

Nerviline Stops Earache in 10 Seconds Fixes Toothache in 2 Minutes.

It Seems to Possess Almost Some
Divine Power Over Pain.
BUB ON NERVILINE.

Toothache is usually due to neuralgia in the gums or to the congestion and swelling of the nerve pulp.

"As 'Nerviline' relieves congestion, you can easily see why it cures toothache. Nerviline does more—cures any ache or pain—in any part of the body. It matters not where your pain is. It may be in a joint or muscle; it may be neuralgia or lumbago; it may be a surface pain in the chest. Nerviline will reach it; Nerviline will drive it out.

What is Nerviline, you ask? Just

WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER XXXIV.
The Summing Up.

"I call your attention, gentlemen of the jury, to the fact," he said, slowly and impressively, "that these initials have been recently made. Now, Browne, I ask you—and be careful how you answer—were those initials upon this revolver when you picked it up?"

Every soul in the court waited for the answer.

"They were, sir," said Browne. Mr. Edgar drew a penknife from his pocket and handed it with the revolver to the jury.

"I ask you, gentlemen, to compare the engraving upon that pocketknife and the initials scratched upon the revolver. Further than that I cannot go, unless his lordship permits me to go into the dock and swear that the initials on that knife were engraved nine months ago."

Mr. Sewell rose.

"My learned friend cannot be witness and counsel at the same time."

"I am aware of that," said Mr. Edgar, boldly. "I simply place the knife beside the revolver for the jury's inspection."

While this little scene had been enacting, Olivia had leaned forward with parted lips and dilating eyes, her heart throbbing with a faint hope. Then she sank back, her hands tightly clasped in her lap.

Inch by inch, with terrible sequence, Mr. Sewell unfolded his case, and minute by minute the case for the prosecution looked darker and more unanswerable.

Faradeane stood apparently unmoved, his hand resting without a tremor upon the front of the dock, his eyes fixed upon the ground.

At last Mr. Sewell said: "This is our case, my lord."

Mr. Edgar rose, and squaring his

shoulders as a man does who is facing a more than ordinarily difficult task, said:

"My lord and gentlemen of the jury: I know that I have no need to ask your indulgence. I know that I need not point out to you how terrible is the responsibility which rests upon my shoulders. With you lies the verdict, but with me lies the awful responsibility of so pleading for the life of the prisoner at the bar that no chance, however slight, shall escape my notice. I am aware that expressions of belief in the innocence or guilt of a client made by a counsel can have but little weight; but, gentlemen, I feel that I must tell you that if there should be any shortcomings in my pleading on this man's behalf, such shortcomings will not arise from any doubt of his innocence.

"I stand here to fight for his life, and if I needed any spur beyond that of a sense of duty, I should find it in the thorough belief which I entertain of his innocence, and that notwithstanding that he has, for reasons of which I am not afraid to state I am ignorant, seen fit in the first instance to plead guilty.

"Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard from the eloquent lips of the counsel for the prosecution the story of my client's life. You have heard how, in a moment of unreasoning passion, he, the bearer of a high and noble name, married an ignorant and low-born gypsy girl.

"Now, mark, gentlemen of the jury, this man who is accused of this crime. He did not—as, alas! too many men of his position have done—take advantage of the lowliness of this girl, use her as toy, and as a toy tired of throw her away; but, remembering his noble name and all that belonged to it, he married her.

"Is that consistent with the story, gentlemen, of the prosecution? But let me proceed. Having soon after this marriage discovered the character of the woman he had married, he, having found to his cost that he had committed a folly which must mar his life, what does he do?

"Most men, as my learned friend truly said, would have rid themselves

of what had become an unbearable burden. But Lord Clydesfold, the prisoner, does not do this. Rather than drag the honoured name of his forefathers in the mud, he elects to leave this woman, to drop the name which he had given her, and, providing for her every want—ay, and luxury—he separates from her, bargaining only that she shall leave him in peace.

"I ask you, gentlemen, is this consistent with the guilt which the prosecution lays to his charge? Under this assumed name my client seeks refuge in this secluded spot. He does not dash into a life of dissipation, he does not seek forgetfulness in a reckless course of living, but he comes here, and for months leads the life of a student and of a gentleman.

"The only notice that is bestowed upon him by his neighbors is that which is attracted by deeds of charity. It is impossible that such a man as my client should live, however much he might desire it, a life of seclusion. And though he shrank from making friends, friendships are, so to speak, thrust upon him. He is the honoured guest of the highest and the best known of the inhabitants.

"I think I shall not go too far when I say that I shall call witnesses who will speak of this man, not only with respect most deep and profound, but with affection. And this man you are asked to sentence to death for a crime of the most vulgar and sordid description.

"What is the story? That this unfortunate woman came to Lord Clydesfold's cottage on the night before her death, and demanded to see him. I shall not attempt to disprove the evidence of the servant or of Alford, who heard the deceased declare that her husband wished her death.

"But, gentlemen, I call upon you to draw a distinction between such words used by her, and such words used by him. All through this interview his manner to her was one of patient forbearance, while hers was one of furious taunting. Had Lord Clydesfold intended murdering her he would have committed the crime that night, and not have waited until she had time to go back to the village and spread the story of her marriage."

There was a buzz of excitement. Olivia's hands clasped each other more tightly.

"He goes to meet her in the Hawkwood Spinney at four o'clock the following day. He knows that on that day the marriage of a well-known and well-beloved young lady takes place at Hawkwood itself; that there will be an excitement attending such a marriage; that the whole of the village will be congregated in those very grounds; that persons will be roaming all over the place.

"And yet the prosecution asks you to believe that this man, who throughout has shown so much patient resignation, a man possessed of no ordinary intelligence—that this man, my client, whose demeanor you have an opportunity of witnessing at this moment—

Here he raised his hand and pointed with a really splendid gesture to Faradeane's calm and dignified face.

"That this man was mad enough, fool enough, to go and meet this woman with the intention of murdering her, surrounded by a crowd, and murdering her not in a silent manner, but by shooting her. Do you think any man in his senses would have conceived so wildly and ridiculously foolish a plan?

"Gentlemen, I have not to establish the innocence of the prisoner at the bar. It is sufficient for him if I convince you that his guilt is not certain. If I can show you that there is a doubt—a doubt of the faintest or slightest shadow—his lordship will tell you that I have the right to demand a verdict of 'not guilty,' and I say that such a doubt cannot but exist."

"It is not incumbent upon me to show how this woman met with her death. She may in a moment of passion and disappointment have committed suicide. She may have attempted to take the life of the husband who had put her from him, and, in the struggle which took place, the weapon may have been pointed toward her, and she may thus have received her death.

"These hypotheses are for your consideration. No one saw that woman

SUGGESTIONS TO SICK WOMEN

How Many Are Restored To Health.

First.—Almost every operation in our hospitals performed upon women becomes necessary through neglect of such symptoms as backache, irregular and painful periods, displacements, pain in the side, burning sensation in the stomach, bearing down pains, nervousness, dizziness and sleeplessness.

Second.—The medicine most successful in relieving female ills is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It regulates and strengthens the organism; it overcomes disease.

For forty years it has been making women strong and well, relieving backache, nervousness, ulceration and inflammation, weakness, displacements, irregularity and periodic pains. It has also proved invaluable in preparing for childbirth and the Change of Life.

Third.—The great number of unsolicited testimonials on file at the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., many of which are from time to time published by permission, are proof of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, in the treatment of female ills.

Fourth.—Every ailing woman in the United States is cordially invited to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass., for special advice. It is free, will bring you health and may save your life.

say that Lord Clydesfold's hand committed the deed. Therefore, no one on my behalf can come forward to say that she did not meet with her death in either of the ways I suggested. Gentlemen, there is a doubt, and that doubt, I venture to assert, will grow into certainty when you have heard the testimony of this man's character which I shall now produce."

CHAPTER XXXV.
Olivia's Testimony.

It was an extraordinary trial, and the interest and excitement increased as it progressed. Of course, the judge and all the lawyers saw plainly that Mr. Edgar knew nothing of the true facts, and that he was fighting in the dark. And Olivia knew also—felt, rather than knew—that Mr. Faradeane had refused to tell the story of the murder to the counsel, as he had refused to tell it to every one else.

Mr. Edgar looked round.

"I call Lord Granville," he said; and Bertie, who had been standing as near the box as he could possibly get, stepped again into the witness-box.

"Now, my lord," said Mr. Edgar, boldly, "please tell us all you know of Lord Clydesfold. I ask you to reserve nothing. I have no fear of the truth."

Then Lord Bertie, with an earnestness which went to the hearts of all who heard him, spoke of his long knowledge of Faradeane; how they had been at Eton together—he the younger and the weaker, Faradeane (or Lord Clydesfold) the stronger and the protector; how, all through their lives, Faradeane had proved himself the truest of friends and the most upright, honorable, and lofty-minded of men. "Such a man as my friend Lord Clydesfold is simply incapable of murder!" he wound up, and there was a buzz of applause.

"You knew nothing of this secret marriage with the gypsy?" asked Mr. Edgar.

"Nothing," replied Lord Bertie. "Have you ever seen this revolver in Lord Clydesfold's possession?" Bertie took it in his hand.

"Never. I do not believe it to be his. I feel sure that it is not his. It is quite unlike him to carry, or even possess a revolver. Why, you know, Cly," he said, turning quickly and reproachfully to the prisoner, "you know you have always ridiculed the practice of carrying a revolver."

"Silence!" cried the usher. "Do not address the prisoner."

Bertie crimsoned, and a faint, sad smile passed over Faradeane's face, as if he should say:

"It is all of no use, Bertie; give it up."

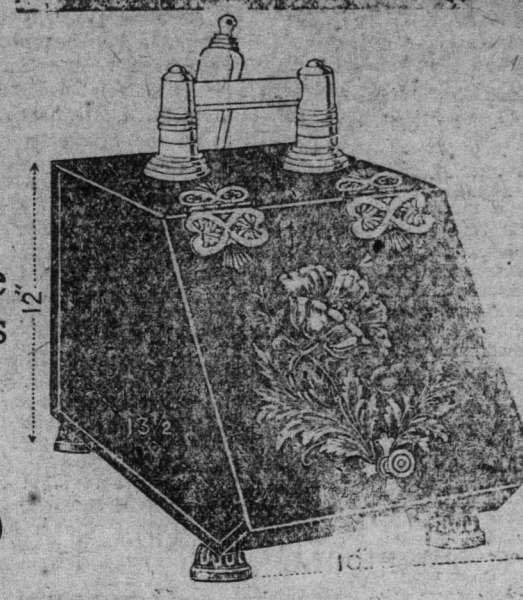
Olivia clutched her father's arm. "You hear! The revolver is not his." (To be Continued.)

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS
SUFFERERS FROM KIDNEY, BLADDER, NERVOUS DISEASES, GRAVEL, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY TRACT, WILL BE INTERESTED TO KNOW THAT THE NEW RESEARCH BUREAU, 151 N. 23rd ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA., HAS A FREE PAMPHLET, "THE NEW RESEARCH BUREAU," WHICH WILL BE SENT TO YOU FREE OF CHARGE UPON RECEIPT OF THIS ADVERTISEMENT TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING TELEGRAM, ST. JOHN'S, N.F., OCTOBER 9, 1916.

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Turkish Officer on His Country's Plight.

"A British soldier in Egypt has sent to friends in London the translation of a remarkable letter found on the body of a Turkish officer," says the Times. "It is signed by Mustafa Mahomet, a captain of Turkish infantry, and addressed to 'My high-born Royal wife.' The letter contains the following:

"When can it possibly end? We are bombarded by the English. No rest do we receive, and very little food, and our men are dying in hundreds from disease. Discontent is also beginning to show itself among the men. I pray Allah to bring all this to an end. I can see my lovely Constantinople in ruins, our homes burnt to the ground, and our wives and children put to the sword. Nothing but some great favor from Allah can prevent it."

"The English are very persistent, and there is no fear of death for them. They watch us like wolves in the night, and are on us like the devil. But why did we join in this wicked war? England was very partial to us in the past, and we may, therefore, expect no mercy from one who has lately injured."

Intolerable King Constantine. "King Constantine's methods may be expatriating, but they have the

gow Herald. "All the same, they cannot be tolerated.

"That one man, even though he be the most influential man in the Hellenic kingdom, should be able to pin down to Salonica the armies which at this hour ought to be engaged in inflicting deserved chastisement on the enemies alike of Greece and of the Allies constitutes an unendurable situation. The Allied Governments have borne with marvellous patience the malevolent opposition which sprang into existence with their attempt to save Serbia from her enemies. The time has surely come for drastic dealing with the authors of these sinister operations. The more drastic it is the better pleased will be the peoples of all the Allied countries."

If Gladstone Knew.

M. Take Jonsene says it is impossible to live with the Bulgarians upon a neighbourly footing. With regard to the Russian success at Bazardjik (Dobrich), it afforded the spectacle of Bulgarians fighting against the nation to whom they owed their deliverance from serfdom.

"History has not known such an infamy," says M. Jonsene. "In liberating Bulgaria, Russia, believed she was freeing Slavdom, but the Bulgarians have adored their Slav ancestry and proclaimed themselves Turanians. Let them, then share the fate of Turanians. The spectacle is enough to make Gladstone rise from

this that I changed the traditional policy of England when I denounced the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria."

If Subject to Colds Here is Good Advice.

Don't load your stomach with cough syrups. Send healing medication through the nostrils—send it into the passages that are subject to colds and Catarrh. Easy to do this with Catarrhoxone, which cures a cold in ten minutes. Even to the lungs goes the healing vapor of Catarrhoxone—all through the bronchial tubes, nostrils and air passages—everywhere a trace of disease remains will Catarrhoxone follow. You'll not have colds, nor will you suffer from sniffles, bronchitis or throat trouble if Catarrhoxone is used. Get it to-day but beware of dangerous substitutes meant to deceive you for genuine Catarrhoxone. All dealers sell Catarrhoxone, large size, two months treatment, costs \$1.00; small size, 50c; sample size 25c.

SERIOUSLY ILL.—The ambulance was called to Springdale Street yesterday afternoon and conveyed to Hospital a boy named Lindsay, who was suffering from acute appendicitis. He was operated on immediately at the institution.

Stafford's Liment cures Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia and all Aches and Pains. For

War News

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

VILLAGE OF SORS TAKEN.

LONDON, Oct. 8. The British have taken the village of Sors in a general advance of from 600 to 1,000 yards between Guescourt and Les Boulets, on the Somme front to-day, and worked in conjunction with the French on the Albert-Bapaume Road.

BRITISH STEAMER SUNK.

BOSTON, Oct. 8. The British steamer West Point was fired on by a submarine, said to be the U-53 which left Newport yesterday. S.O.S. calls from the steam West Point were received at the Boston navy yard with a hurry call for immediate help. The message declared the steamer to be getting holed and asked for a cutter to be sent out. The entire fleet of this U. S. torpedo boats have been ordered to the assistance of the West Point.

GERMAN SUBMARINE AT NEWPORT.

NEWPORT, Oct. 8. The German submarine U-53 arrived here yesterday afternoon, armored. She had a message to deliver, and would leave at once. She was a regular warship with guns mounted.

ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT.

PETROGRAD, Oct. 8. General Brusiloff's operations on the Russian southwest front have developed into efforts to pierce the Austro-German line at two points named before Vladimir-Volynski the northern extremity of the recent advance, and immediately south of the Dniester where he has gained some ground in the vicinity of Gogored Chan on the Bystritza River. At these points the battles have reached the greatest intensity during the last few days, although at various intermediate points attacks and counters have been reported from time to time. According to the most official advice the cent-

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Saucisson,
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Moirs Slab Cake.

Pin Money Pickles,
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Crystallized Cherries,
Globe Cherries,
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Cream Tomato Soup,
Cream, Celery Soup,
Cream Pea Soup.

Capre's Capucines,
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Gravy Browning,
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Diabetic Flour,
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Diabetic Macaroni,
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Pineapples,
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Pineapples,
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Squash,
Lettuces,
Radishes,
Red Cabbage.

Abdulla Cigarettes.
Abdulla Tobacco.

'Phone 679.

Pop Was in for a Good, Long Rest. By Dorgan.



Panel 1: "I FEEL PUNK-GUESS I'LL GO TO A NICE SANATORIUM FOR A GOOD REST."

Panel 2: "MY NERVES ARE WRECKED—THE QUIETNESS WILL CALM THEM DOWN."

Panel 3: "THIS IS FINE—NOTHING TO BOTHER ABOUT—AND SILENT AT THE DESK—I COULD LIVE HERE FOREVER."

Panel 4: "NOT NOW. O.W.? O.H. DO-C-TARE."

JACK DORGAN