

Strongest Liniment in 100 Years Best For Either Man or Beast

Nothing for Family Use Can Compare With It.

RUB ON NERVILINE

When you have been exposed to wet and cold and your muscles are full of pain, nerves are jumping with neuralgia, then you should have ready at hand a bottle of Nerviline. It rubs pain of its terrors, gives relief to all suffering, brings ease and comfort wherever used.

No care or expense has been spared to secure for Nerviline the purest and best materials. It is prepared with a single aim to restore the sick to health. This cannot be said of the preparation that an unscrupulous dealer may ask you to accept instead of Nerviline, so we warn you it is the extra profit made on inferior goods that tempts the substitutor. Of him beware.

Get Nerviline when you ask for it, then you are sure of a remedy that

will cure all aches, strains, swellings, and the pains of rheumatism, neuralgia and lumbago.

In the last hundred years no liniment has been produced that can compare with Nerviline, in strength, in penetrating power or in curative ability.

For nearly forty years it has been Canada's household remedy, and millions will do well to follow the advice of Mrs. Jessie Bergins, of Stella P. O., Ont., who says:

"Very frequently there are ailments in the family that can be cut short if Nerviline is handy. When my children come in from play with a cough or a bad cold, I rub them well with Nerviline, and they are well almost at once. Nerviline is fine for carache, toothache, chest colds, lumbago, stiffness, rheumatism or neuralgia. In fact there is scarcely a pain or ache in man or beast is won't cure quickly."

The large 50c. family size bottle is the most economical; trial size, 25c.; at all dealers, or the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Canada.



"No," answered Suzy, with sudden energy. "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall. A guilty man had better die for his crime than an innocent one suffer the slightest unjust suspicion through him! What do you think, Lord Wellrose?" she enquired, turning to the earl, confident also of his answer.

"I agree with you perfectly; a falsely accused man should clear himself at whatever cost to the real criminal," answered the earl.

"But if the falsely accused man should be quite alone in the world, the guilty man should have father and mother, brothers and sisters, who would be brought to shame and sorrow by his exposure and punishment, then would not the falsely accused be justified at least in keeping silence?" earnestly enquired Benny.

"By no means," emphatically answered the earl.

As he spoke the door was opened, a visitor was announced, and a lady, dressed with Quakerly simplicity in a gray gown, shawl and bonnet, entered the cell.

She bowed to the lady and gentleman present without recognizing either, and then advanced to speak to the young prisoner.

"Benjamin Hurst! how little you are changed except in growth! Benjamin, I should be so glad to meet you again, if it were anywhere else than here," she said, taking his hand and pressing it affectionately.

But the young prisoner gazed on her in dumb amazement.

"Why, Benny, you don't seem to know me at all. And I should have known you anywhere! Look at me, my boy. Don't you recognize me now?"

"Miss Rachel Wood!" exclaimed Benny, in joyful surprise, starting up as if he would have embraced her, then recollecting himself, blushing and sinking back on his seat, but adding in a more subdued manner: "Oh, I am so rejoiced to see you! It was so good of you to come! And, Miss Rachel, I want to tell you at once, I did not commit the murder for which I am to be tried."

"I do not believe you did, Benny! But I am glad to hear you say so, for all that," said Rachel warmly.

"Ah, but he knows who did! And he is suffering innocently for the guilty, just as he did when he was a poor, friendless child," said Suzy, suddenly breaking into the conversation.

The quiet, Quaker-looking woman turned with surprise to gaze upon the exultantly dressed young lady who had spoken to her.

"You do not recognize me, Miss Rachel. There is someone else besides Benny that sees who has a short history for faces of Ben Suzy, and I am very glad to see you again," said the young man, clearing her hand.

"Suzy! Suzy! you are here! Rachel Wood! in answer as she took the delicate hand and held it while she gazed on the lively face of the young girl.

"Yes, Suzy is here! And now do you recognize me, Benny? Suzy, smiling.

"No, Benny! But I should scarcely be surprised if you had not told me your name. You are more changed than Benny or Hurst is," said the young man, gazing on the lively face of the young woman, gazing on the lively face of the young man.

"You are the Earl of Wellrose! Surely, Miss Rachel, you know Lord Wellrose. He is one of the visitors of the dock, and he is the man who is the earl."

"You are the Earl of Wellrose! Surely, Miss Rachel, you know Lord Wellrose. He is one of the visitors of the dock, and he is the man who is the earl."

"You are the Earl of Wellrose! Surely, Miss Rachel, you know Lord Wellrose. He is one of the visitors of the dock, and he is the man who is the earl."

"You are the Earl of Wellrose! Surely, Miss Rachel, you know Lord Wellrose. He is one of the visitors of the dock, and he is the man who is the earl."

"You are the Earl of Wellrose! Surely, Miss Rachel, you know Lord Wellrose. He is one of the visitors of the dock, and he is the man who is the earl."

"You are the Earl of Wellrose! Surely, Miss Rachel, you know Lord Wellrose. He is one of the visitors of the dock, and he is the man who is the earl."

o Benny, and said, with some excitement. "Mr. Hurst, you can bear trouble with great fortitude. Can you bear happiness as well?"

Benny looked at the questioner with surprise, and then, as a gleam of his old humor twinkled in his eyes, he answered:

"I don't know. The experiment has never been tried upon me."

"I think you can bear it, however," said the lawyer, with a smile. "Now listen, Mr. Hurst. And Lord Wellrose, you too, will be astonished! I am glad, however, that Miss Suzy is not here to-day. If she had been, our conversation must have been deferred until her departure."

"It seems to me that you are taking unusual pains to prepare us for something," said Lord Wellrose, with a smile not devoid of curiosity.

"Yes, I am preparing you for something, Benjamin Hurst!" he said, ordering to the prisoner, "we bring an order for your immediate discharge. You are entirely cleared from all imputation of guilt. You are a free man from this hour!"

"Thank God!" exclaimed the astonished and delighted prisoner, even without knowing or suspecting the cause of his deliverance. "Oh, thank God!"

And he burst into tears of joy and gratitude.

"Mr. Hurst, I am delighted," added Percy Melliss, warmly grasping and shaking the hand of the young man.

"I congratulate you with all my heart, though I do not, in the least, understand the turn affairs have taken. God bless you, Benjamin Hurst," said Lord Wellrose, earnestly shaking his hand.

"Thanks, thanks," said Benny, half choking with emotion.

The governor of the jail then begged permission to read the order for the prisoner's discharge, and he read it.

"But how came all this about?" enquired the earl.

"Let us get out of this place first, and then I will tell you. It is a strange story, not without its sorrow for some concerned, though in fact my pleasure made me forget that. Come! I have a four-wheeled cab at the door. Come, Mr. Hurst, my lord, will you accompany us?"

"Certainly," said Lord Wellrose, rising.

Benny was already standing with his hat in his hand.

They left the dark and gloomy prison and went out into the street, where the afternoon sun was shining brightly.

"We will drive to the Morley House and take a private parlor for an hour or two, if your lordship pleases," said Mr. Melliss.

"Certainly," said the earl.

And they all entered a cab that was waiting before the door, and Mr. Melliss gave the order to drive to the Morley House.

When they arrived there Mr. Melliss, who acted for the little party, got out and engaged a private parlor, to which he ordered refreshments to be brought, and in which the three soon found themselves comfortably seated around a table, with a bottle of light wine and a plate of biscuits before them.

Then Mr. Percy Melliss told his strange story. It was in brief this: That among the victims of the fatal accident on the Paris and Marcellis Railroad was William Juniper, who though not instantly killed, was fatally injured.

He had been dragged from beneath the ruins of a railway carriage, and conveyed in an insensible condition to the nearest house, where, for several days, he lingered in a state of coma.

Just before his death, as often happens in such cases, he came to his senses, and to the full consciousness of his condition.

His first act was then to ask for the attendance of a clergyman and a magistrate.

And in answer to his call the venerable curé of the parish and a notary from the village came to his bedside.

To them he made a full confession of the unintentional murder that he had committed, and that had driven him from his native country.

This confession was taken down from his lips in writing, and duly sworn to, signed, witnessed, sealed and dispatched to the proper authorities in London.

It had arrived on that day. And the order for the release of Benjamin Hurst had been immediately sent to the sheriff and the governor of Newgate.

These two officers glad to be the emissaries of deliverance to the prisoner, were on their way to his cell for the purpose of discharging him, when they were joined by Mr. Percy Melliss, who, ignorant of what had happened, had come for a last consultation with his client before the trial.

The sheriff told him of the pleasing nature of their errand, and he was of course, sincerely delighted with the turn affairs had taken.



due time she will take comfort," said Mr. Percy Melliss.

"Ah, she will be awfully shocked by the news, who will venture to break it to her?" murmured the young man sorrowfully.

"That will I," answered the Earl of Wellrose gravely, as he arose from the table.

"Ah, my lord, it will be a painful task," said Benny.

"I know it," murmured the earl. And then, after a pause, he said: "Mr. Hurst, will you do me a favor?"

"Assuredly, my lord."

"Will you, then, follow my advice to you—which is, to take a room here for the present, and wait till I can have an opportunity of consulting with you about your future career?"

"I will," Lord Wellrose, with thanks, replied Benjamin, who, for some occult reason, arising out of his unconscious blood relationship, or from some hidden sympathy or pure love and trust, or from all these causes combined, never felt the slightest sense of humiliation in receiving favors from his unknown brother.

"Quite right. Good-day, then. I will see you to-morrow morning. Good-day, Mr. Melliss," said the earl. And bowing to both his late companions, he left the room.

Outside he took a hansom and drove to Park Lane to break the news of her brother's death to Suzy.

He sent in his card, and in a few moments was invited into the drawing room where he was received by Mrs. Brown.

The housekeeper's face wore the traces of recent tears, and her manner was very grave as she greeted Lord Wellrose, and said:

"I hope your lordship will excuse Miss Juniper this morning. She has just heard of the shocking death of her brother, and—"

"She has heard that! From whom? Who has incautiously shocked her with the news?" exclaimed the earl.

"No one did, sir. She received a letter this morning from the French priest who attended her brother on his deathbed. He died a Christian, I am happy to say, sir. Poor young man! His head was a little turned when the company he kept, but his heart was not bad," said the housekeeper, willing to say all the good she could of the poor boy cut off in the flower of his wild youth.

"No," said the earl. And then, "How is Miss Juniper this morning?"

"Sir, she has been in hysterics ever since she got the news, until about fifteen minutes ago, when we gave her an opiate, which composed her. She is now sleeping quietly."

"Keep her so," said the earl, as he arose to go. "And please to tell her when she awakes that I have been here, and will call at this hour to-morrow, when I hope she will be able to receive me."

And he bowed and left the house.

The next morning, when he called at Park Lane, Suzy received him in her rose parlor. And though she was deadly pale, she was perfectly calm and collected, and she met him with quiet courtesy.

In reply to his expressions of sympathy and condolence, and to his implied rather than expressed questions as to herself, she answered that she should leave that day for France to be present at her brother's funeral; that soon afterward she should sail for Australia, to make a visit of duty to her parents.

"They must inevitably hear of the bereavement, you know, Lord Wellrose. And it is better that they should have the comfort of a visit from me at the same time," said Suzy.

navy? Take time to think, before deciding," said the earl kindly.

"If I might choose—" began Benny. And then he blushed like a girl, and paused.

"Choose! It is what I desire you to do. What would you like?"

"All England is arming for the Crimean war. I should like to enter the army."

Ah, poor boy! He had never known his father, yet he had inherited his father's martial passion. William Douglas had also wanted "to enter the army."

Lord Wellrose reflected for a few moments, during which Benny misinterpreted his silence, and hastened to say:

"Ah, forgive me, my lord! I spoke impulsively and without discretion. I know now how improper my wish is, since I have not the physical powers of endurance that would fit me to be a common soldier in war time, nor yet the education that would prepare me for the duties of an officer. You are right, my lord."

"You mistake me, my dear Hurst. I have been turning over in my mind the best and quietest way of meeting your views. And I have found it now. I have a young friend—Ensign Charles Blount, of the — regiment of foot. His regiment is ordered to the Crimea, and he does not want to go there. He wishes to sell out and stay at home. Good! His commission shall be purchased for you. You shall enter the army, and go to the war, Mr. Hurst; and, although you enter it only as an ensign, which is the lowest grade of commissioned officer, yet I feel persuaded that you will rise."

(To be Continued.)

Jack Frost. Jack Frost looked forth one still, clear night. And whistled: "Now I'll be out of sight; So through the valley and over the height In silence I'll take my way—Ensign Charles Blount, of the — regiment of foot. His regiment is ordered to the Crimea, and he does not want to go there. He wishes to sell out and stay at home. Good! His commission shall be purchased for you. You shall enter the army, and go to the war, Mr. Hurst; and, although you enter it only as an ensign, which is the lowest grade of commissioned officer, yet I feel persuaded that you will rise."

Then he flew to the mountain, and pounced on the trees, and their boughs he lit in diamond beads; and over the breast of the quivering lake he spread a coat of mail, that it need not fear the downward point of many a spear. That he hung on its margin, far and near. Where a rock could rear its head, He went to the windows of those who sleep. And over each pane like a fairy crept; Where he breathed, wherever he slept. By the light of the moon, were seen most beautiful things; there were flowers and ferns, and all in silver sheen. All pictured in silver sheen. But he did one thing that was hardly fair: He stepped in the cupboard, and finding that all had forgotten for him to prepare. "Now just to set them a-thinking, I'll put this basket of fruit," said he; And the basket of water they've left for me. He stepped back to tell them 'tis for drink. —HANNA E. GOULD.

Austrian War Lament. (By Pronunciation Made Easy.) We Austrians cannot stand the drizzle of Russian shrapnel at Przemysl! The Russian horde are in the track of our noble men who flee to Cracow. A million Cossacks may do-ouch. At any moment, at Oskus! A million more reported are At Kanioukasarumwa! And yet another million have Consumed all food at Jaroslavl! All everything they cleared—as well as the labors Jasankozsdas! Then down they poured the molten lava. On rural, innocent Suzawa! And now they march, with hungry bellies, to the Russian capital, Moscow! Who chased us to Constantinople! Steel and iron guns in each camp. All rolling on toward Wladka! How truly awful it will be! If Cossacks invade us at Stry! No one may even dare to guess of The patriots who fall at Iztvow. Of Czechs, he said, they buried a Battalion at Oskozsd!

As at the banquet of Belagazzar, The finer writes at Njnykylad! Let us fly to dear old Zakszyk! Let us fly to dear old Zakszyk! —London Opinion.

THE DEADLY PARALLEL. (Buffalo Express.) To those who are saying that the act of the German air raiders showed great daring and courage, it might be appropriately suggested that the had Prizefighter, great during and courage, yet civilized, only can be truly appraised him.

UNPOPULAR LAWS. (Buffalo News.) It is impossible to enforce laws that are unpopular. The public opinion is the only power that can be relied upon to enforce laws. This is the practical meaning of the words of legislation.

FAIR EXCHANGE. (Boston N. Y. State Gazette.) They ought to let that Illinois convict who has made a hit with the short story book of our day, write some of the other writers in.

ALMOST EVERYONE NEEDS A TONIC. Almost everyone—man, woman and child—needs a tonic at sometime. It is often said that a man is lazy because he takes little or no interest in his work; but the truth is he is not lazy. He needs a tonic. The same is true of the woman who does not hustle over her home work, but only feels fit to be in bed. She is not merely tired, but ill. A dull pain in the head or back, poor appetite, loss of strength with low spirits and loss of interest in life show that you need a tonic to brace up the nerves and give you a new lease of life. The proof is that when the right tonic is taken all the trouble quickly disappears. The one tonic—the only tonic—for weak and ailing men, women and children is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which speedily bring back abundant health, strength and energy. They have done this in thousands and thousands of cases as is proved by the following: Mr. Ed. A. Owen, Burdett, Alta, says: "About two years ago my health was in a wretched condition. My whole system seemed to be run down and the doctor seemed puzzled at my condition. I had no appetite, exertion would leave me breathless, and I was troubled much with dizziness. And the medicine I took did me no good and I was steadily growing weaker. My mother urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and before I had taken them very long I began to feel like a new man and continuing their use I was restored to complete health. I now recommend them to all run down in health as they are the best medicine I know of."

Sold by all medicine dealers, or by mail for 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CAPTAIN—COMMANDER. Two Naval Terms That Confuse Are Here Explained. The titles captain and commander in the royal navy are very confusing to the average layman. A commander is an officer promoted from a lieutenant of generally ten to twelve years' seniority, those promotions taking place twice a year, June 30 and Dec. 31, and are of education. A commander holds that rank for five or seven years, and then is promoted to captain, again by rotation. Once a captain he goes up to the captain's list, you might say, automatically, as each flag-officer on the admiral's active list retires or dies. The senior captain gets his promotion to rear-admiral, unless he attains the age of 55 while a captain, when he has to retire. The captain is in charge of the command of the ship. He has his own mess and quarters, except in flag-ships, where he messes with the admiral and staff, and in destroyers and torpedo boats, where all officers mess together. The commander is the next in command, and his duties are somewhat less onerous. He organizes the ship's company for their various duties. On a ship being placed in commission he sits at a table with the various heads of the departments, and gunnery and torpedo officers, chief of the police and warrant officers with him, and as each man comes up, chief steward, etc., he names a number on the ship's books, mess, hammock, bag (which he keeps in his kit in), his place in mess, fire, collision, or abandon ship.

The commander has the whole control of the discipline of the crew under the captain. He is the only officer, with the captain, who has the power of ordering a mutiny. The engineer commander, who carries out the superintendency of his department, has no power to punish his stokers in any way, and all defaulters are brought first before the commander, who either deals with them himself or forwards them to the captain. The commander messes in the ward room, and is ex-officio president of the mess.

The commander is the busiest man on board. His day is never finished. Every signal, official correspondence, and anything dealing with the ship or crew he has to see and initial. He is practically on a deck or superintending some drill or exercise from the time the hands fall in at 5.30 in the morning until his final inspection of the ship at 9 p.m., when he has to report to the captain that everything is correct, he previously having received reports from the representatives of the various departments, gunnery, gunnery and torpedo officers, the carpenter, and other officers that all their departments are correct at the night.

The average age of a commander is about 33 when promoted to the rank of commander.

A commander in the royal navy is the peer of a lieutenant in the army.

A commander in the royal navy is the peer of a lieutenant in the army.

A commander in the royal navy is the peer of a lieutenant in the army.

A commander in the royal navy is the peer of a lieutenant in the army.

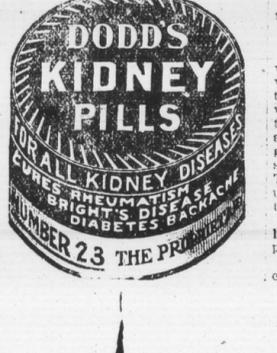
A commander in the royal navy is the peer of a lieutenant in the army.

A commander in the royal navy is the peer of a lieutenant in the army.

A commander in the royal navy is the peer of a lieutenant in the army.

A commander in the royal navy is the peer of a lieutenant in the army.

A commander in the royal navy is the peer of a lieutenant in the army.



Droping, Tired, Weary, Try This Remedy!

Don't give in to that depressed, played-out, don't-care sort of feeling. Better days are ahead. Cheer up, do as the other fellow is doing, tone and strengthen your blood, and you'll feel like new again. You'll dance with new-found energy once you use Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They will quickly fill your system with energy, bring back your appetite, restore that long lost complexion, make you feel like a kid again. A wonderful medicine, chucked out of health bringing qualities. You'll love to take the church-going to-day at any dealers.

CHAPTER XXVI. The Earl of Wellrose was sitting with Benny in his cell, and speaking words of comfort and encouragement to prepare him for his arraignment, when the door was suddenly thrown open, and Percy Melliss, accompanied by the governor of the jail and the high sheriff of the county, entered the cell. The faces of all three bore signs of unusual disturbance, though it seemed to be of a pleasant nature.

Lord Wellrose and Benjamin Hurst looked at them and at each other, expecting—they knew not what.

The three newcomers bowed to the earl and then Mr. Percy Melliss turned