

### Throbbing, Neuralgic Headache Cured Head-Splitting Distress Vanishes Instantly

This Wonderful Curative Linctus  
Never Fails.  
RUB ON NERVILINE.

Neuralgia quickly cured in twice, say, ten times cured. Little neuralgia pains grow into big ones, but "Nerviline" in ten minutes relieves even the worst ones. Even a single application will remove the nerve congestion that causes the pain.

Nerviline penetrates deeply into the sore tissue, reaches the source of inflammation, drives it out root and branch. Every drop of Nerviline is potent in pain-subduing power, and its

strongest charm lies in the fact that it rubs right in, even to the very last drop. Nerviline is not greasy, and its pain-removing power is at least five times greater in strength than ordinary remedies.

We guarantee Nerviline will cure neuralgia—not only relieve it, but actually and permanently cure it. Just in the same way will it cure lumbago, sciatica, stiffness and rheumatism.

To conquer all muscular and nerve pain, use Nerviline. A large bottle in the home keeps the doctor's bill small. Get the large 50c. family size bottle; it is more economical than the 25c. trial size. Sold by all druggists everywhere.

## WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER XXX.  
"Quite."

He took the paper from Bartley Bradstone's trembling hands, and, inclosing it, together with the confession, in an envelope, addressed it in firm, steady writing to Olivia.

Bartley Bradstone sat staring at the floor like a man dazed.

Faradeane waited in silence for a moment or two, then he said:  
"You will leave England to-night."

"To-night?" repeated Bartley Bradstone, dully.

"Yes, there is no time to lose. Strange as it may seem to you, there may be some one who will not believe me guilty."

"She—for one," muttered Bradstone between his teeth.

"Let suspicion be once aroused, and the truth may be discovered. You are a business man; give business as an excuse for your sudden departure. Go on the Continent; there are still some remote spots where you will be safe from the English law. Find one—and stay there. Remember," he spoke slowly and distinctly, "if you are in any rash moment tempted to break your word to me, and claim as your wife the woman upon whom you have fastened your name, that she holds your life in her hands! That is all I have to say to you," he added, significantly.

Bartley Bradstone passed his hand across his lips.

"Well, I—I must do it. You're right; I—I don't feel safe. I'm better out of the way. As for Olivia; she—she never cared for me, and since this—this affair I've—I've wished I hadn't married her. When are you going to give her that letter?" he asked, with a suspicious glance at it.

"Now," said Faradeane. "Did you think it was a trap I had laid for you? Call the warder."

Bartley Bradstone got up, but sank down again.

"I'm all to pieces," he groaned.

Faradeane went to the door and knocked.

"Mr. Bradstone wishes this letter sent to Mrs. Bradstone," he said.

"Very good, sir," said the warder; and he took it.

Bradstone listened to his heavy step as it clanged along the stone corridor. Then he got up and shook himself like a man trying to recover from a bad dream.

"I'll go now," he said. "There'll be just time to catch the up-train. Is— is there anything I can do for you?" he added, lifting his bloodshot, wavering eyes shamefacedly.

"Nothing, except keep your promise," replied Faradeane, slowly and wearily. "As you say, there is no time to lose. Good-day, and remember."

Bartley Bradstone, with lowered head, went to the door and knocked at it feebly.

It was opened after a moment or two by another warder, and Bartley Bradstone passed out. He went slowly down the corridor into the stone hall, trying to drive away the hang-dog expression which he knew was eloquent in every feature, and was passing the colonel's room with as firm a step as he could manage when his heart leaped within his bosom, for Colonel Summerford called him.

He turned and entered the office, and the blood rushed like a torrent through his veins, for there in the colonel's hand was the letter!

"Oh, Mr. Bradstone," he said, "sorry to stop you; but this letter—"

"Yes," said Bartley Bradstone, trying to speak and look indifferently, though there was the sound of singing in his ears, and he could scarcely keep his eyes from the letter.

"This letter for Mrs. Bradstone," continued the colonel. "I was just sending some one with it; I don't know whether you would like to take it."

Danger makes a man, especially if he be a Bartley Bradstone, sharp. He was just on the point of holding out his hand for the letter, when there flashed upon him the thought that Faradeane would probably ask if it had been delivered, and, hearing that it had been consigned to Bradstone's care, would make him account for it.

"I—I am going straight to the

Maples, and from there on to London on important business, connected with my unfortunate friend, Mr. Faradeane," he said, with a happy inspiration. "If you could kindly send it on by one of your men."

"Certainly, certainly," responded the colonel. "It was from no reluctance to do Mr. Faradeane a service, but in the desire to save time. I trust that you may be able to do some good for him, Mr. Bradstone. I don't mind admitting that I'm deeply interested in the case, and more especially in him, prisoner as he is."

"We all are, we all are," said Bartley Bradstone, with a deep sigh. "My wife especially—"

"Yes, I judged that by her visit here this morning," said the colonel.

Bartley Bradstone started, and his face went pale, one might almost say green.

"She—she was here this morning!" he exclaimed. "Oh, yes," he added, hastily, as the colonel colored and looked as if he could have bitten his tongue out. "Yes, I'd forgotten for the moment. Oh, yes, we are all doing what we can. Of course, he is innocent, poor fellow!"

The colonel shook his head gravely. "I hope you will be able to convince a jury of that," he said; "but—"

Bartley Bradstone sighed again.

"We shall leave no stone unturned, not one," he said. "And you will send the letter? Thank you."

He walked out of the office briskly, and down the street in the direction any one going straight with the letter must take. He turned a corner sharply, then pulled up, and with a wildly beating heart, waited. Two, three minutes passed, then a policeman came round the road.

Bartley Bradstone waited until the man had reached the corner, then hastily ran against him.

"Hallo!" he said. "I beg your pardon. I was going back to Colonel Summerford to tell him that I should have to go to the Grange, and that I would take Mrs. Bradstone's letter myself."

The man produced it instantly; he had overheard the conversation between the colonel and Bradstone.

Bradstone took the note, with a casual glance at it, gave the man a shilling, and walked on.

All the way to The Maples the letter—the words in his own handwriting, which could, if they were allowed to escape from that envelope, hang him—seemed to be burning through his clothes and eating a fiery way into his heart.

"Curse him, curse him!" he muttered, as he dragged himself heavily and feverishly through the great gates and up the drive to the house which he had prepared for the woman he had entrapped. "Curse him! he'd separate us forever! He'd send me into a kind of transportation for life! I'd—I'd almost rather be hanged—"

He shuddered. "No, no; anything's better than that. But to lose Olivia; to lose her forever, forever! After all I've done, all I've spent, all I've risked!"

He drew a long breath, and, unlocking the door of the library, dropped, exhausted by his walk and the excitement, on to a sofa.

"If there was only some way out of it, some way of quieting him!" The words rang in his brain until he found himself repeating them in a dull, mechanical fashion. Suddenly his face crimsoned.

"Why, he'll be quiet enough presently!" he exclaimed, as a swift hope rushed into his craven heart. "If—I can only wait, keep out of the way and wait, he'll think the letter's delivered, and I mean to keep my promise! It's not for long. The trial will be here directly, and—and he'll plead guilty—guilty!"

He stopped, and sprang to his feet, white and trembling.

An idea had struck him, one of those ideas which come to unscrupulous men in desperate straits.

"I'll do it! By God, I'll do it!" he exclaimed. And, going to the writing-table, he wrote:

Dearest Olivia—I leave England to-night. I have been ill. I am still ill, with a terrible anxiety. I have seen F— this afternoon, and he agrees with me that it will be better that I should leave England at once. I cannot tell you how my heart yearns for one word from you whom I have not seen since the day you became my

## WHY WOMEN WRITE LETTERS

To Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co.

Women who are well often ask "Are the letters which the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. are continually publishing, genuine?" "Are they truthful?" "Why do women write such letters?"

In answer we say that never have we published a fictitious letter or name. Never, knowingly, have we published an untruthful letter, or one without the full and written consent of the woman who wrote it.

The reason that thousands of women from all parts of the country write such grateful letters to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. is that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has brought health and happiness into their lives. It has relieved women from some of the worst forms of female ills, from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, nervousness, weakness, stomach troubles and from the blues.

It is impossible for any woman who is well and who has never suffered to realize how these poor, suffering women feel when restored to health; their keen desire to help other women who are suffering as they did.



wife. Think of me, my dearest, dearest Olivia.

Your loving husband,  
BARTLEY BRADSTONE.

P.S.—Inclosed is my address.

But, in addition to the Hotel Maurice, which he wrote on the inclosed slip, were these lines:

Faradeane does not know what has been driving me almost mad, what I have kept, but cannot keep from you longer, dearest. I was in the wood, and saw that poor woman meet her death by his hand. A word from me, one word, would be fatal to him! I cannot—cannot risk the chance of being called at the trial! Poor, poor fellow! I fear there is no hope for him! Burn this at once.

It was a piece of diabolical cunning. He knew that Olivia would rather die than repeat what he had written, that it would account to her for his absence, and that it must—for he knew her, all unworthy of her as he was—estrangle her heart from Faradeane.

"Now I think we're quits, my friend!" he said, gloating over the two letters—Faradeane's and the one he had himself written. "I've burned my boots behind me now. If she should tell them that I was there, and saw him do it—well—he'd draw a long breath and shuddered—"I'll go into the box and swear to it! Yes, Mr. Faradeane, you've put your head into the noose too far to draw back, I'm thinking! Too far, by a long way. Steady, Bartley, my boy; go steady, and play your game carefully, and you'll pull through this."

A drink of brandy increased his confidence still further, and he rang the bell for a servant, that he might send the note; then, with a sudden return of caution, called for his overcoat and hat, and went out.

"I'll take it up to the Grange myself," he said, "and I'll give it to nobody but Olivia herself, or the girl Bessie. Perhaps she'll see me—confound her, she was well enough to go to the prison! Well enough for that! But not well enough to see her husband! Wait, oh, only wait!" and he half stopped and shook his fist in the air.

(To be Continued.)

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**"Bass Ale" and**  
**"Guinness" Stout,**  
QUARTS

As we have a large stock of QUARTS to dispose of during the remaining 3 months we will accept a reduced price to clear.

**J. C. BAIRD.**  
Water Street.

**Fountain and Stylographic Pens!**

We have a large stock of both. The Fountain Pens priced from 25c. to \$6.00, and the Stylos from 55c. to \$1.75 each.

The "Beaver" Fountain Pen, 25c, 35c, and 70c, each.  
The "Camel" Fountain Pen, with Gold Pen, \$1.75.  
The "Falcon" Fountain Pen, 45c.  
The "B. & H." Self-Filling Fountain, fitted with Gold Pen. Prices \$1.75 and \$2.50.  
The "Cameo" Fountain Pen, a pen of superior writing qualities, fitted with 14k. Gold Pen. Price \$5.00.  
The "O-note", a self-filler, built to last a lifetime, \$4.50 each; gold band, \$5.90.

**STYLO PENS.**  
The "British Bulldog", 55c.  
The "Scotch Collie" in mottled vulcanite, 75c.  
The "St. Bernard" large ink holding capacity, 95c.

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**ECZEMA**  
Pimple form, run watery matter which turns to crust, itching becomes painfully intense, and the disease spreads over the body. There are many varieties of eczema, but all are cured by the persistent use of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Relief from itching is obtained at once, and gradually and naturally the sores are healed. You can see with your own eyes just what is being accomplished from day to day by this wonderfully healing, soothing ointment, and this will encourage you to keep up the treatment until cure is complete.

**Dr. Chase's Ointment.**

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History—Nelson's Highroads, Book 1 and 2.  
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This year's style in Coats is distinctive. The Coat with the flare (or wide) skirt is the mode. Coats this year are either without belts or come with a half belt effect. This is quite different from last season's Military Coat, which had a belt all round and was much tighter in the skirt.

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**\$4.90, 5.90, 6.90, 7.90, 9.50 and upwards.**

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**Misses', Children's and Infants' COATS,**

which you can depend will be the best values procurable.

# Henry Blair

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Have just opened our new Spring Suitsings. We were fortunate in securing a splendid range of

**English Worsteds and Irish and Scotch Tweeds.**

Notwithstanding the scarcity of the woollens and the drawbacks in freights, we are able to show as good a selection as before the war. The latest in cut, the best in make. Write for samples and self-measuring cards.



**John Maundell**  
TAILOR & CLOTHIER  
281 and 283 Duckworth Street, St. John's, Nfld.

## Retaliation For the Blacklist

International Justice Instead of International Law as the Guide for American Policy.

(By Henry Dwight Sedgwick.)

It is to be expected that American firms who have been blacklisted by the French and English should be angry at the loss of prospective gains, so, too, merchants whose dealings with neutral countries have been curtailed or whose letters have been delayed, not to mention others who have been cut off from all trade with Germany. Few or none will blame them for demanding the enforcement of the letter of international law. But should they have the power to obtain their demands and dictate the policy of the country?

These malcontents are not the whole country, nor anything like it; they make but a small fraction of the population. What is the situation with regard to those of us who, with no axes to grind, respect international law, but respect international justice still more? We may sympathize with these merchants, balked of their profit, to them legitimate profits, but we have other and deeper sympathies as well. We sympathize with Belgium, which we hold has been outraged; with England, for blood thicker than water, or should be with France, our sister republic an old ally; and we believe that they are fighting for the cause of international justice.

We are officially neutral. We adopted neutrality because we did not think that self-interest required us to take part in the war. But neither neutrality nor self-interest requires us to stand like stocks or stones, indifferent to right and wrong. Enough has been done for neutrality; enough has been done for self-interest. The country is at peace; we are not killing or being killed. Those most in love with neutrality ought to be satisfied that the United States of America is doing nothing and saying nothing to help the cause of justice. Those who feel less warmly toward neutrality than that more than enough has been done for it.

And now, at the instigation of a comparatively small band of profit-lovers, Congress authorizes the President to take measures of retaliation—retaliation upon those countries whose soldiers are dying by the hundreds of thousands for the cause we consider the cause of justice. This is too much. The excuse put forward is that Congress is upholding international law; as if international law did not depend upon international justice. The British Government has asked pertinently enough, How about the invasion of Belgium? What protest do our international-law-loving Congressmen put forward? We may talk as we please about our duty of maintaining international law; but we have no right to talk so until we shall do something toward upholding international law.

## HOME!

For everyone there is a place known as home, and it is the duty of someone to make it cheerful and attractive. Perhaps that some one is you.

Now that the evenings are beginning to close in earlier, persons will be more indoors than during the summer months, and now is the time to

**Brighten Up The Home,**

and make it pleasant. Nothing changes the appearance of a place more than

**Wall Paper.**

It can be bright, and clean, quiet, and restful, or it may be soiled and so old that the monotony of looking at the pattern for day after day gets on your nerves.

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These are all modern designs, and it will give us pleasure to help you with your decorating problems.

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