

Aching Bones and Sore Joints Cured All Rheumatic Tendencies Destroyed

Away Go the Crutches, Every Sufferer Made Well Quickly.

Old age is usually afflicted with rheumatism. Very few past fifty escape its tortures.

Many it bends and deforms. Upon the countenances of others it marks the effects of its awful suffering. Nervine will cure rheumatism. It takes the pain out of throbbing muscles and swollen joints. It untwists gnarled knuckles. It does this quickly and surely.

Nervine is not used internally. You just rub it on—lots of hard rubbing is required for a minute or two, and then you feel Nervine penetrate through the tissues; you feel it drawing out the congestion, feel it sink in deeper and deeper till at last it touches the core of the joint or the heart of the muscle affected.

You won't stay in pain with Nervine—no one ever does. Just try it—power over pain, a power it gets from the extracts and juices of certain rare herbs and roots it contains. It's harmless—any child can use Nervine, can rub it on for a sore throat, for a bad cold, for stiff neck, for earache. No family remedy half so useful.

The large 50 cent bottle is the most economical; trial size 25 cents. All dealers.

WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER XXXII
The Trial.

Then the usher cried, "Silence!" A deep hush fell upon the court, and the clerk rose to read the indictment. "Prisoner at the bar, do you plead 'guilty' or 'not guilty'?" he demanded.

One could have heard a pin drop, so intense was the silence, as all breathlessly awaited the answer. It came: "Guilty."

A murmur arose, a dull sound of amazement. "Silence!"

The judge leaned forward, and regarded the calm, set face with grave attention.

"Do you plead guilty, prisoner?" he asked, in the slow, judicial tone, impartial, almost insentient. "Where is the counsel for the defence?"

"I desire no counsel, my lord," said Faradeane, in a voice that, though low, was distinct enough to reach the remotest corner of the court.

The judge looked at him thoughtfully for the space of a moment.

"Do you say that you are undefended?"

"I have no defense, my lord," came the response, almost apathetic in its calm weariness.

Olivia's heart seemed to stand still. She clutched her father's arm.

"Father! father!"

"Hush!" he said, and looked toward the judge.

"Prisoner, are you sensible of the awful position in which you stand? I fear not. But it is my duty to see that you have a fair trial, without fear or favor. With the sense of my responsibility upon me, I take upon myself to advise you to withdraw that plea and to permit a counsel to defend you. Mr. Edgar"—and he leaned forward and addressed a young barrister—"will you defend the prisoner?"

The young counsel sprang to his feet at once, and bowed to the judge. "I will, my lord."

He made his way to the front of the deck, and looked up at Faradeane.

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"You are mad!" he said, in a too low a voice for those around to hear. "We plead 'Not guilty,' my lord," he added, firmly.

Faradeane made a slight gesture of weary resignation; and Mr. Sewell, the famous London counsel, rose, hitched his robe on to his shoulder, and commenced his address. The judge leaned back; the deep hush once more settled upon the court.

"My lord and gentlemen of the jury: I shall not have to detain you long with the recital of this tragic story. I shall, in the fewest and plainest words consistent with my painful duty, recount so much of the history of this case as can be sworn to by trustworthy witnesses, who, if they did not actually see the crime committed—and how seldom are there any witnesses present at the precise moment the blow is struck, the shot fired!—who, if they were not actually present at the fatal moment, arrived almost before the breath had left the body of the victim."

Then, in well-balanced sentences, and in a grave, solemn voice, he told the story of the finding of the dead woman, and the prisoner's presence near the body, together with the discovery of the revolver bearing his name.

The judge glanced now and again at the pale, composed face of the prisoner, and the crowd marked that, though he kept his eyes fixed on the ground, his face showed no sign of fear or emotion.

"I shall call witnesses who will prove these facts, as I submit, irrefutably. And now, my lord, I come to the point which doubtless you and the gentlemen of the jury have been waiting for—the question of motive. Why should the prisoner, a man of evident refinement, a gentleman on behalf of whose character my learned friend, his counsel, will no doubt bring a cloud of witnesses, commit this awful crime? Why should he shoot this woman? My answer is: Because she was his wife."

A thrill ran through the court; and as the crowd seemed to stir and sway with astonished excitement, a faint cry rose from Olivia's lips.

Faradeane heard it, and for a moment he raised his eyes and looked at her—a look that pleaded for forgive-

ness, for mercy. White as a ghost, she clung to her father's hand.

"It—it is not true!" she breathed. "His wife; the woman who, in a moment of passion, as unreasoning as that in which he slew her, he had secretly married. It does not become any man to speak ill of the dead; but gentlemen of the jury, it will be my painful duty to produce evidence to prove that the tie which the prisoner hid in a rash moment contracted with the deceased was of so galling, so unendurable a nature, that he was compelled to fly from her. Most men would have severed the bond. The prisoner could have sought and obtained a release in the Divorce Court, for she had given him cause; but there were reasons why such a step should be unacceptable to him. My lord, gentlemen, up to the present, we see in the prisoner only an ordinary, private gentleman, living in a quiet, country spot secluded from the eyes of the world. But such was not always his position. The prisoner has not always borne the name of Harold Faradeane; and it is my painful task to ask you to recognize in him the person of the Earl of Clydesfold!"

A murmur quite audible, and not to be suppressed, rose from the crowd. The barristers put their heads together, the judge leaned forward and looked at the prisoner.

"The Earl of Clydesfold!" went from lip to lip.

Olivia uttered no cry, but sat white and statuesque.

"His wife! His wife!" rang in her ears.

She understood that scene in the wood, when he had held her in his arms and called her his love, and then drawn back, like a man stepping from the edge of a precipice. His wife!

"The Earl of Clydesfold!" continued the counsel. "Witnesses will be called who will tell you the story of his unfortunate, his ill-fated marriage; will show you how a man, gifted by nature, favored by fortune, of ancient and noble birth, possessed of enormous wealth, was induced by a mad passion to forget all that was due to his rank, to the honor of an ancient name, and to marry a young gypsy girl whom, blinded by that passion, he believed to be all that was innocent and pure; but who, before the honeymoon had passed, proved herself utterly unworthy to bear the name of any honest man!"

He paused and arranged his papers. "Consider his position. Consider the nature of the prisoner. He had, all unwittingly, married this woman; was it possible for him, having discovered her true character, to drag the story of his shame, to drag the honor of his name through the mud of a divorce case? As many a man in his position had done before, he elected to hide his misery and his dishonor from the eyes of the world, in which he had held so lofty a place. He put aside the name rendered famous by a long line of distinguished ancestors, and, leaving the woman who had ruined his life, he came and hid himself in this retired spot. For a time he succeeded in concealing himself. The woman—his wife—was free to live in riotous splendour upon his money, and he may have laid the flattering unction to his soul that she would be content to leave him in peace. But, gentlemen, the consequences of such a folly as the prisoner committed are not to be avoided or escaped. The woman to whom he had given his name, in an evil and ill-fated moment, resolved that she would compel him to own her before the world or lay bare the story of his shame. She succeeded in tracking him to the place of his concealment. She had an interview with him on the night before her death. The incidents—some of the words that passed at that interview—I shall place before you. An appointment was made for the morrow. On that morrow she was found lying dead at his feet, the weapon by which she was slain beside her, bearing his name. Such evidence, so conclusive, so convincing, so damning, cannot, I fear, but lead you to the painful decision that the deceased came by her death at the hands of the prisoner."

The spectators drew a long breath, as he concluded, and all eyes turned to the prisoner.

He had scarcely moved; but the weary expression on his face had deepened, and he looked as if the

MRS. MAY'S LETTER TO WOMEN

More Proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Relieves Suffering.

Chicago, Ill.—"I suffered from a bad case of femaleills. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended and I took about six bottles. It fixed me up all right. The common symptoms of such a condition—pain when walking, irritation, bearing down pains and backache, nervousness and disordered digestion—soon passed away. I look much better now than I did before, and I recommend the Compound every time for female troubles, as it did for me all it is claimed to do. You have my permission to publish this letter." Mrs. J. MAY, 3548 S. Lincoln St., Chicago, Ill.

If you have any of the symptoms mentioned in Mrs. May's letter, remember what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for her, and try it yourself. It is a good old-fashioned medicine, made from roots and herbs, and it has helped countless numbers of women.

If you need special advice, write to Lydia E. Pinkham's Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

crowded court had slipped from his consciousness, and he was going back, mentally, to the terrible folly of his life.

A thrill of pity stirred the hearts of the crowd, and one or two women put their handkerchiefs to their eyes and sobbed audibly.

The excitement was intense. Mr. Sewell conferred for a moment with the solicitor for the prosecution, and the counsel called:

"Viscount Bortoun."

A young man, the son of a well-known statesman, stepped into the box, and with a sad look at Faradeane, repeated the words of the oath.

"Do you know the prisoner?"

"Yes, indeed, I do," was the low and mournful reply. "He is the Earl of Clydesfold," and he looked at Faradeane as if imploring his pardon for appearing against him. "I came here because I was obliged," he faltered.

"That will do, my lord; we can understand how painful it must be for you," said Mr. Sewell, gently; and the viscount stepped from the box.

"I shall now call witnesses to the marriage."

Mr. Edgar sprang to his feet. (To be Continued.)

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM PERMANENTLY CURED

NEW BRUNSWICK LADY GIVES FULL PARTICULARS OF HER RECOVERY.

There are many types of rheumatism, but none worse than inflammatory.

It was this kind that almost killed Mrs. Edw. Warman, of Kent Jct., N. B.

Every known remedy she tried, different doctors gave their advice, but the disease increased.

Weak and despairing, she was at her wits' end when the remarkable cure of Thos. Cullen was published. This gentleman was cured of rheumatism by "Ferrozone." Consequently Mrs. Warman used the same remedy. Here is her statement:

"For five years I have been rheumatic. I tried various forms of relief without success. The disease increased, settled in my joints and muscles; these swelled, caused excruciating pain and kept me from sleeping. My limbs and arms stiffened, my shoulders were lame and prevented me from working. Weak by week I was losing strength and I despaired of finding a cure. It was a happy day I heard of Ferrozone. Every day I took Ferrozone I felt better; it eased the painful joints, gave me energy and a feeling of new life. Ferrozone cured my rheumatism, cured it so that not an ache has ever returned. Even damp weather no longer affects me."

Ferrozone has power to destroy Uric Acid, neutralize and enrich the blood, and therefore does cure the worst cases. Mrs. Warman's statement proves this.

By removing the cause of the disease and building up a reserve of energy, Ferrozone is certain to cure. Sufferer, isn't it about time to stop experimenting? Ferrozone is a CURE, order to-day, 50c per box, or six for \$2.50, sold by all dealers or direct from The Catarthozon Co., Kingston, Ont.

BUY YOUR Floor COVERINGS

—FROM—
BLAIR'S
Because they will Save you Money.

They are offering a big variety of patterns in the New American Floor Coverings at

\$1.10 yard.

You can buy these same Floor Cloths somewhere else for \$1.20 and that is the usual price, but Blair's say September being a kind of a quiet month they can easily cut more Floor Cloths than, so the cut in the price cuts two ways.

They say according to the prices the manufacturers are now quoting, these coverings would cost them all this to land.

They show a big range of Block and Floral Patterns, as they have the manufacturers of three different makers, viz.: Congoleum, Feltoleum and Neponsets, and show the best patterns of each make. These are much better than cheap Floor Canvases, of which the cheapest to-day is about \$1.00 per yard.

This is mainly because the basic material for Cheap Floor Canvases is Burlap or Brin, and the immediate demand for that is tremendous. It is estimated that for the making of sand bags and the wrapping of foodstuffs, etc., for the Army, that the British Government calls for sixty million square yards per week. Therefore the price of brin has more than doubled. But Blair's are trying to help you all they can on prices, therefore remember—

BLAIR'S FOR FLOOR COVERINGS



JUST RECEIVED:
1917 Model Overland.

Call and see them, they are beauties. No waiting for Cars to arrive, we deliver at your door one hour after your order is received.

Read the letters from satisfied "Overland" owners which will appear in the Daily News.

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T. A. MACNAB & Co.,
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CITY CLUB BUILDING.

PERFECTION.

Be Sure and buy your Wedding Ring FROM T. J. DULEY & Co. THE RELIABLE JEWELLERS

When you buy from us you get
**Fine Gold,
Good Weight,
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and every Ring is carefully examined before going out. Out of town orders receive over attention from

T. J. DULEY & Co.,
THE RELIABLE JEWELLERS, ST. JOHN'S.

Telegram Ads. Pay

Telegram Fashion Plates.

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

A SMART DRESS IN OVERBLOUSE STYLE.



Waist 1826. Skirt 1825—This desirable model is composed of Ladies' Waist Pattern 1826, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1825.

Figured silk, gabardine, poplin or voile could be attractively combined with crepe, batiste or crepe de chine in the development of this style. The waist is finished in surplice fashion, and its sleeve may be in wrist length, with a deep cuff, or in elbow length. The Waist Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 7 yards of 44-inch material to make the entire dress for a medium size. The skirt measures 3 1/4 yards at the foot.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

A SMART AND PRETTY FROCK FOR MOTHER'S YOUNG MISS.



1843—Girls' Dress. This model has several attractive features. The vest may be of contrasting material, the collar is smart and jaunty, and the sleeve has new lines. In Georgette crepe, with matched satin or messaline, in net with crepe de chine or soft silk, this design will make a pretty dance or party frock. For more serviceable wear, one could use poplin, gabardine or serge, combining it with satin or taffeta in a matched shade. The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 3 1/4 yards of 44-inch material for a 10-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

Per S.S. "Stephano,"

Oranges, Apples, Pears, Bananas, Grape Fruit, Lemons, Turkey & Chicken, Celery, Tomatoes, Oysters, N. Y. Butter,

JAMES STOTT

War News.

Messages Received
Previous to 9 A.M.

HEAVY FIGHTING ON THE SOMME FRONT.

Unusually heavy fighting occurred yesterday on the Somme front. A division of the new British Army was engaged. The official account of the operations follows: During the night the enemy shelled heavily our batteries south of the Ancre. We counter-attacked the ground won yesterday at Destremont Farm, northwest of Sars, and improved our position in the Thiépval area. Enemy counter-attacks were beaten off in the neighborhood of the Stuff redoubt and Heugnan trench. Fighting in this section yesterday was very severe, and our troops engaged a division of the new army. They showed great endurance and resolution. A successful raid was made by a London territorial battalion south of Neuville St. Vaast, where the enemy trenches were entered and prisoners taken.

PRaise FOR CANADIANS.

MONTREAL, Sept. 30.—A Canadian Associated Press cable from London to-day quoted Daily Lloyd George as saying that the Canadians were in advance of the bank of Courcellette. "Thank God," he said, "we have more of them coming."

RETREAT OF ROUMANIANS.

BUCHAREST, Oct. 1.—Retreat of the Rumanians from the Hermannstadt district, is admitted in an official statement from headquarters. The Rumanians were attacked on all sides at Sibiu, otherwise known as Hermannstadt, the statement says.

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Bishop Sons & Co.
Limited.
Grocery Department.

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KILLED TO ORDER.

Silton Cheese,
Gorgonzola Cheese,
Cheddar Cheese,
McLaren's Cream Cheese,
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Vegetable Marrows,
Cucumbers,
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Lettuce,
Radishes,
Celery,
Tomatoes,
Dandelion
Spinach,
Asparagus,
Succotash,
Pickling Tomatoes.

Moirs Slab Cakes

Oxford Sausage in Tomato
Wild Boar's Head,
Scotch Haggis,
English Brandy Sausage,
Frankfort Sausage,
Veal and Ham Sausage,
Pork Sausage,
Liver Sausage.

AMERICAN BEAUTY
BUTTER.

Royal Mint Sauce,
Red Pepper Sauce,
Green Pepper Sauce,
Chili Sauce,
Lea & Perrin's Sauce,
Bananas,
Oranges,
Table Apples,
Grapes,
Lemons,
Pineapples,
Grape Fruit,
Preserving Plums.

Abdulla
Cigarettes.

Abdulla
Tobacco.

'Phone 675

What's the Idea of Being So Rough. By Dorgan

