see that it would exist only as long as he kept the subject of money and of the future out of sight.

Phyllis shyly and with many apologies brought out her portfolio, and opened it before him.

(To be Continued.)

Board of Trade

SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT.

The Council of the Board of Trade in presenting its seventh annual report has to congratulate the business community on the successful conduct of both export and import business, in spite of the great European War.

Probably no British Colony has suffered less through the war—conditions than Newfoundland has. The principal markets for shore cured fish, Brazil, Spain, Italy and Portugal have fortunately not been interfered with by war-conditions. The Greek market was closed by order of the British authorities from early November to December 20th, and being one of the principal markets for soft cured Labrador fish, a certain injury was sustained through loss of consumption, but the embargo being raised it was earnestly hoped that this market may be held open to us while balance of catch is being realized, and if so, the trade of the Colony has very much to be thankful for.

The effect of the war has been to advance the prices of Codfish, Herring, Cod Oil, and excepting as regards Lobsters, there were largely marketed in Germany, the export trade of the colony has so far suffered nothing, and in the production of pelts the colony has found a valuable addition to its export trade.

The cost of imports has of necessity been seriously increased, both by advance in prime cost and increased transportation and insurance charges. The most serious aspect of the war conditions concerns the growing shortage of tonnage. This has now become a matter of grave anxiety, affecting both import and export trade, and applies to both steam and sailing facilities. The Allan and Black Diamond Lines have ceased operations during the past season, and no less than seven of the locally owned steamers have gone out of the trade. It is quite clear that the business community will have, before long, to find some remedy for this state of things.

Fishery Statistics.

With the assistance of the Assistant Collector of Customs, the Council has the past season made another attempt to secure statistics of the catch of fish at the different centres where Customs officers are stationed, but with nearly the same results as in former years. It has been found impossible to get a regular weekly return from the most important places; some officers who formerly gave reliable returns have from some cause or other discontinued, and others contend that it is no part of their duties, as in Norway, no correct returns will be available. If it is compulsory for vessels to clear for the Labrador or the Treaty Shore, it should be compulsory on their return that they should enter their catch.

Dry Fish.

Customs figures show that the total export of dry fish for the year ending June 30th, 1915, was 1,994,242 qtls., as against 1,247,314 qtls. for 1914, a decrease of 553,928 qtls. For the past 12 months ending Dec. 31st, 1915, 512,875 qtls. were shipped, as against 735,339 qtls. for the corresponding period of 1914, an increase of 187,467 qtls.

Labrador Fishery.

The direct shipments of fish from the Straits and Labrador for the season amounted to 111,698 qtls., as against 91,049 qtls. in 1914. It is estimated that some 100,000 qtls. of Labrador caught fish, including carcase about, remained to be realized on the 1st of January, in addition to this there is a quantity (possibly 400 to 15,000 qtls.) of both shore and bank caught fish that has been made into inflation, Labrador.

Lobster Fishery.

The catch of lobsters for the past season amounted to only 6,022 cases, as against 11,017 cases in 1914, a decrease of 4,995 cases. Owing to the uncertainty of marketing the catch, and the small price offered, the fishermen gave up this fishery very early last year the Board of Trade recom-

A Food

Seventeen years ago

ishment of the field grain

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need.

To-day that food—

Grape-Nuts

has no near competitor and it had from the start.

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nerve as no other food

JOINT

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Canada

HINE'S Three Star BRANDY. France sends out no finer brandy than this "fin champagne" grape vintage. Guaranteed Twenty Years Old. J. Hine & Co. are the holders of the older vintage brandies in Cognac. J. H. JOHNSON, of Toronto, Sole Canadian Agent. JOHN JACKSON, St. John's, Resident Agent.

4 Points. 1. So strengthening and invigorating as a hot drink in cold weather. 2. Better than beef-tea in sickness. 3. Very delicious for enriching soups, stews, pies, etc. 4. Economical and ready in a moment. Tins of 4, 10, 20 and 100 Cubes. DXP CUBES