

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 Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Arter the Ball;

The Mystery Solved at Last.

CHAPTER XIX.
Love and Croquet.

In one of these stood the Hon. Chandos Holden and the Marquis of Graventon, talking together in languid tones, and criticizing their surroundings in extremely cynical tones.

"Tremendous place," said the marquis. "Never saw grounds better laid out."

"No," assented the honorable. "The old fellow knows how to do things. No end of money all this sort of thing costs. He can afford it, though, that's one thing."

"Pretty rich?" asked the marquis. "Diabolically," replied the other. "The three cubs will have a fortune each. Nothing like Manchester. I know a man who says this Gresham has made two millions—Hush! Here's the boy and his sister. Mr. Grogson. I was just saying to the marquis that I never saw a more beautiful place. Holden Chase will be an eyesore to me after this. Such taste! Exquisite, by Jove!"

"Exquisite, indeed!" echoed the marquis, bestowing one of his killing smiles upon Miss Bella, who colored beneath it vividly.

"I am glad you like it," she said. "Have you been to the conservatories?"

"Not yet; I've only just come," replied the marquis. "I will go to them at once, if you will tell me that they are only one-half so pretty as this!"

Miss Bella smiled, and the marquis, offering his arm, begged her to play escort, and away they went.

"Fond of horses?" said Tom, left alone with the honorable, and in despair for conversation.

"Very," replied the aristocrat, eyeing the pibetan with critical eyes.

"I can show you a fast one, I think," said Tom, "if you like to walk around to the stables."

And so the honorable was disposed of.

In another group stood Lord Cornthwaite and Clarence Gervaise, the landscape painter. His lordship was a lover of art, and therefore ran to artists with fervor.

"Pretty little picture of yours, Gervaise," he was saying. "Sold?"

"Yes; Lord Browntons bought it. Gave my man Davies a cool thousand."

"Heavy!" remarked his lordship. "Very!" laughed the fortunate artist.

Splitting Pains in the Muscles Driven Out Quickly by "Nerviline."

Rheumatic Pains Go—Suffering Cases—Cure Comes in Even Chronic Cases.

For aching bones and sore muscles nothing will soothe away the pain like Nerviline.

For nerve-wracking twinges in the muscles, for torturing backache or lumbago, you'll find Nerviline is full of amazing power.

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."

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ist, "but Browntons can afford it. By George! there's a splendid bit of color. Who is she?"

And he cast a glance in the direction of Carlotta, who, at that moment, entered the grounds, dressed in a white satin with black lace falling over it, and glittering here and there with some antique ornament of a character quite unknown to the fashionables assembled.

Her hair was brushed from her forehead, as usual, but bound up at the back in thick, heavy coils, that would not have shamed a Cleopatra.

"Don't know," said his lordship. "Who's that old lady with—Oh, by Jove! that's Lady Mildred. I can get the introduction. Hello! here's Crownbrilliant."

And he stopped to shake hands with that individual, who was walking in the direction of Lady Mildred and Carlotta.

"Ah, Cornthwaite," he drawled. "Glad to see you, by Jove! Pretty grounds, eh? Seen Mr. Grogson? Nice old boy. Mr. Gervaise, think we have met before. I admire that p-p-picture of yours immensely. Gwaw! Simply gwaw!"

"Do you know that beauty?" said Cornthwaite. "Gervaise and I want an introduction."

"Who? W-which?" stammered Lord Crownbrilliant, staring about, although he knew perfectly well whom Lord Cornthwaite meant.

"The one in satin and lace," was the reply.

"Oh, yes; that's Miss Lawley. Staying with Lady Mildred. Want an introduction? Come along!"

And the three went off, Lord Crownbrilliant with a flush of color in his face as he shook hands with her ladyship and Carlotta, introduced his friends, and then reluctantly obeyed a look from an old dowager, who had known his father and himself from his infancy, and crossed over to her.

At three o'clock Sir Fielding, Maud and Chudleigh arrived, and Maud found herself speedily surrounded by a throng of respectful admirers, who claimed acquaintance with her on the score of friendship for her father.

Her pale, sweet, fresh loveliness was particularly bewitching for the blase men of society, and every step she took some exquisite or other turned to make an inaudible note of genuine admiration.

When croquet began, the groups broke up, and the band recommenced playing.

Crownbrilliant, Carlotta and Miss Bella found themselves together in one set, while Maud and Tom Grogson were parcelled into another.

Chudleigh was chained to a pretty little girl in the archery ground, and with his usual good nature was vainly endeavoring to teach her how to use the bow, while his fine eyes constantly wandered to the noble figure of Carlotta in the distance.

Lord Crownbrilliant hated croquet, as he did every other game which necessitated his standing in the hot sun for any length of time, and Carlotta was scarcely one to be particularly delighted with knocking wooden balls through hoops, so that it is little wonder their side came off the losers.

"By Jove!" murmured his lordship, shaking his head with a would-be regretful smile. "We've lost, eh? I'm vevy sorry. I said I c-couldn't play, you know."

"And you can't, not a bit," muttered a young gentleman who, being devotedly attached to the game and unfortunately on his lordship's side, was rather savage.

"Never mind; b-better next time," he added, with woeful cheerfulness, sucking his mallet. "Play again, Miss Lawley!" he asked, anxiously.

"No; I am rather hot," said Carlotta. "Let me go and get a substitute."

Lord Crownbrilliant looked delighted.

"W-wait a minute," he said. "There's Posony and his sister waiting to come in. I'll go and ask them."

And he went over and brought the pair up.

"Where is Lady Mildred, I wonder?" said Carlotta, resting her hand upon his arm lightly.

Chudleigh Chichester, as he stood talking to Mrs. Vavasour, and looking around—as she could plainly see—with eager yet painfully searching eyes. Was he looking for her? she thought.

"He! he! it is ridiculous. One has such strange ideas sometimes. Y-e-es. This is what I th-thought. Men and women are like the balls, the hoops are the incidents and a-a-accidents of life, the mallets are the f-fates, and the lawn—the ground, you know—is the course of true love."

She looked up with a weary smile, and, speaking more to herself than him, said:

"How so, my lord? 'True love,' says the proverb, 'never runs smooth.'"

"The proverb is wrong," exclaimed his lordship, eagerly; "at least, sometimes. Don't you believe in p-powers; they're so ridiculous. Why shouldn't true love run smooth when there are all the th-things to make it?"

She bowed her head.

"I cannot answer," she said. "I don't know, therefore I am beaten. Go on."

"Where?" exclaimed the peer, his pretty little similitude having flown from his narrow brain long ago. "Oh, ah, yes—by Jove! Weally forgot. Where was I? Oh, well, the winning post is matrimony, and that's all. There's nothing more left—hel! hel!"

counting up on his fingers, balls, men and women, mallets and fate, laws, true love, post, matrimony—y-e-s, that's all."

"It is very pretty," said Carlotta. "Where did you read it?"

"Nowhere, 'pon honor," exclaimed his lordship, triumphantly. "Perfectly original, I assure you," then, suddenly: "You're making fun of me, Miss Lawley."

"No, no, I am not," she said, almost eagerly, arousing herself, with a start, and smiling coldly up into his face.

"Are you sure?" he asked, screwing his eyes up searchingly and shaking his golden hair slowly. "I'm so glad, I hate you to make fun of me, Carlotta. Miss Lawley, I mean. You know I do, don't you? I'm afraid you always think I'm vevy ridiculous."

"No, I do not," turning her face away, with an apprehension of what was coming that made her feel cold and faint.

"Let us go and find Lady Mildred."

"Oh, no, not this minute!" he said, flushing, and cropping into the seat at her side. "Don't go this minute, Carlotta. Miss Lawley, I want to speak to you—if I dare; you'll listen to me, won't you? I—Carlotta, I love you; I—you know I do; any fellow could see that I-long ago."

Struggling on with his softened "r-r" and drawing voice, quickened by the excitement, he paused at last for breath, and, clutching at her hand nervously, waited for her to speak.

(To be Continued.)

If Strength Declines As Age Advances Follow This Suggestion.

So many women grow old before their time, perhaps your wife or sister. A little while ago, buoyant, full of vigor and activity—she enjoyed life and imparted pleasure to the whole family; but now in a few short years she has faded and lost color and strength. She is just ready to develop some disease that will further weaken and debilitate. You remember how it began failure of appetite, tired in the morning, found household work burdensome, always nervous and a little irritable. It's a shame to let her go down hill further when you can build her up so quickly with Ferrozone. The change this nourishing tonic makes in a weak woman is surprising. It gives great zest for food, increases appetite and digestion enormously. The blood gets richer and stronger and adds new life to every organ in the body. A rebuilding process works through the entire system. The first week will show an improvement, and a month or two will fatten up the thinnest, most run-down woman you can think of. Take Ferrozone for lost color, for nervousness, for weakness—use it when run-down and feeling poorly—it will do you more lasting good, keep you in better health than anything else. Just as good for men and children, too, because Ferrozone is harmless and safe, 50c. per box or six for \$2.50, at all dealers, or direct by mail from the Catarrhoxone Co., Kingston, Ont.

"That's swange, isn't it? Do you know—hel! hel!—it's vevy ridiculous, but I was thinking the game of life was vevy like the game of croquet."

"Nor I," he said, looking pleased.

"That's swange, isn't it? Do you know—hel! hel!—it's vevy ridiculous, but I was thinking the game of life was vevy like the game of croquet."

"How?" she said, scarcely hearing him, her eyes fixed on the tall form of

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 NEW AND PLEASING APRON MODEL.

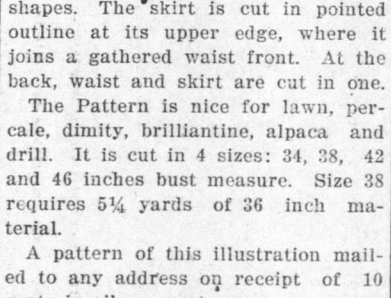


1963—This model is comfortable, with its semi-fitting lines and trim shapes. The skirt is cut in pointed outline at its upper edge, where it joins a gathered waist front. At the back, waist and skirt are cut in one.

The Pattern is nice for lawn, percale, dimity, brilliantine, alpaca and drill. It is cut in 4 sizes: 34, 38, 42 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5 1/2 yards of 36 inch material.

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

A SIMPLE, BECOMING MODEL.



1944—Girl's One-Piece Dress, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths. Galatea, glingham percale, serge, gabardine, velvet corduroy and taffeta. Linens, Hones and lawn are nice for this design. It is easy to develop, comfortable and in good style. The belt is held in place by slashes made through the underfolds of the plaits. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2 1/2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 8 will require 2 1/2 yards of 44-inch material.

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

ENLISTED WITH "OURS." — A young man named Bryce, of Dundee, Scotland, who came here on a Furness boat, enlisted in the Regiment recently. He served in the South African War.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GARTER IN COWS.

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

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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

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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.

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War News.

Messages Received Previous to 9 A. M.

SUCCESSFUL OPERATIONS.

LONDON, Feb. 18.

Official reports from the British headquarters in France to-night reads: Successful operations on both banks of the Ancre were undertaken by our troops this morning, and very considerable further progress was made. South of the river the enemy position opposite the village of Mirambent, Petit Mirambent were attacked and captured. From about one and a half miles we have penetrated over 1,000 yards into the enemy's defenses and advanced our line within a few hundred yards of Petit Mirambent. North of the Ancre an important enemy position on the upper slopes of a spur north of Baillecourt farm, and carried for about 1,000 yards. Hostile counter attacks were successfully driven off. In addition to the heavy losses inflicted on the enemy, 267 prisoners, including five officers, passed through our collection stations.

We carried out two raids this morning south of Neuve Chapelle and good results west of La Bassée. Hostile counter attacks were successfully driven off. In addition to the heavy losses inflicted on the enemy, 267 prisoners, including five officers, passed through our collection stations.

The official report from the British headquarters in France to-night reads: The prisoners we took in yesterday's operations on the Ancre now number 12 officers and 761 men. We captured a number of machine guns and transporters. This morning strong enemy forces attacked our new positions of the spur above Baillecourt farm. The enemy infantry advancing in three waves with bodies of supporting troops in the rear, came under our concentrated fire of our artillery and were driven back with heavy losses. Our lines were not reached at any point. We suffered no casualties. We entered German positions during the night southwest and also north of Arras, south of Fauquissart and north of Ypres. We inflicted heavy casualties on the enemy, blew up machine guns and took 19 prisoners.

