

That Awful Ache of Lumbago Rubbed Away For All Time

Heerah! No More Suffering—Every Ache Goes Quick.

RUB ON NERVILINE

Lumbago is a peculiar sort of rheumatic trouble that affects the muscles about the loins and back.

In treating lumbago or stitch in the back, it is necessary to keep warmly covered to prevent a sudden chill.

Almost instantly you feel its warm soothing action. Right through the cords and muscles the healing power of Nerviline penetrates.

Quick as a wink you feel the stiffness lessening. You realize that a powerful pain-subduing remedy is cur-

ing the pain, is easing your distress, is making you well again. Nerviline quickly cures backache and lumbago because it has the strength, the power and penetrating force possessed by no other known remedy.

Any sort of aches in the muscles and joints Nerviline will cure quickly. It cuts the pain right up—relieves stiffness, restores the muscles to their wanted elasticity and vigor.

It's the quickest thing imaginable for rheumatism, sciatica or neuralgia. As for earache, toothache, sprains, or strains, nothing can excel good old Nerviline.

Get the large 50 cent family size bottle, it's the most economical; trial size, 25 cents. All dealers.

"KYRA," OR, The Ward of the Earl of Vering.

CHAPTER XXVII

The Fires of Jealousy.

Percy could not suppress a smile, but it was quite true, and her answering smile, although sad and bashful, was very fierce.

"You speak of your uncle," he said, "had you no father or mother living?"

She shook her head thoughtfully. "No, my mother died when I was so high, and she put her tiny hand toward the ground. They laughed at me when I said I remembered her, and said that the Great Spirit had shown me a likeness of her in my childish sleep. But I do remember her. She was very tall and beautiful. It was she who taught me and some of the other children to speak the few English words we knew."

Percy looked rather surprised. "She spoke English?" he said. Kyra nodded dreamily. "Yes, I think so—I am sure. Perhaps she learned it of my father."

"Was he a warrior?" asked Percy, deeply interested, and speaking scarcely above a whisper that he might not break the subtle charm of her soft, dreamy eyes.

Kyra shook her head. "I do not know. My father was always a mystery to me. I did not remember him; he must have died when I was quite young. Sometimes they would sing about him in the lodge, on a winter's night, and they chanted his praises as horseman and hunter, and a rich man. My mother never mentioned his name; but I knew that the furs and the gold ornaments that hung round our lodge were once his, and I half surmised that he was a great man. I had an idea, too, that he did not die in the forest, but that he had gone—somehow mysteriously and suddenly! I used to dream of him as I lay in the thick grass of the prairie in the hot summer nights, and he always came as a great, big man, with a wild, savage face. That is all I know of my father; no one would tell me anything, not even the Indian fellow who married him to my mother. But they all were good to me, and loved me after their fashion, for I was the daughter of a chief, and the great-grandchild of Black Hawk. I was very happy until that awful day"

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lithe arms strained like steel.

"No; go away, please," she said. "Why should I?" said Percy, half eagerly. "You will hurt your feet if you drop on the ground. Come, let me catch you!" and he looked up pleadingly.

She looked down shyly, and her lovely face flushed a vivid scarlet; then, with drooping eyelids, she loosened her hold and dropped into his arms.

Percy held her for a moment, his heart on fire, then he set her down, and, as he did so, his lips touched her sweet black hair.

She drew away from him a little, and held out the pippin without raising her eyes.

"See, it is for you! Are you not grateful?"

He took it eagerly, and closed his fingers over her hand. She stood trembling, her color coming and going, her eyes veiled by their long lashes for a moment, and then raised suddenly with a startled air, for a voice—not Percy's, but Lillian Devigne's—said:

"My dear Kyra, you will be burned as black as a coal. Lord Percy, you, of course, set summer at defiance."

Percy dropped the hand and her apple, as if they had been changed to red-hot coals, and, before he turned, stooped to secure the apple.

"Good-morning!" he said, raising his hat and taking the cool, white hand held out to him, and scanning the exquisite face rather curiously.

"We did not hear you."

"How much had she seen? The face so beautifully rose and white was perfectly placid and smiling, and full of nothing but gentle welcome. Percy decided that she had seen nothing but the extension of the apple. How should he know that her heart was blazing with the raging fire of jealousy, and that her smile was only maintained by an effort almost superhuman? She had been watching them from the moment Percy had entered the garden.

"No? The grass is so thick. How long have you been here? And what have you done with Mr. Merivale?" she added, turning her eyes upon Kyra.

The sudden question produced the blush the questioner desired.

Percy's face overshadowed directly.

"You did not tell me Charlie had been here this morning," he said, trying to speak carelessly and falling as usual.

Kyra blushed still deeper, and Lillian, smiling like an angel, shook her finger at her lovingly.

"Naughty girl! Why, I left you two with your heads together like conspirators."

Percy's heart grew colder; he could not have removed his eyes from the downcast face if it had been to save his life.

With an effort Kyra looked up.

"Mr. Merivale only stayed a few minutes after you went in, Lillian," she said with an air of embarrassment. "He has gone—"

At this moment Charlie's voice, not quite so blithe as usual, was heard outside the little door in the wall.

"Ky! are you there?"

At this peculiar alteration of her name, and self-assured ring of the voice Percy started, and turned slightly away.

Kyra, blushing like a rose, detected in a tete-a-tete with this lover, ran to the gate and opened it.

"Oh, here you are!" said Charlie. "Confounded nuisance! I—hello, what you must be!"

"Yes," said Kyra. Then in an undertone. "Don't you see Charlie, Mary?"

"Yes," pouted Mary, whispering; "but look how sullen he is. Can I help Lord St. Clare staying at Boxley? Stupid boy!"

Certainly Charlie never looked so grave and churlish before; he was almost as grim as his cousin, the earl.

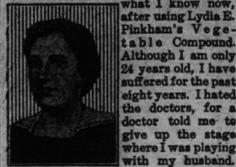
"And, now you are here, you must stay to luncheon," said Lillian Devigne. "Mamma has a bad headache. I'm sorry to say, so you must excuse her; but we will have the cloth spread under the trees, and take things al fresco," then she turned to Percy beseechingly. "You will stay and help me!"

He could not have refused even if he had wished.

WONDERFUL TALE OF AN ACTRESS

Struggled with Sickness and Discomposure; How Relieved.

Dayville, Killingly, Conn.—"I shall be glad to have every woman know what I know now, after using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."



I had bearing down pains, my health failed me, and I could not work on the stage, and wasn't able to tend my baby or even get around myself. I was always downhearted and discontented with the world, and only lived for the sake of my little girl. The doctor said to move to some quiet little town away from the noisy city, and I might be able to live and feel well, so I went to Dayville in November. At that time I was so sick I could not walk around, and my husband kept house and I stayed in bed. One day in January I read your advertisement in a newspaper, and I sent for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and started taking it. Within two weeks time I was a different woman, could get around, and felt so good that it was a pleasure to do my household work. I felt contented and happy, and now am the picture of health, and am tempted to return to the stage. We appreciate your health as the most precious thing on earth.—Mrs. H. L. KLEINERT, Box 85, Killingly, Conn.

Percy!" he broke off, catching sight of the other two: "I didn't know you were coming over this morning. Here I am again, Miss Devigne, like the proverbial bad penny. Left any peaches, Kyra? I'm as dry as a cob-nut—and I wish somebody would take this cob off my hands."

The boy took the cob round to the stables.

"Suppose I may stop to lunch, Miss Devigne?"

Lillian smiled, and Charlie, who was evidently out of spirits—"Because I am here," thought Percy—threw himself on the grass.

"Where have you been, Charlie?" asked Percy, looking down at the handsome boy with a smile that was mournful and almost envious.

"Oh, just for a spin," said Charlie, with a faint hesitation.

Then he looked up at Kyra, as if for permission.

"I ran over to Boxley with a note from Kyra to her friend, Miss Darlington, but she was not at home. They were all out. The servant said she had gone out riding with young St. Clair, who is stopping there, it seems. But I left your note, Ky," he added, with a certain significance, that did not escape Percy. ("She lets him run errands for her. Yes, yes; it is as it should be. I'll go!")

Then he pulled out his watch.

"You'll stay to luncheon?" said Lillian, warmly.

"I think not," he hesitated, avoiding the pair of dark eyes suddenly uplifted to his.

"Yes, do," said Charlie. "You see I'm quite at home! Make him stay, Miss Devigne. Hello! who's this?" and a sudden flush mounted to his brow, which speedily made way for a decided frown, as Lady Mary, Lord St. Clare, and half a dozen other ladies and gentlemen visiting at Boxley came down the garden. Lady Mary uttered a cry of delight at sight of Kyra, and ran to her with schoolgirl effusion, leaving Lord St. Clare to do all the greetings and explanations.

"My dear," said Lady Mary, "I insisted on coming over to you, and they all declared they would come, too. What a charming place! Oh, how happy you must be!"

"Yes," said Kyra. Then in an undertone. "Don't you see Charlie, Mary?"

"Yes," pouted Mary, whispering; "but look how sullen he is. Can I help Lord St. Clare staying at Boxley? Stupid boy!"

Certainly Charlie never looked so grave and churlish before; he was almost as grim as his cousin, the earl.

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List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to June 26th, 1916.

Aylward, Martin, card; Aylward, Miss Sarah, Dugworth St. Anstey, Miss Emma, Power St. Arder, Wm., Hamilton St. Alasworth, Mrs., road, Parade St. Alcock, Master W., card, Parade St. Austin, Chas., Freshwater Road.

B Black, Henry A. Bradbury, Captain S. Barnes, John Brader, Miss Addie Bailey, Miss M. M., Franklin Avenue Barron, Master John Bradbury, Miss Edith, Cochrane St. Barnes, A., Cochrane St. Barrett, J. J. Bragg, Wm., James' St. Brabury, Abraham Bell, James, Nagle's Hill Bennett, Wm. Breen, Robert, LeMarchant Rd. Brien, Mrs. Mary, Flower Hill Boone, Miss Selena, New Gower St. Bromley, Miss Sarah, Scott St. Bowring, Miss Leah Brown, Miss Ella, Springdale St. Boone, Hattie, Notre Dame St. Burton, Robert, LeMarchant Rd. Burr, Miss Maggie, Hamilton St. Butler, Mrs. Emily, South Side Burry, James, care John Snelgrove Burr, Miss Annie, Quidi Vid Road Burke, Joseph, care McGrath Bros., Water St. Blackler, E. J., slip, Brazil's Square

C Campbell, Miss Seville, Charlton St. Clarke, Miss Sarah, Lime St. Clark, Miss Fannie, New Gower St. Clark, Mrs. Ellen, care Mrs. L. Hall Clayton, Mrs. A. Cashin, Nora Carew, Fathbert, late Badger Clarke, John Cleary, Miss G., care G. P. O. Chesman, Miss, Bond St. Critch, Patrick, Lime St. Cuff, Fred, Water St. West Cochrane, Miss B. Cochrane, J. Cook, Miss Florence, Water St. Curtis, Miss F. M. Cull, Miss Emily, LeMarchant Road

D Davis, Miss Beatrice Davis, Wm., James' Street. Deane, Miss Lizzie, Queen's St. Denty, Herbert, Military Road Dicks, Chesley T., care Mrs. Brewer Dodge, Miss Eliza, Springdale St. Dwyer, Edith, Cabot St. Duffy, David, care Harvey & Co. Duke, Veronica, care Miss O'Brien Duffett, Miss Annie

F Fagan, Samuel, St. John's West Fagan, Thomas, George St. Fleming, Mrs. John, P. O. Box 1241 French, Miss Marion French, Miss Maggie, LeMarchant Rd. Fleming, Mrs. Thomas, Newtown Rd. Flynn, D. A., Barnes' Rd. Foley, Miss M., Spencer St. Fox, Miss Jane, Waterford Bridge Rd. Ford, Mrs., Prescott St.

G Gardner, Miss Theo., Water St. Grant, Miss Kittie, LeMarchant Road Grant, Wm., Barron St. Green, Mrs. E., Monroe St. Gulligan, J. C., card, c/o Post Office Goodwin, Mrs. L. A., Pennywell Rd. Grubby, Robert, card, Carter's Hill Grudger, Mrs. Roland, care General Delivery

H Harris, Mrs. Herbert, Water St. West Harris, Miss Elsie, late Grand Bank Hamilton, Henry, care General Delivery Halleran, Miss K., Gower St. Hardenberg, Alex. Hartley, Miss Annie, Plank Road Hayday, Mrs. Hannah, Nagle's Hill Hayes, Thomas, Brambrick St. Hansen, Nils, John St. Henchbury, Thos., King's Bridge Helpard, Nelson, Newtown Road Henderson, Ned, care Ned Murphy Hewett, Stephen, Allandale Road Roberts, George, Allandale Road Hickey, Miss L., 80 — Street Hickey, Mrs. Mary, late St. Pierre Hiscock, Miss Louise, care Mrs. B. Hiscock, Spencer St. Hill, Miss Fannie, Gower St. Hickey, T., Military Road Howell, Miss Amanda Huxley, Mrs. E. B., Hiscock, New Gower St. Huston, Arthur, John St. Hutchings, Miss Annie, New Gower Street

J Jones, Robert, care General Delivery Judge, Joseph, Cabman Joyce, H. Joyce Jones, Miss Margaret, card James, A., late Sydney

K Kelly, Mark Kearney, Frank, Pennywell Rd. Kelly, May, Wood's Factory Kearney, Alexander, Freshwater Rd. Kennedy, T., Barter's Hill King, L., Flower Hill King, Mrs. Bertha Kirby, Mrs. R. W., Water St. Kirby, Mrs. Philip, c/o Gen'l Delivery

L Levallant, Edgar, Flower Hill Lacey, Mrs. Jennie, Pennywell Road Lahey, Miss Monica, Cabot St. Laite, Mrs. Lamb, Mrs. Mary, Queen's Road Lamb, Miss E., Gower St. Lamb, Miss Ethel, John St. Leslie, Miss Ada Ledrew, Wm. LeDrew, Michael LeDrew, Michael Landy, Miss M., LeMarchant Road Lyhon, Miss A., Queen's Road Lundrigan, Miss Maggie, Springdale St. Legge, Captain J., late schr. D. M. Hilton

M Markey, P. Markey, Mrs. M., King's Road Maidment, Mrs. S., Newtown Road

Maddock, Mrs. M., card Markoy, Mrs. M., King's Road Mahoney, Mrs. Elizabeth Malone, Mrs. John, King's Road Martin, Mrs. Peter, City Martin, Mrs. Henry Martin, Mrs. Henry, Gower St. Martin, Miss Annie, Belvidere St. Malyns, F., Gower St. Martin, H., care Mrs. Kelly, Gear Street Mercer, Miss Maud, LeMarchant Road

Miskell, Peter, care Miss M. Miller, Mullock St. Morey, Miss Bride, Job's St. Morrissey, Laurence Moss, Bernard, McDougall St. Morgan, Miss Bertha, South Side Moss, Mrs. Charles, Gower St. Moore, Miss Annie, Freshwater Rd. Morris, Alex., card, Victoria St. Milley, Mrs. John, Flower Hill Murphy, Miss A., Barnes' Road Mullowney, Miss Anna, Queen's Rd.

McKivert, care Mrs. Flight, Lucas St. MacLean, Duncan, card, Cuckworth St. McDonald, Nellie, Nagle's Hill, care G. P. O. McCarthy, Mrs. Ellen, Water Street West McCarthy, Miss Mary, Charlton St. McNeil, Mrs. James McDermott, A. McKenney, Miss N., Long's Hill McInnes, C. M.

N Neil, Mrs. Henry, Pope Street Newhook, Miss P., Military Road Nichols, John Nox, Mrs. Neffall, Mrs. New Gower St. Noel, P. Noseworthy, Miss F., Queen St. Noseworthy, Sr., care G. P. O.

O Oakley, Wm., care Gen. Post Office O'Neill, Mrs. F., card, Colonial St. Oldford, Miss Mary, care Mr. Butt O'Toole & Skiffington O'Rourke, Mrs., New Gower St.

P Power, Miss, King Edward Hotel Parsons, Robert P. Parmiter, Albert Parsons, G. W., care G. P. O. Patterson, Robert, care Reid Co. Peddie, Miss Lena, South Side Peyton, H., Pleasant St. Penney, Miss Violet, Queen St. Prendergrast, Mrs. Catherine, Water Street Penney, Sarah, Gower St. Penney, Wm. D., McFarlane St. Pike, Wm. Thos., McFarlane St. Percy, Wm., Water St. Phillips, Miss Isabella, LeMarchant Road

Payne, John (of Peter), Wood St. Pieco, Miss Selina, Newtown Road Pike, John Powell, Miss Annie Power, Thomas, Gilbert St. Power, Thomas, Cabman Power, John Powell, Annie, Water St. West Poole, Mr. Ambrose, Charlton St.

Quick, R. C. Quigley, Miss Maggie, Cochrane St. Quigley, Mrs. James, No. 1 Bulley St. Richards, Miss N., Hamilton St. Richards, R., City Rogers, Robert, George's St. Rogers, Wm. G. (or J.) Rowell, A. Roberts, Mrs. Susannah, care Mr. Long

Rogers, Master Ariel care Mr. Long Rowe, Miss Rose Rolls, Miss Francis, Cookstown Rd. Rose, H. Roberts, Frank, New Gower St. Rose, John, care G. P. O. Roche, Michael, Plank Road Roberts, George, Allandale Road Russell, Miss H., Circular Road Rumson, Sandy, South Side, East

S Saunders, John, Water St. Stanley, H. S., care Gen. Delivery Shaw, Edward Scanlon, Miss Alice, Georgetown Shaw, George, Adelaide St. Sparks, James, Long's Hill Stapleton, Mrs. Elizabeth, Cabot St. Sheppard, Miss Lillian May, c/o C.C.C. Stead, Victoria, Casey St. Stephens, S., Brambrick St. Stevens, Mrs. Mark W., Colonial St. Sheppard, Miss Mary, Rennie's Mill Road Stead, Miss Nellie, care General Post Office

Sprye, John, Notre Dame St. Sheppard, Miss Ida, Devon Row Smith, Miss Violet, Hospital Smith, Mrs. Wm., care Mr. John Noseworthy Sinnott, John J., George's St. Shields, Jas., Theatre Hill Smith, Max, New Gower St. Smith, Wm., Stevens St. Smith, Joseph Shortall, J. J., care Gen. Delivery Strong, Miss Annie, Freshwater Rd. Snow, Miss Minnie, care Mr. Logan Scott, D., slip Spurrill, Miss Mary, Power St.

T Taylor, Mrs. C. S. Trainor, Wm., Prescott St. Tiler, Raymond Tobin, Mrs. Toots, Patrick's St. Thompson, Miss, Carter's Hill Tucker, John C., Pennywell Rd. Tucker, Miss Isabella, Lime St.

U Upshall, Miss Alfrede, Charlton St.

V Vallant, Edgar L., Flower Hill

Vincent, Miss Mary, New Gower St.

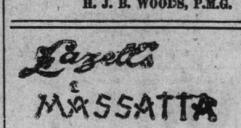
Way, William, card Wallis, Dr. A. M., care General Delivery Warren, Miss Mary, West End Walsh, Thomas, Long Pond Rd. Walsh, Miss A., Freshwater Rd. Welsh, Thomas, Water St. Walsh, Miss Millie, 86 — Road Wallace, Mrs. Mary, New Gower St. Walsh, Mrs. H., Brien St. West, E., Adelaide St. Weir, James, Newtown Road Walsh, E., late Heart's Content, New Gower Street

West, Miss Nora, No. 53 Westman, Miss E., Institute Winsor, Miss J., card, Cochrane St. Wiltshire, Frank, South Side White, D. Williamson, Mrs. A., LeMarchant Rd. Woodford, Miss Agatha, LeMarchant Road

Worrell, E. J., care General Post Office Woodfine, Mrs. Annie Yates, G. W., card

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Not only softer, smoother, more satisfying than any other, but distinguished by its "True Original Odor," a stage not imitable in its subtlety on a chair.



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The London Directory.

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GEO. H. HALLEY, Agent.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GAIN IN COWS.

War News.

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

LONDON, July 9. To-day's official announcement follows: A heavy rain, which fell in the afternoon and evening of yesterday, impeded operations, and between the Ancre and the Somme the night was chiefly spent in improving the forward position gained in yesterday's fighting. In the neighbourhood of Gommecourt we bombarded the enemy's trenches with field guns and trench mortars. Near Neuville St. Vaast, in Northern France, southwest of Lens, and north of Rocourt the enemy showed some activity yesterday. In the last few days we have captured twenty guns, thirty-one machine guns, and a large number of automatic rifles, trench mortars, mine throwers, castles, gas masks and searchlights, and a mass of other war material, not yet scheduled.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

PARIS, July 9. Bad weather hindered operations on the Somme front yesterday afternoon and last night. A surprise attack delivered by the French yesterday evening in the vicinity of Bellouin in Santerre was in all respects successful. We captured 360 prisoners. To the east of Estree our troops made progress