

Every Neuralgic Headache Cured! Use "Nerviline"—It Won't Fail.

There may be a thousand pains; yet, excepting sciatica, neuralgia is the worst. Most remedies are not strong enough or penetrating enough to relieve neuralgia. You know everything you have tried has failed to give even momentary relief, and you have decided that neuralgia must be borne forever.

Do not make this mistake — try NERVILINE.

Apply it to the sore spot. Notice the glow that spreads deeper and wider as Nerviline's curative power is carried further and further into the tissue. How quickly the pain is soothed! How rapidly it lessens! In a little while you

have forgotten the pain—it has actually gone. Neuralgia gives Nerviline an opportunity of demonstrating its superiority over all other pain remedies. Not magic, as you might imagine after you have used it—simply the application of scientific knowledge to the relief of pain.

Nerviline is a great outcome of modern medical ideas. You cannot afford to be without it, because pain comes quickly and comes to us all. Guaranteed to cure the aches and pains of the whole family. Large bottles, 50 cents, trial size, 25 cents; at druggists or the Catarrhose Co., Kingston, Canada.

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

CHAPTER XXIV.

If he but knew how far beneath and removed from him she was!

"It is true I am a nobleman," he said gently, his dark eyes seeking hers eagerly. "It may be true that you have no title, that to the world our rank may seem unequal; but I love you—you, Mary Leslie, and I should not love you better, it could make no difference to me if you were—well, Queen of England. Besides, have you forgotten that you have a rank that is all your own, won by your genius, a rank more exalted and worthy in my eyes than that of an empress. You are a famous artist, while I—I am but the wearer of a title and sundry decorations, which I share with a score of other men as insignificant in other ways. Ah, listen to me, dear Miss Leslie. I have never loved until I saw you. I can never hope to be happy unless I win you—"

"Oh, no, no!" she murmured, with deep agitation. "Do not say that, prince, for it can never be, never! Even if my rank equalled your own; even if—" she paused.

"Even if you loved me! Is that what you were going to say?" he inquired, his voice tremulous with suppressed passion. "Ah, say it, dearest! Let me hear the sweet words from your lips! You shall love me! Yes, for I will win your love from you, even against yourself," and he made to draw her near to him, but Margaret drew back, her eyes regarding him pleadingly and sorrowfully.

"No, prince," she said, almost inaudibly. "Even if I loved you I could not be your wife."

He waited while she gained strength to go on, waited with that chivalrous delicacy and patience which distinguished him.

"It is impossible, prince. Think what it is to you. You are asking me to share your rank, your noble name, one who is a stranger to you, of whom you know nothing," she paused—"who may be anything that is base and unworthy."

"Oh, stop!" he said, pleadingly; "do I not know that you are all that is good, and true, and pure? Have I not lived in the same house with you, listened to your voice? A man blind to all else could not but see that you are worthy to be the wife of any one, be he whom he may."

"No," she murmured; "it cannot be. Let me go, prince. I will go away, far from Florence, from Italy—"

Neuralgia, Nightswells, Sleeplessness, Indigestion, Hysteria. result from Nervous Exhaustion. Take the new remedy Asaya-Neurall.

He stopped her with a sudden gesture, a glance of fear and dread.

"You—you are married?" he said. Margaret started, then she shook her head.

"I am not married, prince; but there is a dark shadow in my life, a sorrow and a shame."

Her voice faltered and broke, and her hand closed on his with a convulsive grasp.

"Shame?" he breathed.

"Yes," she said, nerving herself; "shame! Now, prince, you know why it is that I cannot be your wife. Spare me, and let me go."

He stood, white as the marble faces looking down at him, his eyes fixed on her face, yet scarcely seeming to see her.

"Shame!" he repeated, like a man who speaks during some horrible dream. Margaret tried to shrink from him, but his hand held hers in a clasp of steel.

"Shame—and you!" he said at last. "You! Oh, it is impossible." Then he looked in her face, bent low and humbly, like a drooping lily, and he uttered a faint cry. It was the cry of a man who has been mortally wounded.

There was silence for a moment, then he let her hand fall, and turned—not to forsake her, but to hide his face from her. Margaret waited a second, then crept closer to him.

"Will you—can you forgive me, prince?" she murmured brokenly. "I should not have come here, but—but I was sorely tempted. I was alone—alone, and craving for sympathy and love—and your mother and sister gave them to me. I had no right to enter their presence, much less to accept their love, but—ah, if you knew all!" and a sigh choked her voice.

"Tell me all," he said, turning to her almost sternly; "tell me all—all! The name of the man—" He stopped, and his hands clinched tightly at his side.

Margaret shrank back with a look of fear.

"No, no!" she gasped; "not a word. It is all past and—buried. I am as one that is dead to the world, and he—he is forgiven."

"Forgiven!" he echoed. "Ay, by an angel; but we are not all angels, No; some of us are men."

His face was so awful in its wrath and craving for vengeance that Margaret sprang to him and seized his arm.

"Yes," he muttered; "you love him still. Heaven help me!"

Margaret's heart was wrung by the agony in that cry of a strong man mortally stricken, and in her anguish and pity she fell at his feet, sobbing bitterly.

He looked down at her for a moment, all his soul speaking in his white, working face, then he raised her and gently led her to a door leading to one of the staircases, and held back the curtain that she might pass through.

"Good-bye!" he said. "Do not be afraid—that I shall torture you with my presence. You spoke of leav-

ing the villa. Do not, I ask that much of you. Grant it to me."

With bowed head, Margaret passed through, and, letting the curtain fall, he stood for a while like one of the statues surrounding him; then, with a gesture terrible in its intensity, he raised one hand toward heaven, and vowed that he would know no rest till he had avenged her.

And so sprung into existence a foe to Blair more deadly than he had ever known, a foe spurred, not by personal hate, but by the passionate desire to wreak vengeance on behalf of the woman of whose love he had been robbed, whose life this unknown man had stained with shame.

And on that day, miles away, at Leyton Court, lay the great Earl of Ferrers—dying.

"What is the use of being a king if one must die?" exclaimed the Emperor Nero, who had caused death to others too often not to know what it meant.

The great earl, with half a dozen titles to his name, and half a county owning his sway, lay upon a couch in his sitting-room, upon which flickered the rays of the setting sun, fitly typifying his own approaching withdrawal beneath the horizon of life.

At his side sat Violet Graham, who had been sent for in haste some few days back, and who had remained in close attention upon the old man.

Near as he was to that grim door through which all mortality passes never to return, the earl still bore himself as a patrician should. The face was drawn and lined, the white hands were gray and transparent, but the eyes still shone calmly and resolutely.

"Has he come, my dear?" he asked. "Not yet, my lord," said Violet Graham, starting slightly and flushing faintly. "It is scarcely time, I think."

"I suppose he will come," said the earl, dryly, "or will he find himself unable to leave the gaming-table and his other pursuits for a few hours?" "I—I do not think Blair plays much now, my lord," she said, in a low voice.

"You do not know," he said, grimly. "No one knows. His life is a mystery. Why has he not been near me—when did you see him last?"

Her face paled as she remembered the night Blair had come to Park Lane and kissed her.

"Not—not very lately, sir. Not for some weeks."

"Then he may be abroad—at Monte Carlo or some other congenial place."

"No," she said, in a low voice; "he has not left London."

He looked up at her with the shrewdness of old age.

"You keep yourself informed of his movements; you care for him still, Violet?"

She did not answer, but her keen eyes met his for a moment, and her small, restless fingers plucked at the edge of the silk shawl which she had thrown over him.

The earl sighed.

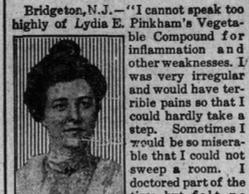
"The love of women!" he muttered. "It passes all comprehension. My poor girl!"

"Do not pity me, sir," she said. "Perhaps—" she stopped.

"You think all may yet be well?" he said, with suppressed eagerness, and with a sudden flash of light in his eyes.

"It passes all comprehension. My poor girl!"

RECOVERY OF NEW JERSEY WOMAN Due To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Bridgeton, N.J.—"I cannot speak too highly of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for inflammation and other weaknesses. I was very irregular and would have terrible pains so that I could hardly take a step. Sometimes I would be so miserable that I could not sweep a room. I doctored part of the time but felt no change. I later took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and felt a change for the better after the second day. I took it until I was in a good healthy condition. I recommend the Pinkham remedies to all women as I have used them with good results."

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence of the excellence of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a remedy for the distressing ills of women such as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, backache, painful periods, nervousness and kindred ailments.

She did not reply, but he read her answer in her downcast face.

"It would save him!" he murmured. "But would it make you happy? My poor Violet—"

"If not, then nothing else will," she said, a deep red covering her face.

Before he could make any response, the door opened and a servant announced Viscount Leyton.

Violet Graham turned pale, and rising, passed out of the room by one door as Blair entered by the other.

The earl held out his hand; Blair, advancing quietly, took it, and the two men, the great earl and the one who would soon take his place, looked at each other; then the earl let Blair's hand drop, and sighed.

"Great heavens!" he said, in the low and feeble voice, "judging by countenances we might well change places!" and he looked at Blair's haggard but still handsome face.

Blair smiled grimly.

"What have you been doing? But no need to ask. Have you been trying to kill yourself?"

Blair smiled again, and sank into a chair.

"Never mind me, sir," he said, gently, and his voice, for it was as soft as a woman's when he was moved, made the old man wince; "I am of no account. I did not know you were so ill until I got your letter—or rather Violet Graham's. Are you better? I trust so."

"Oh, yes, I am better. I shall soon be quite well—if there is any truth in the pleasant things good people tell us of the other land. But I did not ask you to exchange sick-room commonplaces with a dying man—"

Blair laid his still strong hand upon the thin, shriveled one.

"Don't talk of dying, sir! Please Heaven there are many years before you yet! You have not squandered your strength, as—as some of us have."

"Lord Leyton, for instance," said the earl, with a smile. "No, I won't talk of dying. We will talk of something more profitable. Blair, you will be the Earl of Ferrers presently; a few days, weeks, perhaps, and you will be the master of the Court. I have done my best for you, although you have done the worst for yourself."

"The very worst, sir," assented Blair, with the smile which, grim as it was, was still pleasant to see.

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.

1380—A NEAT, CONVENIENT AND PRACTICAL MODEL.



Ladies' Apron in Sack or Belted Style. Dotted blue and white percale was used in this instance, with facings of white. The style is good for seersucker, for gingham, lawn, saten, denim, drill, jean or alpaca. In belted style it may do service as a "slip on" house dress a style much favored for the warm weather. The low neck and short sleeves are cool and neat and the skirt portions have sufficient fullness for grace and comfort. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 6 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for a Medium size.

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

A SIMPLE BUT ATTRACTIVE DRESS.



1660—Ladies' House or Home Dress. A dress of this character is good for business as well as for home wear. As here shown dotted percale in blue and white was used. The waist is gathered at the shoulder, and finished with smart pointed revers. The skirt is a four gore model. The sleeve may be in wrist or shorter length. Serge, cashmere, mixed or novelty suiting, gingham, lawn, batiste, seersucker and linen are also good for this style.

The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 7 yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures about 3 1/2 yards at the foot.

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

List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to April 19th, 1916.

- Ash, Miss E. Adams, George Aylward, Miss M., card, New Gower Street. Andrew Brothers. Abel, B. Anderson, Miss Katie, card Austin, Chas, Freshwater Road. Barron, Miss Susie, Freshwater Rd. Babcock, T. C. Baird, M., Freshwater Road Barnes, Mrs. Wm., New Gower St. Bratton, Mrs. John. Barrett, Miss Ethel. Byrne, Miss A., Duckworth St. Bell, Wm., Mt. Scio Bellow, Miss J., Water St. Bride, Thomas, Water St. Brown, Mrs. Samuel. late Bay Roberts Bollen, Miss Charlotte. care Mrs. Dobbin, Gower St. Bowman, William Blundell, Ezekiah, Spencer St. Burton, Major and Mrs. Butt, Samuel H. Butler, Walter Barrett, Miss Annie, Pennywell Rd. Burt, H. T. Baldon, Miss Charlotte, Gower St. Buddon, Joseph Butler, James, Brine St. Bell, H. T. Brown, Alfred. Carrigan, Mrs. John, Flower Hill Clancey, Mrs. H., Newtown Road Cavanagh, Mrs. Simon, Water St. West Coady, Michael Cole, Arthur, care Harvey & Co. Coady, M. Collins, Miss May, Victoria St. Coleman, Mrs., Spencer St. Ocdner, Mrs. A. E., Water St. Coleman, Thomas, Baptes Hill Connors, P. J. Cullen, Miss Lillian, care G. P. O. Cokes, Miss Mary Crowley, Miss May, Job's Square Chalk, John, Williams Lane Cole, Mrs., John St. Casey, Mrs. John, Parade St. Carbery, Mr. J., Bell St. Cook, Miss G. L., card Colbert, Miss Clara, New Gower St. Day, John Davis, Willis Dalton, Mrs. Annie, card, Gower St. Dempsey, Catherine, card Dean, Thos., care General Delivery Doyle, Miss Margaret, Monkstown Rd. Donnelly, John, card Doody, John T., Mundy Pond Rd. Derohly, Miss Jennie, Casey St. Doyle, Mrs. Jas., Casey St. Duff, Michael, card Duke, Patrick Duff, Alice J., Water St. Drunphy, A., Victoria St. Drunphy, Thomas Dunn, Andrew Durrant, Mrs. James, Lime St. Day, George V. Dwyer, Mrs. J., Holdsworth St. Ebbary, Albert, S. S. Glencoe Elliott, Rev. W., care Gen'l Delivery Emblem, Ruth K. Ellsworth, Pte. G., George's St. Gilson, E., card Fraser, Miss Minnie, care F. B. Wood Fennessey, James French, Wm., Gower St. Finfield, Harry Fitzgerald, Miss V., card, Pleasant St. Forsey, J. E. Fox, Miss Jane, Waterford Bridge Rd. Forbes, G. O., George's St. Fulford, C. E. Flemming, Mrs., Newtown Road Flynn, Nellie, Military Road Ford, Harry, care John Ford, St. Furlong, Minnie Gardner, Mrs. Laurence, care Balsam Garland, Miss Emma J., Waterford Bridge Road Garland, Miss Helen, Water St. Green, Miss Minnie, Freshwater Rd. Grcoley, Mrs. James Green, Miss Lydia. care Mrs. Beams, Gower St. Green, O. F., care G. P. O. Gilson, E., card Giles, J. B., card, Lady Coley's Point Goodland, Mrs. A. J., slip, Victoria St. Helphard, Nelson, of Newtown Rd. Hayward, Miss Katie Hiseock, George Hickey, Miss Aggie, late Holyrood Hiseock, J. W., Balsam Place Hill, Miss Maud, Water St. Hilliar, Miss Effie, card Hickey, Miss Aggie, care Gen. Delivery Higgins, George, care Gen. Delivery Hollet, Samuel, care Gen. Delivery Horwood, Norman House, Capt. Ed. Hopkins, Mr. Horwood, R., card Houllihan, Mary, care Mrs. Cooper. House, Gordon, care G. P. O. Hallamore, G. W. Haynes, Wm., Central St. Houllihan, Miss Mary, Freshwater Rd. Iddollas, H. J. Jennings, Frederick, Richmond St. Johnston, J., McBride's Hill Joy, Mrs. John, Lime St. Kennedy, Edward Kennedy, Terrence, New Gower St. Kent, William, Patrick St. Kin, Mrs. Bertha. Learning, Joseph. late Alexander Bay Lewis, Patrick, Booman St. Lewis, Mrs., card, Bragg's Square Lyons, Gregory, care Gen. Delivery Laurence, Miss Nance Lynch, Miss Julia, Prescott St. Linsgar, Thomas, Newtown Road Long, Mr., City. Malry, F. Gower St. Malcne, Michael, late Badger Manuel, C. A. Martin, Mrs. S. Martin, Mrs. George, Casey St. Maloy, Mrs. Thomas, Water St. West Marshall, Mrs. M., King's Rd. Martin, Mrs. T. H., Forest Rd. Madden, Mrs. J. Madden, John, South Side Mercer, S. R., care G. P. O. Mitchell, Mrs. Adelaide Street Miller, Miss S. Mitchell, Mrs. H. C., Gower St. Mills, Mrs. Mary Moore, Miss A., Carew St. Moore, Pte. Leo, rotd. Mills, Julia, Pennywell Road Mills, P. C. Morley, James Moore, E. B., or C. Moore, Robert Moore Neddle, Butterine Factory Murphy, Frank Mutford, Miss Mabel, care Mrs. Syme Murph, Patrick, Riverhead Murphy, Patrick, care Mrs. Jas. Boone Moores, J. McD. Lillie, Ronald, Patrick St. McKenney, Miss Nellie, Gower St. Noseworthy, Miss Minnie. LeMarchant Road Olsen, Miss Nellie, care G. P. O. O'Brien, Thomas, James St. O'Brien, Mrs. Reuben, George St. Osmond, Miss A., New Gower St. Osmond, Miss Della, late Grand Falls O'Gain, James. Parsons, H. C. Parsons, H. H., Hamilton St. Parsell, Wm., Neagle's Hill Pearce, H. T. Pye, Edward, care General P. O. Penny, Thomas W., Freshwater Rd. Pennell, James. care Mrs. Spracklin, Water St. Penny, Bert, Carnell St. Penny, Mrs. M. Pike, Miss Blanche. Pinsent, Chesley, G. P. O. Phillips, E. J., G. P. O. Pitcher, Caleb, care British Hall Piercey, Frank, S. S. Prospero Pike, Herb, S. S. Prospero Prowse, G. F. Power, Miss Josie, Duckworth St. Poole, James, New Gower St. Power, Michael, care Royal Stores Puddister, Hannah, Hamilton St. Puddister, Nora Perchard, Mrs. Chas., Monroe St. Puddister, Miss Nora, Gower St. Quick, R. C. Quigley, George, Contractor Quigley, Miss Bessie, Water St. West Ryan, Miss Maggie, Water St. West Ryan, Chas., Gower St. Reardon, Miss Elsie, South Side Rd. Regan, Miss Mary, Water St. Redly, Michael. care Hon. Geo. KnKowling Richards, Miss F. Reinhold, A., Parade Street Richards, Miss Eva B., Young St. Roll, Miss M., card, Freshwater Rd. Rogers, Albert, Water St. West Ross, Geo., Mt. Scio Roberts, George, slip, Allandale Rd. Rodgers, R. J. Roache, Miss Mary Rodway, Miss Ethel, Freshwater Rd. Rodgers, Miss Lillie May, George St. Ryan, Miss Katie, Carter's Hill Rodgers, Miss Lillie May, George St. Rolls, Miss Frances, card. Cookstown Road Ryan, Mrs. Tom Roberts, T. J. Sparks, James, Long's Hill Saunders, Mr. Metropolitan Hotel, George St. Street, Mrs. Skeans, Mrs. J., Field St. Stevens, J. Schoffman, Solomon Stead, Mrs., Casey St. Sellars, Mark Hubert, Flemming St. Stuckland, Benjamin, Spencer St. Sweeney, Miss A. Smith, Robert, Hamilton St. Strong, James, care Gen'l Delivery Snow, Master Wm., Water St. Somerton, Miss A. Scurry, Michael Squires, Robert, Summer St. Squires, Henry, Summer St. Squires, Miss Alice, Summer St. Spurrell, Miss D. B. Squires, Joseph, Long's Hill Sullivan, Angus Spurrell, Miss Margaret. Tapper, Miss A. Twaddle, Mrs. F., Hayward Ave. Tibbo, Jack Thomas, John M. Tucker, James, New Gower St. Vardy, Jessie, Theatre Hill Volney, Philip, Carnell St. Volney, Mrs. Mary Ann, Coronation St. Walsh, Thomas, Long Pond Rd. Wazel, J. Welr, James, Newtown Rd. West, J. R., care Gen'l Delivery Walsh, Mrs. E., Lime St. Whelan, Miss Bridie, Casey St. Wheeler, Miss Cecile, Monkstown Rd. Wiseman, John, slip, late Port Nelson Wheeler, Miss Emily A., care G.P.O. Williams, Jack, Carter's Hill White, Mrs. E., LeMarchant Rd. White, Mrs. J., Freshwater Rd. White, Miss Margaret Whitten, Miss Ida, card, John St. White, Miss M., Knight St. Williams, Mrs. C., Gower St. White, Mrs. Wm., Lucas House Whalen, John. Younden, Mrs. A., Casey St. Young, Herbert, Freshwater Rd. H. J. B. WOODS, P.M.G.

Messages Received Previous to War

ST. PIERRE BELLEVILLE, PARIS, (OFFICE). In Argonne, a strong counteracting party was north of Harasce. Later on the 28th and 30th April at Mort Homme, enabled a thousand yards ranging from three to six metres in depth. East of a spirited attack against position, S.E. of Douaumont which fully succeeded, capturing a German trench line on a length of 500 metres together with the capture of 600 prisoners.

DUBLIN. While the situation is not so satisfactory to the city itself, it is improving. Theories expect that the shell on Ireland. A fleet apparent, not far from Dublin, a small group of adherents of Larkin have escaped their west in the capital. The are wend of insurgents in Dublin are sceptical of the given them that their Dublin have surrendered. The result of the prompt measures authorities. A mobil force into the mountains to-day the Sinn Feiners from assembling their leaders.

LONDON. Asquith declared in this afternoon that the British produced a counter-attack general and immediate. He said that he hoped an early opportunity for the of the motion calling for the resignation of the Chief Secretary. Immediate compulsion, the Ministe announced, and the cutting problem would be in a single bill. Mr. Asquith while in August, 1914, the my at home and overseas twenty-five divisions, there seventy-one divisions, in the naval division.

FORMERLY THE YACHT LONDON. The British armed yacht the sinking of the Conyngham announced yesterday, was the Erin, Sir Thomas Lipton yacht. It was taken over by the Admiralty and used as a ship. Later she was arranged being sent to the Mediterranean where she was sunk, she was patrol duty in the North Sea. Erin conveyed a shipment of York for the Cup races, and to have been held in 1914.

ASQUITH IN THE CABINET LONDON. In addressing the Commons Asquith said the public was depressed by the deplorable of the surrender of the Kut-el-Amara, but the event of military importance ring to attacks on the Government and other connections of the House to turn to the situation during a previous history of the country, and he found that charges of the same nature were made. It been the same charges of conditions of indecision, prof half-heartedness and delay the same cry for a saviour. The limitation of salaries. At the the people were told that the in the cabinet had overruled military and naval experts. been the charge of the cabinet. Gallipoli. At another he said that the civilians in were too subservient to the advisers. My adviser to the quith continuing is that if the continued mistakes or blunders both of policy and strategy. tribution of the United Kingdom Empire has grown and steadily, month by month, directed than ever before. and military situation of has never been so good a day. We have to put up with things, the Premier said, that the Government would disturbed by them so long as the confidence of the After reviewing carefully lions under which recruiting been carried out, the Premier had decided that the could not, and would be signed in due time by existing. Coming to the the existing machinery provide the men required. cessary time, Mr. Asquith the Cabinet had decided to vision for the men included brought in last week, withdrawn. An additional attested married men were