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Health! New health—glorious, vigorous health—is yours to command. What a blessing to be free from that Weakness, Anemia, Nerviness, and that "Run down" feeling. How splendid to feel, new, rich, revitalised blood dancing through your veins—and every fibre of your body thrilling with new life. That is 'Wincarnis' health—the health that 'Wincarnis' creates.

And this is the reason 'Wincarnis' is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker and a Nerve Food—all combined in a delicious life-giving beverage. It creates new strength—and at the same time new vitality—and at the same time new blood—and at the same time new nerve force. That is why 'Wincarnis' enjoys such unparalleled popularity amongst millions of people at home and abroad. And that is why over 10,000 Doctors recommend it.

WINGARNIS

is a positive necessity to all who are Weak, Anemic, Nervy, Run-down—to Invalids striving to regain strength after an exhausting illness—to all martyrs to indigestion—and to all who are depressed and "out-of-sorts." 'Wincarnis' offers prompt relief, because the benefit begins from the first wineglassful. You can feel it doing you good—you can feel the new rich blood dancing through your veins—you can feel it surcharging your whole system with new life.

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'Wincarnis' is made in England and you can obtain a liberal free trial bottle—not a mere taste, but enough to do you good by sending the Coupon below to COLEMAN & CO., Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich, England. Regular supplies can be obtained from all Stores, Chemists, and Wine Merchants.

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Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of 'Wincarnis'. I enclose six cents stamps to pay postage.

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Phyllis Dearborn

OR, THE

Countess of Basingwille

CHAPTER VIII.

The aspect of the dying earl was dreadful, and the mortal agony in his cry was yet more terrible. Lionel recovered his presence of mind the first, and stepped to the bedside, saying:

"I am here, Lord Basingwille! I am here! And justice shall be done, if it lies within my power."

"Where? Where?" groaned the earl, groping wildly with his feeble arms.

"Here!" and Lionel took the two hands in his own.

The old man uttered a sound as if of contentment, and fell back whispering:

"You will do it? You will do it? At any cost?"

"At any cost, my lord. I call all here to witness it," answered Lionel.

The earl smiled feebly, and began to play with the covering of the bed.

"Rouse yourself, my lord," said the valet, leaning over him. "Rouse yourself! Sir Lionel is here, and will do what you ask of him. He has said so."

"Yes, yes," mumbled the earl, vacantly. "He will do it. A man of hon-

or. All say that. He will do it. Now I may die."

"Do what?" demanded Lionel. "I am ready, but I do not know. What is it?"

But the old man did not heed the anxious voices. He played with the coverlet and moved his lips with inarticulate words.

"Is he dying, doctor?" demanded Lionel. "Can you do nothing to rouse him?"

"This is not death," said the doctor; "but it will come soon. I can do nothing to rouse him. He may have another lucid interval before death takes him."

"Call me the moment he shows signs of consciousness," said Lionel, taking control with the decision of a man of action. "Do not leave his side. You, William," to the valet, "come here."

The valet followed him without a word to a corner apart from the others, all of whom were watching the weird scene with awed interest.

"William, you have been the earl's valet how long?" said Lionel.

"You have heard his words just now; do you know their meaning?"

"No more than you."

"William," said Lionel, looking searchingly into the man's face, "I wish all the truth from you. The earl is dying. I am his heir; and he wishes me to do something which he calls justice. I am pledged to do it; and Heaven helping me, I will do it. Any-

thing that you know either to the credit or the discredit of your master you are bound to tell me. Will you do it?"

"I will tell you anything I can, sir; but I have no notion what to say. I have tried to think what he can mean, but it is beyond me, sir."

"You look like an honest man. I believe you."

"Thank you, sir," said William, feeling as others had often felt, that a word of praise from Sir Lionel was worth having.

"A man does not talk of doing justice on his death-bed, unless there is something to cause him to do so," said Lionel. "The earl has done somebody a wrong. I should say."

"Yes, sir," said William, seeing that he was expected to answer.

"Rack your memory, go over the past fifteen years, and recall every act of injustice he has been guilty of."

The man reflected.

"I can recall nothing, sir. He has always been a hard man, but he has always had a pride in dealing exact justice to everybody. He has been fond of money, but would do nothing unfair to gain it. It has been mostly through saving and improving that his money has accumulated. He would be hard with the tenants, and some have suffered through him, but none of them could ever say that he was unjust. No, sir, I don't know a thing."

"Then it must have been before you came to him, if there is anything but phantasy in it. Who is there that was with him before you?"

"No one, sir. We all came here at the same time; that is, the housekeeper, Mrs. Barlow, the butler, and some of the lower servants."

"That is singular," said Lionel. "I wonder if there was a reason for having an entirely new set of servants?"

"I do not know, sir. It seemed natural at the time, and nothing was ever said about it by anybody. I had quite forgotten it until you recalled it by your questions."

"Sir Lionel! Quick!" came from the doctor, and he sprang to the bedside with a bound.

The dying man was making spasmodic efforts to rise, and was gasping in an effort to speak.

"I am here, my lord," said Sir Lionel. "Lionel Warne is with you—by your side. I will do justice for you at any cost. Speak!"

The doctor lifted the man upon whom the icy fingers had now fastened, and all listened in breathless silence.

"Book—"

The one word escaped in an agony of effort from the constricted throat.

"I am listening," said Lionel. "I will hear you, I will understand you."

"There!"

He was trying to point at something.

Lionel's eyes wandered in a vain search around the room. There was nothing to suggest the man's wish to him.

"Do you know me?" he queried, to make sure that the dying man was in his right mind.

A painful gasp of assent was enough.

"Can you understand me?"

Another agonized gasp.

"I will name the articles in the room. When I come to the one you wish to point at, let me know by some sign."

Something like a smile passed over the withered face. Lionel looked around the room to decide on the most likely objects, in order that no time might be lost; but it was in vain to try to settle on anything except a little escutcheon and a small steel safe.

He named them both, but there came no sign, but one of greater agony, perhaps despair, on the face they all watched so eagerly. Then Lionel named one after the other in rapid succession all the articles in the room, looking to the valet for suggestions; and the spectators of this fearful race between life and death and tardy justice, scarcely breathed while they looked and listened.

"Is it in some other room?" suddenly demanded Lionel, coming to him as a sort of inspiration that it might be so.

It had seemed as if the tide of life was on the last waves of ebb when the sudden question fell from Lionel's lips.

A fearful effort to respond made it certain that the question had touched the truth.

"Library?" queried the valet, who, with everybody else there, had been on a tension of thought.

The same gasp told that again the question was answered yes.

"Book-case?" demanded Lionel, eagerly, recalling the broken word of the old man.

But it was too late. The spark of life had gone out, and the man who had died haunted by a neglected duty lay ghastly and terrible before them.

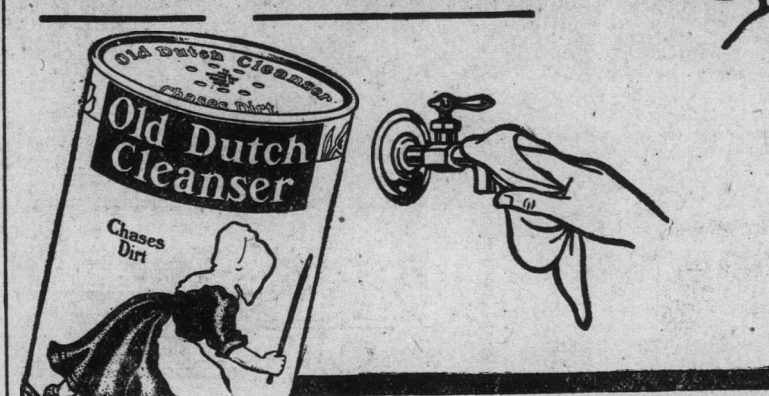
A comprehending glance passed between them, and then they stood erect with an audible sigh, each one. And they had not been aware before that in their excitement they had been leaning forward, as men will who watch a horse-race.

"Come to the library," said Lionel, gently, looking at the valet and the housekeeper.

They followed him down-stairs, and stood watching him while he paced the waxed floor of the room.

Clean bright faucets.
No grease and grit
in the cracks or
joints—when you use

Old Dutch



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"Mrs. Barlow," he said, turning abruptly to her, "a duty devolves on me—yes, on all of us who were there in that chamber of death. It is to discover the secret of the old earl's unspoken words, and to right the wrong if wrong there has been. I have talked to William, and he has shown a willingness to aid me. Are you, too, willing?"

"Yes, my lord."

"My lord! How mechanically she fell into the proper mode of address! 'Try, then, to recall anything that will have a bearing on the scene we have witnessed.'"

"I have already done that, my lord, and there is nothing that comes to me. I have been with him for fifteen years, and in all that time I have seen nothing, I have heard nothing, in or out of the castle, to help me to know what the poor earl was struggling to tell."

Lionel mused a while.

"What of the nurse and doctor?" he asked. "Are they trustworthy? Will they keep silent on what has passed, or will they babble it about in the village?"

"If you speak to them, my lord," said the valet, "there is no doubt that they will be silent. The doctor is the village practitioner, who would wish to retain your good will, and the nurse is village born, and has the interests of the family at heart."

"Yes, I will speak with them. And now—though it is a painful thing to do, with him lying dead up stairs—you must help me to make a search for something that will give a clew

to the thing he spoke of."

The desk was naturally the most likely place to find anything relating to the matter; but there was in it and on it nothing but ordinary daily matters of business. Then the book-case was ransacked, and examined for secret drawers, and everything in the room was overhauled. But still nothing was found.

"You may find something in his private papers in the safe, my lord," suggested the valet.

"The one in his room?" asked Lionel.

"Yes."

"It is possible; but it was so evident that it was here he wished us to look that I am doubtful. I shall not touch the papers anyhow, except in the presence of his solicitor and mine."

He turned from them, and began pacing the floor again, a hundred things crowding his mind besides the matter in hand, as will often happen when the mind is at once wearied and baffled.

"You will need something to eat," said the housekeeper, in response to a hint from William.

"Yes, but not much. Serve it here, please. There is sherry, of course."

"The late lord's grandfather stocked the cellars."

"Then bring me a glass of sherry and a sandwich. I couldn't eat any more. And, William, speak to the doctor about keeping silent. I will speak to the nurse, if you will send her to me. What is her name?"

"Doblin, my lord—Sarah Doblin."

When Mrs. Barlow brought the wine and a plate of sandwiches—she took the responsibility of believing the new lord was hungrier than he thought—she was followed by Sir Lionel, whom she left alone with Sir Lionel.

"Mrs. Doblin," said he, "you heard what passed up stairs, and it must have stirred some memories in your brain. I am told that you were born in the village."

"Yes, your lordship. The earl, that was, and me were children together. Not to play together, for he were kept close always; but we was of a age, though you might not think it to look at me, an' him a-lyin' up there, stark."

"But you heard what he said. Did it make you think of any wrong he had ever done anybody? Remember, I am asking for his sake—to carry out his wishes."

"No, your lordship, I didn't remember nothink."

"I am told that when he came here fifteen years ago he had new ser-

vants with him. That is so, is it?"

"Oh, yes, your lordship, that bees so."

"Why did he turn away the old servants?"

"Oh, bless you!—beggin' pardon for the familiarity—that come about natural nough. It was ten year afore that that he'd gone away an' shut up the castle, and he staid away all the time, so it was natural enough there would be new servants needed. I'll tell you what I think myself, if so be you'd care to hear what an ole woman has to say."

"Certainly. Tell me."

"I think he were just ravin' mad in the death agony, an' that's all. Everybody as knows the ole earl will say that he was a hard man, but a just one."

"Well," said Lionel, wearily, "don't speak of it to any one.—There is no need that it should be gossiped about."

"Of course I won't speak of it, your lordship."

When he was alone again he sat down and ate a few of the sandwiches, and drank the sherry, which, even then, he remarked was unusually fine. He turned over some of the papers scattered about the desk, and it seemed to him, as he thought of the hurried changes in his life during the past few hours, that a great chasm had split his past from his present.

The sense of responsibility had never so weighed on him before, and it was as irksome as it was new. Here was he with an enormous fortune, a lofty title, and a promised bride. But perhaps even those things did not weigh with him so much as the agonizing cry for justice to be done, which the dying man had whined out to him. He had accepted a solemn trust, of the very nature of which he was ignorant.

"And that poor little Carrie will be waiting in vain to see the famous Sir Lionel," he said to himself, at the end of his troubled thoughts, and he smiled in spite of his troubles; for the memory of the previous night rose up before him, and the honest words and beautiful face of Phyllis were a vivid part of the picture.

(To be Continued.)

Telegram Fashion Plates.

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

1509—A TRIM & BECOMING STYLE.



Junior Dress in Semi Princess Style, With Convertible Collar.

Plaid woolen in soft blue and brown tones would be nice for this, or shepherd check suiting with facings of white pique. For more dressy effect, one could choose poplin, taffeta or velveteen, with facings of silk or satin. Plaid silk with brown velvet, white satin with black taffeta, or messaline with poplin would all be equally attractive. The Pattern is cut with panel fronts, that join full skirt and waist portions. The waist back has no lines. It has a deep tuck at the sides, and is stitched over the skirt below the belt. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for a 14 year size.

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

1522—A SIMPLE BUT ATTRACTIVE STYLE FOR HOME OR BUSINESS WEAR.



Ladies' House or Home Dress, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

As here shown striped gingham, in blue and white was used, with white line for trimming. The waist and skirt are cut on simple lines with front closing; deep pockets trim the skirt, and a broad collar finishes the waist. The sleeve is dart fitted in wrist length, and is finished with a neat cuff. In short length a turn back cuff forms a suitable trimming. This style is good for all wash fabrics, also for taffeta, poplin, serge, corduroy, voile, and velvet. In Blue serge with facings of blue or black satin, it would make a splendid business dress. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches bust measure. It requires 6 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures about 3 yards at its lower edge.

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

Size

Address in full:

Name

N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern can not reach you in less than 15 days.

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GIVE IT A TRIAL.

THE THOUGHT

MIND YOUR OWN COAL BUSINESS

A lot of people are talking about co-operative action in importing coal, and I fancy that there will be many more importers of coal in the future when freight has decreased.

What about a Municipal Coal Company? There's a plank for a progressive Councilor's platform when the Municipal elections come along next summer! It is a big thing, certainly, but there is possibility in it. The City Council could get a premium and import coal for its citizens, charging them at cost prices plus a nominal profit that would be used to repay necessary loan to pay for the cargo. All transactions would be prompt cash. Coal seems to be one of the absolutely necessary requirements of us all, so why not get it together, and help each other? Citizens pay now 70 cents to the Council for every ton they burn, so that seems to me that they are entitled to every help the Council can give them in cheapening coal. There can be money lost in such a business, and time the small profit of say ten or twenty cents a ton will amount to such a sum that will help to relieve taxation and also help to pay for improvements in the making of a better city.

THE NEW CHARTER

If the new charter prepared by the Commissioners does not contain provision for Municipal ownership of public utilities, I shall be very disappointed. It is the one thing needed to supply cheaper Gas, Electric and Telephone service to a large suffering public and to provide means for the extension of necessary works for the better convenience and light of the city. I hope shortly to have facts and figures, showing what other cities have done in this connection, which shall present to the public for their consideration.

As regards the charter itself, it is not clear if the city will adopt it simply because it proves favorable to the House of Assembly. In most cases of new charters the question is put to the people and they decide if it is acceptable to them. In any case, I presume that the Civic Commission themselves will stand for election and the endorsement or otherwise of their charter will to some extent be apparent by the number of votes they receive. New charters have often met an untimely fate at the hands of electors, and there are certain

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