

Days of Rheumatism Now Over! Wonderful Miracles Worked by "Nerviline"

Its Strange Power Is the Marvel of Thousands It Has Cured.

You will welcome the good news that "Nerviline" rapidly relieves the most excruciating pains.

Nerviline penetrates deeply into the tissue, and possesses pain-subduing power at least five times greater than anything heretofore discovered. Its curative influence upon rheumatic pains is really wonderful.

Nerviline is offered to the people of this community under a positive guarantee of its reliability.

As a curative agent of severest pain, every rheumatic should test this great remedy.

Rheumatism is the greatest test Nerviline has to meet. It cures pains, big and little, but to rheumatics especially it is a great blessing, just as it is to those who suffer from neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, stiffness or enlarged joints.

Remember this: There is nothing harmful in Nerviline.

You can use it freely on your children for their aches and pains. It is dependable, reliable, safe. Nothing to equal good old Nerviline as a general family remedy.

Get the large 50 cent family bottle; it is far more economical than the 25 cent trial size. Sold by dealers everywhere.

"KYRA,"

OR,

The Ward of the Earl of Vering.

CHAPTER XXII.
The Savage Transformed.

And, at last, one morning he surprised Beamish by showing more interest in his neck-scarf and general appearance, and, with an air of scrutiny and severe examination, strange and unusual, viewed himself in the mirror.

"Would you like another, my lord?" asked the faithful and discreet Beamish, inwardly marveling at his master's sudden interest in his appearance—"or another scarf?"

"No, no," said Percy, with a little irritation. "This—this—you know I am rather careless, Beamish—but this is the present fashion, I suppose."

Beamish looked horrified at the doubt.

"My lord, the coat and vest came from Schultz last week, and are perfect; oh, quite perfect, my lord."

"All right, Beamish," laughed Percy, with something of his old light-heartedness. "I didn't mean to cast any aspersion on your artistic taste. That will do—give me my purse. No, I shall not want the brougham. I shall walk."

With the same air of decision, and with a smile that was almost pensive, he set his face toward Kensington, and, at last, reached Minerva House, the abode of the goddess of wisdom and instruction.

"Poor little Kyra!" he said, his dark eyes softening. "She will not have quite forgotten me, though she will not have thought of me as often or as hard as I have dwelt on her. Will she be as self-possessed as of old, or will the Indian secret of repression have left her? Will she come forward to meet me with a little cry of joy, or a rain of tears, as their children welcome their—their friends?"

He was a little nervous, this strong man, as to his reception, and still wondering and picturing the Kyra of old, he was admitted to the sacred precincts of the temple, and ushered into the drawing-room.

"The Earl of Vering!" Discreet as Martha, the maid, was in her announcement, the name slipped out, and ran round the schoolroom, until it reached the desk at which Kyra sat writing.

As it struck her ear she thrilled and started, as if it had been a veritable bow, then looked up, with pale face and hungry eyes.

"My dear," said Miss Clementa, coming over to her, "the earl, your

By Purifying the Blood You Get Rid of Pain

Here is the Sworn Statement of a Lady Who was Cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Poison causes pains and aches, tired, languid feelings and derangements of the vital organs of the body. By ridding the human system of poisonous impurities Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills cure rheumatism, headache, backache and pains through the body and limbs.

Put Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to the test when suffering from torpid, sluggish action of the liver, kidneys and bowels and you will soon appreciate their value. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Company, Limited, Toronto.

guardian, is here. Miss Harriet has just left him. Will you go to the drawing-room?"

Kyra rose, and made the regulation curtsey. As she did so a soft, warm hand was slid into hers. It was Lady Mary's.

"Don't look so hard, dear. Of course you are glad to see him." Kyra shot a glance of gratitude and affection at the girl who understood and encouraged her, and then glided from the room in her old graceful fashion.

Percy heard a light step in the hall, and rose, ready to receive with his arms, if need be, the supple child that had clung to his feet so long ago.

The door opened, and before him stood a tall, graceful lady, with the loveliest face he had ever seen, and an air of breeding that might well have befitted a duchess.

For a moment he caught his breath. Could this—this elegant, graceful princess, be his little wild Indian bird Kyra?

Both were silent. His eyes were so intent on her face generally that he did not note how thirstily her dark, liquid eyes were fixed on his; then, as he moved, she came forward and held out both her hands, with something of her old way, toned and colored by the ineffable grace of perfect breeding.

"My lord!"

"Kyra!"

They were only a minute looking into each other's eyes, but it seemed an hour, for they both lived the past over again as they looked.

Then she gently drew her small, brown hands from his, and slid into a seat beside him, looking down with a slight flush on her exquisite face, the long eyelashes sweeping her clear cheek.

Percy looked at her and marvelled how the wild, unapproachable young savage had been transformed into this; for he knew that her beauty was no mere outside show, but that there was a soul behind, full of tender sensibility and noble aspirations. He knew that a pure, true, innocent womanhood, had taken the place of the innocent childhood, and his heart beat with a great thankfulness that it should be so.

And she! she was thinking that never since the world began, had God, the Great Spirit, ever made a grander or a nobler man than this chief of hers.

"Well, Kyra, he said, at last, with the old, short laugh—how well she remembered it!—"I scarcely knew you! Do they practice the black art at Minerva House, or have they some secret chemical process by which they change little girls into elegant young ladies! and I expected to meet my old Kyra—a swift glance of her magnificent eyes, half reproachful,

could get any rest. I had rheumatism and always had a heavy feeling in the region of my kidneys. I was nervous and often dizzy. Reading about Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills led me to use them, and with the most highly satisfactory results, and I can recommend them to everyone who wants to be cured of kidney troubles."

Mr. W. E. Johnson, Commissioner to take oaths, writes: "This is to certify that I know Mrs. Bergland and believe her statement in regard to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to be true and correct."

Put Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to the test when suffering from torpid, sluggish action of the liver, kidneys and bowels and you will soon appreciate their value. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Company, Limited, Toronto.

half grateful, for his recognition of the change in her, stopped him—and instead, a divine, young goddess in black cashmere glides from out the temple to rebuke me for my irreverence and presumption. Child—you are still a child to me—you are changed!"

"Are you glad?" she asked, quietly. "Glad!" he echoed. "How could I be otherwise. Not that I did not love like the old Kyra—do not think that!—but the new one almost overawes me. Let me see if it really is Kyra, or only a vision!"

She put out her hand to him, and he took it.

"Yes it is the same," he said. "You have no need to ask the same question in regard to me, Kyra?"

She raised her superb eyes, and looked at him with an innocent and eager scrutiny.

"No," she said, in a low voice, "you are not changed—and yet—"

"You miss the moccasins and the furs." He laughed. "Well, we must miss them altogether, I am afraid, unless we wear them at a fancy ball. And now, tell me, have you been quite happy?"

She lowered her eyes.

"I am happy," she said, "and grateful; oh, so grateful! If you will believe that!"

"Hush!" he said. "There should be no such word between us. And you have made friends, have formed attachments!"

"Yes," said Kyra, "all here are my friends,"—she said nothing of the first few weeks of trial and suffering—"

"and I have one great friend—Lady Mary Darlington."

Percy nodded.

"I know her father and her people; yes, go on, and tell me anything—everything! You like the horse?"

"It is a beauty!" she replied; then with a quick flush and a little movement toward him full of gratitude and affection—"and all the beautiful things you have sent me—so many and so rich! How can I thank you! How could you waste them on one so worthless, so insignificant—a poor Indian girl!"

He stopped her with a smile, almost sad.

"Is there no mirror in your room, Kyra?" he asked, archly.

She looked at him with naive innocence and unconsciousness, and his eyes dropped before the pure, modest surprise of hers.

"Can't be possible," he thought, "that she is ignorant of her own surpassing beauty!"

Then he sighed almost inaudibly, and with an inward bitterness, added mentally:

"The world will soon rid her of that precious unconsciousness."

"You have some one to ride with, of course," he said, going back to the subject of the horses, "and are never dull."

"Oh, no," she said; "never dull—" "I am glad of that," he said, "and I trust you will be beyond the reach of even the suspicion of dullness for the future. I have found a friend for you," he said, suddenly.

"A friend," she repeated, in her low voice, that thrilled him in a strange, almost painful way.

"Yes; one who was—is still—a great friend of mine."

"A gentleman?" said Kyra, deeply attentive.

"No," said Percy, turning his face toward the window, and tapping her fan with his cane—"no—a lady—a Miss Devigne. Her mother, Lady Devigne, has a house at Queen's Gate, in London, near here, and she has kindly offered—is anxious, to become a friend of yours. You are to go to her and spend a few days, to go when you like for a change from school. What do you say?"

He turned to look at her. Across her face had come a strange, sudden wistfulness.

"It is very kind of her—very!" she replied—"and she has never seen me! It is very kind!"

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 unobscured 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.

you call sometimes at the lady's—your friend's?"

"Yes—often," he said.

The light increased, and a radiant happy smile made her face lovely as a summer morn.

"When shall I go—how soon?" she asked under her breath.

Percy's heart thrilled under this palpable evidence of her affection for him.

As he was about to reply, a brougham came up to the door, a low, well-bred voice was heard to make some inquiry, and the next moment the servant ushered in Lillian Devigne.

She had been in some measure prepared to see a good-looking girl in Lord Vering's ward; but the fresh, innocent and superb loveliness of the reality for a moment threw her, adept as she was, off her guard. She stood looking from the slightly flushed face of Kyra to the also slightly embarrassed one of Percy. Then she took her cue, and coming forward with both hands extended, drew Kyra toward her.

"My dear! I cannot help it! You have charmed the heart out of me at first sight! Has Lord Vering told you how I long to be your friend?"

Kyra answered with a smile and a glance of wondering admiration at the lovely, delicate face:

"Yes."

"Well, I love you already. You will try—you must love me!"

No man, no woman could resist her, much less an unsophisticated girl, ignorant of all guile.

Kyra suffered the equally dazed, delicate beauty to put her arms round her waist, and then, with a generous, affectionate impulse, she bent her head—for Kyra was the taller of the two—and kissed her.

A flush, quick and faint, suffused Lillian Devigne's face, but it was gone in a moment, even as she looked up, and kissed the Indian girl in return.

Judas should not always be painted as a scowling, dark-browed Jew; an artist might take for a model such a sweet face as Lillian Devigne's, and yet be near the truth!

For as her lips touched the pure ones above her she vowed in her heart that she would betray her!

And Percy! He looked on with a smile, but it was not wholly one of pleasure, for a sudden silence seemed to fall upon the two women, and strike a chill across his own heart.

(To be Continued.)

Aged Murderer to be Hung.

Malcolm McPherson, Sentenced by Judge Hazard.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., June 22.—Malcolm McPherson, aged 83, a farmer of Unfouville, a town in the west of the Island, was sentenced to be hanged on Sept. 7th for the murder of his wife aged 86 years.

The jury yesterday afternoon after half an hour's deliberation brought in a verdict of guilty with strong recommendation to mercy in view of the prisoner's age.

Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

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

A SIMPLE PRACTICAL MODEL.



1704—Girls' Dress with Sleeve in Front or Slipped over the Head.

This attractive little model is a one-piece style. It is easy to develop and may be worn without the shield. The fronts may be closed from neck to hem, or the dress may be cut without a front closing in "slip on" style.

The collar is jaunty and becoming. The long sleeves are nice where warmth is desired. For coolness and comfort the short sleeves are very appropriate.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 26-inch material for an 8-year size.

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

A Dainty Frock FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.



1702—This style may be made with a separate gumpie or underwaist, and with sleeve in single or double puff.

The neck may be high or round and low. As here shown, figured crepe Challie, tub silk, crepe de chine, lawn, dimity, voile, batiste, nun's veiling and organdy are also nice for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 1 1/2 yards of 27-inch material for the gumpie, and 3/4 yards for the dress, for an 8-year size.

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

No.

Size

Address in full:—

Name

Canadian Butter!

NEW GRASS CANADIAN BUTTER. (Wholesale and Retail.) A few Cases FRESH EGGS, large size. LOWEST PRICES.

JAMES R. KNIGHT

Big Sample Shoe Sale!

Ladies! Our Big Sample Shoe Sale is now in full swing.

LADIES' PUMPS, TIES, STRAPPED & LACED OXFORDS, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00.

LADIES' BOOTS in Tans, Patent and Gun Metal Leathers, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00.

See our Gent's Western Window.

F. Smallwood
The Home of Good Shoes.

ARMADA TEA.

New Stock.

Best Yet Offered

1 lb. Tins.

Ask Your Grocer

Somewhere in England.

HEAD WAITER: Yes, sir, we are a bit old fashioned, as you say—but we find people like it so long as we make them comfortable. I haven't heard no complaints on that score.

GUEST: Good beds and good food, eh!

HEAD WAITER: Excellent beds and good wholesome food—comfortable Gas Fires and 'ot water in every room in the 'ouse.

GUEST:—Gas Fires, eh! That doesn't sound old fashioned.

HEAD WAITER: No, sir, it don't. But we 'ad to move with the times, sir, and it's our business to give people what they want. If you'll excuse me, sir, that 'ave been 'ere all my life, I find that our people mostly want 'ot baths, 'ot water, well cooked food, good fires, good beds and no fussing. We couldn't do that with coal—not satisfactory as I may say. So we puts in gas—everywhere. We cooks by gas, we lights by gas, we 'eats the water by gas and we 'as Gas Fires. So you can 'ave a 'ot bath in ten minutes if you want it, sir, a fire in your bedroom and whatever you like to order for dinner, sir, punctual to the minute.

GUEST: That sounds 'op-hole—but where's the old-fashioned part come in?

HEAD WAITER: It don't come in, sir, so far as that's concerned. But there's the 'ouse, the furniture, the pictures and—if I may say so—the 'omeliness of the place.

GUEST: (a trifle bored) Well, well I'll have that hot bath right away—if you'll get the bathroom ready.

HEAD WAITER: The bathroom is ready, sir, always. There's plenty of 'ot water, you'll find clean 'ot towels in the 'ot cupboard in the bathroom and the Gas Fire lighted in your room.

GUEST: Right O!—and dinner at 8 sharp, please!

HEAD WAITER:—What'll you 'ave, sir,—a nice sole, leg of mutton and sweets?

GUEST: Well, if that isn't troubling the cook too much—I'm rather late, I'm afraid.

HEAD WAITER: No trouble at all, sir. You see, sir, our kind of comfort means comfort for us as well as our people. We don't 'ave no coals to carry, no fires to make up, no bathrooms to attend to—This 'ere gas, if I may say so, saves money and time, and—

GUEST: You may say so at dinner time, please, I'm off to have that bath . . . (ascends stairs slowly) . . . Decent old boy, though he does talk a lot; and a real nice place. Thank heaven, I've struck a decent billet at last! (The bathroom door bangs sharply.)

For particulars of Gas Fires and Gas Water-Heaters apply to

The St. John's Gas Light Company.

Advertise in The Evening Telegram

The Kaiser.

Who was it when peace reign'd supreme
And freedom shed her brightest beam
Till he of "world power" had a dream?
The Kaiser.

When wars' drawn sword was dripp'd
With blood his humish horded
shed,
Who was it frowned on Belgia dead?
The Kaiser.

Belgium: thou wilt yet be free
From that cruel rule which govern'd thee,
And he shall die in misery—
The Kaiser.

Who now is fit for Satan's chums
On England's babies dropped bombs,
Who grins while hymns of hate hums?
The Kaiser.

Who tries to starve our soldiers
Whose hearts are hard and icy cold
And craves for fame and power
gold?
The Kaiser.

Napoleon once was such as he,
Who frowned on truth and liberty
'Till conquer'd like this Hun vil!
The Kaiser.

And when he's day of rule is o'er
And peace shall reign on every shore
We'll all be glad that he's no more
The Kaiser.

Gallipoli Dance Success

The dance in aid of the Red Cross, which was promoted by the returned Gallipoli heroes, took place last night in the new C. C. Hall. It was largely attended, the building being filled to overflowing. His Excellency, who patronized the dance, was welcomed on entering the room by Capt. G. T. Cartwright, Lieut. James Tobin, Gordon Green, Shears and others. Several men belonging to the Red Cross were present and helped to make the affair a splendid success. The attractions, which included the playing of the British's Allies, presented a pretty appearance, and to the joy of the excellent band of the dance, which was thorough enjoyed, was kept up till an early hour this morning. During the several ladies interested in the work served refreshments. The proceeds, which we understand to be handsome figures, will be deposited in the Order of the Lady of the

Narrow Escape

A man named Peters, who fell over Geo. Neal's wharf last night, was rescued by a man named Lewis and two others hastened to the scene with the aid of terra firma with the aid of rescue after considerable delay. Peters was all but gone when taken out of the water by his and another minute or so was settled him. Stimulants were administered and he was conveyed to his home on grave Street.

I was cured of Bronchitis and Asthma by MINARD'S LINIMENT. MRS. A. LIVING.

Lot 5, P. E. I.

I was cured of a severe Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. JOHN

I was cured of a severe leg by MINARD'S LINIMENT. JOSHUA A. WYBRIDGEWATER.

Full List of Round-trip

The S. S. Stephano left yesterday for Halifax and due on Sunday next. She will round-trippers. The came off dry dock at New a few days ago, having hauled and renovated. She first class condition for traffic on the Red Cross

Amusement

AT THE POPULAR COMEDY Professor McCarthy is a feature show at the Crescent Pier to-day. Edna Mayo and Burn are presented in "The Things," a three reel masterpiece by the Essanay Company. A strong drama of the Edison Company. A Vitaphone production is "A featuring Mr. and Mrs. S. don't miss seeing this big gram, it's great.

YOUNG SOLDIER PR—Last night Mrs. W. A. ed a message stating the rol, who was wounded progressing favourably complications were feared.