

Best Nerve Specialist in England Was Consulted

But Nervous System Failed to Respond to Treatment Prescribed.

Nervous disorders frequently result from injury to the nerves in accidents or because of the shock to the system.

The writer of this letter was injured in a mix-up with some colts, remained unconscious for three weeks, and in spite of continued treatment in hospital could not obtain restoration of the internal nerves which control the action of the digestive and other vital organs. He travelled to Europe and consulted England's greatest nerve specialist. Relief was only temporary, in spite of many treatments used.

His letter gives the facts briefly and tells how he was finally cured by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Can you imagine any more severe test of this great nerve restorative?

Mr. Henry F. Venn, Cefu Ranch, Malakwa, B.C., writes: "Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has restored my nervous system and given me new health."

The Web;

TRUE LOVE'S PASSION.

CHAPTER XV.

The Teeth of the Tiger.

From his hiding place he was wise enough to crush down the mad passion which was always ready to rise, like an evil genius, and master him, and to review his position.

"Am I going to lose?" he muttered. "After all! I was winning, slowly, but surely! Slowly, inch by inch, I was getting that proud old fool under my thumb. Sooner or later his vagabond nephew, the viscount, would have sold his birthright, and the earl would have made me his heir! Then this girl turned up. But I had reckoned on that. She is a woman, and to be won, and I would have won her! Yes, I feel it! Slowly and surely I would have gained the ascendancy over her, as I have gained it over her father. Everything was in my favor. She would have been thrown into my society every day. I would have won her. I, the steward's son, would have been the husband of an earl's daughter! I should have ranked as an equal in the place where my father was servant! But now—he looked at the spot where Cyril had sat, and gnawed at his lip—"now, this wandering vagabond, this scamp, steps in between me and her!" His hand opened and shut convulsively. "He will marry her in spite of her father, and all that should have been mine will be his! All! Even Norah!" The word dropped from his lips with an intensity which seemed to startle even himself. "Yes, I am a fool," he muttered. "I—I love her! That is my mistake! It is that which has made me weak and set my brain on fire! I love her! But for that I could be cool and play the game carefully, but—but my love confuses me—drives all the thoughts out of my head!" He sprang up and paced up and down.

"And she, she hates me, or is near to hating me! And I feel it whenever I am in her presence; I read it in her face, in her voice when she speaks to me! And she will marry this artist fellow, who comes from no one knows where, and I"—he ground out an oath—"^F suppose I must give it all up, go back to London, and begin the old hateful life, made all the more hateful by the thought of all I had hoped to gain, all I have lost! No, by Heaven!" he exclaimed, raising his hand as if

he were actually registering a vow. "I will not! There is time yet! I set my brain against yours, Mr. Cyril Burne, and I will fight to the last—the last!"

Footsteps in the bracken startled him at this moment, and, thinking it was Cyril or Norah coming back, he was preparing to return to his hiding-place, when he saw that it was Becca South.

He muttered an imprecation, but, resuming his usual impassive manner he went to meet her with a forced smile on his dark face.

Becca pulled up a few paces from him, and looked aside, as if she were not in the best of humors, and her first words were spoken in a piqued and injured tone.

"I didn't expect to meet you," she said.

"Well, Becca," he retorted, taking her hand, after a slight struggle, and kissing her. "Unexpected pleasures are all the sweeter. What is the matter now? In one of your tantrums?" and he smiled down at her with affected good-humor.

"No, I'm not," she said, shortly, but walking by his side as he moved away from the glade; it was just possible Cyril or Norah might return. "But I was getting that proud old fool under my thumb. Sooner or later his vagabond nephew, the viscount, would have sold his birthright, and the earl would have made me his heir! Then this girl turned up. But I had reckoned on that. She is a woman, and to be won, and I would have won her! Yes, I feel it! Slowly and surely I would have gained the ascendancy over her, as I have gained it over her father. Everything was in my favor. She would have been thrown into my society every day. I would have won her. I, the steward's son, would have been the husband of an earl's daughter! I should have ranked as an equal in the place where my father was servant! But now—he looked at the spot where Cyril had sat, and gnawed at his lip—"now, this wandering vagabond, this scamp, steps in between me and her!" His hand opened and shut convulsively. "He will marry her in spite of her father, and all that should have been mine will be his! All! Even Norah!" The word dropped from his lips with an intensity which seemed to startle even himself. "Yes, I am a fool," he muttered. "I—I love her! That is my mistake! It is that which has made me weak and set my brain on fire! I love her! But for that I could be cool and play the game carefully, but—but my love confuses me—drives all the thoughts out of my head!" He sprang up and paced up and down.

"And she, she hates me, or is near to hating me! And I feel it whenever I am in her presence; I read it in her face, in her voice when she speaks to me! And she will marry this artist fellow, who comes from no one knows where, and I"—he ground out an oath—"^F suppose I must give it all up, go back to London, and begin the old hateful life, made all the more hateful by the thought of all I had hoped to gain, all I have lost! No, by Heaven!" he exclaimed, raising his hand as if

he were actually registering a vow. "I will not! There is time yet! I set my brain against yours, Mr. Cyril Burne, and I will fight to the last—the last!"

Footsteps in the bracken startled him at this moment, and, thinking it was Cyril or Norah coming back, he was preparing to return to his hiding-place, when he saw that it was Becca South.

He muttered an imprecation, but, resuming his usual impassive manner he went to meet her with a forced smile on his dark face.

Becca pulled up a few paces from him, and looked aside, as if she were not in the best of humors, and her first words were spoken in a piqued and injured tone.

"I didn't expect to meet you," she said.

"Well, Becca," he retorted, taking her hand, after a slight struggle, and kissing her. "Unexpected pleasures are all the sweeter. What is the matter now? In one of your tantrums?" and he smiled down at her with affected good-humor.

"No, I'm not," she said, shortly, but walking by his side as he moved away from the glade; it was just possible Cyril or Norah might return. "But I was getting that proud old fool under my thumb. Sooner or later his vagabond nephew, the viscount, would have sold his birthright, and the earl would have made me his heir! Then this girl turned up. But I had reckoned on that. She is a woman, and to be won, and I would have won her! Yes, I feel it! Slowly and surely I would have gained the ascendancy over her, as I have gained it over her father. Everything was in my favor. She would have been thrown into my society every day. I would have won her. I, the steward's son, would have been the husband of an earl's daughter! I should have ranked as an equal in the place where my father was servant! But now—he looked at the spot where Cyril had sat, and gnawed at his lip—"now, this wandering vagabond, this scamp, steps in between me and her!" His hand opened and shut convulsively. "He will marry her in spite of her father, and all that should have been mine will be his! All! Even Norah!" The word dropped from his lips with an intensity which seemed to startle even himself. "Yes, I am a fool," he muttered. "I—I love her! That is my mistake! It is that which has made me weak and set my brain on fire! I love her! But for that I could be cool and play the game carefully, but—but my love confuses me—drives all the thoughts out of my head!" He sprang up and paced up and down.

"And she, she hates me, or is near to hating me! And I feel it whenever I am in her presence; I read it in her face, in her voice when she speaks to me! And she will marry this artist fellow, who comes from no one knows where, and I"—he ground out an oath—"^F suppose I must give it all up, go back to London, and begin the old hateful life, made all the more hateful by the thought of all I had hoped to gain, all I have lost! No, by Heaven!" he exclaimed, raising his hand as if

he were actually registering a vow. "I will not! There is time yet! I set my brain against yours, Mr. Cyril Burne, and I will fight to the last—the last!"

Footsteps in the bracken startled him at this moment, and, thinking it was Cyril or Norah coming back, he was preparing to return to his hiding-place, when he saw that it was Becca South.

He muttered an imprecation, but, resuming his usual impassive manner he went to meet her with a forced smile on his dark face.

Becca pulled up a few paces from him, and looked aside, as if she were not in the best of humors, and her first words were spoken in a piqued and injured tone.

"I didn't expect to meet you," she said.

"Well, Becca," he retorted, taking her hand, after a slight struggle, and kissing her. "Unexpected pleasures are all the sweeter. What is the matter now? In one of your tantrums?" and he smiled down at her with affected good-humor.

"No, I'm not," she said, shortly, but walking by his side as he moved away from the glade; it was just possible Cyril or Norah might return. "But I was getting that proud old fool under my thumb. Sooner or later his vagabond nephew, the viscount, would have sold his birthright, and the earl would have made me his heir! Then this girl turned up. But I had reckoned on that. She is a woman, and to be won, and I would have won her! Yes, I feel it! Slowly and surely I would have gained the ascendancy over her, as I have gained it over her father. Everything was in my favor. She would have been thrown into my society every day. I would have won her. I, the steward's son, would have been the husband of an earl's daughter! I should have ranked as an equal in the place where my father was servant! But now—he looked at the spot where Cyril had sat, and gnawed at his lip—"now, this wandering vagabond, this scamp, steps in between me and her!" His hand opened and shut convulsively. "He will marry her in spite of her father, and all that should have been mine will be his! All! Even Norah!" The word dropped from his lips with an intensity which seemed to startle even himself. "Yes, I am a fool," he muttered. "I—I love her! That is my mistake! It is that which has made me weak and set my brain on fire! I love her! But for that I could be cool and play the game carefully, but—but my love confuses me—drives all the thoughts out of my head!" He sprang up and paced up and down.

"And she, she hates me, or is near to hating me! And I feel it whenever I am in her presence; I read it in her face, in her voice when she speaks to me! And she will marry this artist fellow, who comes from no one knows where, and I"—he ground out an oath—"^F suppose I must give it all up, go back to London, and begin the old hateful life, made all the more hateful by the thought of all I had hoped to gain, all I have lost! No, by Heaven!" he exclaimed, raising his hand as if

WOMAN GIVEN TWO DAYS

To Make Up Her Mind for Surgical Operation. She Refused; Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"One year ago I was very sick and I suffered with pains in my side and back until I nearly went crazy. I went to different doctors and they all said I had female trouble and would not get any relief until I would be operated on. I had suffered for four years before this time, but I kept getting worse the more medicine I took. Every month since I was a young girl I had suffered with cramps in my sides at periods and was never regular. I saw your advertisement in the newspaper and the picture of a woman who had been saved from an operation and this picture was impressed on my mind. The doctor had given me only two more days to make up my mind so I sent my husband to the drug store at once for a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and believe me, I only took four doses before I felt a change and when I had finished the third bottle I was cured and never felt better. I grant you the privilege to publish my letter and am only too glad to let other women know of my cure."—Mrs. THOS. MCGONIGAL, 8423 Hartville Street, Phila., Pa.

lay near the little blue phial.

"Not just yet," he said. "Don't be afraid, you shall have it back presently."

"What do you want it for?" she demanded.

He could not have given her the only reason: that anything belonging to Norah was precious to him.

"For nothing," he said, lightly. "You shall have it back to-morrow. Now, don't bother, Becca," and he drew her arm within his and put back a tress of her black hair behind her ear in a caressing, lover-like fashion; and Becca ceased to think any more of the photograph of the sad-looking woman she had "picked up on the stairs."

CHAPTER XVI.

Eve's Daughter.

NORAH left Cyril and walked homeward almost entirely happy. The only bar to her perfect happiness was the fact that she could not go straight to the earl and tell him all that had happened.

She had a natural detestation for secrecy and deception, and she thought, with a sigh, how delightful it would have been if her mother or the faithful Catherine had been alive, to go to either of them and pour out her heart.

For it seemed to Norah, as she went through the sunlit woods and over the velvety lawns, that she was the most fortunate girl in all the world. There had never been another man since Adam was created like Cyril, and she stopped now and again, that she might recall his image and think of all he had said.

And it seemed to her that he had spoken, as he looked and behaved, like a hero. He had said that she might have married some man with a title; but to her he seemed the noblest of men, and it was just in harmony with his character that he should wish to wait until he had made a name before he went to her father and asked for her.

He had said that he would rather be a self-made man than a belted earl, and she agreed with him. Agreed with him! If he had declared that the moon was made of green cheese she would have assented.

Yes, she was happy, with the happiness which comes to a girl who has won the heart of the man to whom she has given her first—her best love.

She wondered how long it would be before she should see him again, how long before he would come and demand her hand of the earl.

She had said that if the earl refused it would make no difference to her; and under the great oaks she repeated her vow. Nothing should separate her from her hero, her lover.

When she reached the house she saw several carriages standing outside, and heard voices in the drawing-room. It seemed full of people to her confused sense, and she stood for one moment looking round her; but the next, Lady Ferndale came forward and embraced her.

(To be Continued.)



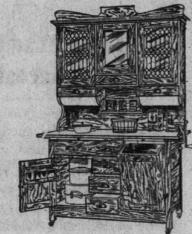
On Top

With a full line of the following:

Knives and Forks, Dessert and Table Knives, Dessert and Table Forks, Tea, Dessert & Table Spoons, Pocket Knives, Carvers, etc., etc., etc.

MARTIN HARDWARE CO., LTD.

READ THIS A.D. It's a Benefit to You FURNITURE BUYERS!



Kitchen Cabinet.



China Closet.

<p>Dining Room Tables:</p> <p>Surface Oak, 42 inch top, 6 feet extension on good square pedestal. Value \$20.00. Our \$18.50. Price \$18.50</p> <p>Solid Oak, fumed finish, 42 inch top, 6 feet extension, supported on heavy pedestal. Value \$27.00. Our Price \$24.50</p> <p>Quarter Cut, golden finish, 45 inch top, 8 feet extension, supported on heavy handsome pedestal. Value \$55.00. Our \$47.00. Price \$47.00</p>	<p>Dining Room Tables:</p> <p>Quarter Cut, fumed finish, 42 inch top, extends 6 feet, supported on heavy pedestal. Value \$30.00. \$27.00</p> <p>Oak, golden finish, square top, 42 inches wide, 6 feet extension, supported with 6 heavy legs. Value \$14.00 for \$12.50</p> <p>Quarter Surface Oak, golden finish, square top, extends 6 feet on good heavy legs. Value \$35.00 for \$31.00</p>
---	--

Now Showing Large Variety of DINING ROOM FURNITURE.

Orders Now Taken for our English CHESTER-FIELDS and EASY CHAIRS to match.

We are showing 3 Splendid KITCHEN CABINETS, the Latest Designs.

EVERYTHING AT THE OLD PRICES.

Callahan, Glass & Co., Limited,

Corner THEATRE HILL AND DUCKWORTH STREET.

AT THE CRESCENT.

The Vitagraph Company presents James Morrison, Marguerite Blake and Robert Galliard in a Broadway star reel feature: "The Man Hunt," at the Crescent Picture Palace to-day. The big week end show to-day its fine.

—The Selig Company presents "The Lost Messenger," a jungle zoo wild animal drama and the Lubin Company "Father's Night Off," a comedy screen. Professor McCarthy plays a new program of music and Douglas J. Stewart sings the latest novelty song. Take in this big week end show to-day its fine.

—MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.

THE LATEST PATRIOTIC SONG.

"When Your Boy Comes Back to You," words and music by G. V. Thompson, author of "I want to kiss Daddy Good-night" and "When Jack Comes Back." Each post. paid for 25c. in stamps. We have all the latest and popular patriotic songs. GARDLAND'S BOOKSTORE, St. John's, Nov. 17.

Sometimes It Doesn't Pay to Be Evil Minded. Borgan.



"Seal Br definite coffee—and always "SEAL"

In 1/2, 1 and 2 p fine group CHA

The Pro sian

By the Arm tin S

In Sadness and Hopeless turn to Potsdam of Br lous of Guards Surpass Sights of War — Ame Sav That Kaiser's Realized They Had Met ers at Contalmaison — Lumber Wagons, But G tic is Beginning to Re Their Best Troops.

D. Thomas Curtin, a writer who spent ten many, but who was only write what the censor his return has been reve conditions in the land Various circumstances Curtin to witness a sight to the German pu turn of the wounded fro In this his second artic month's stay in German the return to Potsdam of of the Prussian Guard a counter with the Britis mation and the efforts ties to hide them from this he writes as follow don Times:

The 4th of August is sary of what is known "England's treachery" England entered the war German government tell is "a base and cowardly try and beat her by start women and children."

On that sunny and free looked out of the rally window some quarter of we arrived at Potsdam merous brown trains ma Red Cross, trains that by night in Germany.

There were a couple the Guard Cavalry in the riage with me. They als "Ach, noch einmal" ("V them?") discontentedly elder. They were a glo they had reason to be public has begun to k deal about the wounded, yet know all the facts, be men are, as far as po in Germany and never s ist centres unless it is avoidable. The official

Upho Up-to

One of business Fall our of partial

Among striped S signs. I quality P ors.

Our Up date in e men are s other de with pro

Estima

U. S. Pic Ge