

Left Arm Became Powerless Saved From Paralytic Stroke

By the Timely Use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food—Has Built Up Nervous System Wonderfully.

Paralysis is not a pleasant thing to contemplate. Even nervous prostration and locomotor ataxia are among the most dreaded conditions. It is always better to avoid these results of neglected nervous troubles by keeping the nerves in health and vigor. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done wonders for people suffering from the more severe forms of nervous diseases, but we prefer to recommend it as a means of preventing such conditions.

This letter from Mrs. Nichols well represents what we mean, for she was undoubtedly on the verge of more serious trouble when she heard of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and sought its aid.

It is best to be warned by nervous headaches, sleeplessness, nervousness and irritability and to apply the remedy in time.

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."

There is no lack of evidence as to the great work of restoration being carried on by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. The sales of this great nerve tonic are rapidly increasing as its virtues are being found out. But this will not help you unless you put it to the test in your own particular case. It is well worth trying and will not disappoint you. Fifty cents a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Phyllis Dearborn

OR, THE
Countess of Basingwell

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"She was a wronged woman, Phyllis. A noble-hearted woman, sent all astray by her mother. I knew it when I got that letter from her saying she had gone with Gree. Thank Heaven, he is dead! No, I don't think that is wicked, and I won't take it back."

She turned to where Flora lay, and the pale face was wreathed in heavenly smiles as it looked back in hers.

"Tell him I am here," she whispered.

"Sir Lionel!"

He opened his eyes.

"If I had you and your wife brought together would you be calm?"

"Certainly. Wouldn't if you didn't bring us together."

"Remember, she is dying, and you are very ill."

"I don't feel ill. I feel like flying."

"For her sake, then."

"I'll be good. Must I get up?"

"Lie perfectly still, and turn your head toward the other cot, behind me. Flora is there."

The thought of seeing her seemed to drive the fever and its accompanying talkativeness away, and he turned with an eager gaze to where Flora lay, her whole soul looking out of her eyes.

"Lionel!" she said.

"Flora!"

"You do not hate me any more, then, Lionel?"

"I'd give the little life I have left to stand with you again in the library at the castle, and have you ask me again to kiss you, Flora."

Phyllis had silently left the tent; but was back again with two men, who at her bidding carried the cot on which Lionel was lying to the side of Flora's. She looked her thanks at Phyllis, and whispered:

"Lift me so he can kiss me. I can die happy with that on my lips."

Phyllis lifted her, and held her so that Lionel could rise a little and press a feeble kiss on her lips.

"It is for what it means to me," said the dying woman. "I know he understands me now."

"Yes, I have understood you for a long time, Flora. I wish I had understood sooner. All this might have been different then."

"It is better as it is, Lionel. Don't go, Phyllis. If I die you will remember me as I am, and not as I was. I am not entirely faithless. Oh, I

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

It was hard telling Carrie that night what had happened to Flora. Hard for Phyllis to do, and for Carrie to hear, for Flora had grown into their lives as no other woman could have done. After all, the most piteous part was also the most comforting to Carrie.

When she knew that Lionel had been with the dying woman, and had forgiven her freely before she had

asked him to do so, Carrie cried out through her tears:

"Now I know she is happy. But, oh, how sad, how sad!"

Yes, it was sad, and it was many a day before either of the girls could bear to open the door of the room that had been hers; but neither was the host to nurse grief, and presently there came a new care, which did wonders to dispel the gloom of the place.

Lionel did not recover the shock of his wife's death as easily as he would have recovered from the wounds alone, and he dragged along wearily and slowly in the tent. Carrie could not very well go to see him, and he constantly asked Phyllis about her.

"Carrie," said Phyllis, one day, "I think I know a good use to put my room to."

"Well!"

"Put Sir Lionel in it, and you can nurse him."

"Why not? I can nurse him easily. You can do everything that requires a great, strong woman to do." Phyllis laughed, and looked at the hands and arms that had lost their plumpness on the hard work and scant food of the besieged city. "I can sit by and do any little thing. Won't he be glad now that he was so good to me? I couldn't nurse him if I hadn't grown stronger, could I?"

"You'll do him more good than anybody else," said Phyllis.

"Only get him here, and I'll do my best. To think that I should have the care of the famous Sir Lionel! How long ago that seems. Phyllis—your ladyship, I mean."

"Ah, Carrie, I don't get a bit of pleasure out of that. It ought to be his."

"Nonsense! Go get my Sir Lionel!"

And so Sir Lionel was taken to the garret with great difficulty, and put in the bed that had been his wife's. When he was comfortably there, or uncomfortably there, as he said, Carrie was wheeled into the room by Phyllis.

"A pretty way to come visiting, this," said Carrie, beaming on him with smiles and excitement.

"Glad to get here anyhow," said Lionel.

And glad he was. Glad to be there and to hear Carrie chatter.

"Do I talk too much?" she asked him.

"Your voice is like music," he had answered.

"Why, that sounds just as my famous Sir Lionel would say it," she said, and laughed.

Laughing was a good thing for him, and he grew better rapidly. He liked it better than being in the tent, but he missed the occasional visits of his nurse, for Phyllis had asked to be left there after Flora's death. It was for Lionel's sake that she did it, but he would never have guessed it, she was so wrapped up in her duties, and seemed to live only for them.

However, she came home at night, and when he was well enough to be awake used to talk to him. One of the things he never tired of hearing of from either her or Carrie was the life of Flora in Paris. And they never tired of praising her.

One day Lionel and Carrie had been talking of her, and the subject had come about, for the first time, of how she had happened to recognize Flora.

"Was it from her picture?" asked Lionel. "You had seen that often, I know."

"Partly that, and partly her saying that her name was Flora Warné. But that wasn't all."

"Go on, and tell me everything."

"Yes, I would, Sir Lionel, but it just occurs to me that I ought not."

"Ought not!" he repeated. "Splendid! I love the ought notes. Tell me at once, or I will get up and walk twice around the room."

"That was his threat when she refused to do anything he wished."

"You shall not, and you shall wait."

"Oh," laughed Lionel, "you can't say that as Phyllis does. I'm not a bit afraid of you. Come, like a nice little Carrie—tell me."

"Phyllis must tell you. Why, you've only to ask her. I never saw such a creature as a man! You haven't a bit of curiosity—at the right time, I mean. Why don't you ask Phyllis to tell you what she needs your help for?"

"I was waiting till I was well enough to be of any use to her."

Pale, Sallow Cheeks
show that the blood is impoverished and that the stomach is not properly assimilating its food. In fact a woman's physical condition always shows in her face. Paleness, blotches, pimples, sallowness or dull eyes all

Tell the Need Of

Beecham's Pills. Women who are subject to these conditions should not fail to avail themselves of their prompt and beneficial effect.

Beecham's Pills are prepared to furnish the necessary relief. They clear the system of impurities, gently stimulate the liver, regulate the bowels and tone the system. Their mild and thorough action quickly rid the skin of blemishes, improve the circulation and help the digestion. Every woman should know the comfort and experience the help of

Beecham's Pills

Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Helen, Lancashire, England. Sold everywhere in Canada and U. S. America. In boxes, 25 cents.

asked him to do so, Carrie cried out through her tears:

"Now I know she is happy. But, oh, how sad, how sad!"

Yes, it was sad, and it was many a day before either of the girls could bear to open the door of the room that had been hers; but neither was the host to nurse grief, and presently there came a new care, which did wonders to dispel the gloom of the place.

Lionel did not recover the shock of his wife's death as easily as he would have recovered from the wounds alone, and he dragged along wearily and slowly in the tent. Carrie could not very well go to see him, and he constantly asked Phyllis about her.

"Carrie," said Phyllis, one day, "I think I know a good use to put my room to."

"Well!"

"Put Sir Lionel in it, and you can nurse him."

"Why not? I can nurse him easily. You can do everything that requires a great, strong woman to do." Phyllis laughed, and looked at the hands and arms that had lost their plumpness on the hard work and scant food of the besieged city. "I can sit by and do any little thing. Won't he be glad now that he was so good to me? I couldn't nurse him if I hadn't grown stronger, could I?"

"You'll do him more good than anybody else," said Phyllis.

"Only get him here, and I'll do my best. To think that I should have the care of the famous Sir Lionel! How long ago that seems. Phyllis—your ladyship, I mean."

"Ah, Carrie, I don't get a bit of pleasure out of that. It ought to be his."

"Nonsense! Go get my Sir Lionel!"

And so Sir Lionel was taken to the garret with great difficulty, and put in the bed that had been his wife's. When he was comfortably there, or uncomfortably there, as he said, Carrie was wheeled into the room by Phyllis.

"A pretty way to come visiting, this," said Carrie, beaming on him with smiles and excitement.

"Glad to get here anyhow," said Lionel.

And glad he was. Glad to be there and to hear Carrie chatter.

"Do I talk too much?" she asked him.

"Your voice is like music," he had answered.

"Why, that sounds just as my famous Sir Lionel would say it," she said, and laughed.

Laughing was a good thing for him, and he grew better rapidly. He liked it better than being in the tent, but he missed the occasional visits of his nurse, for Phyllis had asked to be left there after Flora's death. It was for Lionel's sake that she did it, but he would never have guessed it, she was so wrapped up in her duties, and seemed to live only for them.

However, she came home at night, and when he was well enough to be awake used to talk to him. One of the things he never tired of hearing of from either her or Carrie was the life of Flora in Paris. And they never tired of praising her.

One day Lionel and Carrie had been talking of her, and the subject had come about, for the first time, of how she had happened to recognize Flora.

"Was it from her picture?" asked Lionel. "You had seen that often, I know."

"Partly that, and partly her saying that her name was Flora Warné. But that wasn't all."

"Go on, and tell me everything."

"Yes, I would, Sir Lionel, but it just occurs to me that I ought not."

"Ought not!" he repeated. "Splendid! I love the ought notes. Tell me at once, or I will get up and walk twice around the room."

"That was his threat when she refused to do anything he wished."

"You shall not, and you shall wait."

"Oh," laughed Lionel, "you can't say that as Phyllis does. I'm not a bit afraid of you. Come, like a nice little Carrie—tell me."

"Phyllis must tell you. Why, you've only to ask her. I never saw such a creature as a man! You haven't a bit of curiosity—at the right time, I mean. Why don't you ask Phyllis to tell you what she needs your help for?"

"I was waiting till I was well enough to be of any use to her."

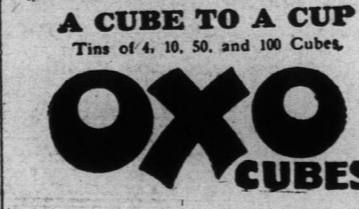


In the Sick-room

Many a patient has recovered health by the help of OXO. It frequently succeeds where other foods fail, on account of the ease with which it can be assimilated.

OXO CUBES are always ready, always just right. With their aid a cup of OXO can be made fresh at any moment, while beef-tea takes hours to prepare.

For invalid delicacies, too, OXO CUBES are splendid. So much so, that many nurses now use them almost exclusively for that purpose instead of meat.



"If you don't ask her she will never tell you. I can just tell you you are the stupidest man I ever saw."

"Thank you."

"Well, what is Phyllis's surname?"

"Hanged if I know."

"Well, don't you think it is perfectly silly for you to be using her room and never know what her name is?"

"Odd, certainly. What is her surname?"

"I don't know that I ought to tell you."

"Why not?"

"Well, it was telling her surname that led Flora to find her out."

"Led Flora to find her out! Good! She must be found out, eh? Oh, come, Carrie. I'll work myself up into a high fever if you don't tell me her surname. I'll bet it's Jones."

"No, sir."

"Well, I won't guess any more, and when Phyllis comes home and finds me ill she will scold me. Dear Carrie, what is her surname?"

"I don't believe it will help you a bit unless I told you her whole name."

"Then tell it."

"Yes, I will. Ready?"

"Ready."

"Phyllis Dearborn."

"Phyllis Dearborn," he repeated after her.

"Oh, you stupid," said Carrie; "you will never dare to say it tells you nothing. Oh, Sir Lionel!"

"Phyllis Dearborn!" he repeated again. "Why, that is the name of the girl that took the Basingwell property from me."

"I should say so," said Carrie.

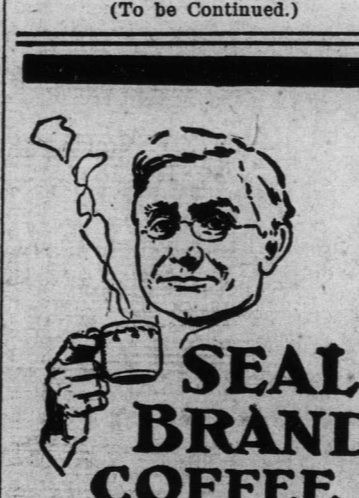
(To be Continued.)

SEAL BRAND COFFEE

There are other Coffees — but — they are not "Seal Brand"

In 1/2, 1 and 2 pound cans. Whole-ground — pulverized — also Fine Ground for Percolators.

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.



SEAL BRAND COFFEE

There are other Coffees — but — they are not "Seal Brand"

In 1/2, 1 and 2 pound cans. Whole-ground — pulverized — also Fine Ground for Percolators.

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

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

A PRETTY DRESS FOR THE LITTLE MISS.



1609—Girls' Dress, with or without Bolero, with Sleeve in either of Two Lengths, and with High or Square Neck Edge.

White voile with lace and insertion is here shown. The dress is nice for nun's veiling or crepe in pink, blue or cream, with embroidery or lace for trimming. It may also be developed in challis, lawn, dimity or silk and is nice for serge, mixed suiting, gingham, chambray and percale. The bolero may be omitted.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3 3/4 yards of 44-inch material for a 6 year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A SMART AFTERNOON DRESS.



1610—Waist 1610; Skirt 1618—One could develop this style attractively in serge with matched satin for trimming, or in nun's veiling, voile or gabardine. It is also nice for linen, gingham and other wash fabrics. The skirt is shaped at the right side. The waist is made with chemisette and new collar. The fulness of the front is gathered beneath the yoke extensions of the back portions. Waist and skirt may be made separately and of different material.

The Waist Pattern 1610, is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It will require 2 3/4 yards of 44 inch-material for a 36-inch size. The Skirt Pattern 1618, is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 4 3/4 yards of 44 inch material for a medium size, which measures about 3 3/4 yards at the foot.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES NEURALGIA.

ARE YOU A MAN

who likes to be dressed well? If so, read this: It is, no doubt, YOUR ambition to get clothing fit for a KING and if you will enlist you will be able to get your uniform and great coat made by us. Our prices are right

AND our styles and qualities are of the very best. There is no other factory throughout the COUNTRY where you will be better treated than by us, and where you can get better value. We are the oldest established factory in Newfoundland. If you NEED proof of what we say, give us a trial and YOU will not be disappointed. We are noted for the finest military and civil clothing in Newfoundland.

Mfld. Clothing Company, Ltd.

Good TEA IS IMPORTANT.

When you buy

Lipton's Tea

You will be sure to have good tea. It has always been a favourite on account of its purity. Lipton's Tea is put up in 1/4 lb., 1/2 lb. and 1 lb. air tight, dust proof, germ proof packages or in handsome decorated 5 lb. tins.

Prices: 50c. and 60c. lb.

A Special Sale Bargain in Tea.

We also offer for a limited time a limited quantity of a superior make of tea other than Lipton's at 40c. (40c.) per pound only. This is put up in 1 lb. packets only. You will find this a good tea also. Try a package at once.

HENRY BLAIR

JUST ARRIVED per Durango:

A splendid variety of Suitings. No two patterns alike. These goods were ordered before the big jump in Woollens and our Customers can have the advantage of OLD PRICES

Our new style sheets for Fall and Winter just to hand.

John Maundel
TAILOR & CLOTHIER
St. John's, N.F.

281-283 DUCKWORTH STREET.

War News.

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

ST. PIERRE BULLETIN.
PARIS, March 2.
In Artois, east of Neuville, to La Folle we exploded a mine and occupied the excavation. In Verdun district the enemy shelled fiercely during the night the positions between Manscourt and Forges. East of the Meuse was slight artillery activity. In Woerthe after heavy preliminary cannonade, the enemy launched at the end of the day a spirited attack against Fresnes, but our counter-attack dislodged them immediately from the few trenches in which they had gained a footing. A German attack, following several hours of very heavy bombardment, on Saint Marie farm, west of Bezanze, also failed. In Alsace several attempts by large enemy patrols in the Lauch Valley were repulsed.

THE STRUGGLE AT VERDUN.
LONDON, March 2.
An Amsterdam despatch to the Central News says that Fort Vaux, 5 miles to the northeast of Verdun, has been destroyed by heavy mortars, according to unconfirmed German reports, but that the Germans cannot approach the fort, as the French have brought up heavy artillery to bear on the approaches. It is added that a German battery has been destroyed by French shells, and that the Germans have concentrated 90,000 men at Bussy, who are to resume the offensive with reinforcements from the Argonne. Bussy is about 15 miles east of Verdun.

NO DEVELOPMENTS OF IMPORTANCE.
PARIS, March 2.
The War Office announced this afternoon that there was intermittent bombardment of Verdun and Woerthe front during the night, but that there were no developments of importance.

FIGHTING RESUMED.
PARIS, March 2.
German attacks of great violence, both in artillery and infantry, have been resumed north of Verdun, is the official statement issued by the French War Office to-night. It says that serious infantry assaults have been repulsed by the French troops, whose fire decimated the ranks of the enemy. In Belgium destructive fires have been directed by our artillery against the German organizations to the east of Steensraete, between the Somme and the Oise. A German work was destroyed by our batteries in the region of Beuvraignes in Champagne. A German aeroplane, shelled by our batteries in the vicinity of Snippen, fell in flames within the enemy lines. In Argonne we executed concentrated

T. J. Edens

500 bbls. No. 1 HAY.
100 bales WHOLE CORN.
100 bags CRACKED CORN.
100 bags GLUTEN MEAL.
100 bags BRAN.

PURITY BUTTER,
2 lb. prints.
Fresh every week.

BULLDOG and DANAWALLA are both fast moving TEAS, 45c. lb. and 50c. lb.

FRESH SAUSAGES, 20c. lb.
JELLY POWDERS, 60c. doz.; 6c. pkt.
RICE, Cleaned, 60c. stone; 5c. lb.
COOKED HAM, 30c. lb.
CAMPBELL'S SOUPS, 12c. tin.

JAMS—
Straw, and Rasp., 1 lb. pots, 82.20 doz.; 20c. each.
Straw, and Rasp., tumbler, \$1.60 doz.; 15c. each.
Asst. Jams, tumbler, \$1.40 doz.; 13c. each.
Marmalade, tumbler, \$1.20 doz.; 11c. each.
PULP IN TINS.
Straw, Rasp., Orange.

500 pairs FRESH LAMBS.
FRESH LAID EGGS are beginning to come in; 4 casks by rail today.

T. J. EDENS.
Duckworth St. and Military Rd.