

Rids Poisons From the Blood, Clears Up the Complexion

Sallow Skin, Pimples, Pains and Aches Are Soon Gone When Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills Are Used.

The doctor feels your pulse and looks at your tongue, but at the same time he is reading your condition in your face. The sallow complexion tells him that your liver is not doing its work, the pimples tell him that the kidneys are not properly purifying the blood, he realizes that the bowels are constipated and the system overloaded with poisons.

You can apply this test in your own case and may be able to add other symptoms, such as headaches, pains and aches through back and limbs, spells of biliousness and indigestion.

If you have not used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills you will be surprised to find how quickly they will rid your system of poisonous impurities and thereby remove the cause of pains, aches and skin troubles.

Mrs. F. N. Hall, 102 Queen street, St. John, N.B., writes: "I am glad to say I have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills with splendid results. I was greatly troubled with constipation and pimples on the face. I tried other remedies and used liquid arsenic three times a day for a year to get rid of the pimples but received no benefit. I began the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and it was not very long before I was completely cured. The pills acted on the bowels, kidneys and liver and cleansed them of all impure matter. I think they cannot be beaten as a means of ridding a person of that tired feeling due to weak kidneys, and I would not be without them in the house for any money."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

"KYRA,"

The Ward of the Earl of Vering.

CHAPTER IX.

The "Noble" Marquis.

Lillian Devigne, after she had shown Charlie Merivale out by the side door, stood in the conservatory, with Percy's letter in her hand, an uneasy restless expression on her face, and a wistful, uncertain, disquietude at her heart.

No woman ever born was wholly worldly and bad. Lillian Devigne was not, and she felt that she was, to use her own expression, "in peril of making a fool of herself," that is to say, she was beginning to feel an interest, a liking, an allurements, for the man she had, hitherto, considered as a specially dangerous to a girl in the position, whose sole end and aim in life was to secure a good match; feeling, inclination, everything but calculating prudence, must be thrown aside; and now—

She looked at the letter, and then up at her mother, who entered at the moment, and to whom she handed the note, without a word.

Lady Devigne's face grew clouded and puzzled.

"Gone down to Vering, to see that old bear, the earl. What's that for? What does it mean, Lillian?"

Lillian shrugged her shoulders. "You have the note, mamma; the boy brought it, and could tell me nothing but that Percy Chester was sent for, summoned like a valet, or a lawyer's clerk."

Lady Devigne beat her hand with the note, meditatively.

"I wonder what the earl wanted to see him for? Something about the will, perhaps; or—do you think he has heard anything, and—"

Then she stopped, and looked anxiously at her daughter. Lillian Devigne plucked a flower, with cool nonchalance.

"Considering that Percy Chester proposed to me only last night, that surprise is rather improbable, mamma."

"Yes, yes; but people talk; the old man may have heard of Percy Chester's constant attentions, and—well, Jack Chester does not bear me—us—any good will," and she flushed, uneasily.

"He was in the old set, my dear, and knows—well, more than we should like known generally. I am afraid the earl would not welcome the alliance."

Tonsillitis, Sore Throat, Chest Colds, Can be Cured Over Night

They Vanish Quickly if Nerviline is Well Rubbed In.

When the throat tickles, when it hurts to draw a long breath, when you feel as if a knife were stuck in your side, it's time to draw out the congestion that will soon become pneumonia.

An ordinary cough syrup has no chance at all—you require a powerful penetrating liniment.

Nothing is known that possesses more merit in such cases than Nerviline.

Rub it liberally over the sides and chest—rub it in hard.

The warm, soothing effect of Nerviline will be apparent in five minutes. Nothing like it for quick relief—

ance with effusive enthusiasm."

Lillian Devigne shrugged her shoulders again.

"Mr. Chester is old enough to be his own master, and there is always the estate, I suppose."

"Oh, yes," said Lady Devigne, with a troubled frown; "but no one knows how it stands, and they say that, without Lord Jack's money, the estate would not be worth having, it is so hampered. I hope it is all right, my dear Lillian, for—for Mr. Percy's sake!"

"And for mine," added Lillian, with an incisive sneer.

Lady Devigne looked at her, doubtfully.

"Remember, my dear Lillian, nothing is decided yet," she murmured, significantly.

Lillian turned away.

"No; I have only promised to be his wife," she said, quietly.

"Subject to my consent, of course, my dear," added Lady Devigne, in a sweet voice; "but, there, it may only be good news, and—when does Mr. Chester return?"

"When my lord, the earl, pleases to dismiss him," returned Lillian, with a curl of the lip.

"Oh!" said Lady Devigne, handing the note back, with a sigh. "A great deal depends upon 'my lord, the earl, my dear.'"

"Percy Chester's happiness, to wit," retorted Lillian. "What is it now, mamma?"

"A drive, my dear; the carriage will be at the door in half an hour. I hope it won't rain; under the circumstances, it is scarcely worth while your putting on that new costume of Worth's, is it?" she asked, with anxious solicitude for economy.

Lillian smiled.

"Very good, mamma; having caught the fish, we may spare bait. Perhaps Worth would take the dress back, and allow something for it," she added; and, with that parting shaft, sallied to her room.

The Ladies' Mile was full as the Devignes' neat but well-appointed carriage turned into it, and, although Lillian had taken her mother's advice, and saved the new costume, her beauty was sufficiently well attired to support her popularity as the belle of the season.

Indeed, Sir Toffie de Vere, the great opinion of the hour, murmured, as he leaned over the rail, in company with a choice selection of exquisites, who greedily, though languidly, listened to his words of wisdom:

"By Jove! Miss Devigne is splendid—more beautiful than ever!" And the clique echoed the dictum.

Lillian Devigne's name was upon many lips that morning, for in that marvelous way in which events, great

and small, get whispered and known almost before they have taken place, the news of Percy's conquest was rumored, and the club gossips were wondering where the victor could be.

"Can't be true," murmured Sir Toffie. "Chester hasn't been brought down, or else he'd be on the drive with her to-day. Miss Devigne has missed fire!"

Surmising pretty correctly the running fire of criticism and conjecture, the belle, leaning back in her attitude of perfect repose and serenity, seemed lost in a sweet, peaceful reverie, and took no heed of her mothers frequent sotto voce remarks.

Lady Devigne's eyes were everywhere—nothing escaped her, and now it would be: "Lillian, look at the countess! Who is that with her? Another scandal!"

And then:

"There is Lady Deuchamp, in one of the new rustic hats. It doesn't suit her; she is too dark. That is Lord Partington, near the shrubbery. They say he is over head and heels in love with the Brownjohn girl—the second one!"

Then, suddenly, she put out her hand under her cape, and caught Lillian's arm.

"Lillian! Quick! The marquis! He is here! I knew it! I knew it!"

Lillian looked up, and a faint smile played on her lips, as her serene gaze rested on a little cob of the old-fashioned sort, and surrounded by a little throng of friends and eager parasites.

At some distance one might take the Right Honorable the Marquis of Orland for a young man; at a shorter distance he appeared rather middle-aged; indeed, it was not until you were quite close that you learned, with, very likely, a shock of surprise, that his lordship was a very wonderfully preserved and exquisitely made up old man.

No one knew his age; no one had ever seen him look any different to what he was now; the wicked wags declared that he had been born in a wig, false teeth, and a pair of stays, and added that, if the latter article of dress was taken off, even for a moment, all that would remain of the Marquis of Orland would be a small, crumpled heap of dust and ashes.

He had been, in his youth—say a hundred years ago—one of the fastest of his set. Paris knew him as the wicked marquis; there was some houses in town that were never open to him, even now that he was too old to be dangerous, too toothless a wolf to be feared; but the majority of the world still worshipped and groveled at his feet, and mothers whispered, in awe-struck tones, of the Orland estate, and the uncountable Orland gold, to their daughters.

Lady Devigne had known him for years. She herself had, when first launched on the surf of society, some secret ambitious hopes in regard of him for herself; and now the wild hope of her life was to see her daughter, Marchioness of Orland. She knew that, if vice met with its due punishment, the old, padded top might then and then be stricken from his kid-lined saddle by an indignant and outraged Heaven; she knew that his life was one long record of sin and ruthless cruelty against her sex; she knew, and all the world knew. But she would have sobbed for joy if the noble wretch had asked her to give him her young and lovely daughter.

No wonder she trembled with eagerness and anxiety as the varnished face and padded shape came suddenly before her. The marquis had seen Lillian, had admired her, had paid some sort of attention to her, in Paris, and over here he was following them, as it might be, in London.

At the thought that there might be a slight chance of the marquis, and the remembrance of last night's work, she turned pale and sick with mortification, then controlled her face into its placid smile, and waited his approach.

With the set grin upon his face, that seemed as if it were painted on with the bloom of morn, and all the other proper tints that his valet so artistically applied, the most noble the marquis ambled toward them, chattering to those about him like a monkey, ogling the pretty faces around him, raising his hat, with a mechanical movement, fearfully mechanical, and grotesquely juvenile; then, suddenly,

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"It affords me great pleasure to convey not only to you but to all sufferers from Backache and Rheumatism, the great relief I have obtained from the use of Gin Pills. I feel thankful to you. I recommend Gin Pills to everyone suffering as I did."

ROBERT M. WILSON

Gin Pills are 50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50 at all druggists. Free sample on request.

National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada Limited, Toronto.

when quite close upon them, he saw an unrecognized the mother and daughter—quite close upon them, because he was nearly blind, and had almost come to false eyes, with the rest.

The grin deepened until the enamel cracked dangerously, off went the hat, and, to the joy of her ladyship, his feeble hand pulled up the cob.

"My dear lady, how are you?" Like everything else, the marquis' voice was false, and his pronunciation artificial, with a plentiful misapplication of the letter E. "Cheermed to meet you—so surprising! Didn't know you were in London. And Miss Lillian, as beautiful as ever! Do you still pick the daisies in the morning dew?"

This was in reference to a confession of Lillian's, made to impress him with her rustic simplicity, for your jaded fops like rusticity and freshness—that she had been up early one morning picking daisies in the Bois de Boulogne.

Lillian smiled sweetly.

"There are none 'in London, marquis," she murmured, with an exquisite pout.

"Ah, only lilies!" lisped the most noble, with an engaging leer; "at least one, that I would get up at any hour to see!" and he pressed his withered hand on his padded chest.

Lillian gave the proper smile.

"I am afraid that is only an empty compliment, marquis," she said, shaking her head. "You would not get up very early for the rarest flower in the botanical."

"Let me hope that you bloom through the day," said he. "Where are you staying?"

"Park Lane, my dear marquis. A most charming place!" put in Lady Devigne, with ill-concealed eagerness.

"So very quiet and comfortable. You must come and see us. There are other flowers in the conservatory besides lilies, and my Lily shall make you a posy."

"How cheering!" It is too sweet to be true," remarked the marquis, ogling Lillian. "May I come tomorrow? And will you cut me a nice bunch, or make me a daisy chain?"

"For what use?" pouted Lillian. "You would not wear it."

"By Gad, I would!" protested the marquis.

"I am almost tempted to test you!" smiled Lillian. "And are you going to stay long in town?"

"All depends," he replied, with the vacant stare which sometimes, do what he would, settled in his eyes; "all depends, my dear Miss Devigne. I did not think of staying more than a week, but I did not calculate upon so great an attraction," and he touched his chest again.

(To be Continued.)

Brown is distinctly in favor for quaint taffeta dresses—wood brown, tete de negre, cinnamon and vandyke are all favored tones.

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So many customers who suffer from run down nervous condition with its consequent loss of insomnia, indigestion and general debility are being greatly helped by Zootic—the nerve tonic, that we wish to have every ailing person in this town try this really famous remedy. It is all that a tonic should be and more than any other tonic is. It combines the most precious of health-building substances. Glycer Phosphates are the actual element of the human body in most assimilative form. You know the value of Cod Liver Oil and the invigorating effects of tonic wine. In Zootic these are combined into an exceedingly pleasant tonic which in two weeks will work quiet wonders in your health. If at the end of two weeks' honest trial you cannot report real progress toward health we will refund the purchase price. Doesn't this convince you that you should start trying it to-day? Sold by T. McMurdo & Co., Sole Distributing Agents for Newfoundland.

Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

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

A STYLISH MODEL.



1692—Ladies' Shirt. Waist With Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

Taffeta, faille, crepe, crepe de chine, voile, linen, batiste, madras or lawn are nice for this design. The right front is shaped at the closing. The sleeve in wrist length has a smart new cuff. In short length, it is cool and comfortable and is finished with a turnback cuff.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 27-inch material for a 36-inch size.

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

A JAUNTY SKIRT MODEL.



1694—Novelty suiting is here portrayed. In gray and green tones with trimming of letter in a matched shade, or in blue serge with tan suede or broadcloth, this model would be very smart. The skirt has three gored out with ample graceful fullness. It is topped by a broad belt, the front of which overlaps the back at the sides. Smart pockets trim the front. This model is also good for corduroy, broadcloth, gabardine, voile, crepe, shepherd check, linen and other wash fabrics.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a 24-inch size. The skirt measures 3 1/2 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

No.

Size

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NEURALGIA.

List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to May 30th, 1916.

- A. Andrews, R. Duckworth St.
Andrews, Miss K. (card), Theatre Hill
- B. Baily, Mrs. Mary
Baker, Miss Mary, Water St.
Black, Mrs. T. P., care Gen. Delivery
Batten, Abraham, Duckworth St.
Bryant, W. C.
Baldwin, Miss Charlotte, Gower St.
Barrow, Miss Susie, Gower St.
Barron, Mrs. Wm.
Barnes, Wm., Long Pond Road
Bennett, Mrs. Peter, c/o Gen. Delivery
Byrne, Mrs. James, King's Road
Byrne, Miss Margaret
Belbin, Miss Emma, King's B. Road
Bell, W. F., Bell Street
Bird, Miss Maggie, late Grand Falls
Brown, Mrs. Thos., Queen St.
Butler, Mr. & Mrs. James, card,
Flower Hill
- Burt, Mrs. Joseph
Buddon, Miss Mgt., card
Burton, Robert, LeMarchant Road
Bursley, Wm., care Savings Bank
Butler, W. J., Young Street
Byrne, James, Victoria St.
Brown, Mrs., Military Road
- C. Carpenter, George W.
Caines, Mrs. Emma, Duckworth St.
Caso, Ernest
Chase, Walter W.
Collins, Peter, card
Cooper, Miss Rose, card
Crimp, Miss May, c/o Peter O'Mara
Cormier, Frank J., c/o C. E. O'Reilly
Corkum, Clarence S.
Callahan, John, 51 — Street
Christiansen, Ralph
Coleman, Thomas, Barter's Hill
Collier, J. P.
Churchill, Mr. and Mrs. Wm.,
Balsam Place
- Crane, E.
- D. Day, Joshua, c/o G. P. O.
Devine, Mrs. Frank, New Gower St.
- E. Elkin, Mrs. Stanley
Ellsworth, Const. T., West End Station
- F. Facey, S. New Gower St.
French, Solomon, Scott St.
Fitzpatrick, Mrs., Pleasant St.
- G. Green, Mrs., Lime St.
Glover, Jasper, late Port aux Basques
Gouldie, Ernest.
- H. Hayward, Miss Sarah, New Gower St.
Hewlett, Arminis, c/o Gen. Delivery
Hurley, Mrs. Norman, card, John St.
Hutchings, A. G., Hamilton St.
- J. James, J. W., card, c/o G. P. O.
Jenkins, J., Casey's St.
Johnson, Ralph
Jackson, Mrs. George,
New Gower Street
Johnston, James, Nagle's Hill
James, Wm. J., Bannerman St.
James, J., Hagerty's Street
Jackson, Mrs. George, New Gower St.
Jones, Vincent
- K. Keefe, Mrs. H., slp, Forest Road
Kelly, Miss Gerlie, card, late Placencia
Kirby, Charles, Prince's Street
Kine, Mrs. Bertha
- L. Lamb, Miss Mary, Spencer St.
Lynch, David
Laey, Mrs. James, Pennywell Road
- M. Maynard, F. J., care Gen. P. Office
- N. Nooseworthy, Mr. and Mrs. Geo., card
- O. O'Keefe, Phillip, Prescott St.
O'Donnell, John, care Reid Co.
O'Toole, Francis, Black Marsh Road
- P. Parsons, George,
Pennywell Road, care G.P.O.
Parrell, Wm., Long Pond Road
Parrell, Wm., Allandale Road
Power, James, care Ivy Hotel,
Water Street West
Parsons, Miss Jessie, card,
care Mrs. White, Pleasant St.
- Q. Quirk, Thomas, c/o Genl. P. Office.
- R. Ryan, Miss Katie, Queen St.
Reddy, James, c/o Newtown Road
Redmond, James
Richards, Miss N., Duckworth St.
Roberts, Henry, Allandale Road
Roberts, E. W.
Rogers, Joseph
Robins, John, South Battery
Rogers, F., Hutchings' St.
Roberts, Solomon
Ruby, Miss M., Water St. West
- S. Stewart, Capt. George
Sprucklin, Herbert
Stratton, Miss Amelia
Shaw, Miss Mary J., Pleasant Street
Stapleton, Miss Laura, Theatre Hill
Stevens, Chas., care G. P. O.
Sterling, T. H. & Co.
Simms, Mary C., care Mrs. Furlong
Smith, J. H., Gower St.
Smith, A. B.
Snook, Abner, Freshwater Road
Scott, Miss P.
Sullivan, Martin, Ivy Hotel, Water St.
Sullivan, Miss Flossie, card,
Queen's Road
Squires, Joseph, Queen St.
Sinnott, A., Pennywell Road
- T. Taylor, Louis, care G. P. O.
Thistle, Joseph, New Gower St.
Thompson, Wm., Duckworth St.
- W. Ward, Frank R., Gower St.
Wall, Miss Annie, 21 — St.
Whalen, Mrs. Patrick
Walsh, John, late Hr. Grace
Walsh, Mr., P. O. Box 571
Whelan, J.
Whelan, Mrs. Mary, Gower St.
Winsor, James, care G. P. O.
White, Mrs. John, Carter's Hill
Whitbourne, Wm., Cochrane St.
Whitman, A. Circular Road
Wright, Henry
Woodcock, E.
Watton, Emily, Miss, Cowan Home.
- Y. Young, B. B., New Gower St.

H. J. B. WOOL, P.M.G.

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OFFICIAL.

LONDON, June 4.
On the 31st May a Naval encounter took place off Jutland. The result of the fighting fell on the British side. The British fleet, consisting of 15 battleships, 10 light cruisers, supported by four torpedo ships. The losses were heavy. The enemy, aided by low visibility, avoided action, and returned to port after the main fleet had reached the scene.

The battle cruisers Queen Mary, Defiant, Invincible, and Cradock, Defence and Black Prince were sunk. The Warrior was disabled and abandoned. Destroyers Tipperary, Abdiel, Fortune, Sparrowhawk, and Ardent are lost. Six others are accounted for.

No British battleships or light cruisers were sunk. The enemy's losses are serious. At least one battleship is destroyed, and one seriously damaged. One battleship is reported sunk by our destroyers. During the night attack two light cruisers were disabled and probably sunk. The number of enemy destroyers disposed of cannot be ascertained, but it must be large.

LATER—Further report of the battle follows: British total losses, destroyers number 3.

One of the enemy's Dreadnoughts was blown up by British destroyers. Another is believed to have been sunk by gunfire. One German light cruiser was blown up; another heavily engaged and seen disabled; stopping; a third is seriously damaged. One German light cruiser and six destroyers sunk. At least six light cruisers were seen disabled. Repeated fires were observed on the others, which were German battleships. A German submarine was sunk.

BONAR LAW

GERMAN FLEET AIDED BY VISIBILITY.

LONDON, June 4.
The German fleet was greatly aided, the admiralty statement said, its low visibility. It avoided a longed action, and accomplished results by a quick thrust and withdrawal. The main British forces returned to port. It was by low visibility tactics that Admiral Von Spee's squadron annihilated the British.

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