

Weakened by Anaemia Doctors Gave No Hope

Said She Was Threatened With Consumption, and Gave Her Three Weeks To Live.

Anaemia is indicated by thin, watery blood. The gums and eyelids grow pale, there is great weakness and fatigue and digestion fails. Since Dr. Chase's Nerve Food forms new, rich blood, it is naturally most suitable as a treatment for anaemia. This letter proves its efficiency in the most severe cases.

Mrs. J. Adams, Port Hope, Ont., writes: "About six years ago I was taken with very weak spells and though I doctored with the family physician and used other medicines for two years, I got very little relief and, in fact, continued to grow weaker. I was so weak I could not wait on myself or raise my hand to my head and decided to go to my daughter in Toronto. When examined by Toronto doctors they pronounced me to be in a dangerous condition, threatened with consumption and other ailments and said I would not live for three weeks. One day I was looking

through Dr. Chase's Almanac and read about the cure of anaemia by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I began the use of this treatment at once and am now well on the way back to health, after having used the Nerve Food for six months. I want my friends to know that my cure was effected by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food alone and after my discouragement from the use of other treatments. I feel it my duty to let everybody know about this remarkable cure."

As a restorative for persons who are pale, weak and run down there is no treatment to be compared to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Gradually and naturally the red corpuscles are increased in the blood, the color is restored to the cheeks and the strength comes back to wasted nerves and muscles. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

MRS. MAY'S LETTER TO WOMEN

More Proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Relieves Suffering.

Chicago, Ill.—"I suffered from a bad case of female ills. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended and I took about six bottles. It fixed me up all right. The common symptoms of such a condition—pain when walking, irritation, bearing down pains and backache, nervousness and disordered digestion—soon passed away. I look much better now than I did before, and I recommend the Compound every time for female troubles, as it did for me all it is claimed to do. You have my permission to publish this letter." Mrs. J. MAY, 3648 S. Lincoln St., Chicago, Ill.

If you have any of the symptoms mentioned in Mrs. May's letter, remember what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for her, and try it yourself. It is a good old-fashioned medicine, made from roots and herbs, and it has helped countless numbers of women.

If you need special advice, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

time to get at us thoroughly."

"Had not time?" she repeated, her dark eyes fixed upon his face with the hunger and compassion of love.

"No," he said, "have you not heard? We should have been dead men for a certainty had it not been for Mr. Durant. He came to the rescue at the right moment, and beat a way out for us with his gun like a Samson. He saved our lives without doubt," he added, warmly.

"He is a remarkable man," she murmured, her face grown pale and her bosom heaving at the idea of the terrible danger.

"He is more than that; he is a hero," said Chudleigh, earnestly.

Then there followed a moment's silence, both standing and looking at the dusty road.

Presently Chudleigh said: "I have to thank you for a score of votes, not to speak of a large number that cannot be plainly traced to you."

"You are quite welcome," she said, regaining her composure, but not venturing to look up. "I hope you will—"

"Why?" he said, so sharply that the blood rushed to her face. It was pale again when she answered in a calm, earnest voice that had something of entreaty in it:

"Because a member of parliament finds plenty to do, and hard work and something to think of, are—good for you."

"I understand," he said, catching at her meaning.

"Good-morning," she said, holding out her hand again with a smile that ill masked the pain at her heart. "I shall hear you speak on the hustings directly."

He uncovered, took her hand, and the next moment she had gone. He stood for a second looking after her, then muttering: "If she were mine! If she were mine!" strode on toward the hustings.

Amid the confusion and clamor, the yelling and shouting, the ballad singing and cheering, the egg-throwing and the flouting of blue, crimson and yellow ribbons, and such a pandemonium of sounds as only an election can produce, Chudleigh Chichester was proclaimed at the head of the poll and duly elected member for the borough.

His speech had been a great and winning success. Mr. Gregson's rampant Liberalism and Mr. Gideon Giles' florid invectives had fallen to dust and ashes beneath Chudleigh's outspoken determination to uphold the British throne and constitution, and, when as a climax, he declared that he meant to be the workingmen's friend by voting for the reduction of taxes and the labor time, he was answered from the dense throng by a roaring cheer that made Mr. Jones rub his hands and whisper to Sir Fielding:

(To be continued.)

If you have small portions of several kinds of vegetables left over, mix them into one dish and make a cream dressing. Of course, some discretion might be used in the kinds of vegetables mixed. Beets are not good, for instance, to combine.

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 POPULAR STYLE. LADIES' ONE-PIECE DRESS.



1954—Serge, gabardine, satin, velvet and taffeta are good for this. The model has simple lines and is easy to develop. The belt is finished with a smart pocket, which may be omitted. The sleeve is in bishop style and has a deep cuff.

The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 7 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3 3/4 yards at the foot.

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

A SIMPLE BECOMING STYLE.



1547—Ladies' Home or Morning Dress with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

As here shown figured percale in gray tones was employed, with collar, cuffs and belt of linen. This style is also nice for business or street wear under any of the comfortable three-quarter or half length coats now in vogue. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3 3/4 yards at the lower edge.

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

Fall and Winter Suitings and Overcoatings made in the MAUNDER Style.

If you can't find what you want come here. Our Serges are guaranteed dyes, and very reasonable in price.

Samples, style sheets and measuring forms sent to any address.

John Maunder
TAILOR & CLOTHIER
281 and 283 Duckworth Street, St. John's, Nfld.

THE BEST INSURANCE

Against Colds, Pleurisy and Pneumonia, at present so prevalent, is
GOOD WOOL UNDERWEAR.
AND THE BEST IS THE BEST.

Stanfield's Unshrinkable Wool Underwear

is therefore what you require. It has been tried out in the wash in more ways than one. It will not shrink, go out of shape, or get hard, and is the best Underwear for hard wear. You can benefit now by our

SPECIAL Sale Prices, and you will find that our prices are lower than procurable elsewhere. Also that we have a full assortment both of weights and sizes for Men, Women and Boys. Buy the good Stanfield Wool Underwear from us and save on your pocket and health both.

HENRY BLAIR.

SLATTERY'S.

Always in stock a large assortment of
English and American Dry Goods
At Lowest Possible Prices.

Estate W. A. SLATTERY.
Slattery's Bldg., Duckworth & George's Sts.
P. O. Box 236. Phone 522.

Arter the Ball,

OR,
The Mystery Solved at Last.

CHAPTER XXV.
Election Oratory.

Of course there was a good deal of opposition to the resolution, or "rash freak" from some of the committee, but Chudleigh's "I will," unlike Sir Fielding's, could never be turned into "I will not."

"Have you heard that Lantry and young Lord Godburn have joined Gregson's committee?" said Mr. Jones.

"Yes," said Sir Fielding. "I am surprised."

"The young ladies have done it," sighed the parliamentary agent. "Women win elections."

The room at the "Pig and Whistle" was crammed as usual when Chudleigh and the Hon. Mr. Howard, clad in workmen's garb, pushed their way into it, and Mr. Gideon Giles was on his feet.

"Fellow workmen," commenced the Republican candidate, holding one large red hand above his greasy, shock head, "I will not detain you many minutes to-night, and only rise to ask you to keep united in the great struggle that is going on between the noble workingman and the bloated aristocrat. Unity is strength, my brothers, and only by standing together shall we crush the head of the snake that has so long ground the workingman beneath his heel! Remember your many wrongs and your rights. Stand out against the first and stick to it for the last. The aristocrats have too long crushed the glorious workingman beneath their bloated institutions. We don't want institutions—we want liberty. We don't want a monarch who sucks our blood and deprives our children of bread to support a hindooist man's hofferings on the proceeds of the workingmen's honest sweat. We don't want a corrupt court and an hovering royalty to spend our money and tax our labor. We don't want an heffete government to play fair into the hands of a dissolute aristocracy, and false to the interests of the workingman. Don't believe in promises, my brethren. Promises ain't a reduction of the taxes, ain't a cheap loaf, ain't protection for the working classes. Promises are only misleading us all on the road leading to ruin!"

Here the speaker stopped to wipe the perspiration from his face, which

certainly deserved the epithet which he had hurled at the aristocrats so freely, and, tugging at his greasy sock, rolled off again:

"Brethren, as I said before, unity is strength. Go together to the poll, and taking 'liberty' equality! 'fraternity' for your war cry, and establish the noble and holy republic! England is fast rushing down to the abyss of ruin! Britons are gradually becoming slaves! Will you be dashed upon the rocks of political destruction? Will you be slaves? No, a thousand times no! Cry it with the tongue of the harkangel Gabriel—no! no!"

The crowd, catching at the cry, shouted with stentorian lungs, "No! no!" and some one yelling out "Liberty! Fraternity! Equality!" the men gave that, too.

Chudleigh was all aflame. A born aristocrat, he could afford to treat the baldersdash flung at his order with smiling contempt; but when the oily headed ruffian commenced to attack the throne, his blood was up, and, looking around at the brawny, honest faces in the dense throng, he felt a strange longing to shout out a plain denial to the rot the idiot had been ranting, and point out to the honest part of the listeners the humbug of the whole speech.

So great became the longing that he found it irresistible, and, whispering to the Hon. Howard to keep quiet, he pushed his way vigorously through the throng, and before any one could prevent him leaped upon the platform.

The hum and the buzz of the voices ceased at once, and the faces upturned questioning, while several voices shouted out:

"Who is it?"

"A friend!" cried Chudleigh, raising his hand to command silence. "A friend too true to stand still and hear his fellowmen—his brothers—imposed upon. Gentlemen!—and the word told upon them and stilled the murmur of rage that was rising—"gentlemen, I claim your indulgence for one minute. I, with you, have listened to Mr. Gideon Giles' speech, and listened attentively, and I declare his assertions to be false, and his politics humbug. He is no friend to the workingman who would advise him to exchange good for bad, or ill for worse. That is what Mr. Giles wishes you to do. There was a time when the man who dared to throw mud at Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen—a good queen, gentlemen, whom I believe all of you in your secret hearts reverence and respect—I say there was a time when a man reviling the queen as Mr. Gideon Giles has done, would have had his vile mud thrust down his throat—ay, and by workingmen, too."

But things are altered, and, for the worst, when workingmen, honest and true, turn their voices—not their hearts, mind you—against their queen and the state which has cherished, raised and protected them, at the beck and call of a fellow who by his very speech proves himself neither an honest nor a working man."

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CHAPTER XXVI.
"If She Were Mine."

Tell truth and shame the devil.
—Shakespeare.

CHUDLEIGH'S beating went far toward winning him the election, for the higher-class Liberals, led by the ladies, declared that a man who possessed so much bravery and who would talk so loyally, couldn't do much harm in the House, though a Tory, and gave him their votes; while the respectable workingmen, unfortunately only a few in number, who had been present and witnessed the melee, deserted the roughs and declared on his side.

Chudleigh, though badly bruised and cut about the face, was not hurt enough to keep within doors, and the next morning, rising at the usual hour, walked toward his headquarters. At the end of the lane leading to the cottage he came full upon Charlotte Lawley, who was just starting for her ante-breakfast walk.

She started and turned pale as she looked up and saw his scarred face, and stretching out her hand, breathed rather faintly:

"Mr. Chudleigh!"

"Are you well, Miss Lawley?" he replied, in a grave voice, which he managed to keep steady, although his heart beat madly.

"Yes, quite, thank you. But you—have they hurt you much?"

His heart beat still faster at the anxious tremor in her voice, but he replied, with a careless smile:

"Oh, very little. Their hands are not particularly soft, but they had not

Tonsillitis, Sore Throat, Chest Colds, Can be Cured Over Night

They Vanish Quickly if Nerviline is Well Rubbed In.

When the throat tickles, when it hurts to draw a long breath, when you feel as if a knife were stuck in your side, it's time to draw out the congestion that will soon become pneumonia.

An ordinary cough syrup has no chance at all—you require a powerful penetrating liniment.

Nothing is known that possesses more merit in such cases than Nerviline.

Rub it liberally over the sides and chest—rub it in hard.

The warm, soothing effect of Nerviline will be apparent in five minutes. Nothing like it for quick relief—

takes soreness out of the throat in one rubbing—breaks up the chest cold, draws out the inflammation, stops the cough quickly.

Rub it on for rheumatism—it destroys the pain—drives it right away. Try it for stiff muscles—it works miracle in just such cases.

Give Nerviline a chance on your neuralgia, prove it out for lumbago, see what it can do for sciatica.

No pain-relieving remedy compares in power to cure with Nerviline. Largest sale in Canada, of any liniment for nearly forty years. The reason is plain. It satisfies every time.

The large 50 cent family size bottle is more economical than the 25 cent trial size. Sold by dealers everywhere.

Smart
COR
Old

War News

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

TURKISH LOSSES.

LONDON, Feb. 27.—The Turkish troops taken prisoners by the British at Kut-el-Amara, now number several thousand. Earl Curzon, a member of the War Council, stated to-day that the retreating Turkish army was being pursued and an artillery and infantry action was taking place fifteen miles north-west of Kut. He added that besides 10,000 prisoners, the British had taken further quantities of equipment, munitions and stores. It was obvious from the telegram from General Maude, continued Earl Curzon, that the scene of operations had been transferred further up the river, and that the initial success was being followed up. The following telegram received from General Maude at Kut was read by Earl Curzon: "On the morning of the 25th our gunnery, cavalry and infantry moved westward in pursuit of the retreating enemy. A strong Turkish rearguard supported by artillery, was found occupying trench positions fifteen miles north-west of Kut, evidently covering the withdrawal with guns. After intense bombardment our infantry assaulted the enemy's position and obtained a footing therein, while our cavalry operated around the Turkish northern flank. During the day numerous prisoners, equipment and stores were captured. Later in the evening the Turks began to tow bridges up the stream from Baghlala."

U.S. CONSUL'S REPORT ON THE SINKING OF THE LAONIA.

LONDON, Feb. 27.—Wesley Frost, American Consul at Cork, sent the American Embassy here the following report regarding the sinking of the Laonia: "The Laonia was torpedoed without warning at 10.10 p.m. in a heavy sea while the ship was making 17 knots. The first torpedo struck the starboard side in the engine room and the engines were stopped. The ship turned, listing to starboard. Most of the boats were launched from the starboard side. Twenty minutes later, after most of the boats had cleared, the second torpedo was fired, striking the engines on the port side. The ship sank 45 minutes after the firing of the first torpedo. The ship was armed with two 4.7 inch guns. The ship's wireless kept in continual action until she

