

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

Rheumatic Pains Go—Suffering Ceases—Care Comes in Even Chronic Cases.

For aching bones and sore muscles nothing will sooth 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—its 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

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.

## The Web;

OR,

### TRUE LOVE'S PASSION.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

##### An Astonishing Declaration.

"Well," echoed Jack, "what do you think you would say? Why, just what this lord would say. He will tell you that you have no right to engage yourself to his daughter, to a lady who is, so far as social position is concerned, infinitely above you. Why man, these people look upon us as of different flesh and blood—or, rather, they are flesh and blood, and we are—just mud!"

An expression of pain swept over Cyril's handsome face.

"Don't Jack," he said, in a low voice. "It makes it all the harder for me."

Jack Wesley did not understand, but pressed on with suppressed earnestness.

"You should know what I say is true. Not only the earl, but all the world will say it. And she—"

Cyril started.

"She—the Lady Norah—will come in time to think that she has thrown herself away."

Cyril strode across the room and forced Jack into a chair, and, standing looking down at him with a pale face, said:

"Jack, I can't bear it any longer; you are right! If I had acted as you say, I should have been a mean hound. As it is now, you make me feel as if I should have gone to him at once and told him all. But, Jack—now don't be hard upon me—it is true I am only a poor painter, but I am what the idiotic world chooses to consider something better, confound it! My name is not Cyril Burne."

Jack looked up at him with a steady gaze and set lips.

"I am the earl's nephew, Viscount Santeigh!"

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

##### A Strange Story.

"I am Viscount Santeigh!" said Cyril Burne.

Jack Wesley gave a slight start, then he looked at Cyril almost angrily.

"This is rather a surprise, my lord," he said, coldly.

"My lord! Oh, come now, Jack," remonstrated Cyril, flushing and eying his friend anxiously, but affectionately; "you're not going to cut up rough, are you?"

"I don't know about cutting up rough, my lord," said Jack, with an emphasis on the title; "but if I am to speak my mind to your lordship, I should say that you have played it pretty low down on me."

Cyril hung his head, and after a moment Jack Wesley continued:

"I don't demand an explanation, but perhaps you won't mind telling me why you considered it necessary to carry on this masquerade? Why did you pass yourself off as a common person like myself?"

"Now, Jack!" implored Cyril.

"Why did you allow me to believe that you were just a hard up artist and permit me to make a friend of you? I'm not proud—"

"Oh, aren't you? Oh, no," muttered Cyril.

"But I'm not over fond of lords at the best of times, and I—well, I repeat it; you have played it considerably low down upon me," and his face flushed angrily. "Now I'm on the candid line, I may as well continue and speak my whole mind, and at the risk of offending your lordship, I beg to state that I think that for an out-of-the-woods artist to pass himself off for a lord is not much meaner than for a lord to pass himself off as a struggling artist. But I hope you have found it amusing," and he nodded almost savagely.

"Look here," said Cyril, desperately, "what's the use of getting furious like this, Jack? I am a struggling artist, though I am Viscount Santeigh."

"Indeed!" commented Jack, caustically, as he deliberately knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

"Yes. Listen to me, Jack. I—I didn't mean to tell you; you forced it out of me."

"It's rather a pity that I didn't force it out of you earlier," remarked Jack Wesley, grimly.

"Well, perhaps it is. But I'm not such a bad lot in the way of deception as you make me," retorted Cyril. "Jack," and he let his hand fall upon his friend's shoulder in the old, familiar way, "you haven't gone through what I have; you'd understand—"

"Perhaps not," growled Jack; "I certainly don't understand."

"Let me make it plain for you—"

"It's plain enough, not to say ugly, as it is."

"My father," went on Cyril, paying no attention to the ill-humored interruption, and still looking earnestly at Jack, "my father died while I was at Oxford, I was twenty-two then, and I started life a viscount, the nephew of an earl, with my mother's money and no end of good spirits. I thought life was going to be all beer and skittles, and so it was—for a time. I didn't know anything of the world. I didn't know anything about money, and I went the old road like the young fool I was, without thinking of anything but the pleasure of the moment."

That was for a time, and not a very long time either. Before I'd got through my money—yes, Jack, even before that—I saw through the hollowness of the game. I saw that the people round me were pleasant and smooth just because I was Viscount Santeigh, and heir to the title and estates. I was young and green, but verdant as I was, I soon discovered that it was for the good things of the world that were to fall to my share; that people made up to me. I didn't suspect it at first. I thought that it was because I was a rather pleasant kind of fellow that the women with daughters—yes, and the girls themselves—were so amiable and friendly. But I got my eyes open at last, and—well, I didn't like it."

"That's strange!" remarked Jack caustically.

"I got suspicious," resumed Cyril, taking no notice, "suspicious of everybody I met. When a pretty girl was more than usually pleasant and amiable, I said to myself, 'It's not your yourself she cares for,' and the thought was just torture. I had an idea that I'd cut the whole thing, and go off and bury myself in America, Australia, anywhere out of the beastly world where every poor girl is taught to fish for a man because he happens to be able to make a countess and a rich woman of her. While I was thinking of this, and seriously meaning it, the crash came. Give me some more 'bacca, Jack."

Jack threw him the pouch without a word.

"I'd been going the pace ever since I came into my mother's money, and I'd spent every penny of it. Worse, I'd borrowed; and the nice little bits of paper were coming in like pigeons to roost. Then I woke up thoroughly, and I swore that I wouldn't be a mere tailor's dummy clothed in a title any longer. I swore I would cut the old life, the sporting clubs, and the rest of it, and—and—well, I made up my mind to try and prove myself a man."

Jack puffed at his pipe, leaning his head upon his hand, but looking almost as grim and surly as before.

"I'd got a knack of drawing and painting," went on Cyril, "and I thought that I'd try and earn my living at that. If that failed, I determined I'd try something else, I didn't care what. I'd drive a cab—I could do that—or become a tram car conductor, or keep a bookstall at a railway station, or enlist in the guards—anything—anything in the world rather than go back to the old useless life, of which I was utterly sick and tired and ashamed."

He paused, and Jack Wesley glanced at him a little less savagely.

"I had a hard time of it, Jack. I never knew the value of the coin until I'd lost it. I hadn't any idea how beastly it was to live in a wretched little attic in an out-of-the-way street until I tried it; and the worst of it was that it looked as if I shouldn't be able to live even in an attic if I depended upon my artistic skill. The picture dealers wouldn't look at me—and quite right, for I couldn't paint then worth a cent—and I was walking up and down Waterloo Bridge trying to make up my mind as to which of the pleasing occupations I've mentioned I should turn my hand to when—you found me!"

His voice dropped a little, and he

## WOMAN AVOIDS OPERATION

Medicine Which Made Surgeon's Work Unnecessary.

Astoria, N. Y.—"For two years I was feeling ill and took all kinds of tonics. I was getting worse every day. I had chills, my head would ache, I was always tired. I could not walk straight because of the pain in my back and I had pains in my stomach. I went to a doctor and he said I must go under an operation, but I did not go. I read in the paper about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and told my husband about it. I said 'I know nothing will help me but I will try this.' I found myself improving from the very first bottle, and in two weeks time I was able to sit down and eat a hearty breakfast with my husband, which I had not done for two years. I am now in the best of health and did not have the operation."—Mrs. JOHN A. KOENIG, 502 Flushing Avenue, Astoria, N. Y.



Every one dreads the surgeon's knife and the operating table. Sometimes nothing else will do; but many times doctors say they are necessary when they are not. Letter after letter comes to the Pinkham Laboratory, telling how operations were advised and were not performed; or, if performed, did no good, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was used and good health followed.

If you want advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham, Medicine Co. (Confidential), Lynn, Mass.

looked at the grim face affectionately and gratefully.

"It was a friend I wanted, a man who knew the seamy side of life, and could give me a helping hand, and you did it. It was you, Jack, who encouraged me to work on; it was you who persuaded the dealers that there was money in my daubs; it was you who, standing by like the friend we read of in ancient history, but very seldom see, have kept me going and pushed me up to where I am."

Jack Wesley shuffled his feet.

"Yes! Under the impression that I was dealing with a square man, not a fellow who would turn round on me with his viscountship!" he growled.

"You think I ought to have told you. Well, I tried once or twice. I tried down at Santeigh at The Chequers. But I was right to keep my secret, for you would have thrown me overboard, as you'd like to do now, I dare say."

"I should," assented Jack, promptly.

"But you're not going to," retorted Cyril. "But I haven't done yet. We went down to Santeigh. I'd an idea I'd like to see the old place that would be mine some day, if I cared to claim it."

Jack stared at him.

"Yes; I'm not certain I should ever have claimed it. I've been happy as Cyril Burne, far happier than I was as Viscount Santeigh," declared Cyril, "and I'd made up my mind that I'd keep as I am. The earl—my uncle—had offered to buy me out. He wanted to cut off the entail, and have the place and the money to do as he liked with, to leave it to whom he pleased. But somehow I rather kicked at this, and I refused. I meant to live on what I earned. I was proud of every penny I got. Proud of it! That was the only reason. But I'm glad for anything that I didn't sell my birthright. Santeigh will be hers some day; Jack; not for years, I hope, but some day it will be hers, and I'm glad I've not sold my inheritance. Not that I care about it for myself. No! I'd rather be known as Cyril Burne, the painter, than the Earl of Arrowsdale with a rent roll a yard long and a seat in the House of Lords."

With his handsome face flushed, and his eyes glowing, he began to pace the room.

(To be Continued.)

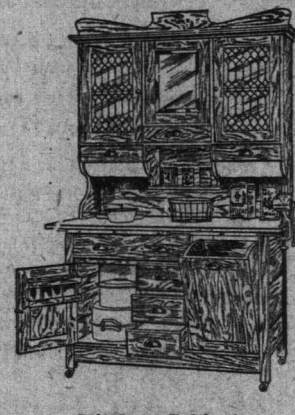
# On Top

With a full line of the following:

**Knives and Forks,  
Dessert and Table Knives,  
Dessert and Table Forks,  
Tea, Dessert & Table Spoons  
Pocket Knives,  
Carvers, etc., etc., etc.**

**MARTIN HARDWARE CO., LTD.**

## READ THIS A.D. It's a Benefit to You FURNITURE BUYERS!



Kitchen Cabinet.



China Closet.

### Dining Room Tables:

Surface Oak, 42 inch top, 6 feet extension on good square pedestal. Value \$20.00. Our Price . . . \$18.50

Solid Oak, fumed finish, 42 inch top, 6 feet extension, supported on heavy pedestal. Value \$27.00. Our Price . . . \$24.50

Quarter Cut, golden finish, 45 inch top, 8 feet extension, supported on heavy handsome pedestal. Value \$55.00. Our Price . . . \$47.00

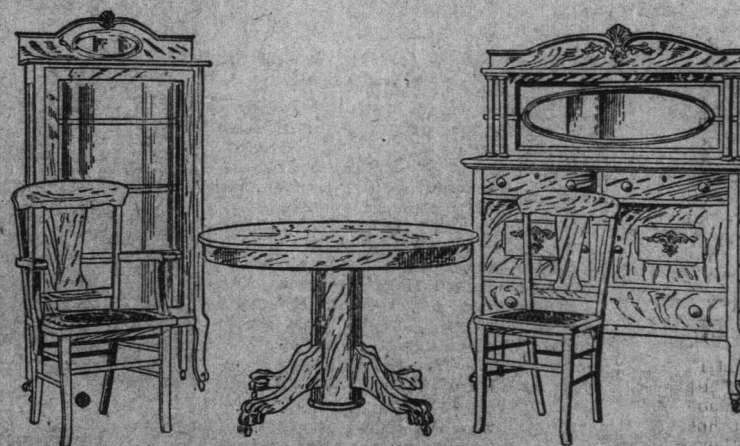
### Dining Room Tables:

Quarter Cut, fumed finish, 42 inch top, extends 6 feet, supported on heavy pedestal. Value \$30.00 for . . . \$27.00

Oak, golden finish, square top, 42 inches wide, 6 feet extension, supported with 6 heavy legs. Value \$14.00 for . . . \$12.50

Quarter Surface Oak, golden finish, square top, extends 6 feet on good heavy legs. Value \$35.00 for . . . \$31.00

Now Showing Large Variety of DINING ROOM FURNITURE.



Orders Now Taken for our English CHESTER-FIELDS and EASY CHAIRS to match.

We are showing 3 Splendid KITCHEN CABINETS, the Latest Designs.

**EVERYTHING AT THE OLD PRICES.**

## Callahan, Glass & Co., Limited,

Corner THEATRE HILL AND DUCKWORTH STREET.

Advertise in The Evening Telegram

Rossley

Gr

Mon

The Lake

from

Pictures w

week

## War No

Messages Rece  
Previous to

SUCCESS OF THE

SALONIKA. The official statement from the Bulgarian headquarters, issued on the 21st, reads: "Despite the assistance of the enemy the Serb forces, northward and occupied the Rapesch, north of Subotica. The Bulgarians defeated the German forces, and captured a large number of prisoners, including a number of officers. The Bulgarians, and considered them to be a heavy defeat. The number of prisoners captured was abandoned a quantity of engineering and other material."

STILL RETIRING

PETROGRAD. The Roumanian forces in western Roumania have the face of Austro-German and region of Fillicha, 48 miles northward, according to a statement issued to-day.

FRENCH OFFICERS

PARIS. The official communication from the French front given out here this afternoon reads: "Artillery activity was maintained to a notable degree on the front of Sallines and Douaumont. The Bulgarians, who were also on the front, the Allies are pressing the Bulgarian rear guard detachments north of Monastir, according to an official announcement this morning. The Italian forces have repulsed attacks to west of Monastir. Troops have occupied the Kriani."

BRITISH OFFICERS

LONDON. The official bulletin from the headquarters in France issued to-day reads: "During the day considerable hostile shellings were reported on both sides of the front. Elsewhere nothing to report. Our airplanes operated fully with our artillery. The machines are missing."

BERLIN REPORT DE

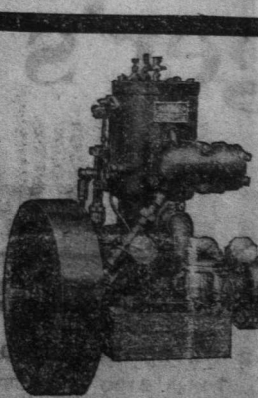
LONDON. The following was issued by the British Admiralty to-night: "The British Admiralty states that the French Marine, that no French was sunk on the 14th in the Channel."

SERRAIL CONGRATUL

PARIS. General Serrail, commanding the French army in Macedonia, has been congratulated by the British Admiralty for his services in Macedonia. In conclusion the message says, "You have defeated the enemy of Monastir; to-morrow will end it by beating him."

ASKED FOR TIME FOR DEPA

ATHENS. Diplomatic representatives of the Central Empires, who were by the Entente authorities in Greece, asked that they be allowed Saturday to take their departure. The Secretary of the Austrian Legation, Sledon Whitehouse, had with the Turkish, Bulgarian and Austrian Ministers with reference to the United States taking over



most popular  
Sold  
GEO. M. I

### And Just When the Fun Was to Start. Dorgan.



**ASTHMA COUGHS**  
WHOOPING COUGH SPASMODIC CROUP  
BRONCHITIS CATARRH COLDS

**Vapo-Resolene**

EST. 1879  
A simple, safe and effective treatment avoiding drugs. Used with success for 35 years.  
The air carrying the anesthetic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat, and stops the cough, easing the chest. Coughs are inevitable to mothers with young children and a soon to sufferer from Asthma.  
Send us your name and address for a descriptive booklet.  
VAPOR-RESOLENE CO.  
Lancaster, Mass. U.S.A.