

Rub Your Stiff Neck To-Day— Good Old "Nerviline" Will Cure

FIFTEEN MINUTES AFTER USING NERVILINE YOU ARE WELL.

Cold, excessive strain and exertion are a common cause of stiff neck, soreness or inflammation.

Generally the cause is so deeply seated that only a liniment as powerful and penetrating as Nerviline will effect an immediate removal of pain. Nerviline is powerful, yet penetrating, is the most rapid pain-expelling agent the world knows.

Millions have proved its reliability and millions will share the relief its

marvellous properties confer upon suffering people.

Nerviline is sold upon a positive guarantee that is more prompt, more powerful, penetrating and pain-expelling than any other remedy.

If you have failed to obtain relief for rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica or lumbago, try Nerviline. Good for small pains, the surest to drive out the big ones.

Nerviline is guaranteed to quickly cure any pain or soreness in the joints, and is sold by druggists everywhere. Large size, 50 cents; trial size, 25 cents.

'Margaret,' The GIRL ARTIST, OR, The Countess of Ferrers Court.

CHAPTER XV.

"Yes," she said, in a low voice, which she appeared to keep steady by a palpable effort. "You are—Mrs. Stanley?"

The color grew a little deeper in Margaret's cheeks, and her lids fell a little; but she said quietly:

"Yes, I am Mrs. Stanley."

Thereupon the visitor raised her veil, and Margaret saw a face that was pretty, and would have been girlish, but for its palor and the lines which had impressed upon it either sorrow or sickness.

When she raised her veil she let her hands drop into her lap, and clasped them tightly and nervously, and her lips quivered.

Margaret remained standing, but the visitor sank into the seat from which she had risen, as if unable to stand.

"You—you will wonder—my wife will be surprised at my—my presence," she began, then she broke off and clutched at her dress nervously. "Oh, how can I go on? Bear with me, I beseech you! Be patient with me, I implore!"

Margaret looked down at her with surprise, that slowly melted to pity. "I am afraid you are in some trouble," she said, gently, and Margaret's voice, when it was gentle, was compounded of the music which is said to disarm savage beasts.

It seemed to move the pale-faced girl strangely. She caught her breath and appeared to wince. "I am in great trouble," she said. "You cannot tell, you will never know what it has cost me to come to you. But—but it is my only chance!"

She paused to gain breath, and Margaret sank into a chair, and wondered how much she might venture to offer her. She had all the money she had given her for her pictures, and some savings besides. Of course it was pecuniary trouble.

"I am very, very sorry," she said, "and if I can help you—"

"You can, and you only!" said the girl.

"Will you tell me—" murmured Margaret.

"Yes, yes, I will!" she broke in; "but give me a minute, give me time, Mrs. Stanley. I will tell you my story. If it should fall to touch your heart—but it will not; I see by your face that you have a kind heart, that, though it might be led astray, would not do a fellow-creature, a helpless woman like yourself, a deadly wrong!"

Margaret stared at her, then turned pale. That the woman was mad she had now not a shadow of a doubt:

Gin Pills FOR THE KIDNEYS How They Cure

PLESSVILLE, QUE.
"I suffered from Kidney Trouble for several years, and tried numerous remedies and doctors' prescriptions without permanent relief, my case being chronic. After seeing about Gin Pills, and as it is a well known fact that Juniper, without alcohol, is excellent for the Kidneys, I decided to try Gin Pills. One single pill gave me great relief. I have now taken four boxes of Gin Pills and find myself completely cured. No more bad humor—no increase in weight—clear eyes—fresh color—more strength and vigor. This is what Gin Pills have done for me."

H. POWIS HERBERT.
Your druggists sell Gin Pills, 50c a box or six boxes \$2.50. Write for free sample to National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

and she, not unnaturally, glanced at the door.

The girl seemed to divine her suspicions and intentions, for she put out her hand pleadingly.

"No, I am not mad! You think so now! But you will see presently that I am not! It would be better for me—yes, and for you—if I were! Heaven help us both!"

"She panted so and looked so faint that Margaret half rose. There was a carafe of water and a glass on a small table near her, and the girl caught at it and filled the glass, but in lifting it to her lips she spilt some, her hand shaking like an aspen leaf.

"I will try to be calm!" she said, pleadingly, as Margaret took the glass from her. "Mrs. Stanley, I am a poor and friendless girl. I was a governess in a gentleman's family—I am not a lady by birth, but I had struggled hard to qualify myself—and I did my duty, and was"—her voice broke—"happy! One day a gentleman came to visit the family. He was young and handsome; he was more than that, he was gentle and kind to the girl who felt herself so much alone in the world. He used to come to the schoolroom, and sit and talk at the children's tea, with them, and with me. I thought there was no harm in it. I did not guess that it was me he came to see until one day he told me—

all suddenly—that he loved me!"

She panted and paused, and moistened her lips, keeping her dark eyes fixed on Margaret's face.

Margaret listened with gentle patience and sympathy, feeling, however, that there was some dreadful mistake, and that the girl had mistaken her for some one else.

"I did not know how it was with me until he spoke those words, but when he said them, they seemed to show me my own heart, and I knew I loved him in return. Mrs. Stanley, I was not a wicked girl. No! I did not wish to do wrong, and I told him that he must go, and never see me, or speak to me so again, or that I must leave the place that had become a home to me."

"Poor girl!" murmured Margaret, unconsciously.

The girl started, looked slightly—very slightly—confused, as a child does when it is interrupted in the middle of its lesson, then, with a heavy sigh, she went on:

"But he would not listen to me; he said that he loved me as an honest girl should be loved. I fought against him and my own heart day after day, but he was too strong, and my love made me weak, and though he was rich and powerful, and I knew I was not fit to be his wife, I consented to marry him."

She stopped and eyed her listener.

Margaret, a little pale, but still wondering, gently opened the window to give her some air.

"Would you like to wait—let me get you some wine?" she murmured.

"No, no! I must go on while I have strength—while you will consent to listen," said the girl. "We were married secretly, because he did not wish his powerful relatives to know anything of the marriage for awhile, and his prospects might be brighter. We were married"—she sighed—"and I was happy—oh, so happy!" and the tears coursed down her cheeks, and she hid her face in her handkerchief.

"We had a pretty little cottage near London, and my husband seemed as happy as I was. He never wanted to leave my side; and so it went on for months, until—until—she paused and panted—"until one day my husband left me—he said to see his relatives and find out if he could break it to them. He came back silent and

moody, and he went away again all next day. Soon he stayed away for days, then weeks, and at last he left me altogether."

Margaret uttered an inarticulate cry of pity and sympathy and indignation.

"No, no, do not blame him," said the girl. "It was not altogether his fault. He was light-hearted and—fickle by nature, and it was her fault, as much as his."

"Hers?" said Margaret.

"The girl looked at her with a vague wonder.

"Yes. Have you not guessed? The other woman?"

Margaret's face flushed.

"No!" she said.

"Yes, there was another woman. I discovered it by accident. I saw them together, and knew in an instant why he had left me. She was beautiful, more beautiful than I, and looked like a lady, which I never was. And—and it was not wonderful that he should leave me—a poor, simple girl—"

"It was wicked, cruelly wicked!" exclaimed Margaret, hotly.

"The girl sobbed.

"I did not know who she was! She looked good—and yet it was her fault. I went home—after seeing them—and waited for him to come that I might tax him with it! But he never came back! He sent me money, but I would not touch it! I—I had my savings, and I lived on them—"

"That was right!—that was right!" murmured Margaret, her womanly heart aglow.

"And—and I thought that I could learn to let him go, and live without him! But—but it was too hard a lesson! I could not! You see, I loved him so!"

"Poor girl, poor girl! Oh, he was a villain! You should have—"

she stopped.

"What should I have done? Go to him and reproached him? Oh, you do not know him! It would have made him hate me, and parted us forever and ever!"

"The law—there is justice," said Margaret.

The girl shook her head in dull misery.

"No, my pride was too great for that. Besides, I did not want my friends to know how I was treated. There was only one thing to do"—she paused, and her dark, restless eyes fixed themselves covertly on Margaret's face as if she were waiting for a cue.

"What was that?" breathed Margaret, bending forward.

"To go to the girl he had deserted me for, to go to her and pray her to let him come back to me. He was deceiving her, leading her astray, and she might turn on me and laugh at me. But she looked good, and perhaps, who knew, she might listen to my prayer! She could not love him better than I do, and if she did, she might not be so lost to all shame as to keep him from his wife!"

"No, no! you were right!" said Margaret. "Why do you not go to her?"

"I have come to her!" panted the girl. "Oh, Mrs. Stanley!—" But she stopped perforce, for Margaret's open-eyed bewilderment showed that the words were lost upon her.

"You have come?" she said. "Come where—to whom?"

"I have come here, to you!" exclaimed the girl, stretching out her hands. "Oh, dear lady, you are beautiful, ten times more beautiful than I am; but you look good and kind. Have mercy on me, and give me back my husband!"

"Yes, you!" sobbed the girl. "Do you think I should mistake when all my life hung upon it? I have tried not to mention my husband's name, but you force me to do it. He may have tried to hide it from you—it is possible—but you may know it!"

"Yes, tell me," said Margaret, soothingly, feeling that it would be well to humor her, "tell me; but let go my dress—you frighten me—"

"His name is Blair! He is 'Lord Leyton!' sobbed the girl.

Margaret uttered no cry. For a second she seemed as if she had not heard. The room spun round; the blue sky outside the window turned red, and the sofa opposite her seemed to heave as if shaken by an earthquake. Then she laughed.

"You are a wicked woman!" she said, in slow tones of cold anger and contempt—"a very wicked woman! Why have you come here with this story? Do you want money?"

"The girl looked up at her with a strange look. Had she expected her victim to take the blow differently? "You—you don't believe me!" she wailed at last.

(To be Continued.)

YOUNG WOMEN MAY AVOID PAIN

Need Only Trust to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, says Mrs. Kurtzweg.

Buffalo, N.Y.—"My daughter, whose picture is herewith, was much troubled with pains in her back and sides every month and they would sometimes be so bad that it would seem like acute inflammation of some organ. She read your advertisement in the newspapers and tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

She praises it highly as she has been relieved of all these pains by its use. All mothers should know of this remedy, and all young girls who suffer should try it."—Mrs. MATILDA KURTZWEG, 529 High St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Young women who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by this root and herb remedy.

If you know of any young woman who is sick and needs help, please write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Only women will receive her letter, and it will be held in strictest confidence.

Margaret shrank back, paling a little, but once again convinced that she was in the presence of a mad woman.

Yes, that was the key to the whole scene. The woman was one of those monomaniacs who are possessed by the shadow of an imagined wrong, and had pitched upon her as the person who had injured her! She looked toward the door and half rose, but before she could rise from her chair, the girl threw herself on her knees before her, and caught at her dress.

"You do not believe me! You would spurn me! Oh, my dear lady, in Heaven's name, listen to me! Do not turn from me! Think of my great wrong, my broken heart. You think you love him, but remember me! I am his wife—his wife; while you—ah, you have no claim on him! Besides, he has wronged you as cruelly almost as she has wronged me! Do not hesitate, dear, dear lady; have pity on me, and let him come back to me!" she cried, sobbing now bitterly.

Margaret tried to jerk her dress from the clinging hands, but they held too tightly.

"You—you are mad!" she got out at last, in a horrified voice, which she tried to keep steady. "I do not know you—I never saw you before! I know nothing of your husband! It's a mistake, all a mistake. Let me go, please, or I shall call some one—"

"No, no! Listen to me! Be patient with me!" pleaded the girl. "You do not know me, but I know you, though I only saw you and him together once. It was up the river. Oh, I should never, never forget you. Oh, be good to me! Let him come back to me! I am his wife—his wife! You will not you cannot divide husband and wife!"

"Yes, you are mad!" said Margaret, with conviction. "You have never seen me with your husband!—never! never! Let go my dress!"

"Yes, you!" sobbed the girl. "Do you think I should mistake when all my life hung upon it? I have tried not to mention my husband's name, but you force me to do it. He may have tried to hide it from you—it is possible—but you may know it!"

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(To be Continued.)

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.

A STYLISH GOWN.



1654. Costume for Misses and Small Women (with Body Lining).
Poplin in a new shade of brown was used for this design. The fronts are finished with embroidery in Oriental colors. The sleeve may have the flare and deep cuffs or, be finished with the deep cuff only, as shown in the small view. The skirt shows a new and popular form of drapery over the back. Serge, nun's veiling, gabardine, batiste, challie, plisse taffeta, lawn or gingham could also be used for this style.
The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 6 3/4 yards of 44-inch material for an 18-year size.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A PLEASING "EASY TO MAKE" FROCK.



1631. Girls' Jumper Dress, with Guimpe.
Percale, lawn, gingham, seersucker, serge, voile, crepe, challie and linen are nice for this style. The guimpe is made with a square yoke over the front. The sleeve may be in long or short length. The dress is fitted with underarm seams, and the shoulder tabs ends are lapped over the fronts.
The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 2 yards of 27 inch material for the guimpe, and 2 3/4 yards for the dress, for a 6-year size.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

No.....

Size.....

Address in full:—

Name.....

N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern cannot reach you in less than 15 days.

A cunning style for a little girl's dress is a rather short Eton jacket over a plain, full skirt. Quaint dress trimmings combining the reds, blues and greens of a cashmere shawl, are new.

PERFECTION.

When you buy from us you get

**Fine Gold,
Good Weight,
Bright Finish,**

and every Ring is carefully examined before going out.
Out of town orders receive every attention from

T. J. DULEY & Co.,
THE RELIABLE JEWELLERS, ST. JOHN'S.

This Week
AT
BLAIR'S!

Big One Price

**Blouse Sale,
\$1.00 each.**

All the Newest Styles.

Materials in Plain and Fancy Muslins, Piques, Voiles, Plain and Fancy Linens, Plain White and Embroidered Muslins, Stripe Zephyrs, etc.

Best Value ever Offered at this Price.

See Window.

HENRY BLAIR

SLATTERY'S
Wholesale Dry Goods House

Being in close touch with the American Markets, can quote the finest wholesale prices on all classes of POUND REMNANTS and REGULAR PIECE GOODS, FLEECE LINED UNDERWEAR, MATS, RUGS and CARPETS, etc.

Before placing this season's order, we would appreciate an opportunity to quote our prices.

SOLE AGENT for the Leader Overall Co. (Local manufacture).

**Slattery Building, Duckworth and George's Streets,
ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.
P. O. Box 236. Phone 522.**

Over 40,000 People
Read The Telegram

War News.

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

SEIZURE OF CARGOES CAUSING SURPRISE.

LONDON, April 9. The record number of seizures of cargoes from the United States by British authorities during the past fortnight, is causing some surprise here in view of the fact that the new plan under which American shippers might have been given a form of license certifying the innocence of consignments was put into operation two weeks ago. Many ships detained have been subsequently released, but a larger number than usual has been ordered to put at least a portion of their cargoes into the Prize Courts. Among the seizures have been a number of cargoes consigned to the Netherlands Overseas Trust.

PEACE MEETING BROKEN UP.

LONDON, April 9. An attempt to hold a non-conscripted and peace meeting in Trafalgar square to-day was unceremoniously broken up, by thousands of persons who charged and dispersed the procession and tore up the banners and flags. Various peace societies organized the demonstration. Sylvia Pankhurst, the militant suffragette, was prominent. After the procession had been dispersed the leaders of the movement mounted the plinth of the Nelson column and endeavored to make speeches, but the crowd pelted them with flour, and red and yellow ochre. The speakers faced the ordeal for five minutes and then beat a hasty retreat.

ENEMY ATTACK CHECKED.

PARIS, April 9. The French curtain of fire has checked the enemy attack, and the Germans are compelled to remain in the trenches at Champagne. Artillery was very active in Flanders but no gains of importance are reported.

FRENCH VICTORY ANNOUNCED.

PARIS, April 9. A French victory was announced at Veurne. The War Office reports that the troops have captured 150 metres of German trenches at Donaumont village, north of Ypres. German hand-grenade attacks were repulsed.

ACTIVITY ABOUT FLANDERS.

LONDON, April 9. (Official.) Last night and to-day there has been some minor activity about Houthulst and southeast of Roubaert. There has been artillery activity to-day on both sides of the Pefcoux-Souchet-Lorette, Ring and about St. Eloi and south of Ypres the enemy shelled our trenches heavily this afternoon. We retaliated.

BERLIN OFFICIAL.

BERLIN, April 9. There has been no change in the situation in any of the theaters of war, according to to-day's official statement issued by the German army headquarters.

FRENCH EVACUATE BETHINCOURT SALIENT.

PARIS, April 9. The French evacuated Bethincourt salient on Saturday night. The Germans to-day attacked with great violence their new line from Avocourt to Comieres but were repulsed with sanguinary losses. Only at one point northeast of Avocourt did the Germans succeed in entering the French trenches. From this position they were ejected through a counter attack.

WILSON CONGRATULATES ALBERT.

WASHINGTON, April 9. President Wilson to-day sent a cable congratulating King Albert of Belgium on the celebration of his 41st birthday.

BIRTHDAY OF KING ALBERT CELEBRATED.

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The birthday of King Albert of Bel-

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