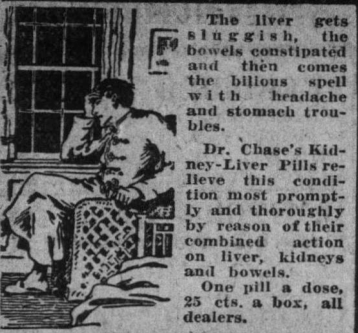


**Bilious Headache**



**Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills**

**"KYRA,"**

**The Ward of the Earl of Vering.**

CHAPTER XXXV. Conclusion.

The house was still hushed, but the air of gloom had disappeared, for it was known that Kyra—the beautiful girl whose loveliness and gentleness had lit up the world house, and made it home for all within its walls—would live; and hope shone on every face—but one.

That one now stared at itself with apprehensive glance in the mirror of Lillian Devigne's chamber. To herself even she dared not admit that she alone felt no joy in the sudden restoration to life of her young rival; but ever there arose before her, and grew upon her, the conviction that the long and dangerous game she had been playing was lost, and only the fact that she had played with loaded dice could be hidden! Perhaps the count was dead or had left England, and the shameful secret of the plot she had planned might disappear and be lost with him!

While she paced to and fro, lost in the effort to cast aside the insidious fear and regain her composure, a low knock was heard at her door, and a servant announced that Mr. Merivale would be glad to see her in the library for a few minutes. She bathed her face, and pressed some color into her lips, and forcing the old serene smile, stole swanlike down the stairs. With her hand on the library door she paused. Was it not strange that Charles Merivale should send for her in this way? What could he want with her—did he suspect? She opened the door and entered, and the first glance at Charles's open face, now grave and sorrowful, told her that fate had torn the mask from her, and that one at least of that household knew her for what she was.

But the admirable calm self-possession did not desert her. She came with a smile to the table, and stood with her back to the window, so that he might only see her face indistinctly.

"You wanted to see me, Mr. Merivale?"

Low and clear the words came forth, making Charles's task harder even than he had thought it would have been.

"Yes, Miss Devigne," he said, looking down as honesty has a way of doing before dishonesty. "I—Lady Devigne tells me that you intend leaving the Grange to-morrow—"

"Splitting Pains in the Muscles Driven Out Quickly by 'Nerviline.'"

Rheumatic Pains Go—Suffering Ceases—Cure Comes in Even Chronic Cases. For aching bones and sore muscles nothing will soothe away the pain like Nerviline. For nerve-racking twinges in the muscles, for torturing backache or lumbago, you'll find Nerviline is full of amazing power. You see, Nerviline has the power—it's about five times stronger than ordinary remedies, and can penetrate very deeply. It contains juices and extracts of certain herbs that give it a strange power to drive out congestion, inflammation or pain. You are safe in using Nerviline. Just

"Yes," said Lillian, "mamma is anything but well, and I, myself, am not strong; and now that dear Kyra is past all danger, and has Lady Mary by her side, I think we should like to go—"

"Yes," said Charlie, "perhaps it would be best—the south of France—"

Then he paused, and held out the telegram.

"Before you go, let me give you this which fell into my possession by accident—"

She took it, and looked up into his kind, honest face, on which there was more of sorrow than anger.

"For the first and only time the proud spirit broke; she fell into a chair, and clenching the telegram, bowed her head over it.

When she raised her face it was white and shamed.

"Did he—tell you to send me away?"

"He—whom? Percy? No! Miss Devigne, what do you take me for? I told you that that telegram came into my possession by accident. It was given to my wife by Count Hudsport, whom she found starving in London. Rather than Percy should see the telegram, and know the story it tells, I would—I cannot say what I would not do!"

"He knows nothing," she breathed. "God bless you! Ah, Charlie, you can send me away without any cold words. I have sinned, but I have paid dearly for it. You, standing there, happy and victorious, you have never known what it is to have loved—and lost! Good-by. I shall go further than France; you will never see me again, none of you. Good-by!"

Charlie strode to her, and put out his hand.

"God forgive you, as I and Mary do!" he said—"as Percy would, if he knew; but he never shall know through us."

"You promise?" she said, imploringly and tearfully.

"I promise," he said, as he opened the door for her.

"God bless you—and him!" she murmured, and passed out. In an hour she was gone, and no Vering ever saw her again.

Very soon there came a day when the invalid was permitted to travel from the bedroom to her little boudoir. Winter had set in by then, and the room had been hung with rich curtains, upon which the glow of a great fire fell genially and morthfully.

(To be Continued.)

**WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.**

CHAPTER I. Something of a Mystery.

"Is he more like a burglar?" asked Olivia, with apparent innocence.

Mr. Sparrow shook his head.

"No, no, dear me, no! I think I said he was most distinguished-looking. Quite—er—aristocratic, and—er—patrician. Remarkably good-looking, also."

Miss Amelia pushed her chair nearer a book cabinet, and seized "The Peirage."

"Oh, I've looked through that," remarked Mr. Sparrow, with charming simplicity. "There is no mention of

rub it on—it won't blister or burn, and can do nothing but good. Whenever there is pain or suffering Nerviline will go and will drive it out. It penetrates to every cell of a sore muscle; it sinks to the heart of every stiff sore joint; it searches out the pain of rheumatism quickly. Give Nerviline a trial. See how fast it will limber your lame back, how quickly it will cure neuralgic headache, how fast it will break up a bad cold or ease a sore throat.

The best family pain-remedy ever made is Nerviline. Forty years of great success proves this.

For emergent ills, when the doctor isn't handy, there is nothing better than the 50c. family size bottle; trial size 25c., all dealers.

**Throw Away Your Eye-Glasses!**

A Free Prescription You Can Have Filled and Use at Home.

Do you wear glasses? Are you a victim of eye-strain or other eye-weakness? If so, you will be glad to know that there is real hope for you. Many whose eyes were failing say they have had their eyes restored through the principle of this wonderful free prescription. One man says, after trying it: "It was almost blind; could not see to read at all. Now I can read everything without any glasses and my eyes do not water any more." At night they would pain dreadfully; now they feel fine all the time. It was like a miracle to me." A lady who used it says: "The atmosphere seemed hazy with or without glasses, but after using this prescription for fifteen days everything seems clear. I can even read fine print without glasses." It is believed that thousands who wear glasses can now discard them in a reasonable time and multitudes more will be able to strengthen their eyes so as to be spared the trouble and expense of ever getting glasses. Eye troubles of many descriptions may be wonderfully benefited by following the simple rules. Here is the prescription: Go to any active drug store and get a bottle of Bon-Opto Tablets. Drop one Bon-Opto tablet in  $\frac{1}{2}$  glass of water and allow to dissolve. With this liquid, bathe the eyes two to four times daily. You should notice your eyes clear up perceptibly right from the start and inflammation will quickly disappear. If your eyes are bothering you, even a little, take steps to save them now before it is too late. Many hopelessly blind might have been saved if they had cared for their eyes in time. The Valmas Drug Co., of Toronto, will fill the above prescription by mail, if your druggist cannot.

A Provincial City Physician to whom the article was submitted, said: "Bon-Opto is a very remarkable remedy. Its constituent ingredients are well known eye specialists and widely prescribed by them. It can be obtained from any good druggist and is one of the very few preparations I feel should be kept on hand for regular use in almost every family."

the name of Paradeane in that or 'The County Families.'"

Miss Amelia closed the book with a gesture of despair.

"Is there no way of finding out something about him, dear Mr. Sparrow?"

"I know of none," he replied, solemnly.

"And I can only think of one," said Olivia.

Both pairs of eyes were turned upon her with eager impatience.

"Really? Now, what is that, my dear?" demanded Aunt Amelia.

"You might ask him to tell you his history," she said, without moving a muscle.

Aunt Amelia sank back with a gesture of disgusted disappointment, and Mr. Sparrow coughed.

"I—er—have reason to believe that the manservant was asked a question or two—"

"By you, Mr. Sparrow?" asked Olivia, still with the expression of an innocent child.

The little man blushed.

"Well, not exactly; but my man Walker happened to meet Mr. Paradeane's man, and got into conversation."

"And what did he say?" demanded Miss Amelia, eagerly.

"Well, I regret to say that he told poor Walker to mind his own business."

Olivia had only time to turn to the piano to hide the smile which seemed to flash across her face and dance in her eyes like a ray of sunshine.

"Well, I really never—Of course, no one will think of calling upon him," said Miss Amelia.

Again Mr. Sparrow colored guiltily.

"I—er—thought it my duty as a neighbor," he said, hesitatingly, "to just call. It was yesterday. The dog—he shuddered, and screwed up his slender legs, as if at some painful recollection—"the dog is one of the largest and—most awful animals, and I am convinced if the servant hadn't come up at the moment, I—"

He shuddered again. "He said his master was out. I saw Mr. Paradeane walking in the orchard at the side of the cottage quite distinctly."

"Then he was out," said Olivia, gravely.

"My dear Olivia," exclaimed her aunt, "you seem to be quite anxious to make excuses for this extraordinary young man; you do, indeed!"

"Well, it can't be denied that he was out of the house," said Olivia, as gravely as before. "We usually look over the stairs and whisper to the servants to say that we are not at home. For the future I shall imitate Mr. Paradeane's name's veracity, and go out into the garden."

"The man added that his master never saw visitors," said Mr. Sparrow, solemnly.

There was something so irresistibly ludicrous in the little old man's tone that Olivia's gravity broke down, and she burst into a peal of laughter. While it was ringing through the room, and the other two were staring at her in startled astonishment and indignation, two gentlemen entered. One—an elderly man, tall and thin,

with gray hair and eyes that had a look of Olivia's in them—was her father, Mr. Vanley. The other was a young man in flannels—a young man who would have been good-looking but for a remarkably faulty mouth and an expression in his eyes which seemed to convey the idea to the spectator that their owner was always on the alert listening and watching, and yet endeavoring to conceal the fact.

As Olivia looked up and met the eyes fixed upon her with a sudden, eager curiosity, then turned aside with a sudden attempt at indifference the laugh died away abruptly and a sudden change came over her expressive face. It was as if she had hardened it. A moment ago it had been full of girlish mirth and abandon; now in an instant it was eloquent of reserve and almost hauteur.

"What is the matter, Olivia?" asked Mr. Vanley, not irritably, but with a touch of sober earnestness, almost amounting to anxiety, which was always present with him. "What are you laughing at? Good-afternoon, Mr. Sparrow."

The young man came forward.

"Do tell us, Miss Olivia!" he said, throwing as much eagerness into his voice as possible. "Pray let us share the joke."

"It was no joke," she said, calmly; and turning away, began to arrange some music.

"Miss Olivia was laughing at me," said Mr. Sparrow, almost plaintively. "My dear Edwin—and you—Mr. Bradstone—you must hear this strange story of Mr. Sparrow's. Now, Mr. Sparrow, I insist!" exclaimed Miss Amelia, clasping her hands in the latest "intensity."

Mr. Sparrow was nothing loth, and Mr. Vanley sank into a chair with so palpable an air of resignation that a smile flitted across Olivia's face. Perhaps that encouraged Bartley Bradstone, for he approached her in a slow, hesitating kind of fashion, and talked to her in a low voice—he was watching her cold, downcast face covertly all the time—while Mr. Sparrow inflicted his story of the mysterious stranger upon Mr. Vanley.

The master of the Grange listened in silence until the narration was complete, and the old gentleman paused to see the effect of his recital; then Mr. Vanley looked up and said, quietly:

"Not a very promising neighbor. One would think he was insane; not that the purchase of The Dell is the act of a lunatic. It is the prettiest little place in the country."

He rose as he spoke, and, walking to the window, looked out pensively at the chimneys of The Dell, which just peeped over the tops of his own elms growing on the slope of the lane, at the bottom of which The Dell nestled.

"Yes, it is," said Miss Amelia; "and I am sure I have always wondered why you didn't buy it yourself, my dear Edwin, seeing that it is almost within your own estate."

Mr. Vanley's face clouded for an instant, and he cast a glance toward Bartley Bradstone; then he said, with a slight shrug:

"I have quite enough to worry about. Besides, I didn't know that Mr. Sparrow wished to part with it."

"I didn't—that is—I had no idea of it," said the old gentleman, nervously. "The—fact is, this young man—Mr. Paradeane, I mean—took me by surprise."

(To be Continued.)

**A Frightful Death! Suffocated in Asthma Attack.**

Every sufferer from asthma knows the terror, the abject fear that overcomes them when suffering for breath. The old fashioned remedies may relieve, but never cure. Best results come from Catarrhoxone, which cures asthma after hope is abandoned. It's because Catarrhoxone kills the asthma germ that it cures. Choking spells and labored breathing are relieved, suffocating sensations and loss of breath are cured. Every trace of asthma is driven from the system, and even old chronic experience immediate relief and lasting cure. Equally good for bronchitis, throat trouble and catarrh. The large one dollar outfit includes the inhaler and lasts two months, sold by all dealers or from the Catarrhoxone Co., Kingston, Canada.

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

AN ATTRACTIVE NEGLIGEE.



1760—This smart style is lovely for any of the pretty inexpensive crepes, lawns, organdies or voiles. It is also nice for silk, batiste and allingerie fabrics. The fulness of waist and skirt is gathered at raised waistline. The sleeve is cut in one with the body of the waist. In blue and white or lavender and white, with trimming of white or self color, the design will be quite becoming. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 6 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a Medium size.

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

**A PRACTICE SERVICEABLE GARMENT.**



1604—Ladies' Apron with or without Belt. Gingham, seersucker, percale, lawn, sateen, drill or alpaca may be used for this model. It is made with a boxplait at the centre front, under which the closing may be finished. The full pocket is a new and desirable feature. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for a Medium size.

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

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We wish to say we are introducing some Toilet and Manicure Goods, and with them we have a lot of Vanity Boxes, with Compressed Powder, Puff and Mirror. We are not selling these latter, but are Giving Them Away.

We give absolutely free, as long as they last, a Vanity Box to any lady who desires one, who makes a cash purchase of two dollars or more of Ladies' Wear, Manicure Goods or other Dry Goods, separately or combined.

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Ladies' White and Coloured Voile Dresses that were \$6.50 and \$7.00, are now priced down to . . . \$4.90 These are the very latest styles and very dainty. Other prices in new styles range from around \$1.95.

**White Muslin and Pique Dresses**

from last season, offering at less than half prices. The prices are 95c., \$1.25 and \$1.50 each. See our special line of LADIES' BLOUSES, a big lot, all one price, 85c. each.

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BACON—Fidelity, Elm City, Star.

Fresh Eggs.

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**Driving Power of British is Greatest**

Result of Long Preparation Drive as it Appeared Just Before the Offensive Began—Germans Meet Equal Terms for First Time since War.

Bar-Le-Duc, June 29, (By AP)—There is a chance that the British French offensive of this summer will succeed in breaking through the man lines and bringing the end of war in sight.

Let it be conceded that this is considered a possibility only. As to the probabilities are, however, the Germans will merely be weakened, matter what may be the strength of the thrust against them, and that the next task of the Allies will be to prepare for another winter in the trenches and another drive when the weather hardens next year. Nevertheless, there is a chance of success for the reasons:

First—The lines in the west have been actually broken four times since the drive will be a greatly superior one any previous effort by the Allies. The west as a sledge is to a tactician's mer.

Third—The Central Powers are with their hands full. They may find difficulty in playing the old game of hurdling Germany from one front of war to the other, as military necessities demand.

Fourth—Germany must have been brutally blunted her cutting edge at Verdun.

Biggest Preparation Yet. No other movement since this began, if the Germans rush the Belgium is excepted, has been so carefully thought out and managed and provided for as has the present offensive. The British should be able to get every ounce of weight from their blow. Here are some of the reasons:

(a) Three thousand miles of road have been built behind the British front. That ensures a superior system of supply of munitions and withdrawal of the wounded, as well as a rapid transfer of troops to the point to point.

The tremendous advantage the Allies have had heretofore has been in the possession of a sufficient number of strategic railroads. The importance of this superiority was keenly appreciated at Verdun, where the Germans had eighteen lines converging on the Verdun district, while the British were forced to improvise automobile transport to make up for the deficiencies of their two inferior lines of rail.

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