

### Stiff, Enlarged Joints Limber Up! Every Trace of Rheumatism Goes

Even Chronic Bedridden Cases are Quickly Cured.

#### Rub On Magic "Nerviline."

Nothing on earth can beat good old "Nerviline" when it comes to curing rheumatism.

The blessed relief you get from Nerviline comes mighty quick, and you don't have to wait a month for some sign of improvement.

Just think off it, five times stronger and more penetrating than any other known liniment. Soothing, healing, full of pain-destroying power, and yet it will never burn, blister or destroy the tender skin of even a child.

You've never yet tried anything half so good as Nerviline for any sort of pain. It does cure rheumatism, but that's not all. Just test it out for lame back or lumbago. Gee, what a right fine cure it is for a bad cold, for chest tightness even for neuralgia headache it is simply the finest ever.

For the home, for the hundred and one little ailments that constantly arise, whether earache, toothache, stiff neck, or some other muscular pain—Nerviline will always make you glad you've used it, and because it will cure you, keep handy on the shelf a 50c. family size bottle; it keeps the doctor's bill small; trial size, 25c.; all dealers.

### Stella Mordant:

—OR—

### The Cruise of the "Kingfisher."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Stella shuddered and wept, and the detective held open the door for her to go out.

"There's a mystery here, Mr. Workley," he said, when they were alone. "It's not quite so plain a case as you think. Try to prove that the deceased went to meet the man who killed her, two nights ago—that is, before last night—and you'll prove the prisoner's innocence; for, mark you, Mr. Bryan's evidence, that he and the prisoner only arrived yesterday evening, is not to be shaken."

Workley shook his hands with a gesture of impatience.

"It was her husband, and she saw him from the window right enough," he said, doggedly.

"What was her married name?" asked the detective.

"I don't know," replied Workley. "She always known her as Madame Nita. She was always called so."

"The question is, where are her marriage lines—her certificate? It is not here."

"On—the body?"

The detective shook his head.

"Not very likely if she went to meet him," he said. "She'd be afraid of his getting it from her—that is, if he was the bad lot you think him."

"He deserted her—the villain!"

"Oh, well, every man who leaves his wife isn't altogether bad," remarked the detective, philosophically.

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Workley, I don't see the motive for the murder. She was a good-looking woman, a woman most men would be proud of, and she was earning a very large salary. Unless he had some reason for getting rid of her, unless she was in his way, and he wanted to marry again, had married again, say—"

Mr. Workley made a gesture of impatience.

"All these theories don't shake me, Mr. Green," he said, grimly. "You forget that I saw him standing over the body, that the knife was found, and that he owned it."

"I know—I know," said the detective thoughtfully. "It looks black enough against the man we've got, but, all the same, I doubt him being her husband."

"And I don't, and I'll see him hanged!" said poor Workley; and, as if he could bear the strain no longer, he hurried from the room.

Edward had gone home from the prison cell to find the whole family at the Court in a state of excitement and consternation; and for the remainder of that never-to-be-forgotten night he was surrounded by an eager and awed group, listening to the story of his life with Rath, and the tragedy which had ensnared him in so sud-

den and awful a manner. They heard with amazement of the vast wealth of which he had so strangely become possessed; but the fact was almost lost sight of and weighed very little against the news of the terrible crime which he had to tell them.

Even the fact that Edward had returned to find Mary faithless was scarcely remembered in the excitement, the absorbing interest of the murder in the wood.

"You are convinced that he is innocent, Edward?" asked his father, as, weary and well-nigh exhausted, Edward paused in his recital.

"Quite, quite! As convinced as that I myself am innocent; and you would not doubt it if you knew him, sir. Think! He had only come to England with me—had only been in Rath a few hours. It was impossible that he should know this poor woman, that he should know anything whatever of her. To suppose him guilty would be to suppose Rath Rayne capable of a fiendish, a brutal crime. Rath!" He laughed in grim derision of the idea. "The bravest, gentlest fellow you can imagine! Why, he would lay down his life for the meanness of God's creatures, would risk it a hundred times over to save a woman—dog—from a blow. And to think for one moment that he—of all men—could stab a helpless woman to death. Oh!—well, sir, I can say no more. I know that he was found near the body, that the knife—"

Sir Gilbert nodded gravely.

"Yes, I know. The knife was discovered close at hand; it was stained with blood—forgive me for going over it all again—that he admitted that it was his. Admitted! He claimed it, demanded it of them! Do you think he could have done that if he had been guilty?"

Sir Gilbert shook his head.

"No one can tell what a man may do under the circumstances," he said, with the wisdom of age and experience. "There is only one thing for you to do, Edward, and that is to get legal advice as soon as possible. Your friend did not commit the murder, but someone else did, and the quickest way of clearing Mr. Rayne is to find the guilty man. Go to Bulpit tomorrow morning—it is morning now. Go to bed, all of you, and leave Edward and me to do what we can."

A word of Edward's ruined hopes was spoken by Sir Gilbert.

"Your mother has told me my boy, I'm sorry. You know that."

Edward wrung his father's hand.

"Thank you, sir," he said, sadly.

"In this terrible trouble of poor Rayne's I have not had time to suffer—as I shall presently. Mary has chosen her own path; she was free to do so, quite free. There was no engagement. I—I hope she will be happy. I could have borne it better if the man had been someone else, someone more worthy of her. But no doubt I'm prejudiced against Lord Rath; it would only be natural, wouldn't it?"

Sir Gilbert sighed.

"I can't say that I myself am very fond of him," he said; "but there

must be prejudice on my part also, seeing that he has come between you and your happiness, Edward. He—well, he is not a gentleman, and lately he has taken to drinking, I'm told. I myself have seen him, after a run, and at a bachelor party, rather the worse for liquor."

"Poor Mary! Why—why has she given herself to him!" exclaimed Edward, hoarsely.

Sir Gilbert shook his head.

"Women, the best and the worst of them, are a mystery, my boy. But one cannot help asking your question. He has rank and wealth; but Mary Hatherley is the last to sell herself for either—at least, one would think so."

"It is a mystery," said Edward, despairingly. "Don't let us say any more about it, sir. I've got to fight it, to face the music, and—and I want to do so without whining, if I can. I've a noble example in poor Rath. He has had to bear grief as hard as mine, and he has borne, still bears it, like a man."

Edward snatched a hasty breakfast, and rode into Market Rath to see Mr. Bulpit.

As always happens in such emergencies, every little accident was against him. Mr. Bulpit had gone to London on the afternoon of the preceding day, said the old clerk.

"For God's sake, wire to him, and ask him to come back!" said Edward. "I want his help for my friend, Mr. Rayne."

From Mr. Bulpit's he went to the prison, and found Rath pacing up and down. His manner was grave but quite calm, and still absolutely free from any trace of apprehension.

"Have you slept—are you well—my poor Rath?" exclaimed Edward, as he wrung his hand.

"Yes, I slept all night. I am quite well," replied Rath, quietly. "Have they found the man?"

"No," said Edward, reluctantly; "but everything is being done—"

"Thanks; yes, I know that; but I want to get out of here," said Rath. "I cannot look for Stella if I am shut up here, and I want to search for her; it is the only thing I want to do. If I cannot find her—his voice broke, but he steadied it—"I will go back to the island. You know that, Edward. If she is lost to me, I would rather live alone there, where I can think of her, where we were so happy—"

What could Edward say in the face of Rath's almost appalling unconsciousness of his peril?

"We will find her, Rath," he said, "and—and you shall be free presently to make the search. I have sent for our lawyer, and he will take the case in hand and prove your innocence."

Rath nodded.

"Yes," he said, calmly. "He will find the man who did it. If we were on the island, the Indians would find him quickly enough. They can track anything; I've seen them at work."

"We have persons who can hunt a man down," said Edward, "and they will be employed. Is there anything I can do, anything I can get you, Rath?" he asked, looking round his cell, for the turnkey came to inform him that his time was up.

Rath replied in the negative.

"No. Get me out as soon as you can. There is scarcely room to breathe—he stretched his long arms and smiled gravely—"and certainly not room to walk about. I get to one other, and I'm not used to such close quarters."

Edward spent the remainder of the day in the town, obtaining all the information he could get about the murdered woman, while he waited impatiently for Mr. Bulpit's return. The information he acquired was only similar to that of which the general public was possessed, and threw no light whatever on the tragedy. The night closed, and Mr. Bulpit did not return. Edward was in a fever. The next morning a telegram came, saying that Mr. Bulpit would reach Mar-

ket Rathon by the eleven o'clock train. Edward posted down to the station with a pair of his father's best horses, for the examination was fixed for twelve, and Mr. Bulpit would barely have time to reach the court before it commenced. He almost tore the old lawyer out of the train and hurried him into the phaeton. Mr. Bulpit had read a half account of the crime in the London evening paper, and he listened to Edward's recital of the details. He was much astonished at Edward's dramatic meeting with Rath and their mutual adventures, and said a word of two of congratulation, but Edward waved them aside sadly.

"All the gold in the world would be of no use to me now, Mr. Bulpit," he said. "No doubt you know why—"

The old lawyer inclined his head.

"It is a pity you did not come earlier," he said, in his laconic way.

"It is a pity we came to England at all," retorted Edward, bitterly. "I have only come back to disappointment and the ruin of my life's happiness, and my poor friend has come to find himself unjustly accused of a ghastly crime."

"Of which we have to prove him innocent; no easy task, Mr. Edward," said Mr. Bulpit. "I should like to see him before he goes before the magistrates, but there is only time to reach the court."

"And he could tell you nothing more than I have told you," said Edward, as they rushed along. "It is difficult for you to realize how—how unsophisticated he is. He doesn't appreciate his peril; he knows nothing of the world and the terrible case with which we can make an innocent man seem guilty. It is sufficient for him that he did not commit the deed, and he is free from the least fear or dread of the result. All this is difficult for you to understand; but remember that he has been living alone, away from civilization—"

"Half a savage," said Mr. Bulpit, thoughtfully.

Edward laughed indignantly.

"Nothing of the kind," he said, warmly. "He is a gentleman in manner and voice and—conduct. That's the strangest phase of his personality. When you see him you will find it hard to believe that the greater part of his life has been spent in absolute isolation."

"What is his name, did you say?" asked Mr. Bulpit.

(To be Continued.)

P. P. JOHN GUTENBERG.

By GEORGE FITCH  
Author of "At Good Old Slawh"

John Gutenberg was born within sight of the Rhine at Mainz in 1410. His parents were noble, but in politics. They were expelled from Mainz during a change of administration in 1420, and went to Strasburg.

This was as great a miscalculation as Florence made when she gave Dante twenty-four hours in which to get out of town. Gutenberg became the father of printing, the greatest of all modern powers. But he never went back to Mainz and let the home folks brag about their illustrious citizen. He was invited to come back and live, but refrained and contented himself with getting citizens of Mainz pinched for debt whenever he found them in Strasburg.

Gutenberg early applied himself to the task of getting wealthy quickly. He was one of the early promoters and was always getting a little capital together to promote a new invention which would make millions. He lost a lot of money on an improved looking glass designed to make a face look less like a sack of oats than the old kind did. Finally he heard of him borrowing 50 gulden to form a company for the purpose of printing books with types.

This was as foolish a proposition as airship companies were in 1880, and Gutenberg received the hoarse hoot wherever he went. For ten years he wandered around Southern Germany borrowing small amounts here and there, and putting them into the business and in 1455 he bound up his first copy of the Gutenberg Bible, and put the first edition on sale.

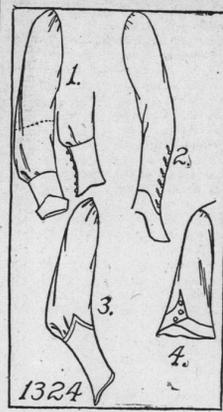
This produced an enormous sensation and it has been growing ever since. In a very few years, print shops were running all over Europe and ten thousand monks who wrote fine hands were hunting new jobs. But this didn't do Gutenberg any good. His shop lost money. His creditors took it away from him and he died in 1468, poor and almost forgotten.

One copy of the Gutenberg Bible is worth enough to-day to place Gutenberg beyond the dreams of avarice. But it is too late for him to appreciate this. All we can do for him is to erect monuments to the memory of the most useful get-rich-quick man the world ever had.

### Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

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

1324.—A GROUP OF NEW SLEEVES



Ladies' Sleeves. These styles comprise the latest sleeve forms. No. 1 and No. 3 shows a good sleeve for shirt waists or blouses. No. 2 is excellent for tailored and dressy gowns, while No. 4 gives the new and popular bell shaped sleeve, which is cool and comfortable. It is used for gowns, kimonos, and separate waists. The styles are good for cloth, serge, taffeta, poplin, China silk, madras, gingham and linon. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. No. 1 will require 2 yards of 40 inch material. No. 2—1 1/2 yard of 27 inch material. No. 3—1 3/4 yard of 40 inch material. No. 4—1 1/2 yard of 27 inch material for one pair of sleeves in either size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

1001.—A NATTY, COMFORTABLE STYLE.



Boys' Suit with Knickerbockers.

This model has raglan sleeve portions that form a yoke over the fronts. The blouse is made with coat closing, and sailor collar, the sleeve is finished with a neat cuff. The knickerbockers are in regulation style, with the fulness at the leg held in place by an elastic band. Suits of this fashion are fine for little boys, and are appropriate for Devonshire cloth, linen, drill, line, pique, galatea, seersucker, percale, serge or gingham. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5, 6 years. It requires 3 yards of 44 inch material for a 5 year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

No. 1001

Size . . . . .

Address in full—

Name . . . . .

Street . . . . .

City . . . . .

State . . . . .

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. Price 10c. each, in cash postal note or stamps. Address: Telegram Pattern Department.

When you wash lace curtains, don't rub them. Put into cold water overnight. Then put into clean cold water with borax; bring to a boil and boil 15 or 20 minutes. Rinse through and stiffen in a final water, which has 5 cents' worth of gum arabic in it.

KEEP MINARD'S LINIMENT IN THE HOUSE.

### You ought to have

### Electric Flashlight!

You will get a reliable article at

### BLAIR'S,

And one that you will always get a spare battery for when needed, or a spare bulb.

Ask to see our

Pocket Lamp at 95c. only.

SPARE BATTERIES & BULBS for same, only 25c. ea.

### Henry Blair's.

jun23,eod,tf

### JULY PAPER PATTERNS

NOW ON SALE.

EVERYBODY MAY BE HER OWN DRESSMAKER. Cash must accompany outport orders. Patterns, postage included, 17c. Fashion Books with free pattern your choice, 27c., postage included.

### CHARLES HUTTON.

### Suits

that suit the weather, suit the wearer and are suitable for many occasions are included in the smart clothes

### We are Tailoring.

Come in and see the new fabrics, the fashionable cut and stylish lines of our suits and let us take your measure for a distinctive model.

### J. J. Strang,

Ladies' and Gents' Tailoring.

153 Water Street, - - St John's.

eod,tf

### J. J. St. John.

45c.—The Real Irish Butter—45c.

Just landed ex s.s. Durango from the Killarney Lakes, another shipment of the best IRISH BUTTER, which is little cheaper, retailing at 45c. lb. 500 dozen Nicely Perfumed

Toilet Soap,

in 1 doz. boxes. Price 35c. doz.

J. J. ST. JOHN,  
DUCKWORTH ST. & LEMARCHANT ROAD.

Advertise in the TLEGRAM

### Photo

We have Studio Groups of The We have Studio We have Studio We

### LONDON

LONDON, June 28, 1915.

THE KING'S BIRTHDAY. King George is deeply appreciative of the many telegraphic messages of congratulation he received on June 4th on the occasion of his fiftieth birthday. These came not only from our representatives abroad, but from the Royal Houses and Heads of State at Rome, Petrograd, Paris, Washington, Tokio, Pekin, Madrid, Copenhagen, Christiania and other capitals, as well as from the Sultan of Egypt. At the India Office messages were received from practically all the native rulers and Princes, while similar congratulatory messages were to hand at the Colonial Office from the Governor-General and Governors of all the Dominions, Colonies, and Protectorates, messages expressing loyalty to the person and throne of the King being received as well from native chiefs in all parts of the Empire. Furthermore, congratulations were also received from isolated Britishers in many other parts of the world including several from South America. On no previous Royal Birthday, indeed, were anything like so many of such messages received at our Government offices as on June 4th.

MRS. ASQUITH.

Mrs. Asquith, the wife of the Prime Minister, aspires to try her hand at making shells and fuses in one of the large munition factories in the North. When making a tour over one of the large shops, Mrs. Asquith was astonished at the skill attained by some of the women workers, and she expressed her desire to "do her bit" in the shops. She would do a week's work in one shop, and then another week in a second, and thus get some experience of women's work under ordinary conditions. In announcing her intention, Mrs. Asquith divulged an interesting experience which hitherto has been an open secret only among her personal friends—namely, that she had been in the trenches. I understand that this unique concession was made to her during a recent visit to France.

A NATIONAL REGISTER AND CONSCRIPTION.

The Cabinet, I hear, has been considering the question of setting up a national register, on which all adult males between certain ages would be called upon to enrol themselves. Such a register would not, of course, exempt the Government or the country to the adoption of compulsory service military or industrial, and it would not be instituted primarily or necessarily with that end in view. Its purpose would be to supply the information now lacking as to the country's resources in men and the character of the work these men are doing; and without departing one hair-

### Food Value

depend upon what the body.

Body and brain—need certain elements every-day diet.

Among these elements nerve building phosphorus that you buy at the organic form as grown and barley.

### Grape

is scientifically processed tritition of the grain, and those important and absolutely necessary for balanced physical and

"There's a Reason"

MADE IN CANADA  
Canadian Postum Cere

BY SPECIAL WARRANT OF APPOINTMENT

The Popular London Dry Gin is

# VICKERS' GIN

BY SPECIAL WARRANT OF APPOINTMENT

TO H.M. THE KING

D. O. ROBLIN, Toronto  
Canadian Agent

RADIQUER & JANION  
Sole Agents

TO H.M. THE KING

TO H.M. THE KING

JOHN JACKSON, St. John's, Resident Agent.