

## ACHING BACK GETS RELIEF QUICKLY ONE RUB WITH "NERVILINE" CURES

Every Bit of Stiffness and Soreness  
Goes When "Nerviline" is  
Used

Pain in back or side is awful hard to reach. Deep in the tissue is a congested or strained muscle. It is a long way for a liniment to go. Liniments you have used have not reached it, and the pain bothers you whether moving or lying down.

What a pity you haven't tried Nerviline! Penetrating, you ask? Yes and powerful, too. Nerviline strikes in far deeper than any application you

have ever used. You might pay a dollar, ten dollars, a hundred for that matter, but you could not equal Nerviline, either in strength, quickness of action or permanency of relief.

If you think this too much to say for Nerviline, try it, and be convinced if you receive from Nerviline even a little less relief from pain that this advertisement induces you to expect you can get your money back.

The only pain remedy in the world sold under a guarantee is Nerviline—surely it is safe to try it.

Nerviline is sold by druggists everywhere, 25 cents or 50 cents a bottle, or direct from the Catarhzone Co., Kingston, Canada.

## The Lapse of Enoch Wentworth

ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

Author of "The Woman  
from Wolverton"

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

Copyright, 1914, by F. G. Brown & Co.

Dorcas interrupted him. She put up her hand and pushed aside the lock of hair which had strayed over his forehead.

"I do not think, then, it would have been pity—alone," she confessed.

He took her in his arms again. "A man ought to have pride and manliness enough," he said passionately, "to want his wife to love him without one touch of pity. And yet, I have wanted you so long. I have not a host of friends, like some men. I am lonely. Life has been so empty for me. I want a home, where a wife is waiting to welcome me—and little children, dear." He lifted her hand and kissed it. "You would think me a foolish fellow if I confessed the dreams I have had, I have dreamed of you opening the door of our home, of you coming to meet me with a smile and outstretched arms. I have dreamed of feeling your kiss upon my lips, of holding you close to my heart as I do now. I have been dreaming foolish dreams like these," he laughed tremulously, "since that night in November, and I have scarcely dared to hope that you even believed in me."

Dorcas smiled into his eyes. "I have always believed in you. I never lost faith in you or in your genius for one moment. And," she paused as if making confession, "I have loved you for a long time, ever since that night, the same night, when you came back and I was so happy."

"That night," said Andrew, "was the miracle moment of my life."

"Was it so wonderful as that?" she whispered.

"When I think, dearest, of what you have stood for to me, it is a miracle. It is an everyday miracle!"

"There are no everyday miracles," said Merry. Then he kissed her again.

She turned away from him to stare out at the window again. On the sidewalks the rush of city life went on tumultuously. Half an hour before she had thought the street sordid and ugly. It had changed. The street lights, now clear and white, were circled about by lovely halos. The voices of the children were sweeter and gentler. Next door the servant, who was still at work, sang a lilting Irish ballad. Through it ran a constant iteration of "My own sweet lad."

"Dorcas," Merry spoke hesitatingly, "you said you trusted me?"

"I do." The girl raised her head with a quick gesture.

"I cannot explain now," he began. "I cannot ask you to be my wife until something which looks like an utter tangle has been straightened out. Can you go on trusting, even if I cannot explain?"

"Yes," Dorcas laughed. "I can go on trusting you indefinitely."

"Don't," he cried, "don't say—definitely. I want you now, darling, and forever."

### CHAPTER XXI.

From the Top Gallery.

On the same night that Zilla Paget took up her residence in the Wentworth home Grant Oswald sat beside his desk, dictating letters to his secretary. He listened while the tinkle of the overture ceased.

"Has Mr. Wentworth come in yet?"

he asked when an usher entered with a telegram.

"No, sir; we're watching for him. Nobody has seen him."

"Ask him to come here as soon as he arrives."

None of the employes of the Gotham recognized a man beside the stair of the upper gallery, where a steep iron railing jutted out upon the side street. The rain fell softly and he was muffled to the chin in a drab overcoat. A felt hat was drawn over his eyes. He emerged suddenly from the shadow to lay his hand upon the arm of a boy who went springing up the grated stair.

"Here, do you want to sell your ticket for a dollar?" he asked.

"Sure," cried the boy emphatically.

"Say, mister, why don't ye buy one fer yerself? They're fifty cents, if yet git in line at the window."

"I don't want to stand in line."

The boy thrust the slip of pasteboard into Wentworth's hand, seized the money, and fled to take his place at the end of the line which straggled round the corner from Broadway.

Enoch waited until a throng began to press its way up the steps. He pulled his hat down close about his forehead and the rim fell to his eyes. When he reached out his hand to the attendant at the door, the man did not look at him; he was trying to stem a tide of human beings and make certain that each one had paid his way.

Wentworth moved inside the door and glanced at the gray coupon, then he passed to an end seat in the third row. He laid his hat upon the floor

put off his damp coat, and waited for the curtain to rise. Although the clatter of voices about him was insistent, he heard them like a dull jargon. Once he rose to allow two girls with their escorts to pass, then seated himself again with his body hunched forward, watching the musicians clamber through a low door below the stage. The leader lifted his baton and the overture began. A man who pushed unceremoniously past aroused Enoch from his listless mood. He turned and stared at a girl who sat beside him. The lines on her wan face were etched, not by the years she had lived, but by a girlhood spent in airless places amid the roar of machinery.

He sat watching her with an impassive stare. A dreamy look crept into her face. The orchestra began to play an inconsequential thing in which there was the trip of dancing feet and a sway of lithe bodies. He could see the lines smoothing out in her careworn face. Her ungloved fingers beat time to the music with perfect rhythm. Then her hand went out in an unconscious caress to the thin, shabby lad who sat beside her. He clasped it and turned to her with an eager smile. Wentworth sighed.

The curtain rose. People who sat close under the roof listened with a tense stillness, which was never disturbed by the rustle that occasionally ran through the orchestra. The story of the play had grown old, threadbare and uninteresting to Wentworth, but it moved these men and women to the quick. During the first act the girl beside him turned to her sweetheart and spoke in a tremulous whisper: "She's a cruel devil!"

Her eyes were bent with hatred and scorn upon Zilla Paget, who stood looking down at Merry. His guilt had been discovered. He sat beside a table with his face hidden in his outstretched arms, while the wife hurled upon him a torrent of bitter contumely. Once his body shook with a half-stifled sob. Little Julie clasped his hand, but her terrified eyes were turned upon her mother. Wentworth had seen the woman in a towerlike passion; now she threw herself into the fury of her role as she had done in real life, pacing the floor like a caged tiger. She gazed at Merry's face half exhausted.

"Think of the child," he pleaded miserably.

"The child—to perdition with the child!"

Into Enoch's memory leaped a scene long forgotten. Upon the edge of a battlefield, after a bloody encounter, he had once been pressed into hospital service. Anesthetics were not at hand and he had helped by main strength to hold a mutilated soldier while the surgeon amputated a shattered bone. The agony of a groan, which the man tried to stifle, haunted Wentworth for months. Some time in his life Merry must have heard such a sound and was repeating it. Then the woman upon the stage laughed.

"Damn her!" whispered the lad, who sat holding the girl's hand.

Wentworth smiled absently. He watched Dorcas make her entrance. Something stately and high-mettled, like an unconscious hauteur, had been added to the dignity which was his sister's great charm. This dignity constantly put Zilla Paget at a disadvantage; she was coarsened by it, brutalized, and cheapened to a degree. The contrast dawned quickly on a gallery audience.

"Ain't Miss Wentworth sweet?"

whispered the girl by his side.

"Sweet?" repeated her escort.

"She's a peg higher 'n sweet. She's game, game clear to the spine. The peroxide liddy's a bruiser. I'm aching to bat her in the snoot."

"You hold your hands off her, Charley," answered the factory girl with a giggle. "She could lay out your runty little carcass with one swipe."

Enoch stared at the rest of the play through moody eyes. When the curtain fell on the second act Zilla Paget appeared on the stage alone to meet uproarious applause mingled with jeers and hissing. Wentworth gripped the arm of his chair as he watched her sweep the house with a triumphant

gaze. A brand of hate which has the red of murder in it tore at his heart. He rose, tossed his coat across his arm, crept beneath the chair for his hat, then he slammed down the seat and went out. On the stair he met an usher.

"Mr. Wentworth," cried the boy. "I've been looking everywhere for you. Mr. Oswald wants to see you in his office about some bookings."

Enoch descended without answering him. He paused once to push his arms into his coat, but he did not enter the office; instead, he turned and walked down Broadway. The rain had ceased, the sky was clear, and the stars were shining. He tramped on heedlessly. He realized suddenly that he was far down town in the business heart of the city. Overhead hung the sign of an old-fashioned hotel. He opened the swinging doors and walked to the desk.

"I want a room," he said peremptorily.

"What price?" asked the clerk.

"I don't give a damn about price. I want a room where it is quiet, where there is a good bed, and where I can sleep as if—as if I were dead."

(To Be Continued.)

**Wood's Phosphodine**  
The Great English Remedy.  
Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old veins, Cures Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Depression, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory. Price \$1 per box, six for \$5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. New pamphlet mailed free. THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Wood's)

## :- Sale Commences :- Friday Morning

Sharply reduced prices to affect a complete clearance of all Ladies' Misses' and Children's Coats.

Ladies Coats at \$3.68, 6.70, 7.19, 8.50, 8.75, 9.63, 10.00, 10.50 up to 24.94. Misses Coats at \$3.37 3.40, 3.75, 3.95 up to 8.75. Childrens Coats at \$1.14, 1.97, 2.37. 2.65, 2.95, 3.25, 3.50, 3.95, 4.37, 4.80, up to 7.87.

A PRICE-SLASHING, PROFIT-SACRIFICING, DECEMBER CLEARANCE, UNEQUALLED IN ITS INTENSITY — UNSURPASSED IN ITS TREMENDOUS PRICE REDUCTIONS — UNLIMITED IN ITS SAVING POSSIBILITIES. YOU WANT TO BE HERE WHEN THE SALE OPENS, FRIDAY MORNING.

## A. Murray & Co.

## Pungs Sleighs

A variety of styles and finishes

See the new

## Foredoor Auto Sleigh

Sleigh Robes, Fur Coats, Fur Lined Coats, Cloth Coats with Fur Collars, Ladies Neck Furs, etc.

Prices Right  
Terms Reasonable

## J. Clark & Son Ltd.

## Oysters! Oysters! Oysters!

FRESH EVERY DAY

AT

## WASHINGTON'S CAFE YORK STREET

## Go To Hawthorn's

Tobaccos, Cigars, Cigarettes, Etc

WE HAVE A WELL ASSORTED STOCK ON HAND  
LOW PRICES TO THE TRADE.

## J. H. HAWTHORN

WE JOIN

Efficiency as to Plumbing, Steam, Hot Water and Warm Air Heating with Low charges in view of excellence, labor, pipe fittings and other materials and our skill in adopting them to your domestic or business purposes. Glad to estimate on your work anytime, even if you don't favor us with your next order.



## D. J. SHEA Metal Worker Phone 563

FIRE, LIFE ACCIDENT, AUTO AND GENERAL ANIMAL INSURANCE

**M. BREWER**

LOWEST POSSIBLE RATES  
CLAIMS PROMPTLY PAID

OFFICE NEXT ABOVE GIBSON GROCERY, QUEEN STREET.  
PHONE 334-31

**UNDERTAKER**

**J. A. McAdam**  
**UNDERTAKER**

REGENT STREET  
The best and most modern  
Funeral Equipment in the city

Residence Telephone 70-41  
Business Telephone, 113-41.

**JOHN G. ADAMS**

Is Conducting  
**Undertaking  
Business**

AT  
610 QUEEN STREET  
Phone 26-11  
RESIDENCE  
Phone 448-11

**EDUCATIONAL**

The Winter Term  
OPENS AT

**FREDERICTON**  
The *Business*  
COLLEGE.

W. J. OSBORNE, PRINCIPAL

—ON—  
Monday, January 4th.

Full particulars furnished on application. Address  
W. J. Osborne, Principal  
Fredericton, N. B.

**DENTISTS**

**DR. J. B. CROCKER**  
**DENTIST**

Office Kitchen Building  
Opposite Post Office  
Telephone Office 419-11. House 17-13

**English Dentistry**  
**Dr. GERRARD**

Qualified by Collegiate Examination  
Office and Residence  
KING ST. - Opp. Boyles'  
Phone 574 - Fredericton

**W. J. IRVINE**  
**DENTAL SURGEON**

Opp. Soldiers' Barracks  
and next door to Bank of N. B.  
building, Queen Street.  
Office Hours—10 a. m. to 1 p. m.; 2 p. m. to 5 p. m.  
PHONE 137-11

**Dr. Barbour**  
**DENTIST**

Inches Building  
or York and Queen Sts.

**J. Bacon Dickson, LL. B.**  
Attorney-at-law, Notary, etc  
640 Queen St. Opp. Officers Quarters,  
Fredericton, N. B..

**DON'T FORGET**  
Saturday is the day for the  
**Week End**  
**Chocolates**  
Nuts, Creams and Hard  
Centres  
**29c. a pound**

— AT —  
**STAPLES PHARMACY**  
Alonzo Staples, Prop.

**IT TOUCHES THE SPOT**  
People are talking about our Famous  
**CRISPETTES**

They are most delicious and go to the right spot  
We make this confection in large quantities with our Crispette machine at our factory, 439 Charlotte Street, where visitors are invited to watch the process. Crispettes are made from the finest pop corn and are in great demand Grocers and confectioners in the city and country supplied at short notice. Give us a trial order. They are quick sellers

**The Enterprise Bottling Co.**  
Office 414 King St. Factory 439 Charlotte St.  
A.H. Woods, Mgr.