

Believes She Was Saved From Stroke of Paralysis

All One Side Was Cold and Powerless When She Began Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

A dead nerve cell can never be replaced. In this way it is different to other cells of the human body. But feeble, wasted nerve cells can be restored, and herein lies hope. In this fact is also a warning to take note of such symptoms as sleeplessness and loss of energy and ambition, and restore the vitality to the nervous system before some form of helplessness results. Nervous prostration, locomotor ataxia and paralysis are the natural results of neglecting to keep the nerves in healthful condition. The use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food when you suspect there is something wrong, will soon restore vitality to the nervous system, and thereby prevent serious developments. Mrs. Merritt Nichols, R. R. No. 3, Dundalk, Ont., writes: "I take pleasure in writing to tell you the great benefit I have derived from the use

of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I was so nervous I could not sleep, and found it hard to get my work done at all, but, having no help at the time, had to do the best I could. Finally my left arm became powerless and cold, and this continued to get worse until my whole side was affected, head and all. I decided to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and the first box helped me so much that I used several, and believe that this treatment saved me from having a paralytic stroke. It has built me up wonderfully, and I can recommend it most heartily, believing that if more Nerve Food were used there would be much less sickness." Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cures in nature's way by nourishing the feeble, wasted nerves back to health and vigor. Fifty cents a box, all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

The Web;

OR, TRUE LOVE'S PASSION.

CHAPTER XX.
The Dictates of Fate.

CYRIL hurried across the park, and gaining the road—the road in which he had pulled up the Ferrdale horses, the road along which he had walked with Norah!—went at a sharp trot toward Santeigh. There were others of the guests, people from the village itself and the outlying hamlets, who passed along the road that night; but Cyril, by taking the short cut across the park, had got ahead of them, and he neither passed nor met any one.

As he reached the horse pond the church clock struck two. The sound startled and roused him from his painful reverie. All the way along he had been going over the incidents of the miserable evening—the evening which he had looked forward to with such keen anticipations! And as he thought over it all he could scarcely realize what had happened. He had been in the company of Norah a whole evening, and they had only exchanged a few words, and those, on her part, of the coldest! What was the meaning of it? What had he done that she should treat him so? Had her father, the earl, been putting pressure upon her, and persuaded her to give him up? Was she so fickle that a few days' absence had been sufficient to bring her forgetfulness?

He laughed at the idea. He knew Norah too well to be able to entertain it for an instant.

And even his jealousy of Guildford Berton was dispelled by the cool morning air.

But the key to the enigma was just as far off as ever. That she was offended with him for some reason or other there could be no doubt, but what was the reason? Even if Cyril had known that Norah had seen him

place the ring on Becca South's finger, and her kiss of gratitude, he would not have attributed Norah's coldness to that incident. What on earth could Becca South be to him, but a simple village girl, who never occupied his thoughts for a moment when she was out of his sight?

When he got to The Chequers he was not surprised to find the little inn wrapped in slumber and darkness. He had not expected Mrs. Brown or the maid to sit up for him. Two o'clock a.m. was to the good folks of Santeigh an unearthly hour.

He knocked at the door gently at first, then, as no response came, more loudly. He stood there for some minutes, five or ten, perhaps, but if The Chequers had been a tomb instead of an inn it could not have been more silent.

The time was going on, and the station was some distance. As he stood there in the quiet street the temptation to give up his journey to Brittany, give up everything, and remain to clear up the trouble with Norah, assailed him strongly; but he resisted it with all his mental force. To turn back now that he had got his hand to the plow and the first furrow cut, would be almost unmanly. Norah herself would be the first to regret it, if she did not even reproach him; and as for Jack Wesley—well, Cyril could almost hear his cynical voice girding at him for throwing away the first chance of winning fame and fortune.

He knocked again presently, then, as the clock chimed out the half-hour, he resolved to leave his things in Mrs. Brown's care. He would write to her from London. After all, he could procure his artistic tools and some clothes when he got to town. It would be rather awkward traveling in dress clothes, but he had an overcoat, and could keep it buttoned over his coat and gleaming shirt front. There was only just time for him to catch the train, and even if he succeeded in waking Mrs. Brown some time must elapse before she could get dressed. Yes, it would be much better to leave his things and catch his train. Delay was always dangerous—in his state of mind, exceedingly so.

He buttoned up his coat, and, with a

last glance at the windows of The Chequers, went quickly down the street.

Events were shaping their course as they have a habit of doing, and in leaving Santeigh without seeing Mrs. Brown, or any person who could testify to his presence there that morning, Cyril was but blindly following the dictates of Fate.

The station was to the left of Santeigh Park, and Cyril left the road and struck into a bypath. As he did so he heard the voices of the village folk coming toward Santeigh, but he did not stop, and went on his way as quickly as possible.

The night was gloomy—the gloom that precedes the dawn—and Cyril's mood fully harmonized with it. Every yard he put between him and Santeigh Court seemed to lengthen itself ominously, and his spirits fell lower and lower as he neared the station.

There were no voices to be heard now, and the stillness of the weird hour was only broken by the shrill screech of a carncrake. He seemed so utterly alone and solitary in the stillness that it was with a start and an exclamation of surprise that he saw a man half-lying, half-sitting against a stile.

Cyril had almost stumbled over him, and started back, eying him almost angrily. It is unpleasant to be startled.

The man seemed to be asleep, but as Cyril was hesitating whether to wake him or not, he decided the question by slowly rising, and shaking himself very much as a Newfoundland dog shakes himself when aroused from a short nap.

"Why, my good fellow, I nearly tumbled over you!" said Cyril, rather impatiently.

"Did you?" said the man, quietly. "I reckon that would have been as bad for me as for you."

Cyril started. He had heard the voice before somewhere, but he could not recollect for the moment where.

"Do I know you, my friend?" he asked, peering at him.

The man shook his head. "It isn't likely sir," he said, indifferently. "I'm a stranger in these parts. Have you got such a thing as a light about you?"

Cyril took out his matchbox and struck a light, and as it burned up he uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, it's Furlong, isn't it?" he said.

A look of surprise came over the man's rugged face, and he stared under his bushy brows at Cyril.

"That's my name," he replied, "and you—? You are the young gentleman I saw at Mr. Wesley's?"

"I am," said Cyril. "This is a strange meeting, Mr. Furlong! This is the last place in the world I should have expected to see you in."

"The place isn't half bad," remarked Furlong, glancing round calmly. "I've seen worse, and I've seen better."

"But—but, if it isn't a rude question, what are you doing down here?" asked Cyril, hurriedly glancing at his watch.

"I was trying to get a little sleep," replied Furlong, as coolly as if it were quite the usual thing to pass the night in the open air.

Cyril laughed shortly. "Not a very comfortable bed, I'm afraid."

"I've had better, and worse," returned Furlong as before.

Cyril looked toward the station again. "Do you know any one down here?" he asked.

Furlong shook his head; then smiled grimly. "I see. You're rather curious to know what brought me in these out-

Interesting News For Working Men

AN ARTICLE WORTH WHILE TO READ.

This is a nerve-racking age—not a man in an office or behind the counter, striving hard to get on in the world, that does not feel the strain. If nerves are in order, a man is strong, eats and sleeps well. Unstrung nerves means weakness, worry, sleeplessness and a general decay of bodily strength.

Most men are careless of their health. They trust to luck and that kind of thing, instead of taking Ferrerozine for a few weeks when they feel dull in the morning, or when they sleep poorly or lose appetite. Ferrerozine quickly brightens up the mind. It creates an appetite and improves digestion. Ferrerozine makes blood, quiets the nerves, makes muscle like steel and induces refreshing sleep.

Ferrerozine is a body builder, thousands have proved it. If you are sick or out of sorts, use Ferrerozine and enjoy the splendid health it so surely brings.

Permanent in its results, the greatest health-giver in the world is Ferrerozine. Because nourishing and perfectly harmless, all can use it, even children. Get Ferrerozine to-day, 50c. per box, at all dealers or by mail from The Catarrozone Co., Kingston Ont.

of-the-way parts, sir," he said. "Well, I am, I confess," assented Cyril.

"And I'm hanged if I could tell you," said Furlong with a short, gruff laugh.

"The fact is London and I don't agree together for long, sir. It's well enough for a town-bred man, but I've been a wanderer all my life, and after I've been shut up in one of your great cities for a week or two I—well, I just begin to suffocate."

"I know the feeling," said Cyril. "Look here, I've got to catch the market train, and my time's short; perhaps you won't mind keeping me company for half a mile; that is, unless you'd rather go to bed again."

"No, I can put my snooze off," said Furlong, and he stepped out beside Cyril.

"And so you have tramped down here for change of air?" he asked.

"Yes, and change of thoughts; more of the latter than the former, Mr. Burne. It's difficult for a man to leave off thinking in a big city, and I'm not so fond of my thoughts as to want 'em always with me."

Cyril remembered Jack Wesley's half-expressed hint as to the man's antecedents, and glanced at him rather curiously.

"But what made you choose Santeigh?" he asked.

"Is that the name of this place?" said Furlong. "I didn't know."

"The village lies the other side of the park."

"And the big house—what is that?"

"Santeigh Court, one of Lord Arrowsdale's country seats," replied Cyril stifling a sigh, for with the mention of the name back came the thought of Norah.

"Ah! Well, I didn't choose it in particular; all places are alike to me so that there are plenty of green fields and fresh air," said Furlong. "Somewhere I can breathe, and can lose the feeling that the houses are drawing together and coming on top of me."

"I understand," said Cyril. "And my friend, Mr. Wesley, does he know that you have fled from the houses?"

"Yes," replied Furlong. "I told him I was going to take a few days' holiday, but I didn't say in what direction I was going; I didn't very well know myself, you see. Perhaps, sir—I hesitated for a moment—perhaps, if it doesn't make any difference to you, you won't mention that you've met me?"

Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should have a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A SMART DRESS FOR HOUSE OR PORCH WEAR.



1884—Ladies' House Dress, with or without Pockets and with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

Dotted percale with trimming of white linen is here shown. Striped seersucker, checked gingham, challie, serge and taffeta are also nice for this style. 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 1/4 yards at the foot.

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 8 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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Address in full:—

Name

.....

A good idea for pantry shelves is to give them two coats of ordinary white paint, then a third finishing coat of white enamel. When dry, wash over with cold water to harden it quickly. Do not cover these shelves with oil-cloth or paper, and notice the improvement. As there are no covers under which crumbs can collect there is nothing to encourage mice.

QUICK AND EASY.—The Giant Junior Safety Razor, 225,000 sold to the soldiers on the Western front; 50c. with 7 blades; extra blades, 40 cents per dozen, or 5 for 10 cents. CHEESE-LEY WOODS, 282 Duckworth St., head McBride's Hill, Sole Distributor. Wholesale only. For sale at advertised stores.—0514

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EXTRA GOOD TEA @ 45c. lb.
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We are enabled to do this as we import these teas in large quantities direct from Ceylon when the markets are at their lowest, and we give our customers all the benefits. We have on these values quadrupled our Retail Tea Trade during the past year, as all our customers find our teas are the very best they can get for the money. The above are all straight Ceylon Teas, but we can also give you the milder Blended Teas as packed by Messrs. Lipton, Ltd., London (and which have always had a large sale), at 50c. and 60c. lb. The other teas previously mentioned are put up by ourselves to suit a large portion of the Newfoundland market which does not care for blended teas.

However, we can suit you to a T no matter what your taste.

HENRY BLAIR.

Always Merry and Bright?
By the kind permission of the "Northern Echo"

MANUFACTURED IN ENGLAND.

BUY BRITISH COCOA.

Advertise in the Telegram

Silent Ambassador Sir Cecil

(Concluded.)

Great Britain, on the other hand, has never since the arrival of Cecil Spring-Rice at Washington, Ambassador, has loyally striven to assist the United States in its troubles with Mexico. In 1891, save President Wilson, and the older heads of the State Department, could tell just how much efficacious has been the policy which the United States has pursued from Great Britain and from the ambassador at Washington in the connection. Sir Francis Strong, late Sir Lionel Carden, veteran English diplomatic service, was called from Mexico because he had found themselves unequal to the task of subordinating their policy to the changes of policy of the United States at Washington with regard to Mexico. Moreover, there is no doubt that England, through her Secretary in Downing Street, through her Ambassador at Washington, helped to smooth away the natural irritation of several European great Powers, and the result of the loss of the property suffered by their subjects in Mexico. There was a time, prior to the outbreak of the war when the exasperation of the Powers in question against the intervention in Mexico, in defiance of the Monroe Doctrine, had it not been for the restraining hand of the British ambassador, who was the greatest sufferer of the war through the disordered condition of Mexico she had determined to give time to the United States to complete its difficult task of restoring order and the securing of peace and redress. In fact, the hands of Great Britain throughout these can troubles, especially before the signing of the great war, not the most loyal nature and particularly in averting difficulties between the United States and foreign nations on the subject of Mexico.

He Knows Men.

Although Sir Cecil Spring-Rice not court publicity and avoid the quets, college commencement, other functions of a nature to attract the attention of the press and the public, his personal acquaintance with men of high social and political standing in America is exceptionally extensive. His grasp of American political, State and municipal, is the subject of amazement to those who the first time are admitted to a circle of intimate conversation with him and it is no exaggeration to say that if Lord Bryce had been a portrait painter, an altogether different fashion the construction and the design of this great American monolith, Cecil Spring-Rice, were he at liberty to write, could be an equally graphic picture of the man who is to-day. It is to prove a wonderfully interesting study to Lord Bryce's voluminous portrait in an altogether different manner. I should say, the person of the men who direct things in the industrial, financial, and even social life plays a far more role than in the Eastern Hemisphere.

A popular impression prevails that Sir Cecil remains secluded within the hallowed precincts of the British Embassy at Washington, terribly inaccessible, and to be seen only by appointment. Yet the truth was known he goes freely to New York, is every now and then to be encountered lunching in the middle of the day quietly and trustfully with some great politician, captain of industry, financier, at one or another of the town luncheon clubs. Indeed, a few of the really important influential men in New York, as the matter of that in other big cities such as Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia, with whom he is not in close and intimate touch. Un-

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