

**Throbbing, Neuralgic Headache Cured**

**Head-Splitting Distress Vanishes Instantly**

This Wonderful Curative Liniment Never Fails.

**RUB ON NERVILINE.**

Neuralgia quickly cured is twice, nay, 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.

**Stella Mordaunt**

**The Cruise of the "Kingfisher."**

CHAPTER XL.

"We had better go in," said Mr. Bulpit; and he led the way with legal calm. It was some time before they could reach the solicitors' seats, the crowd was so dense, and each member so fearful of losing his place; and a murmur rose as Lord Lisle was seen to take a seat beside Edward Bryan instead of on the bench.

The last small case was proceeded with, then the clerk said:

"Bring in the prisoner."

There was a stir, a buzz of curiosity and excitement, and all eyes were turned to the dock. A couple of policemen entered with Rath between them, and the intense silence which followed for a moment, as all eyes scanned him, was succeeded by a murmur of surprise. And in Rath's appearance there was cause for it. No one could possibly look less guilty of a coarse and brutal murder than Rath as he stood, straight as an arrow, his handsome face perfectly calm, his eyes quietly travelling round the crowded court with an expression of interest and curiosity.

At the moment of Rath's appearance, Mr. Bulpit was bent over his notes. When he looked up, a slight exclamation sprang from his lips. He stared with a half-puzzled frown at the prisoner, and for a moment he seemed overwhelmed by some impression caused by the prisoner's appearance. His was not the only ejaculation of surprise, and many eyes turned from Rath to the haggard face of Ralph, where he sat slightly behind Lord Hatherley.

"Great heavens! what a likeness!" murmured Mr. Bulpit; and he, too, glanced at Ralph and then again at the prisoner. But he recovered his usual composure in a moment, and taking out his snuff-box, slowly took a pinch.

Edward had caught Rath's eye at last, and he nodded affectionately and cheerfully.

"Does he look like a guilty man?" he asked of Mr. Bulpit, in an indignant whisper.

But Mr. Bulpit did not appear to hear him.

"Rayne—Rayne?" he muttered, between his pursed lips.

The clerk read the charge, the superintendent stepped into the witness box. Just below him was the white, grief-stricken face of Workley, as he sat with bent head and nervously working hands. He had glanced at Ralph as he had entered with the other magistrates, but it had only been a glance, as if he were absorbed by his grief and thirst for vengeance; and his eyes, as they left

Ralph's face, went with a vindictive glare to Rath.

The usher called "Silence!" the buzz and hum died out, and every head was thrust forward to catch the superintendent's words.

In the dry, official voice and manner, he said:

"I propose to give evidence of the arrest only, your worships, and to ask for a remand."

Lord Hatherley nodded in concurrence, but Mr. Bulpit rose.

"I appear for the prisoner, my lord, and I oppose the proposal of a remand. My client is innocent, and we could not expect the earliest and fullest investigation."

There was a murmur of surprise at Mr. Bulpit's voice and bearing. Had the old lawyer got something up his sleeve, some information of which the police were ignorant?

"Such an objection is unusual, Mr. Bulpit," said Lord Hatherley, suggestively; but Mr. Bulpit bowed obstinately.

"The case has only just reached my hands, my lord; I am desirous of hearing the evidence."

"Very good," said Lord Hatherley, after a whispered conference with his fellow-magistrates. "We cannot refuse your application, Mr. Bulpit."

The superintendent, amidst a breathless silence, stated that the prisoner had been arrested at the police station; and almost before he had finished, Mr. Bulpit asked:

"He surrendered, you mean? He was accompanied by Mr. Bryan here; there was no police, no other person with them?"

"Yes, sir—no, sir, they were alone. I call the doctor, your worships."

The doctor stepped into the box, and gave his evidence with a professional directness. Death was caused by wounds inflicted by a knife.

"In your opinion, how long had the deceased been dead before you saw her?" asked Mr. Bulpit.

As the question was answered, Ralph craned forward, then drew back.

"Not very long—a quarter of an hour. It is impossible to say within a few minutes."

"Could the wounds have been inflicted by the deceased's own hands?" "No; certainly not. One was made from a position which would have been impossible to the deceased."

Mr. Bulpit nodded, and Workley slowly climbed into the box. For a moment or two he seemed incapable of speech; then, as if with a great effort, he told his story in a hoarse voice, his small eyes fixed on the wall opposite him. Everyone listened with breathless interest, and all eyes were turned to Rath, who stood listening with grave intentness.

"The prisoner was bending over the body? Had he it in his arms?" Workley hesitated.

"Please don't hurry, Mr. Workley," said Mr. Bulpit, in his dry way, but with every possible courtesy. "Search your memory; tell us exactly, minutely, what you saw."

"Yes; he had the—the body; in his

arms," answered Workley, doggedly.

"Supporting it?"

"Yes."

"And now I will ask you to be very careful. Did he offer to run away?"

"No."

"Did you call to him to surrender? You would naturally exclaim with horror at the awful sight. Did you charge him with the crime, and call upon him to yield himself your prisoner?"

"No. I—do not remember. Can a man remember what he said or did at such a moment?" demanded Workley, hoarsely.

"Not very well," assented Mr. Bulpit. "But I may take it that you sprang upon him at once; any man would do so."

"Yes."

"And he resisted your attack?"

"Yes."

"You were hurt? Yes. Did the gamekeepers who came to your assistance call upon him to surrender himself?"

"No—no; I think not."

"And he resisted them, fought them, in fact, and they were hurt?"

"Yes; he fought as if for his life," said Workley, grimly.

"Quite so. As you would have done if you had been suddenly attacked without, so far as you knew, rhyme or reason?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Workley, you knew the deceased? Did you ever hear her mention the prisoner's name?"

"No, sir."

"Mr. Workley, I beg you to believe that I have every desire to spare your feelings, but—but you were desirous of marrying this unfortunate lady? Is that so?"

"Yes," dropped from Workley's lips.

"But she was married already?" Lord Hatherley, who had acquired considerable legal knowledge in his long experience as a magistrate, interposed.

"You cannot ask the witness that question, Mr. Bulpit," he said, gravely.

Mr. Bulpit bowed.

"Quite so, my lord." To the witness: "Have you ever met the husband of the deceased?"

"No, never," answered Workley, between his teeth.

Mr. Bulpit dismissed him with a courteous wave of the hand, and a gamekeeper took his place. He gave an account of the discovery of the knife. A shudder ran through the crowd as the weapon was handed up to the magistrates, and a murmur of horror arose as the witness told how Rath had owned the knife.

"He owned it at once; claimed it, in fact; at once, immediately?" asked Mr. Bulpit.

"Yes, sir, at once," was the prompt answer. "He seemed surprised like that we didn't give it to him there and then; in fact, Mr. Bulpit, if us hadn't caught him there red-handed, as you may say, us 'ud have found it hard to believe—"

"That is not evidence," said the clerk, rebukingly.

"Beg pardon, sir, beg pardon, your worships," said the gamekeeper, touching his forehead respectfully. "I thought as Mr. Bulpit wanted to know everything—"

"I do," said Mr. Bulpit, solemnly; and the crowd moved excitedly. "One question: You heard the prisoner ask for the knife; did he search for it in his pocket?"

"Yes, sir; I seed 'un; but he could not find it, and one of us—it was William, the second keeper—noticed that the bottom of the pocket—"

"Silence!" came from the clerk again.

Back came the doctor to swear to the stains on Rath's coat-sleeve and on the knife; but Mr. Bulpit seemed to attach little importance to this evidence.

"The stains might be caused by the prisoner's holding the body?" he asked.

**Grief and Worry  
Childbirth  
La Grippe  
Excesses and  
Overstrain**  
CAUSE  
**Nervous Exhaustion**  
Take the new remedy  
**Asaya-Neurall**  
(TRADE MARK)  
which contains the form of phosphorus required for nerve repair.

Free sample bottle, containing treatment for cold, influenza, grippe, headache, neuralgia, and headache, explaining formula and special request to Dr. J. A. Lawrence Co., Montreal.

met the prisoner on the fatal night by accident or appointment?"

There was a stir in the court, and the crowd turned towards the door.

Rath himself did not move. He had listened to the witnesses, to Mr. Bulpit's cross-examination, with a strange commingling of emotions, in which surprise predominated.

All these men were trying to prove him guilty. Why? Why had they not searched for and found the man who had done it?

He looked from one magistrate to another gravely, but without fear. Then his eyes met Edward's, and he smiled calmly, as if he were aware of, and appreciated, his friend's sympathy.

The superintendent pushed his way towards the box, followed by a slight, girlish figure, which was at once the target of every eye.

She walked with bent head and clasped hands to the box, and as she went up the steps, Lord Lisle was seen to spring to his feet and heard to utter an exclamation.

It caused Rath to turn towards him, and then to the witness-box. Instantly a cry arose from him, a cry of amazement, of joy.

"Stella!" sprang from his lips. She started and raised her head, a look of answering amazement and joy shone in her eyes, and she stretched out her hands to him, crying:

"Rath! Rath!"

CHAPTER XLV.  
"Rath!"  
"Stella!"

With outstretched hands they leant forward and gazed at each other, with wonder and love fighting for the mastery in their eyes. If the policemen who guarded him had not laid restraining hands upon him, Rath would have leapt from the dock to her. As it was, he gazed and gazed with flashing, flaming eyes and quivering frame.

And Stella, with heaving bosom and parted lips, kept murmuring his name half unconsciously:

"Rath! Rath!"  
(To be Continued.)

**FEELS LIKE  
A NEW WOMAN**

As Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Dispelled Backache, Headaches and Dizziness.



Fiqua, Ohio—"I would be very ungrateful if I failed to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound the praise it deserves, for I have taken it at different times and it always relieved me when other medicines failed, and when I hear a woman complain I always recommend it. Last winter I was attacked with a severe case of organic weakness. I had backache, pains in my hips and over my kidneys, headache, dizziness, lassitude, had no energy, limbs ached and I was always tired. I was hardly able to do my housework. I had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound on one other occasion, and it had helped me so I took it again and it has built me up, until now I feel like a new woman. You have my hearty consent to use my name and testimonial in any way and I hope it will benefit suffering women."—Mrs. ORPHA TURNER, 431 S. Wayne St., Fiqua, Ohio.

Women who are suffering from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

**A Magnificent List of  
Columbia Patriotic Records!**

**Only 65c. each.**

TWO SELECTIONS ON EACH RECORD.

Come and hear them. They are simply magnificent. Everyone recorded in England.

P16—Boys in Khaki, Boys in Blue, by Stanley Kirkby.  
"—Your King and Country Need You, by Harrison Latimer.

P16—Here's to the Day, by Stanley Kirkby.  
"—The Trumpet-Voice of Motherland is Calling, by H. Latimer.

P17—Soldiers of the King (new version), by Harrison Latimer.  
"—Bravo! Territorials (new version), by Harrison Latimer.

P28—Bombardier Jim, by Edgar Coyle.  
"—The Call to Arms, by Edgar Coyle.

P29—Tommy Atkins, by Robert Howe.  
"—Sons of the Sea, by Harold Wood.

P19—The Old Brigade, by Harrison Latimer.  
"—The Veteran's Songs, by Robert Howe.

P34—Dolly McHugh, by Stanley Kirkby.  
"—Boys of the Ocean Blue, by Stanley Kirkby.

P22—Your King and Country Want You, by Stanley Kirkby.  
"—Fall In, by Stanley Kirkby.

P33—Your Dear Old Dad was Irish, by Stanley Kirkby.  
"—Sandy, Boy, by Stanley Kirkby.

**U. S. Picture & Portrait Co.**  
Graphophone Department.

The coming of Spring means the shedding of the old coat and the putting on of the new. We are showing something neat and dressy in Spring Coatings. Have you seen our Greys with silk facings? Topnotchers, aren't they! Also something good in Scotch suitings, Gleniris and Wha-haes; all hand made.

**EXCLUSIVELY MAUNDER**

**John Maunder**  
TAILOR & CLOTHIER  
ST. JOHN'S, N.F.

**WE** are showing just now some really handsome Pendants and Necklets set with gems and real pearls. They appeal at once to the tasteful buyer. We have put the prices at the lowest possible figure.

**Engagement and Wedding Rings!**

As usual we lead when it comes to selecting a Ring. We have them in single stone, three and five stone Diamond, also a very large and varied assortment of other gems.

After the engagement comes the wedding. We are proud of our Rings and when you need the Ring of Rings call up us and see how easily we can suit you.

We have just received a shipment of Crown Watch Bracelets—Gold filled with good movements and moderate in price. We strongly recommend them.

When in need of any article of Jewellery see the Reliable Jewellers stock first. We lead.

**T. J. DULEY & CO.**

Advertise in The Evening Telegram

**Spey Royal,**  
10 YEARS OLD.

Finest procurable.  
Pure Malt Scotch Whisky.  
**J. C. BAIRD,**  
Water Street.

**Do It Now!**

Ring up, write or send us instructions to call for your

**Laundry**

when next you require any work done.

EXPERT WORKERS.  
LATEST MACHINERY.  
PROMPT SERVICE.

**Globe Steam Laundry Co., Limited.**  
Phone 148. P. O. Box 476.  
may13.1f

**Just Received!**

A Carload of  
**WOOD,  
ZINC  
and  
GLASS  
WASHBOARDS**

Also,  
**Clothes  
Pins.**

**Wholesale Only.**

**The Direct Agencies Limited.**

**Some New Fiction!**

Some new Fashion Journals—the Weldon's Ladies' Journal is among them. Some new Magazines, some new War Books, some new War Maps, some new War Pictures, and all by the "Durango" just in.

The last English boat left behind most of our literature; now these have also come, so that if you will drop in and look over our book-stands and book-shelves you will be sure to find something that will be of interest to you.

Come now to  
**DICKS & CO., Limited.**  
Biggest, Brightest, Busiest and Best Book, Stationery and Fancy Goods Store in Nfld.

**Ex S. S. "STEPHANO,"**

New York Turkeys.  
New York Corned Beef.  
Navel Oranges.  
Table Apples.  
Red & White Cherries.  
Bananas, Lemons, Grape Fruit.  
Pineapples.  
Asparagus, New Potatoes.  
Tomatoes.

**JAMES STOTT**  
MINARD'S LINIMENT USED BY PHYSICIANS.

France sends out no finer brandy than this "fin champagne" grape vintage.

**HINE'S  
Three Star BRANDY**

Guaranteed Twenty Years Old

H. Hine & Co. are the holders of the oldest vintage brandies in Cognac

J. G. ROBERTS, of Toronto, Sole Canadian Agent  
JOHN JACKSON, St. John's, Resident Agent.