

### Tonsillitis, Sore Throat, Chest Colds, Can be Cured Over Night

They Vanish Quickly If Nerviline is Well Rubbed in.

When the throat tickles, when it hurts to draw a long breath, when you feel as if a knife were stuck in your side, it's time to draw out the congestion that will soon become pneumonia.

An ordinary cough syrup has no chance at all—you require a powerful penetrating liniment.

Nothing is known that possesses more merit in such cases than Nerviline.

Rub it liberally over the sides and chest—rub it in hard.

The warm, soothing effect of Nerviline will be apparent in five minutes. Nothing like it for quick relief.

takes soreness out of the throat in one rubbing—breaks up the chest cold, draws out the inflammation, stops the cough quickly.

Rub it on for rheumatism—it destroys the pain—drives it right away. Try it for stiff muscles—it works miracles in just such cases.

Give Nerviline a chance on your neuralgia, prove it out for lumbago, see what it can do for sciatica.

No pain-relieving remedy compares in power to cure with Nerviline. Largest sale in Canada of any liniment for nearly forty years. The reason is plain. It satisfies every time.

The large 50 cent family size bottle is more economical than the 25 cent trial size. Sold by dealers everywhere.

## Stella Mordaunt; The Cruise of the "Kingfisher."

CHAPTER XV.  
"Let me be, Stella," she said, when Stella begged her to accompany her to the beach, the woods, the lowest of the cliffs, walks which she herself delighted in. "Let me be, I am, if not content, resigned, and I am too weak to walk."

She grew thinner and paler each day, and the eye of experience would have seen in her countenance signs which boded ill; but Stella was not experienced, and had no forebodings.

To pass away the time, while she kept away from Rath, Stella was driven to the books on the shelf in the hut. I say driven, because she was not at any time very fond of reading; and on this fairy isle, with its clear, bracing air and sunny skies, one did not hanker after books as one longs for them, and depends upon them, in this fog-girt isle of Britain.

The whole place was one open book to her, and with Rath by her side to point out and explain, she had found it delightful reading; but now she turned to the printed volumes and pored over them by the hour together until she would fling them from her with a yawn, and—wonder what Rath was doing, and whether he missed her.

On the afternoon of the third day she saw Rath in the distance, striding towards the interior with his axe in his hand, and knew, that he was going to fell trees for firewood. She saw him stop and look back towards the hut, and once he saw her and waved his hand; she waved hers in response, and then, thinking he would not be back for some time, took the volume of essays she was reading in to the shadow of the pines, and curling herself upon a bed of fragrant pine "needles," tried to read; but the book did not hold her long; her mind wandered after Rath.

She could see him swinging the shining axe, hear the sharp thud as it struck the tree, see his tall, graceful figure as he leant back for another swing and cut. How strong he was! Were all men so strong? she wondered. He had lifted and carried her as if she had been a feather, and his arms had encircled her as if they were steel bands. There it was again! She could not forget it! With an impatient moue she opened the book again, and with a frown forced her attention to it; but presently her quick ears caught the sound of footsteps—Rath's—and for a moment she felt for the first time a strange desire to rise and fly from him. But it was too late; for he had seen her, and with an involuntary exclamation he quickened his pace and stood beside her.

"She looked up with a beautiful start and ejaculation of surprise. "Oh! is that you? How you startled me!" she said.

"Did I?" he said, innocently. "I

should have thought you would have heard my footsteps; I should know yours the moment I heard them."

"I thought you were cutting trees," she said, rather severely.

"So I was," he said; "but I have broken the handle of my axe." He dropped the broken tool at her feet and sat down beside her with the obtuseness and self-unconsciousness of the man. "Where have you been for the last two days, Stella?"

She yawned indifferently as she replied, with fine sarcasm: "On this island."

"Yes, I know," he said, with his usual seriousness; "but why haven't you come to help me as you used to do?"

"I've been busy," she said, absently, and apparently extremely interested in her book. "Busy about—about the hut. I don't suppose you've missed—wanted me?"

"Yes, I have," he replied. "I've missed you very much."

"Oh, thanks." "I didn't know I was of so much use to you."

"It isn't that," he remarked, with appalling candour. "It isn't that you help me so much; but I miss you somehow. I don't know why. I never felt lonely, or to want anyone with me, until you came."

She glanced at him out of the corner of her eye and closed the book over her thumb.

"But I daresay I should have got used to being alone again if I had not you with me for another day or two."

She opened the book suddenly, and became absorbed in it again.

"Perhaps it would be just as well if I did get used to it," he went on, musingly; "then I shan't miss you so much when you go."

"I'm not gone yet, and I don't see much chance of going," she remarked, without looking up.

"No," he assented, gravely. "Not until the Indians come. I might arrange with them to send someone for you."

There was silence for a moment, as he began to cut the broken handle from the head of the axe, for Rath was seldom idle; then he said, meditatively:

"I thought you might be offended about something."

"Offended? Oh, dear, no! What at?"

"I don't know. Perhaps because I didn't attach so much importance to your discovery of the gold; or because I carried you the other day. I suppose no one likes being carried against their will, though you seemed unable to walk."

"Did you carry me?" she said, lifting her brows until they almost joined the hair on her forehead. "Ah, yes; I remember. Oh, no, I'm not at all offended. Though I hope you won't do it again. I hate being carried."

"So you said," he remarked, placidly. "No, I won't do it again. Where are you going?" for Stella had risen. "Into the wood for a stroll."

"Better not," he said, casually. "I saw a panther just now. Just my luck; I'd left my gun behind."

"A—panther? Oh, Rath!"

And she shivered as she reflected that she might have met that panther any moment during the last two days—alone, and without Rath to protect her.

"Yes; he has come after the calves, I suppose. I'll track him to-morrow. You need not be frightened; he won't come here," he added, with his short laugh.

She snatched her hand from his shoulder and flung herself down again—but farther from him.

"I was not frightened—that is, not much," she said, with injured dignity as she opened the book again and read it—upside down.

"What is that—the book?" he asked, after a pause, and intent upon his axe.

"Essays—Emerson's," she said. "Dry old things. Do you like them? Oh, I forgot!" she broke off, pentively—"I forgot you couldn't read, Rath."

"No," he said, cheerfully. She looked at him curiously, her chin in her hand.

"Don't you sometimes wish you could read, Rath?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "No, I don't think so. My father said that most of the trouble in the world came of reading and writing."

"I wonder whether he was right?" she murmured, dreamily.

"Everything he said was right," he said, calmly.

"Not everything," rejoined Stella. "For instance, he—he said that women were dangerous, and you know now that that wasn't right."

He was silent over this poser. "But wouldn't you like to read, Rath?"

He thought for a moment. "Yes. Perhaps in the winter, when there is not much to do, it would pass the time; and that I have much time."

She drew herself a little nearer to him.

"If you like, I'll teach you," she said, with a fine air of indifference. "I'll teach you to read and write—that is, I'll try; and if you don't like it, why, you needn't go on. You are not obliged to do either if you don't care about it."

"Well, perhaps it's just as well to know how," said this gentlemanly savage; "though my father said that all that was worth knowing in the island could be learned without books."

"Yes, on the island, perhaps; but if you left it—"

He shook his head. "I shall never leave it," he said. "You don't know; but never mind. See here; I must begin by teaching you your letters—"

He glanced at the sun. "I haven't much time. Will it take long?"

"It all depends on whether you are stupid or not," she said, rather piqued.

"I expect I shall be stupid," he said, gravely; but he drew up closer to her, so that he could look over the book on her lap, and the lesson commenced.

In a few minutes they were both interested. Stella forgot her shyness, the reserve of the last two days melted like snow in summer, and soon she was leaning back, her eyes sparkling, her laughter rippling like music over his blunders.

"You stupid! That isn't B; that's a D. I've shown you the difference twenty times."

"I'm sorry," he said, gravely and humbly. "I told you I should be stupid. I'm not so quick to learn as you are."

She was tender self-reproach in a moment.

"I'm not quick, Rath."

"Oh, yes, you are," he said, contentedly. "Think of all the things you have learnt since you have been on the island. Are all boys so quick? I don't think I was when my father taught me. But never mind; let me try again."

After all, he was quicker than she thought. He soon began to distinguish between the forms of the letters and their different sounds. His interest was awakened, and, to his surprise, he felt quite keen about the thing.

In her eagerness to teach him, Stella forgot her shyness and restraint of the last two days, and talked and laughed at him with all her old ease and freedom; and the small cloud which had hovered between them was dispelled by her innocent laughter.

The lessons were continued day by day. Sometimes they would snatch an hour in the morning as well as the evening, and Rath would sit up at night poring over the book by the light of the lamp fed by the oil which he extracted from the seals.

One day Stella brought a sheet of paper and a pencil which she had found in the hut.

"I am going to teach you to write now, Rath," she said.

He regarded the instruments of torture in her hands rather gravely. "Is it as hard as learning to read?" he asked, doubtfully.

"Oh, harder—ever so much!" she replied, with the cheerfulness of the person who has gone through the ordeal once and forever to the person who is facing it for the first time.

"Then I don't think I'll bother," he said; "reading is the hardest work I ever did, and if writing's worse—"

"Oh, but you must!" she insisted. "Fancy not being able to write! Why, every tiny little child in England can write; and the world wouldn't get on if they could not. There would be no letters, no—no business, no newspapers, no anything."

"I've got on very well without letters and newspapers here," remarked Rath, as he resumed his task of sawing up logs for the winter's fire.

"Here! Here we are out of the world, and we don't live—only exist. No, no; I don't mean that, Rath!" she corrected herself quickly, as the saw stopped, and he turned his head and looked at her. "Put that down this instant and come to school."

He obeyed—as usual—but cast a wistful glance at the logs, and sighed.

"Show me some writing," he said, as they sat by side on the trunk of the fallen tree.

"Yes, I'll write you a letter, Rath; just as if I'd gone away and were writing to you. See?" She tore the paper in half and looked before her meditatively, her brows drawn straight in the agonies of composition.

"I don't know what to say. How ridiculous! Between you and me, I hate letter-writing, Rath."

"I don't know what to say. How ridiculous! Between you and me, I hate letter-writing, Rath."

"You stay where you are, sir, until school is dismissed! The idea! As if people only did what they like! Pretty kind of world it would be!"

"A very nice world, I think," he said, meditatively. "I should like to be always shooting and fishing, and sailing, instead of hoeing corn, planting potatoes—"

"Hush!" she interrupted; and began to write quickly. "There! That's a letter," she said, handing it to him. He looked at it gravely.

"You've been very quick to write so much. What does it say? Read it."

"I've half a mind not to. To let you wait until you have learnt to read writing; but you have been a good boy this morning, and I'll read it to you."

(To be Continued.)

## 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.

1250.—A SET OF DAINTY NECK WEAR.

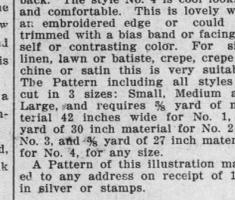


Ladies' Collars.

In white satin, with plating of chiffon, or in lawn or batiste, with self material or platted lace for the frill the style marked No. 1 would be very pretty. It is nice for organdie, mull, silk or linen. The plating may be omitted. For No. 2, butchers or handkerchief linen could be used with good effect. Embroidery binding or cording would make a neat finish and decoration. If made of lawn or batiste, an edging of lace would be appropriate. No. 3 shows a smart new style, finished with a small bow of satin in a contrasting color. This style is made with a standing band or collar, and a shaped turnover showing the new effect in plaits at the back. The style No. 4 is cool looking and comfortable. It is lovely with an embroidered edge or could be trimmed with a bias band or facing in self or contrasting color. For silk, linen, lawn or batiste, crepe, crepe de chine or satin this is very suitable. The Pattern including all styles is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large, and requires 3/4 yard of material 42 inches wide for No. 1, 1/2 yard of 30 inch material for No. 2 or No. 3, and 3/4 yard of 27 inch material for No. 4, for any size.

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

1282.—A PRACTICAL, COMFORTABLE COSTUME.



Girls' "Junior" Dress.

As here shown brown and white striped gingham was combined with brown chambray. The style would be nice for blue galatea or linene, with white or red trimming. It is also good for linen, poplin, rory, crope, serge, and cashmere. The blouse has straight semi-fitted lines, and may be made with sleeves in wrist or "elbow" length. The skirt is a three piece model. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 5/4 yards of 36 inch material for a 14 year size.

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

## W. B. Nuform Corsets AT HENRY BLAIR'S.

AMERICA'S LEADING CORSET, 16 New Styles to Select From.



Sitting or standing W. B. Nuform Corsets give Comfort and Easy Grace.

Gives the figure symmetry and supleness; that slight incurve at waist, higher bust, requisite length, boneless hip and shorter skirt; admirably realize Fashion's requirements.

\$1.15 to \$3.25.

## HENRY BLAIR

Sole Agent for Newfoundland.

## The Eastern Trust Company.

A few reasons why an estate can be better administered by the Eastern Trust Company than by a personal executor or administrator:—

1. The Company affords the estate absolute security; it has a paid-up capital of \$931,000.00, and a reserve fund of \$225,300.00.

2. It has a long experience in the work of administering estates; it is incorporated for this business of acting as a trustee, and, unlike many other trust companies, it does no other.

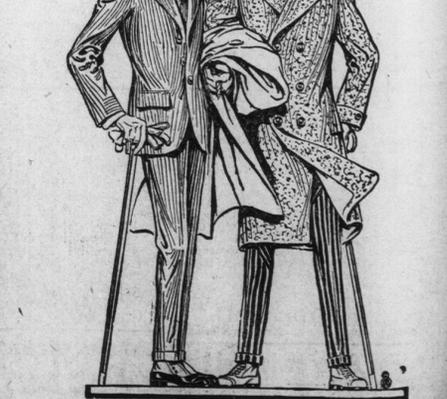
3. Its existence is perpetual. Your estate, in the event of the death of a personal executor or administrator, must look around for a substitute, and the work of administration is impeded during that time, and the new executor is unfamiliar with the policy of his predecessor, and confusion results. This company's existence is perpetual, and there is a continuity of policy in its administration that the death of its officers does not break.

4. It possesses the confidence of governments, universities and prominent charities and administers their funds.

5. A number of other advantages which will appear in due course.

The Eastern Trust Company, Pitts Building, St. John's.

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The coming of Spring means the shedding of the old coat and the putting on of the new. We are showing something neat and dresy in Spring Coatings. Have you seen our Greys with silk facings? Topnotchers, aren't they? Also something good in Scotch suitings, Gleniris and Wha-haes; all hand made.

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## PHOTOGRAPH

'PHONE 768

## War News

Messages Received Previous to 9 A

OFFICIAL.

LONDON, May 10. The Governor, Newfoundland: Reports state that the Lusitania was struck by two torpedoes, sank in from fifteen to twenty minutes. Total number of survivors, about 680 survivors.

Statement in some newspapers that the Lusitania was armed is false.

The French Government reports that German attack on the British near St. Julien, repulsed, enemy suffering heavy losses. St. Ypres, at Hill 60, the British captured part of the trenches lost by the Germans.

The Russian offensive in the direction of Mlawa, is developing successfully. Desperate battle continued between the Vistula and the Carpathians.

HARCOURTS

ST. PIERRE BULLETIN.

PARIS, via St. Pierre, May 10. Artillery contest on the front. One of our battalions, very successful coup de main, captured German fortified work west of three attempts to attack us. The British Wood were immediately repulsed. On the right bank of Flanders, progress nearly one kilometre on a front of 1,500 metres, in direction of Metzlar.

The President of the Council has declared officially to a Special Session, that the Government would not use its legal rights to give a decree to end the work of the Council at the end of the five month session, that is on June 12th, but the Government will give the Chamber liberty of postponement, according to their wish, for any date remaining at their disposal.

The Government publishes the third report, presented to the President of the Council by the Commissioners, instituted in view of the actions of the enemy in violation of the people's rights. This report concerns the use of asphyxiating gas by the Germans against our troops.

ROME, May 10. It is reported that Italy has decided to proclaim the annexation of the British Islands in the Aegean. This would amount to a declaration of war against Turkey, causing Austria and Germany to intervene.

FLEEING FROM ITALY.

PARIS, May 10. A despatch from Switzerland states that Austrians and Germans are fleeing from all parts of Italy. Trains, bound in the direction of the frontier, are packed with Teuton

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