



Phyllis Dearborn
OR THE
Countess of Basingwell

CHAPTER XXXIX.
"And will you say amen to that, Lionel?" demanded Carrie.
"Heartily."
"Then I give you both up, and will send you about your business. Be gone!"

"Shall we go to see Lady Dareleigh?" asked Lionel.
"Nothing could be better. Let us go."
Lady Dareleigh lived where she had lived—a broken-hearted, wretched woman. The news of her daughter's death had come to her by mail, in a letter written by Phyllis. Whether or not she took to herself any of the sorrows that had befallen her beautiful daughter could not be guessed. She was broken and hopeless.

When Lionel called with Phyllis he had sent his own card up with "Lady Basingwell" written over his own name. Lady Dareleigh was inclined to deny them at first, but curiosity, or perhaps some better motive, urged her to admit them, and she did.

His first glance at her moved Lionel deeply, and he went toward her offering his hand.

"Lady Dareleigh," he said, "I have brought with me the present Lady Basingwell. Only a little white ago she was the dearest friend and constant companion of one whom we mourn deeply—your daughter. This lady was Phyllis Dearborn."

Lady Dareleigh turned toward her with streaming eyes.
"Was it you who wrote me that letter? Was it you who were Flora's friend? I am more glad to see you than words can express. You loved her, and she loved you. Yes, I can believe that. Any one must love you!" She glanced with a sudden suspicion at Lionel.

He inclined his head.
"It is as you suspect, Lady Dareleigh," he said; "she is to be my wife. It may please you to know that it was Flora's wish. I did not understand her at the time, but it has come to me since."

"I can congratulate you, Sir Lionel," she said. Then, abruptly, "Yes, and I can congratulate you, Lady Basingwell; Sir Lionel Warne is a noble man. Thank you for doing me the honor of coming to see me."

"But I came to do more than see you," said Phyllis, blushing and smiling timidly. "I am so young, so en-

Quickest, Surest Cough Remedy is Home-Made

Easily Prepared in a Few Minutes. Cheap but Unusually Effective.

Some people are constantly annoyed from one year's end to the other with a persistent bronchial cough, which is wholly unnecessary. Here is a home-made remedy that gets right at the cause and will make you wonder what became of it. Get 2 1/2 ounces Pinex (30 cents worth) from any druggist, pour into a 16-ounce bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Start taking it at once. Gradually but surely you will notice the phlegm thin out and then disappear altogether, thus ending a cough that you never thought would end. It also loosens the dry, hoarse or tight cough and heals the inflammation in a painful cough with remarkable rapidity. Ordinary coughs are conquered by it in 24 hours or less. Nothing better for bronchitis, winter coughs and bronchial asthma. This Pinex and Sugar Syrup mixture makes 10 ounces—enough to last a family a long time—it is cost of only 34 cents. Keeps perfectly and tastes pleasant. Easily prepared. Full directions with Pinex. Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, rich in glycerol, and is famous for its "cold over" effect, certainty and promptness in overcoming bad coughs, chest and throat troubles. Get the genuine Pinex and do not accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

tirely friendless—except for Lionel—that I need some one of experience to assist me, lest I be guilty of some contrepemps. I came to ask you if, for Flora's sake, you would not go to Basingwell with me and remain until I am married."

Lady Dareleigh looked the amazement she felt.
"You ask this of me—of me?" she said.

Phyllis took her hand, and said, gently:
"You will not refuse, will you? You shall be as secluded as you please. Whatever you wish shall be done to satisfy you."

"It is not that," faltered Lady Dareleigh. "And you, Sir Lionel, do you freely acquiesce in the wish, the invitation of Lady Basingwell?"
"I came with her for the very purpose, and I do assure you it would give me pleasure to have you go."

"Sir Lionel," she said, looking at him with a proud air that reminded them both of Flora, "I have permitted myself to think grievous things of you. Forgive me for it. Lady Basingwell, if Sir Lionel Warne is not afraid to trust you in such care as mine, which even sadly alike with my own daughter, I shall be happy, humbly happy to go with you to Basingwell."

When they were once more in the carriage Lionel turned to Phyllis, and said:
"Phyllis, you are an angel. You draw all the good there is in any one to the surface. I could have wept for the sorrows of that poor, mistaken old woman. You were right. Flora did not owe only her bad qualities to her mother. Her nobility, too, came from there. And to think that money lay at the root of all her woe."

"Yes, Lionel," said Phyllis, soberly, "The very same money that was taking you away from me and making you unnatural."
"But I repented in time," said Lionel.
"And you never again will let money stand between us, will you?"
"Never."

It was a sort of triumphant progress that was made to Basingwell, and all of the former household, was there with the single exception of Marta, who had made common cause with the usurper in the days of her brief ascendancy, and who had been dragged down with her.
Harrison had been quick to scent out Sir Lionel on his return home, and one morning he had waked up in his quiet lodgings to find his valet as much at home as if they had never been separated.
"Your bath is ready, Sir Lionel," had been Harrison's greeting.
"Why, Harrison!" he had exclaimed.

"Yes, Sir Lionel. Will you have your coffee before you get up?"
Lionel's first intention had been to protest that he could not afford the luxury of a valet, but when he had reflected on the happiness it would be to Harrison to be with him again, he had decided to accept the situation and so they had fallen into their old relations without a word.
When the affair of the imposter had been finally settled, and the wretched girl had been quietly taken away—Phyllis had stipulated for nothing but kindness toward her—Harrison had been commissioned to get together all of the old household. And he had done so. And having done so he had not failed to communicate to them all his enthusiasm for the new countess, for Harrison, for once in his life, had been positively enthusiastic.

(To be Continued.)

Discovery in Dentistry

Pittsburg, Feb. 16.—The discovery of a composition for filling cavities in human teeth, which it is said will make a great change in the practice of dentistry, has been made by Dr. C. C. Vogt, a prominent chemist and holder of a fellowship in the Mellon Research Institute at the University of Pittsburgh. It was announced today. The new composition is said to have the plasticity of cement, the appearance of porcelain and the stability of gold, and is the result of two years' constant work on the part of the discoverer.
It is a pretty idea to see "top" the bottom of the little girl's dress. Nothing puts the flesh-colored crepe de chine waist out of favor. The three-piece suit will continue in fashion throughout the spring. Straw combined with satin is one of the features of spring's millinery.

Pneumonia Finds Its Victims Weakened By Colds and Grip

This Letter Tells How to Gain Strength After Colds by Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food—Pneumonia is Prevented.

Epidemics of colds and grip are almost invariably followed by much loss of life from pneumonia. When the body is worn down by colds and the lungs weakened from coughing, pneumonia finds an easy victim.
Careful inquiry into many thousands of cases of pneumonia shows that this disease usually attacks the person who is tired and worn out, and who is therefore lacking in resisting power.
In this letter is described a case in which the patient was in the greatest danger of contracting pneumonia or some similar disease, but fortunately she sought the aid of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and was soon restored to health and strength.
Miss E. J. Buswell, Centralia, Ont., writes: "Last winter my mother contracted a bad cold. She was bothered with shortness of breath, coughing, fevered and too sore to cough. Our doctor prescribed treatment which brought relief from these symptoms, but when she got up she was tired, faint of complete astonishment as he leaned against the doorway was rather comical.
"That was a good 'un," cautiously whispered one of the men, looking at the young fellow admiringly. "Tain't often Jim Pyke gets it like that, are it?"
The man called Pyke pulled himself together, and stretching himself glared round him; then his eyes rested on the young fellow, and he seemed to remember.
With an oath he made ready for a spring, but the young fellow raised his hand.
"Wait a minute, my friend," he said, almost pleasantly. "If you are anxious for a fight, say so, and let us have it comfortably. I haven't the slightest objection myself."
"Curse you, I'll—I'll kill you!" gasped the man.
The young fellow laughed.
"I don't think you will, my friend. I'm afraid you'll be disappointed, I really am; but if you'd like to try—"
He threw his cigar away, and, taking off his light shooting jacket, tossed it on to the settle.
As he did so his back was turned to the road along which he had come, and he didn't see the young girl, who had been near enough to witness the scene from its commencement, and was now kneeling down by the dog and murmuring womanly words of pity and sympathy.
"Let the gentleman alone, Jim," said one of the men. "Twas all your fault. What did you want to go and kick the dawg for? Beg the gentleman's pardon, and go and get your beer."
For all response Jim commenced to turn up his sleeves. Two or three of the men got between them, but the young fellow waved them aside.
"Don't interfere, my men," he said pleasantly. "Your friend is dying for a fight, I can see, and a little exercise will give me an appetite. Just stand back, will you?"
The next instant Pyke rushed at him, and the first blows were delivered.
The girl heard the sound of them, and with a cry of fear and horror, started as if to run across to them, but her heart failed her, and she shrank back against the hedge, looking on with hands clasped, and her face white and terrified.
The man Pyke was a giant in length and strength, but he was in a rage, and no man who is in a rage can fight well. The young fellow, on the other hand, was, now, in the best of humor, and thoroughly enjoying himself, and he parried the furious onslaught of his opponent as easily as if he were having a set-to at a gymnasium. The blows grew quicker and smarter, one from the young man had reached Mr. Pyke's face, and had cooled him a little. He saw that if he meant to win he must play more cautiously, and drawing back a little, he began again, with something like calculation. Like the blowing of a sledge hammer his fists fell upon the chest of the young fellow, one struck him upon the hip and the blood started.

'Margaret,' The GIRL ARTIST,

OR, The Countess of Ferrers Court.

CHAPTER I.

Now a moment before his handsome face had been a picture of indolent good temper, but at the kick and the howl his face changed. The lips grew set, the eyes stern and fierce. He was not a good young man—alas, alas! it will be seen that he was a thousand miles removed from that—but his heart was as tender as a woman's, and he loved dumb animals—dogs and horses in especial—with that love of which only a strong, healthy, young Englishman is capable.
"You brute!" he said, not loudly, but with an intense emphasis, which caused the man to pull up and stare at him with an astonished scowl.
"Did you speak to me, guv'nor?" he growled.
He was a tall, wiry-looking ruffian, and his voice seemed to proceed from the bottom of his chest, and the glance he shot at the speaker came from a pair of evil-looking eyes, deeply sunk beneath thick and black brows.
"I did!" said the young man curtly; "I called you a brute!" and he stooped and comforted the dog.
The man eyed him up and down with a vindictive glare.
"Can't I kick my own dawg?" he demanded, with a most atrocious attempt at a sneer.
"Not when I am near," said the young man, quite calmly, but meeting the glare of the evil eyes with a steady firmness.
"Oh, I can't, can't I?" retorted the man. "You get out of the way and I'll show you, curse you!"
The young man stepped aside, apparently to leave the dog exposed to the threatened assault, but as the man lifted his foot the young fellow thrust his own forward, and launching out with his left hand, dealt the man a blow which sent him a mass of arms and legs against the doorway.
The dog fled, the group of idlers who had remained seated, listening to the colloquy, sprang up and drew near, exchanging glances and staring at the pair.
The young fellow stood in the easiest of attitudes, with something like a smile on his lips, for the man's at-

titude of complete astonishment as he leaned against the doorway was rather comical.
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(To be Continued.)

Here and There.

FUNERAL TO-MORROW.—The funeral of the late Mr. Justice Emerson will take place from his late residence at Rennie's Mill Road, to-morrow afternoon.
NOTE OF THANKS.—The owner of the watch advertised in yesterday evening's Telegram, wishes to thank Master Edward Dempsey for his hospitality in receiving the article so promptly—advising.
MINARD'S LINIMENT CURE S BURNS, ETC.

WALL PAPERS
Ready for Spring Cleaning.
Secure your Paper now, it may be difficult to get it later.
We are now showing an excellent lot of American Job Wall Papers, With Borderings to match. All perfect goods, choice patterns, from 13c. per piece up. Bordering same price as paper. Worth in the regular way from 20c to 60c. piece. English Sanitary Hall Papers, 15c. to 30c. per piece.
STEER Brothers.

Hr. Grace Notes.

The body of the late Robert Parsons, of the South Side, who died at St. John's on Friday, was brought over by Saturday's train. The funeral takes place this afternoon.
Miss Mary Brennan, an old lady of the West End, died on Friday, night. The funeral took place yesterday afternoon. Decayed leaves one daughter—Miss Catherine Brennan, to mourn her loss.
The regular Saturday evening train from St. John's arrived here at 1.30 a.m. Sunday.
A word to Sunny Jim: When you are in the trenches; Taking part in German "tussels; We feel sure you won't despise A dish of good Nfld. mussels.

The ladies of the Patriotic Association are indignant at "Jim's" reference to their soup sociable to raise funds for patriotic purposes. No person takes Jim serious. He is as much on fire with patriotism as any of us.
The ice on the harbor is now in excellent condition for skating, and at least one young lady was enjoying the healthy exercise before 9 a.m. to-day.
The tank on LeMarchant Street, or the water, rather, succumbed to Jack Frost a short time ago, and no water has been coming from it since. Fortunately not many people were compelled to use that fountain, but the few have quite a distance to go for water now.
The s.s. Mary arrived from Bell Island with another load of coal to the firm of R. D. McRae & Sons.
Grip is now very prevalent and quite a large number of our citizens are laid aside with this weakening malady.
Miss F. Makinson, who had been spending a few days here with relatives leaves by this afternoon's train for her home at the Goulds. Miss Makinson has volunteered her services as a nurse at the battle front, and leaves in April for the scene of her ministrations to the sick and wounded soldiers.

Hr. Grace, March 6, 1916.
We have been using MINARD'S LINIMENT in our home for a number of years and use no other Liniment but MINARD'S, and can recommend it highly for sprains, bruises, pains or tightness of the chest, soreness of the throat, headache or anything of that sort. We will not be without it one single day, for we get a new bottle before the other is all used. I can recommend it highly to anyone.
JOHN WAKEFIELD, LaHave Islands, Lunenburg Co., N.S.

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Recent Arrivals
Roofing Felt, Oats, Oatmeal, Flour, Soap, Pork, etc.
600 rolls 2-PLY "H" BRAND ROOFING FELT
400 rolls 1-PLY "H" BRAND ROOFING FELT
150 brls. ROLLED OATS.
30 brls. OATMEAL.
40 1/2 OATMEAL.
400 brls. "REX" FLOUR.
300 bags BLACK OATS.
50 cases SUNLIGHT SOAP.
100 brls. HAM BUTT PORK.
HARVEY & Co., Ltd.

REALLY, SWEETHEART, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEY PUT ME IN JAIL. YOU KNOW, DEAR, I'M STUDYING TO BECOME A STENOGRAPHER AND THEY ARRESTED ME WHEN I ATTENDED A LECTURE AND, FOR PRACTISE, TOOK A FEW NOTES!
THIS IS HOW HE DID IT!
Cape Report.
Special to Evening Telegram.
CAPE RACE.—Fresh weather, with a slight ice in sight. The S.S. V. Ranger passed west at 1 p.m. on March 5. Nothing sighted to date. 2.55; ther. 20.
MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES NEURALGIA.

Our Volunteers.

During yesterday and Saturday 32 young men presented themselves for enlistment at the C.L.I. Armoury. The total number of enrolments now is 2,943. The names of the new recruits and the places they came from are:

- W. J. F. Oakley, St. John's.
- Stanley Carroll, St. John's.
- Edward Barles, St. John's.
- Water Rose, St. John's.
- Jack Robt. Ford, St. John's.
- Wm. Hynes, St. John's.
- James J. Chaulk, Bunyan's Cove, B.I.
- Joe Tucker, Bunyan's Cove, B.I.
- Ellis Oldford, Bunyan's Cove, B.I.
- Lorenzo Moore, Change Islands.
- Norris D. Hoddinott, Greenspond.
- Joe Blackall, Grand Falls.
- Wm. Wicks, Wesleyville.
- Ed. A. Winsor, Wesleyville.
- Albert Critch, Cavendish, T.B.
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