

Hysteria



ABOUT the first thing the victim of nervous-collapse does is to cry. With ebbing nerve force all control is lost, and in this helpless, hopeless condition confidence disappears and discouragement takes its place.

Because sufferers from nervous disorders are often strong and healthy in outward appearance they frequently get little sympathy from their friends or from doctors who do not understand nervous diseases.

If there is ever a time when sympathy is needed it is when the nerves give way. But you must have more than sympathy if you are to recover your nervous energy. The feeble, exhausted nerve cells must be nourished back to health by the use of such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

This food cure is so gentle and natural in action that it admirably suits the delicate condition of the exhausted nervous system, and at the same time is wonderfully potent in restoring vigor and strength.

A little patience is necessary in order to build up the nervous system so far run down, but as headaches disappear, digestion improves, and you rest and sleep better you will be encouraged to continue this food cure until restoration is complete.

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Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations disappoint.



Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

The Web;

OR
PASSION. LOVE'S TRUE

CHAPTER XXXVI
"I Have Always Loved You!"

"They told me at the station," said Norah, faintly; "and—and you were with her that night of the ball, and I saw you—ah, I saw you give her the ring—"

Cyril uttered a groan of desperation.

"I know! Yes, I gave her the ring. I once gave a child a stick of taffee, and Becca was no more than a child, a—nothing to me. I gave her the ring because she had found it, and she was unhappy about that among other things, and I thought it would console her—"

"And—and then you went away without a word—"

Cyril stared at her.

"Without a word? Why, Norah, I wrote to you; I sent you a letter by her! I couldn't help going. I wrote and explained it all. I begged and prayed you to send me a word—just one word. But you didn't. Nor did you when I wrote from Brittany, imploring you to tell me why you had cut me at the ball. Why didn't you write?"

"I—I never got the letters, either

of them!" said Norah, the tears running slowly down her face, "and I thought—oh, Cyril, how could I help it; that—that you wished to break off; that you had thought better of it, and—"

He put his arms round her and strained her to him, and cut short her broken attempt at explanation.

"Thank God! Thank God!" he exclaimed. "And that is all! You are not angry with me for anything? You—you love me still, Norah?"

"I have always loved you!" she panted, under her breath.

Jack had transferred his attentions to another picture, and the lovers had forgotten him.

"And you did not know why I had gone to Brittany?"

"I didn't know you had gone there. I never received either letter," said Norah.

"Then—then where are they?" demanded Cyril, of no one in particular.

Norah shook her head. Possibly she did not care very much. She had got her lover again, and all in a moment joy had come back to her heart with him. She held him with that clinging grasp which only a woman knows the secret of, as if she feared some one would come and take him from her again; and her lovely eyes, full of subtle worship and tenderness, looked into his eager eyes.

"Where are they? And why did the people at the station tell you—"

Why, by George! they must have mistaken the emigrant girl whose ticket I took for Becca, and in rapid sentences he told her of the incident.

Norah quivered with the delight of absolute relief from all doubt of him.

"Oh, that was so like you, dear!" she murmured. "But—but it was so cruel that you should be punished; I mean I—"

"Say both."

"That both should be punished because you were kind to a poor, lonely girl."

"Yes," he responded, with something of his own bright, but he stilled, "but it will be a lesson to me. I'll never help any woman under fifty

again. But, Norah, dearest, tell me the letters—what became of them?"

Norah shook her head.

"I do not know; I cannot—"

"Norah was going to say, then stopped, as Guildford Berton crossed her mind.

"And—and what are you doing here? Are you alone?" asked Cyril, in the tone of one who has so many questions to ask that he doesn't know which to put first. "Not alone, dearest? There is some one with you? He touched her black dress. 'I have heard of—of your loss, dear. If I had only been with you! I am so sorry, Norah. I only heard of it five—ten minutes ago, from Jack here—"

Norah's eyes grew moist again, but she swept the tears away.

"Yes, I—I am alone," she said, looking down, and with a sudden sort of embarrassment, and she gently began to draw her hands away from him, reluctantly, clingingly.

"What is the matter?" he asked, quick to perceive that something was wrong. "What is it, dearest?"

At this juncture Jack looked round.

"I think I have intruded long enough," he said; "I'll take myself off. You can call if you want me. Don't break another window, Cyril."

Norah held out her hand to him.

"Will you not say that you forgive me, Mr. Wesley, for my rudeness to you that night?" she pleaded, her big eyes turned on him so pleadingly that Jack's heart, which was of the very softest, melted in a moment.

"I'd forgive you more than that, Lady Norah," he said; "and I understand now that the sting was meant for our young friend here rather than for me; and he got it. If you had seen him when I told him—"

But

there," he said, quickly, "all that is part of the past misunderstanding, Lady Norah."

Norah looked up at him gravely.

"You are as good as Cyril said," she murmured, softly. "But—but you must not call me Lady Norah."

Jack stared at her.

"I—I beg your ladyship's pardon; Lady Arrowdale, I suppose I ought to have said."

"No," said Norah, "I am not Lady Anything, I am simply Norah Woodfern."

It was a day of surprises, but this statement, delivered in her calm, sweet voice, startled the two men pretty considerably. Cyril got hold of her hands again, and looked up at her almost in a fright. Goddesses do not lose their senses, or else he might have thought—

Jack was the first to speak.

"What do you say, Lady Norah?" he said, gravely, for he saw that something was coming.

"It is true," she replied, looking from one to the other. "I am not Lady Norah, the daughter of the Earl of Arrowdale, but the daughter of the countess's companion, Catherine." Her lips trembled, and she lowered her eyes. "I'll—I'll try and tell you," she went on, bravely. "You—you must neither of you speak until I have finished, for my head," and she put her beautiful hand to her forehead, "is whirling."

Cyril holding her hand, and Jack leaning against the window with his arms folded, she told the story and produced the certificates.

Cyril could scarcely keep silent until she had concluded, then he broke out.

"It is false, Norah! It is a pure invention concocted to suit some purpose of Guildford Berton's! He is a scoundrel!"

"He is a scoundrel, without doubt," said the grave voice of Jack Wesley. "But I think his story is true."

"I don't believe—" broke in Cyril.

"In the first place," went on Jack, very quietly and gently, "he would not have dared to concoct it, much less to forge these copies. He is too clever for that! You see, a lawyer's clerk could satisfy himself as to their genuineness by just taking a journey to Plymouth and these other places, and examining the registers—"

"Which may have been tampered with," said Cyril.

Jack Wesley smiled.

"I am sorry to dispel a delusion which has been of vast service to novelists; you can't tamper with registers nowadays. They keep a correct copy at Somerset House."

Cyril's face fell.

"No! The story is true, and as Lady—I mean Miss Woodfern says, she is no longer—"

"Which doesn't matter in the slightest!" exclaimed Cyril, his face flushing. "As it happens, I have a story to tell—"

"He stopped suddenly to utter an exclamation of surprise and pain, for Jack had administered to him a decidedly sharp kick upon the ankle. "Eh? What?" Then, catching the expression of warning in Jack's eyes, he colored still more furiously, and changed the direction of his words: "But I won't trouble you with that now, dearest. What if it is true, this—this revelation? It doesn't matter to you—nor me, Norah?"

"To me—no!" she smiled, through her tears.

"And as for me, I'm—yes, don't be angry, dearest!—I am glad! Do you remember our talk in the woods? Do you remember my saying that I wished you weren't a peer's daughter—"

"I remember every word," she answered, shyly, her eyes dwelling upon him with as much of worship in them as a woman ever permits her eyes to reveal.

"Well, then, I am happy now!" he said, brightly. "You see, and he laughed, "I'm so confoundedly proud that—"

Jack Wesley, with his back turned to them, grinned.

"And I might now and then have thought that you had thrown yourself away, and that you regretted it, but now—"

"You can both revel in poverty together," remarked Jack, blandly.

"Exactly," retorted Cyril, but with rather a guilty air; "we can face the world hand in hand, and—"

(To be Continued.)

You Can't Find Any Dandruff, and Hair Stops Coming Out

Save your hair! Make it thick, wavy, glossy and beautiful at once.

Try as you will, after an application of Danderrine, you can not find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most, will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderrine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderrine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking only one small strand at a time. The effect is immediate and amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance, the beauty and shimmer of true hair health.

Get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderrine from any drug store or toilet counter, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment. A 25-cent bottle will double the beauty of your hair.

Here and There.

Turkeys, Ducks, Geese and Chicken at ELLIS.

ADVENTIST.—Subject: "The Opening the Seals." All welcome. Evangelist D. J. C. Barrett.

Turkeys, Ducks, Geese and Chicken at ELLIS.

ILL AT HOME.—Mr. F. Cornick, chief clerk in the passenger and freight office of Harvey & Co., has been detained at his home suffering from a severe cold.

Ayrshire Bacon and Scotch Beef Ham at ELLIS.

WITH THE VOLUNTEERS

Owing to unfavourable weather, shooting at the South Side Range had to be discontinued yesterday, but was resumed last night at the Highlanders Armory. Some excellent scores were made.

COAL SAVERS.

Fit any grate. All the slack coal can be used up, 60c. and 75c. each. G. KNOWLING'S.—dec16,61s

LAID TO REST.

The funeral of the late Mrs. J. R. Mullins took place yesterday afternoon and was attended by a large number of relatives and friends of the deceased. Rev. Dr. Greene recited the prayers for the dead at the Cathedral, and interment was at Mount Carmel Cemetery.

Have your Suit or Overcoat Cleaned or Pressed for New Year.

Phone or send to SPURRELL, 365 Water Street. Telephone 574.—dec28,60d,tf

MINERS RETURN TO WORK.

Practically all the miners who left Bell Island to visit their homes in Conception Bay for the Christmas season have returned to work. The output this winter from the Dominion Iron and Steel Co's plant is expected to be the largest on record.

QUICK AND EASY.

The Giant Junior Safety Razor, 225,000 sold to the soldiers on the Western front; 50c. with 7 blades; extra blades, 40 cents per dozen, or 3 for 10 cents. CHESEBROUGH'S. 282 Duckworth St. head McBride's Hill. Sole Distributor. Wholesale only. For sale at advertised stores.—60s,tf

FUNERAL NOTICE.

The funeral of the late Martin Brown, whose death was accidental, at Ontario, will take place from his father's residence, 9 John Street, to-day, Saturday, at 2.30 p.m. Interment will be in the family plot in the S. A. Cemetery; Rev. Mr. Hemmison will conduct the burial. Friends and acquaintances please accept this, the only, intimation.

Stafford's Drug Store (Theatre Hill) is open every night 9.30.—jan2,tf

C. M. B. C.

The Class will meet at the Synod Building to-morrow afternoon, at 3 o'clock. The address will be given by the Chairman who will speak on "The Triumph of Trust in God." Letters from absent members will be read. The Corporate Communion of the Class will not be held to-morrow but on the following Sunday, when the annual meeting and election of officers for the year will take place.

AT THE CRESCENT.

"The Haunted Station" an episode of the "Hazards of Helen," Helen Gibson is featured in one of her most daring stunts. Lillian Walker is featured in "The Lonelies," a Vitagraph novelty drama; and the all Essany stars in "Fifty Fifty," a great comedy in three reels. Professor McCarthy has arranged a classy musical programme for this great show. Go to the Crescent to-day and see it.

Ladies' Sample FUR SETS

And Lot FUR TRIMMINGS

Just received, having been delayed in delivery. We now offer

At Specially REDUCED PRICES!

These Fur Sets consist of Grey Squirrels, Black Foxes, Red Foxes, Lynx, Natural Musquash, Wellabys, Marmots, Minks, Black Hares, Black Goats, etc., etc. Needless to say styles are the very latest. We advise making your selection in a hurry as all sets are different.

The Fur Trimmings

consist of Black Hares, Bears, Goats, etc.

HENRY BLAIR.

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Insurance Agent.



Skin Boots.

Made by persons who know how, and who use only shrew in sewing them, adds to the health and comfort of the wearer, whether he is treading the frozen pans at the sealfishery or wading in the mud and slop of the trenches. No other boots are just as good, and our Skin Boots made on the northern portion of Labrador are specially selected, and are the best of their kind.

Price: \$3.50 per pair.

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War News

Messages Received Previous to

AWAITING FRENCH GOVERNMENT'S ADVISE

LONDON.—The British Government is awaiting advice from the Government concerning the situation of the Entente powers. Wilson's peace note, the Press learned at the 10 o'clock. It is now believed that it will not be made public.

PREPARING SECOND

PARIS.—The Central Powers are preparing a second note to the Entente powers, says a Geneva dispatch.

ROMANIA'S CHIEF

TURIN.—Braila, Roumania's chief city, has been captured by the Germans and Bulgarians, to an official announcement evening.

CALLING UP YOUNG

BARCELONA, Spain.—The German Consul has issued notice requesting all 16 years and over to register. Complete in view of the fact that soon being called to the front, the Germans who are free for military services, including those aged and invalided between 16 and 60 are also asked to register. The publication of this notice is commented upon by the press and indicated that Germany is making an appeal to all its citizens. It is remarked, however, that the Germans in Spain are returning to Germany because of the blockade.

TO FORM HUNGARIAN

LONDON.—King Charles is expected to issue a decree to members of all Hungarian parties in favour of the purposing a Hungarian cabinet. German influence will be said a Budapest despatch to change Telegraph Co. for way of Amsterdam. The includes the retirement of Tilsa, says the despatch.

BRITISH OFFICIAL

LONDON.—A British official commended to-night says: "Early in the morning our lines south of the front were speedily driven out. A number of dead in our trenches. Some of our men are reported to have successfully exploded a mine last night north of Giverny. Heavy fighting has been heavy in places along our front. Successful bombardments of the trenches has been carried out. Opposite, Lesbaets and Giverny. West of Combecourt and neighborhood of Hill 160, considerable aerial activities. Successful work was carried out. Our airplanes in conjunction with artillery. Two of our machines missing."

PREMIER IN ROME

LONDON.—Premier Lloyd George is expected to arrive in Rome, says an official source to-night, to confer with the French and Italian