

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 miracles 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.

Phyllis Dearborn

OR, THE Countess of Basingwell

CHAPTER XVIII.

The marriage of the two most prominent figures of London society could not fail to attract a great amount of notice, and was consequently a keen disappointment when the death of the recent Earl of Basingwell was considered a reason for making the wedding a very quiet one. It was generally felt that when a man like Lionel married a woman like Lady Flora there ought to be more instead of less noise than usual.

Lionel, however, was very well satisfied to have it as it was. In his spendthrift days he would have been satisfied with nothing less than the most extraordinary display at such a time; but since that night when he had renounced the world of society, a very striking change had been wrought in him. It had come gradually, but it had come, and his former air of reckless insouciance had given place to a quiet seriousness.

Lady Flora noticed and secretly fretted under this change, since it required of her, in the maintenance of her role, a similar seriousness. She had no theory to account for the change, except the one suggested by Lord Gree, that Lionel had always been virtuous at heart; for to her, as to Lord Gree, virtue was a synonym of dullness, and with her to be serious was to be dull. In fact, however, Lionel was a little dull.

He was a very model of devotedness, but it was without that gayety which would have made him easily endurable to the beauty, and she began to ache for the time when she could drop the hateful mask of pretended simplicity and devotion. Before that night when she had drawn Lionel into an avowal of love, she had at least liked him, even if she had preferred others; but as the time went by she grew to despise, and then to actually hate him, making him responsible for the duplicity and self-restraint she was obliged to practice.

And in proportion as she disliked the man she was to marry she grew to a greater liking for the man she had refused to marry, and her regret grew with her certainty that she would not marry him. Her mother, in the meantime, was obliged to bear the brunt of an irritability and petulance which she did not dare to more than rebuke, fearing that any extra strain brought to bear on Lady Flora would drive her to rebellion.

They were all glad, then, when the wedding-day came. Lady Dareleigh thanked Heaven for it as for a thing she had striven for, and which would bring her the reward she deserved—a life of ease and comfort removed from the irksome bondage to Mr. Simmons, which seemed to her to have

increased disproportionately since the engagement to Lionel.

Lady Flora promised herself, with a sort of fierce resentment, a very speedy release from the restraints she had imposed upon herself, and was disposed to promise herself a revenge of one sort or another on each of those persons who had been in any way instrumental in making her step down from the lofty pedestal she had previously occupied by virtue of her position of reigning beauty.

Lionel did not know why he was glad to have the wedding-day come; but he was glad, and tried to persuade himself that he was glad as a lover should be glad, though there was all the time an underlying consciousness that it was not at all as a devoted lover that he was nervously anxious as the wedding-day drew nearer. Any one studying his mental and nervous state would have been much more likely to say that he was glad as a man under sentence of death might be glad when the day of execution had come.

Lionel would have made a wedding tour of the Continent, or of any other place, had Flora wished; but she had but one anxiety, and that was to have the settlement papers signed. She had led her mother a miserable life in her urgency to have this matter concluded before the wedding, but had finally yielded when Mr. Simmons had pointed out the desirability of having the unentailed property of the Warne estates settled on her. She told Lionel that she would like nothing so well as to go to Basingwell Castle, and remain there with him in seclusion for a while. He looked upon the wish as a new proof of the great and absorbing love she had for him.

Well, the wedding took place one lovely afternoon in August, and then the couple started for Basingwell. Lady Dareleigh was to follow in a few days, in order, as the bride said, that she might not be separated too long from her mother, who had been her life-long companion. In the privacy of her room she had declared to Lady Dareleigh:

"You must come, mother—come soon. I shall not be able to keep up the hateful farce for long. And tell that man Simmons to hasten that matter of those estates as much as he can. I have a feeling that he is playing some trick on us. But don't leave me alone with—Lionel for long."

"I don't understand you, Flora," Lady Dareleigh had said.

"You don't need to," Flora had irritably answered.

Lady Dareleigh had shrugged her shoulders and refrained from the remark that rose to her lips. She, too, was waiting. She had her own settlement to make with her daughter, and until that was made and she found herself lifted above the necessity of putting up with her whims, she did not propose to rebuke her for her folly.

Lionel had taken care that they should have a separate compartment in the railway carriage. Harrison and Lady Flora's maid going in another, and he had pleasant anticipations of the time when, Flora being his wife, they should be alone together.

Well, they were alone together, and the train was moving, so that there was no danger of interruption, and yet he did not clasp her in his arms, as there had been a vague thought of doing. Not even such a woman as Lady Flora Vanemore can absolutely control her feelings so that they will make no outward exhibition of themselves. She had put herself under such rigid control that the rigidity could not fail to show, and with all the desire to keep up the pretense of extreme devotion, he felt, rather than saw, that something in the nature of a wall of ice had risen between them.

He laid it to anything but the right cause, thinking mostly that it arose, no doubt, to a natural perturbation of spirits. It was to be expected in a woman of her lofty and pure spirit, as she passed from the spiritual freedom of maidenhood to the responsibilities of wifehood. He respected her reserve as a sacred thing. She hated him the more for his very respect. But it would not have mattered. She had wrought herself into that frame of mind in which she would have equally resented anything he might have done or failed to do.

There was a brave welcome for them at Basingwell, where a sense of duty to the new earl was combined with a strong affection for him. He had been so much among the tenants during the time he was there, settling up the affairs of the old earl, that they had come to know him, and his quiet seriousness was no offense to them who saw it led to so many little acts of kindness and consideration. They were glad, in good truth, that they had the new earl, and they spontaneously offered him a right royal welcome for himself and his beautiful bride.

He responded to their demonstrations with cordial sympathy, and she with stately courtesy, and they asked for no more from her. All the way from the station to the castle they were greeted in one way or another with signs of the good will of the people. Here were children scattering flowers, and there were floral arches, and as it was growing dusk Chinese lanterns were hung all along the way, and they glowed amid the trees of the avenue with a radiant, welcoming warmth. But the bride was out of tune with all that, and her words and acts of appreciation were all perfunctory, and from a cold heart.

Lionel, however, was very much touched by all this, and all his natural warmth and geniality grew into life, and made him more demonstrative to his bride than he had been able to be before; so that when the carriage drew up at the castle, and he stepped out and gave her his hand to assist her to alight, it was with a glad smile and a pressure of her gloved hand.

"Welcome home, my darling!" he whispered. "You are glad to be here, are you not?"

"So glad," she answered, smiling back at him.

They went into the great hall, and there the servants—an army of them—stood ranged in respectful welcome, and Lionel had a gracious word for them, while his wife gave them a comprehensive, patronizing, and stately recognition.

"Well, she's a beauty!" whispered the butler to Mrs. Barlow, "fit to be queen of the realm."

"A beauty, yes," answered Mrs. Barlow, cautiously, "but you mark my words, a Tartar."

Lionel led his bride into the little west parlor, where a fire was glowing on the hearth.

"Not for the cold, dear," he said, nodding cheerily at the fire; "but for welcome. My darling!" and he took her into his arms lovingly—it was the first time since he had known her—and kissed her, "you are home now. It is a stateroom home than you thought to have when you threw yourself away on me, is it not? But it shall be as much a home as love and devotion can make it. The greatness of the castle and the splendor of my fortune only emphasize to me the sweet fact that for my sake you would have shared a cottage with me. Ah, well, my darling, I would never have consented to that, for nature intended you for greatness only."

Sleepless Nights

You can't sleep because the nerves are irritable and exhausted. Nerve Food cannot give you any lasting help, but Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can.



"I could have been as happy so with you as now," she answered, and a grim sense of the truth of what she said almost made her smile; but the bitterness of the deception she had practiced killed the smile before it was fairly born.

"You are tired, my darling," he said, looking solicitously into her beautiful face.

"Forgive me for it, but I am," she answered, wearing an expression of unmistakable fatigue.

"Go to your room, then, dear," he said, swallowing any disappointment he felt at not having that sweet talk with her at his own hearth which he had looked forward to.

He had thought of a few words of mutual, loving understanding to be exchanged during that first moment of home-coming, and he was disappointed not to have them; but he told himself that his man's nature could not comprehend the delicacy and exquisiteness of hers, and he blessed himself for it, and let her go to her apartments, where her maid awaited her.

"Take these things off, Marta," she said, angrily, for she did not trouble herself to use deception with her.

"Yes, my lady," and she deftly removed the wraps.

Lady Basingwell let herself sink into an easy chair and cast almost her first look about the boudoir on which Lionel had expended almost limitless money and care. It was the bower of his sweet bird, and it could not be too fine. Even her perturbed spirit was lulled by the luxury her eyes rested on. She smiled.

"This is better than Lady Flora Vanemore's apartments," she said to Marta.

"Ah, my lady," answered Marta, nervously fingering something in her pocket, "it is all the same—the parlor and the sleeping-room. I have never seen anything so rich, so splendid, so soft, and so luxurious."

"There are some compensations," murmured the countess, "and I begin to realize them. If he would only leave me alone! But he is so loving, so devoted. If he would only understand without a scene, he is not so bad. Oh, it will be better when it is understood between us. I used to like him well enough. Yes, but the open brutality of Gree is preferable to this. If he had only been as rich!"

"My lady," said Marta, who had been uneasily watching her mistress.

"When I got off at the station a boy handed me a note, and ran away."

"Well" and Lady Basingwell's brows knit with a frown of premonition.

"It was for you, and I waited until you were alone to give it to you."

"Give it to me. Why need you make so much of an ordinary precaution? You do not need to be told that what is for me is for me alone. Give it to me."

She took the note with as much of a snatch as her training would permit, and looked at the superscription; then turned sharply to Marta:

"Well, why do you stand staring at me? Get me another gown. Do something in the morning and chest after eating, with constipation, headache, dizziness, are sure signs of indigestion. Mother Seigel's Syrup, the great health-giver and tonic, will cure you."

THREE VITAL QUESTIONS: Are you full of energy, vital force, and general good health? Do you know that good digestion is the foundation of good health? Pains and colic after meals? TAKE MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP. AND BANISH STOMACH TROUBLES.

Must Have Peace This Year.

AVER HUN FINANCIERS. Declare Nation Cannot Fight After August Without Ruin.

London, Jan. 25.—The Daily Telegraph has the following from Leon and Spray, its correspondent at Rotterdam:

"Important news reaches me from a reliable source. Recently a meeting of the directors of the Deutsche Reichsbank, the Schaffhausen Bankverein and other great banking institutions in Germany discussed the financial situation and came to the conclusion that it was impossible for Germany to remain at war after the end of next August without being faced by economic ruin."

"This does not mean that by that time the Germans will be at the end of their resources for continuing the war. But the bankers made it clear to the Government that if hostilities keep up after that date, there will not be left a sufficient margin of money for the Empire to be able to resume its economic life after peace is declared."

"The great representatives of German finance are bringing tremendous pressure to bear upon the Government to conclude peace before it becomes necessary to entrench upon this monetary margin, which must be kept intact if Germany is to resume its commercial and industrial existence after the war."

"And if such terms are refused, then, all financial considerations will be disregarded, the militarists will have their way, the war will be continued on a paper basis and Germany will continue to fight, hellish of everything."

THE STORM. I lie in bed and hear the storm caving on its path, and I secure and snug as a warm, can laugh to scorn its wrath.

The snow is drifting on the ground, the tall trees bend and shake, the wind is shrieking like a hound that has the stomach-ache. The pipes are freezing in the eaves, and in the bathroom, too, and in the morning the plumbing sink will have to be fixed. "The pleasant, sure, to lie in bed, and hear the tempest roar, to hear it wailing overhead, and pounding at the door; to know the cellar's full of coal, the larder stocked with bread; so let the black northwester roll—you do not care a red. You laborers when the signs were right, with saw or ax or plow you brought your wages home at night, and gave them to the frau; she put the money safe away, with mothballs 'twixt the bills, and now when storm fends are at play, your breast with rapture thrills. Oh, happy is the man who saves his coin on sunny days; then when the weather misbehaves, a whoop-la he can raise."

25 cents Destroys Your Dandruff and Stops Falling Hair

Save your hair! Make it thick, wavy and beautiful—try this!

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp. There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine to-night—no—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, lustre and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance, an incomparable gloss and softness; but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy hair—new hair—growing all over the scalp.

Rod and Gun.

Bonnycastle Dale contributes the leading article to the February issue of Rod and Gun in Canada, published by W. J. Woodcock, Woodstock, Ont., writing with his usual skill on observations which he has made of wild animals in British Columbia. "Rogue" by Jackson Gaylor is an account of a visit to a Quebec club for millionaires as set down by one who was successful in invading the millionaire's stronghold. "Wilhelm the Hawk: A Tragedy of the Prairies," by James S. Jones is the biography of a hawk whose dominant characteristics are analogous to those of a human Wilhelm now much in the public eye. "The Home Trail" is a cover design illustrating the story, which portrays a fight to the death between a man and a pack of wolves. The regular departments are well maintained and the number as a whole an attractive one particularly to sportsmen and lovers of out-door life in its various phases.

Facts for Health Seekers to Ponder Over.

Nearly every disease can be traced to clogged or inactive stomachs, liver or intestines. Indigestion, biliousness, headaches and insomnia all emanate from this cause. Keep these organs in working order and you'll have continuous good health. No case was ever treated with Dr. Hamilton's Pills and not cured; their record is one of marvelous success. Dr. Hamilton's Pills are very mild, yet they cleanse the bowels promptly and establish healthy regularity. You'll eat plenty, digest well, sleep soundly, feel like new after using Dr. Hamilton's Pills—one a dose—2c. a box everywhere. Be sure you get the genuine Dr. Hamilton's Pills, in a yellow box always.

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"Nerves"

Our nerves are similar to an intricate network of telegraph wires. Controlled and nourished by a portion of the brain—known as the nerve centres—the delicate threads of life radiate in all directions throughout the body. So long as the nerve centres are capable of continually supplying nourishment to the nerves, the nerves will remain strong and healthy. But directly the nerve centres become weakened by overwork or worry or anxiety, they are unable to transmit the necessary nourishment, and the nerves become worn out and "on edge." Then it is that a sudden sound makes you "jump"—you get irritable—you suffer from neuralgia—you are restless and depressed. In this condition there is nothing to equal

WINGARNIS

Because, being a powerful nerve food, Wingarnis gets right to the root of the trouble, and, by creating a supply of new nerve force, stimulates and re-vitalizes the whole nervous system. Try Wingarnis for "Nerves." It is wonderful. Over 10,000 Doctors recommend it.

Begin to get well FREE.

Send the Coupon for a free trial bottle—note a mere taste but enough to do you good. Realize the supplies can be obtained from all Stores, Chemists, and Wine Merchants.

WINGARNIS IS MADE IN ENGLAND.

Free Trial Coupon

COLEMAN & CO., Ltd., Wingarnis W.ks, Norwich, England.

Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of Wingarnis. I enclose six cent stamps to pay postage.

Name

Address

APPLICABLE FOR NEWFOUNDLAND—M. SNEY, MARSHALL, BROS., WATER STREET, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

DEARBORN'S National Cream of Tartar Compound

MADE IN CANADA

Absolute Purity GUARANTEED

Conforms to all of the Government's Pure Food Laws, is PURER than Cream of Tartar, contains no LIME, SULPHATE OR FREE ACID; is slower in acting, does not release gas from Soda until actually in the oven, which is an advantage over Cream of Tartar, which starts to release the gas as soon as the dough is mixed.

Perfect Satisfaction Guaranteed.

RETAIL PRICES. 1/4 lb. pkgs. 10c. 1/2 lb. pkgs. 18c. 1 lb. pkgs. 35c.

CAUTION. Beware of imitations, containing alum, see that the name Dearborn's National Cream of Tartar Compound is on every package.

Used just the same as Cream of Tartar. jan28.1m

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GALLS GET IN COWS.



BRITISH AD

To the Zam-Buk Co. Dear Sirs,—I have found the most effective remedy for hemorrhoids and abrasions; while for the relief of the

ENTIRE CURE. From Admiral to stoker, all grades of H.M.S. "Cochrane," were afflicted with hemorrhoids, which finally frizzled the skin on the buttocks, but the injury would not be serious blood-poison. I was in fear of my life. For weeks I remained under treatment, but I got worse. I was finally cured as soon as this was applied (the healing commenced); and a few boxes of Zam-Buk cured every other case. All cases of hemorrhoids, hemorrhoids, etc. All cases cured.

FREE TRIAL

Zam-Buk EVERY BOX

LONDON

LONDON, Jan. 10th, 1916.

HONORS FOR BRITISH BUSINESS LEADERS.

The feature of the New Year's Business List is the number of business men decorated by titles for war services. Among the baronets are Lord George Bulteel, of the well known engineering firm; A. Booth, chairman of the Cunard Company, who has reached a larger fame as a "push and go" man; Richard Harbridge, of Harrod's Stores; and Yarrow, the shipbuilder, once a popular, now of the Clyde. The honor for active service in the war is the baronetcy, given to Sir Frederick Sturdee, vice-chancellor of the Admiralty, who has returned to the fleet and his vice-regal duties to the Falkland Islands as one of the major events of the year. There is some reason to think that there are not more such honors. Lord Charles Beresford, who writes much Parliamentary matter, Lord Charles's "often" to speak, had a way of being "pushed" so, and its advent in the House of Lords is awaited with curiosity by men of letters figure in the House, of course, Dr. George Adam Smith, who, apart from his historical work, has written a book on the life of Henry VIII. But music is acknowledged through the knightship to the Hon. Sir Alexander Henderson, the proprietor of the "Standard," who has won honors were doubtless given in other grounds. The most interesting honors, however, are the knighthoods given to Will Crooks and George N. Barnes. There are also now six men who have been knighted and members of Parliament.

16 On

We have in our Department the above Hockey Sticks, made by these Canadian rollers. These sticks are used by professionals in Canada in the big games.

These Championship sticks are listed in our Catalogue No. 148 for 300 Coupons No. 149 for 310 Coupons. As we have only 16 Hockey Sticks left we will exchange them for 250 Coupons.

50 Coupons less than regular value. How do you stick after strike you?

Imperial

FOR LAME BACK LUMBAGO SCIATICA RHEUMATIC PAINS NEURALGIA USE The D. & L. HAZOL-MENTHOL PLASTER 25c. and Yard Rolls, \$1.00. Davis & Lawrence Co., Montreal.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP AND BANISH STOMACH TROUBLES. Are you full of energy, vital force, and general good health? Do you know that good digestion is the foundation of good health? Pains and colic after meals? TAKE MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP. AND BANISH STOMACH TROUBLES.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASES. RHEUMATISM, BRIGHS DIABETES, GRAVEL, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, BACKACHE, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, BACKACHE, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, BACKACHE.