



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

CHAPTER XXIV.

If he had only known he would have time to look into a great many books before the return of Lord Basingwell, for Lionel was enjoying himself too much to hurry back. Since that night when he had met Lord Gree Flora had felt easier. Each day had given her an added sense of security, until now she was almost free of any dread at all. She was finding it easy, too, to be in truth what she had only been in deception before.

Perhaps she respected Lionel more than she loved him, but she was fast learning to love him and to depend upon his welcoming smile when he approached her. It was of her own volition now that she was with him most of the time, and it was seldom that they were apart.

She was not yet so chastened by her experiences that she could throw aside all thought of the money aspect of her position, but at least she no longer looked to that as to the only thing that reconciled her to her situation, and above all, she would rather have foregone her settlement entirely than to have let Lionel know that it was for that alone that she had married him.

She was looking forward with a sense of peacefulness and joy to the time when all that belonged to the old life and time should be lost in the past. For that reason she was rejoiced on their return from their drive that morning to hear the lackey say to Lionel that Mr. Simmons was waiting in the library.

Lionel looked angrily at the lackey for his indiscretion in speaking so that Flora could hear, but she smiled at him and whispered:

"It does not matter, dear, I am not troubled about it. I only feared for your feelings."

He smiled, and kissed her hand as he left her.

"Good-morning, your lordship," said Mr. Simmons, coming to his feet and smirking with a doubtful air.

**A Most Extraordinary Cure of Epileptic Fits**

Mother Had Appealed to Three Doctors in Vain—Cured Four Months Ago by Use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

This letter from Mrs. Noxell is endorsed by Mr. H. J. Mahaffy, druggist, Port Colborne, Ont., as being true and correct. While it reports a most remarkable cure of epileptic fits by use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, it only goes to corroborate similar cures reported by others.

Mrs. Henrietta M. Noxell, R. R. No. 1, Humberstone, Ont., writes: "I cannot help writing to you, as I want you to know what a blessing Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and Kidney-Liver Pills have been to my boy. He was taken with very violent fits, would twitch all over, his eyes would turn towards his nose, his jaws set and his lips turn almost purple. He would clench his fists tightly, become unconscious and then go into a long sleep. After several hours he would wake up sighing and so weak he could not stand. I was afraid he would die and took him to the doctor, who pronounced his case epilepsy. As his medicine was not effective and the fits continued, I took him to another doctor at Pontchartraine, but his medicine seemed to make him worse.

"As the boy's nerves were in such a state that he could not sit down or lie down, and the fits continued, I took him to a third doctor, who said

"Sit down," said Lionel, shortly. "Have you the papers with you?"

"Yes, your lordship; here they are, all in order. They could be handed right over to your attorney and put on record."

Lionel took them and looked them over carefully.

"Very well; take them to my lawyers and I will have a check for the full amount awaiting you there. Now about those notes you hold."

"Vich notes, your lordship?"

"The ones given to you by Lady Dareligh—indorsed by her and signed by Lady Flora Vanemore. Don't pretend ignorance."

Mr. Simmons, satisfied that he certainly did know about the notes, drew them forth with a deprecatory smile, and handed them to him. Lionel took them and turned them over.

"One of them," he said, "is indorsed by you to Lord Gree."

"And indorsed back to me again, your lordship."

"So I see. I merely mention it, Mr. Simmons, because I wish to draw your attention to the fact. I say nothing of the rascally baseness of having done as you did, because I don't think you would comprehend anything that did not appeal directly to your pocket; but I will say that if I hear of your betraying to anybody else the fact of the existence of these notes I will take measures to make you regret having done so. I think you know me to be a man of my word."

"Yes, your lordship," said Mr. Simmons.

Lionel sat down and drew up a check for the amount of the two notes and gave it to Mr. Simmons.

"I think that will end our business relations, Mr. Simmons," he said. "If there is any more to be said between us, say it now."

"That is all, your lordship. Everything else can be done at your attorney's. I am much obliged, your lordship."

Lionel did not answer, but reached over and tapped his bell, and when a lackey answered the summons said to him:

"Show this man out. If he wishes to, have him taken to the station. If he wishes anything to eat, let him have it at the Basingwell Arms, at my charge."

Mr. Simmons started to speak.

"You need say nothing," said Lionel, haughtily, "the servant has his instructions."

For some reason Mr. Simmons had always been more affected by the frank dislike felt by Lionel than by any abuse leveled at him by anybody else, and yet, with all the power which he felt he had over the fortunes of the imperious nobleman, he did not dare to say openly what was in his mind. But what he confined in his heart grew bitterer for not having an outlet.

It made him eager to strike the blow he contemplated, and to see Lord Gree strike the one it would soon be in his power to deal. For that reason he hastened to Lord Basingwell's attorney with the papers, feeling certain that as soon as the estates were clear the settlement would be executed. It was then that he proposed to deal his blow. A cunningly devised one it was, too, which should yield him revenge incidentally, and, above all, profit primarily.

that he would not undertake to cure epilepsies, as no doctor could cure it. That night I went home very much discouraged, and when I took my dose of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I gave my boy a dose, and that was the first night in weeks that he slept well. I kept on giving him the Nerve Food three times a day and occasionally a Kidney-Liver Pill to keep the kidneys and bowels active. I can, with a clear conscience, say that he has not had even one fit since beginning this treatment. I give him no other medicine. He looks and feels well, and as there has been no returns, of the old trouble for four months, I believe he has been cured. I can never cease to be grateful to the manufacturers of these medicines, for I am sure I have been lost my boy if it had not been for Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

Mr. H. J. Mahaffy, druggist, Port Colborne, Ont., writes: "This is to certify that I am acquainted with Mrs. Henrietta M. Noxell, and believe that the statement she has made in regard to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is true and correct."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

**15 YEARS SUFFERING FROM PILES**

Mr. J. McEwen of Dundas, Ont., writes:—"For fifteen years I suffered with Piles and could get no permanent cure until I tried Zam-Buk. Perseverance with this herbal balm resulted in a complete cure, and I have not been troubled with the painful ailment since."

Mr. Henry Fougere of Poulmond, N.S., says:—"I suffered terribly with Piles and could find nothing to give me relief until I tried Zam-Buk. This cured me. I consider Zam-Buk the finest ointment on the market."

The above are specimens of the many letters we are constantly receiving from men and women who have ended their suffering by using Zam-Buk. Why not do likewise?

Zam-Buk is best for eczema, blood poisoning, ulcers, sores, cuts, bruises, and all skin injuries and diseases. 50c. box, all druggists and stores, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. Send this advertisement with name of paper and one cent stamp for free trial box.

**ZAM-BUK**  
WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE

Mr. Simmons never made the foolish mistake of letting his feelings conquer his judgment.

Matters progressed precisely as he had supposed they would, and not more than a week passed before Lady Basingwell was the fortunate possessor of an income of twenty-five thousand pounds, besides the unincumbered estates of Warne, which gave her an additional income of ten thousand pounds. It was almost fabulous wealth to her, but it did not elate her as she had expected it to. She was rejoiced to have it, but she had found it easy to trust to the generosity of Lionel, and now that she had learned to love him she could have been satisfied without the settlement.

CHAPTER XXV.

Lady Basingwell stood on one side of the brook, and Mr. Simmons stood on the other. He was watching the changes in her countenance, and she was trying to comprehend what he said to her. Suddenly she looked at him.

"I think," she said, "that this is only one of your base lies—a little more vile and audacious than any other I have heard."

"I don't say a word I can't prove, my Lady Warne," he answered.

"I have a mind to call the servants," she said.

"Just as you please," said he, indifferently.

"Prove to me that you have any grounds for saying what you do," she said next.

(To be Continued.)

wandering through the woods, down by the little brook that ran through it.

She was glad to be alone, too, in order to arrange in her own mind the thoughts that had come into it—to bring herself face to face with the novelty of honest love for an honest man.

"What a fortunate meeting, my lady," said a voice that thrilled her with unpleasant recollections.

She looked up and saw, as she had expected to see, Mr. Simmons, smiling and bowing in his unutterably offensive way. A shudder of revulsion passed over her, and then she drew herself up haughtily and said:

"Begone, sir! Leave this place instantly, or I will call the servants to eject you."

"Just run word, my lady," said Mr. Simmons, preparing to leap over the brook.

"Not a word, Begone!"

"You'll be sorry, my lady," said he, carelessly.

"If you do not go at once I shall call the servants," said she again, and it was so evident that she was on the point of executing her threat that Mr. Simmons shrugged his shoulders and turned away, saying aloud, however:

"Oh, well, I s'pose I can talk to the real Lady Basingwell."

She heard his words, and believed them meaningless, but something unformed in her mind sent a chill over her, and she looked after the slowly retreating man.

He looked back over his shoulder and noted her expression. He stopped and called out, though making quite sure that he would not be overheard:

"You heard not I said about the real Lady Basingwell. You have no right here."

She had not intended to say a word to him, but the question seemed to be forced from her lips.

"What do you mean? Are you mad?"

He came back with a disagreeable leer on his face.

"I am not mad," he said, "and what I tell you is true. You are Lady Warne, and that is all; and you ain't worth a penny the minute I open my lips to tell the truth."

"I am not mad," he said, "and what I tell you is true. You are Lady Warne, and that is all; and you ain't worth a penny the minute I open my lips to tell the truth."

**SEAL BRAND COFFEE**  
Irresistible!

In 1/2, 1 and 2 pound cans. Whole—ground—pulverized—also Fine Ground for Percolators.

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MONTREAL.

**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.

A PRETTY USEFUL AND "EASY-TO-MAKE" GARMENT.



1570—Ladies' Apron.

The good points of this model will readily appeal to the neat and busy housekeeper. This style is confined at the waistline, presenting a neat and trim appearance. It is not cumbersome or uncomfortable. If amply protects the dress beneath, without waste of material. The belt and closing will hold it firmly in position. The design is good for percale, gingham, lawn, chambray, drill, sateen or alpaca. The collar may be omitted. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for a Medium size.

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

**A POPULAR AND SERVICEABLE MODEL.**



1591—Ladies' Night Dress, Perforated for Sack Length and Short Sleeve.

Muslin, cambric, lawn, batiste, crepe, silk, flannel or flannelette are good for this style. It may be finished with a bit of lace or embroidery, or with tiny ruffles of material on collar and cuffs. In such shape the pattern could also be used for a dressing sack. It is cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 4 yards of 27-inch material for the sack style and 7 yards for the gown style for a 36-inch size.

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**Lipton's Tea**

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Prices: 50c. and 60c. lb.

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P. O. Box 236. Phone 522.

**"V.I.C."**

A word to the sufficient, ask instant user, he k

**Imperial**  
Newbury

Was on H.M.S. Arethusa.

With reference to the famous British cruiser Arethusa, which is reported to have struck a mine off the east coast of England yesterday and sunk, we are informed that Paymaster Badoock, R. N., who was married last month in England to Miss Frances Pilsent, of this city, daughter of Mrs. and the late C. S. Pilsent and brother of Earl E. Pilsent, of the law firm of Clift and Pilsent, was attached to the ill-fated warship a short time ago when she was in the North Sea.

**"Cascarets" Best If Headachy, Bilious Sick, Constipated**

Best for liver and bowels, had breath, had colds, sour stomach.

Get a 10-cent box.

Sick headache, biliousness, coated tongue, head and nose clogged up with a cold—always trace this to clogged liver; delayed, fermenting food in the bowels or sour, gassy stomach. Poisonous matter clogged in the intestines, instead of being cast out of the system is re-absorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache.

Cascarets immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist means your head clear, stomach sweet, breath right, complexion rosy and your liver and bowels regular for months.

THE WEATHER AND TRAIN HANDS.—The past week or two has been the hardest the train hands have experienced for a long time, and from Bishop's Falls to Basque the weather has been particularly severe. Last Sunday brakeman Foley of the cross country service had one of his hands badly frostbitten, and had to seek medical aid at Channel.

THIRTY-THREE BELOW ZERO.—Last night and this morning there was no "let up" in the cold spurt along the railway. At the Quarry the glass showed 29 below, at Bishop's Falls 22, and at Clarendville and Humberstone the temperature was 5 below, whilst the zero mark was reached at Port aux Basques.

**LIGHT, HEALTHY**

The proprietor of one of the systems is credited with saying, "I'm old street, and I'll guarantee to most, widely known and best. He was asked to explain. He believe in the trinity of LIGHT, dazzle the moths until the candle them into a warm, comfortable radiance, and the rest is—"

Mixed metaphors, perhaps, but than imagine the kind of shop that open, for we pass it in almost to-the street. No one falls to the side of welcome and invitation to the pathway and lets one's eyes restful lighting effect that is the attractiveness, the absence of being that if one would step into the enticing a delicious sense of well-being—all these are part of the individuality.

We cordially invite all progress showrooms and see our latest by the adoption of which the from a London paper may be X. Lamp and GASTEM Ration requirements.

**ST. JOHN'S GAS**