

When Long Breaths Hurt Your Side Rub Soreness Away With "Nerviline"

Prompt Action Often Prevents Pleurisy or Pneumonia.

Do long breaths hurt you? Try it, and see. If you notice a wheeze or a catch in your side, then be sure trouble exists.

Proper action consists in a vigorous rubbing of the back, chest and sore side with "Nerviline." This wonderful liniment sinks into the tissues where the pain is seated—gives instant relief. That catch disappears, all sense of soreness goes, and you then know that Nerviline has probably

saved you from pleurisy. Just try Nerviline for chest tightness, coughs, aches and soreness—it's a wonderful liniment, and when kept in the home saves the family from lots of ills and suffering. A large bottle on hand makes the doctor's bill mighty small, and can be depended on as a reliable and mighty prompt cure for rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, pleurisy, stiff neck, sore muscles, and enlarged joints. Get the large 50c. family size bottle; it is far more economical than the 25c. trial size. Sold by dealers everywhere.

THE HEIR OF Lancewood

CHAPTER XVIII.

"The heiress of Lancewood!" repeated Lord St. Just to himself. "What can she possibly have lost?"

Vivien hastened home. She was half annoyed, half pleased at the recent little incident—annoyed that she should have been seen, pleased that kindly words had been spoken to her. Just as she was opening the door of the room which Lady Smeaton occupied, she overheard Caroline say—

"It is true—she is heiress no longer. She has lost Lancewood."

The words struck her like a blow. Hitherto she had thought only of her own immediate share in the trouble—of her own immediate loss and unhappiness; for the first time it occurred to her that besides all this she would lose her position in the eyes of the world. She was no longer heiress of Lancewood. The homage, adulation, respect and deference that had always been paid to her would be paid no longer. It was all over. She might possibly have a large fortune, but she was no longer heiress. The world would henceforth be very different to her. She had lost her place in it. What would Lord St. Just have said to her had she told him, "I was heiress of a large estate, and I have lost it!" Would it have made any difference to him? Would it make any difference to those friends she was with now? She would soon ascertain.

She walked calmly into the room. Lady Smeaton and her daughters were together alone. She knew they had been talking about her by the conscious look on the three faces. There was something of the dauntless spirit of the ancient Nestles in Vivien. She went up to Caroline.

"I overheard what you were saying as I entered the room," she said. "You are quite right. I am no longer heiress of Lancewood. It has gone from me."

"I learned it from Miss Salis' letter," replied Caroline. "I am sorry, Vivien."

Miss Neslie turned so as to face the whole group.

"Life has many hard lessons to teach," she said. "I have mine to learn. I am no longer heiress of Lancewood—my position is changed—and, if that is to make any alteration in our friendship, let me know it at once. You cared for me as heiress of Lancewood—you may not care for me as Vivien Neslie."

"My dear child, do not speak so bitterly," put in Lady Smeaton; "the news takes you by surprise, but it does not astonish me. I seemed to have a foreboding of what was coming."

"I never thought of it," said Vivien. "I felt it hard enough that Lady Neslie should supplant me, should take my father's heart away from me, should be mistress in my place; but I never dreamed of a son to take my inheritance away from me."

"But I did," remarked Lady Smeaton.

"Listen to me, Vivien. I was your mother's friend, my dear; I loved her, and for her, and for her sake I love you. I do not care in the least, so far as I am concerned, whether you are an heiress or whether you are penniless. I will say more. I like you so well, Vivien, that, if you are not comfortable at Lancewood, I offer you a home with myself and my daughters as long as you live."

"He is a wonderful baby," declared Lady Valerie; "his coming has made quite a different place of Lancewood. Will you come with me to the nursery?"

"The sooner it is over the better," thought Vivien to herself. She had to see the baby and endure its mother's triumph; she had nerved herself to bear it—the sooner it was over the better.

She followed Lady Neslie to the beautiful rooms that had been set apart for the little heir. She was struck by the magnificence of everything; no money had been spared—there had been the most lavish expenditure.

They entered the day-nursery, and Vivien saw a very important-looking personage, whom she recognized as the head nurse, who rose from her seat, with something of patronage in her manner.

"Show us the baby, Mrs. Corby—quick," directed Lady Valerie.

And with a smile at the impatience Mrs. Corby drew back the lace curtains of the cot, and remarked with some pride—

"This is baby—he is sleeping, miss—and a more beautiful child was never seen."

"Take him up," said Lady Valerie, "that Miss Neslie may see him."

"No," opposed Vivien, "do not disturb him; I can see him here."

"You cannot see his eyes while they are shut—and they are such beautiful eyes. See, Vivien—his mouth is just like Sir Arthur's, but he has my eyes and hair."

Bending over the little one, Vivien saw that it was just as she said—the pretty tiny mouth was much like his father's.

"He is a true Neslie, you see," added Lady Valerie, triumphantly. "There is no mistake about it. He is a splendid little boy."

Vivien kissed the little face. After all, her disposition was not the child's fault—and she was too noble a woman to entertain a feeling of spite toward a child.

"I could even like him," she thought to herself, "if he had a different mother."

Lady Neslie looked at the child laughingly.

"See what a mite he is," she said—"only so tiny as this, yet see what a difference he has made to me, and, Vivien, what a difference to you!"

"Great effects from little causes spring," quoted Vivien, with a smile—and Valerie felt disappointed when she saw it; her triumph would be robbed of half its charm unless she could see that Vivien felt it.

"The little boy will be Sir Oswald some day," pursued Lady Valerie, determined to wring some expression of bitterness from Vivien.

"I pray Heaven the day may be long in coming," she said—"for my father's sake!"

And Lady Neslie did not feel that

felt. She went to Sir Arthur and kissed him; she saw his face flush as he half turned aside.

"I have been away so long, papa," she said simply. "I am very pleased to see you again."

Then Valerie came forward and raised her face as though she would caress the rival she detested. But Vivien was no hypocrite; she had never kissed Lady Neslie and never would. She held out her hand and uttered some commonplace words of greeting, and as she did so she saw the triumph in Valerie's face.

Sir Arthur tried to fill up a very awkward pause by asking about Lady Smeaton and her daughters; and in a short time he found himself talking brightly as of old to his daughter—he was so relieved to have escaped a "scene." When Vivien left the room Valerie followed her.

"You do not seem particularly anxious to embrace your brother, Vivien."

Miss Neslie turned to her calmly. "It is long since I have seen a baby," she said. "I like children, and I should like to see him."

"He is a wonderful baby," declared Lady Valerie; "his coming has made quite a different place of Lancewood. Will you come with me to the nursery?"

"The sooner it is over the better," thought Vivien to herself. She had to see the baby and endure its mother's triumph; she had nerved herself to bear it—the sooner it was over the better.

She followed Lady Neslie to the beautiful rooms that had been set apart for the little heir. She was struck by the magnificence of everything; no money had been spared—there had been the most lavish expenditure.

They entered the day-nursery, and Vivien saw a very important-looking personage, whom she recognized as the head nurse, who rose from her seat, with something of patronage in her manner.

"Show us the baby, Mrs. Corby—quick," directed Lady Valerie.

And with a smile at the impatience Mrs. Corby drew back the lace curtains of the cot, and remarked with some pride—

"This is baby—he is sleeping, miss—and a more beautiful child was never seen."

"Take him up," said Lady Valerie, "that Miss Neslie may see him."

"No," opposed Vivien, "do not disturb him; I can see him here."

"You cannot see his eyes while they are shut—and they are such beautiful eyes. See, Vivien—his mouth is just like Sir Arthur's, but he has my eyes and hair."

Bending over the little one, Vivien saw that it was just as she said—the pretty tiny mouth was much like his father's.

"He is a true Neslie, you see," added Lady Valerie, triumphantly. "There is no mistake about it. He is a splendid little boy."

Vivien kissed the little face. After all, her disposition was not the child's fault—and she was too noble a woman to entertain a feeling of spite toward a child.

"I could even like him," she thought to herself, "if he had a different mother."

Lady Neslie looked at the child laughingly.

"See what a mite he is," she said—"only so tiny as this, yet see what a difference he has made to me, and, Vivien, what a difference to you!"

"Great effects from little causes spring," quoted Vivien, with a smile—and Valerie felt disappointed when she saw it; her triumph would be robbed of half its charm unless she could see that Vivien felt it.

"The little boy will be Sir Oswald some day," pursued Lady Valerie, determined to wring some expression of bitterness from Vivien.

"I pray Heaven the day may be long in coming," she said—"for my father's sake!"

And Lady Neslie did not feel that

she had achieved such a victory as she had hoped. She had forgotten that it is almost impossible for an ignoble soul to wound a noble one.

CHAPTER XIX.

Vivien had not been many days at home before she saw that everything was made to give way to the claims of the little heir. Had he been a prince, more expense could not have been incurred. Lady Valerie would have everything surrounding him of the most costly description. No one was ever allowed to forget for one moment that he was heir of Lancewood.

With her keen powers of perception, Vivien quickly read the feelings of all those with whom she came into contact. In the servants she discerned a sense of pity, she found them looking at her with wistful eyes and she noticed also that they would have rebelled if they had dared. From the unusual kindness of her father she felt that he was sorry for her loss—that he would have preferred herself to succeed him. There was always something apologetic in his manner, as though he would fain atone to her for the wrong done. Vivien had much to bear. The change hurt her greatly, although she gave no sign.

Mr. Greston, the family solicitor, came to Lancewood on business connected with the renewal of a lease, and when there he impressed upon Sir Arthur the necessity of making a will under the new state of things. It was highly important. Sir Arthur acknowledged that. The lawyer spoke boldly.

"It is not fair to Miss Neslie," he said, "that you should delay even a single day. No one knows what an hour may bring forth. Miss Neslie has been brought up as heiress of Lancewood. If you die to-morrow, Sir Arthur, everything would go to your son, and she would have only the fortune left by her mother. It is unjust to delay."

"I will not delay another hour," replied Sir Arthur, startled by the grave, earnest words. "Come with me to my study. We will prepare the draft of the will at once. I have thought of it. It is clear enough in my own mind."

Then Mr. Greston reminded him that the papers signed during his last visit were now useless. Fresh documents must be prepared.

It was done, and they were sent from London. On the morning of their arrival Vivien, Lady Valerie, Mr. Greston and Gerald Dorman were in the library together.

"This is a disagreeable business," said Sir Arthur, "let us get over it at once. Vivien, my dear daughter—the change in your position makes the papers you signed some time back useless. Fresh ones have been prepared, and they have to be signed on the part of the child."

(To be Continued.)

BRAVE SIX HUNDRED DIED IN SILENCE.

Writing home to his daughter from the Dardanelles, a member of the French Expeditionary Force describes in a letter, reproduced by the *Matin*, how he saw H.M.S. *Majestic* go to her doom.

It was about 6.35 a.m., he says, when the battleship was struck. As soon as she was torpedoed by the German submarine she heeled over in an alarming fashion till she had a list of about 45 degrees to port. Everything on deck fell or slid with a tremendous din and whatever was not attached was thrown into the sea. But I owe it to the truth to say that there was not a single instant of panic and that many of the seamen who, recognizing the imminence of the danger, had undressed waiting the critical instant with calm.

They had not to wait long, for four minutes after the explosion the *Majestic* abandoned her inclined position and turned completely over and went down, the forward keel alone emerging.

It was a terrible moment, but it was also sublime when six hundred men, facing death mute and strong, were thrown into the sea, covered and snared them like an immense cast-net among the terrific eddies of their annihilated battleship.

WE CAN'T AFFORD IT.

Mr. Herbert A. Gibbons, until recently Professor of History at Roberts College, Constantinople, declares that the United States ought to go into the war at once.

"We can't afford to let Germany win," he says. "The United States cannot remain practically disinterested in the progress of this titanic struggle. It is not only a great European war, but a world war. We have got an enemy to face, and we ought to put into the struggle every ounce of energy and resource to beat him. If we keep going on in the present spirit of apathy, it is going to be an awful day when the awakening comes."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

RODGER'S.

It is quite easy to buy an article of wear that is cheap and nasty, but this week we are in a position to offer that which combines the virtue of cheapness with that of excellent quality, namely:

Women's Black Cotton Hose 20c. pair.

A real bargain at the price.

A. & S. RODGER.


List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to July 6th, 1915.

Alsop, Harry Ashman, Miss Alice M. Andrews, C. R. Hutchings St. Andrews, Samuel care General Post Office Atkinson, Mr., card Astor, Max Beauchamp, Wm., Notre Dame St.	Goldsworthy, Miss Bella, C. of E. Orphanage Gorman, Mrs. Walter, Allendale Rd. Gushue, Stewart, King Edward Hotel Green, Ann, care Mrs. Lawlor, Middle Street	Noel, Miss Tot, Water St.
Baldwin, Miss Minnie, care General Delivery Barnes, Miss Annie M. Barnes, Samuel, Pennywell Road Bennett, G. J. Beauchamp, Wm., Newtown Road Benning, Clement J. Byrne, Jas., Railway Customs Dept. Clements, Wm. Briston, Miss Emily, Carter's Hill Bailey, James, card Bishop, Mrs. Samuel, Lime St. Brown, William Brothers, Miss Fanny, Gen. Hospital Boyle, V. retd. Blundon, Mrs. Robert, Lime St. Burton, Mrs. H. Gilbert St. Bulger, James, Newtown Road Butcher, Miss E., care Post Office Budden, George, late Port au Port Burns, James Butler, Miss Bessie, care Mrs. Malone, Duckworth St. Boone, Mrs. Samuel	Hamlin, Miss, St. John Road Hann, Jacob Haines, Eleazer, Pleasant St. Hamlin, J., Water St. Halliday, Mrs. D., Queen's St. Hackett, E. J., Cabot St. Henderson, Mrs. D. Hickey, W. J., Lime St. Higdon, Sarah B., Cook St. Hickey, Miss Mary, slip Hefford, Mrs. Hepditch, Otho, Fort Amherst Hill, Miss Fannie, care General Post Office Higgins, Mrs., Water St. Hodnotte, Miss M., Freshwater Rd. Holland, Miss Maud, British W. Co. Holman, F. E. Howe, John, Patrick St. Hunt, Joe, care General Delivery Husth, Kenneth, retd. Hayward, Allan, Power St. Hallett and Hiscok	Owen, Miss Mary, card O'Keefe, Mrs. Philip, 5 — St. Oliver, Miss Janet, Prescott St. Osmond, A., care General Post Office O'Toole, Nicholas, late Victoria O'Donnell, Mrs. P. J., Pope St. Osmond, Miss Della, care G. P. O.
Caron, Joe K. care General Post Office Callahan, Katie Clarke, L. B., card Caroy, Miss Stella, Prescott St. Carmichael, Wm. Coleman, Mrs. Walter, Hutchings St. Crocker, Miss Marion, Rossiter's Lane Collins, Dianah, Queen's Road Connors, J. W. Churchill, Matthew, card Curtis, John care Mrs. Clarke, 36 — St.	Kennedy, Willie Kennell, John Kelly, Miss Gerlie, Patrick St. Keough, Miss Agnes Bond St. Keane, Mrs. Stanley Kennedy, Captain W. J., care General Post Office Keefe, Miss M., Madeline Knight, Muriel, card Keels, Miss Mary, Signal Hill Road.	Parsons, Miss Essie, care Captain Parsons Parsons, Mrs. H., card, Duckworth St. Pardy, Miss Alice, Water St. Parsley, Miss Bridget, LeMarchant Rd. Peddell, Miss Elizabeth, Hamilton St. Percy, Mrs. Geo. E., Hamilton St. Phelan, Patrick Pille, Wm. Pritchett, Miss Lucy Pink, Andrew E. Power, Bella, Allendale Road Porter, Geo. J. Power, Bella, King's Road Power, Edward, Annie's Hill Parsons, Miss Nellie Penny, Miss G. M., card, New Gower St.
Curran, Miss Annie, Leslie St. Collier, Mrs. Elizabeth, Cuddihy St. Curran, Annie, card, Leslie St. Carow, Miss Stella, Prescott St. Clouston, Miss Ethel, Hayward's Ave.	Laiton, Miss Jessie, Lime St. Laracy, Mrs. Thomas, Carter's Hill Lamb, Mrs. Mary, Spencer's St. Levitz, S. P. O. Box 185. Lynch, Mrs. A. D., Leslie Street	Ryan, Const. John, City Ryan, J., Queen's Road Reid, Miss Alice, Scott St. Reid, Miss Gertrude, Victoria St. Rendell, E., card, P. O. Box 161 Rogers, Miss L., Sheehan St. Rogers, Miss Katie, Cochrane St. Roberts, Gilbert, care S. A. Army Rogers, John, care Gen'l Post Office Roberts, Thomas, York St. Rose, Mrs., care C. of E. Orphanage Roberts, George, Allendale Road Russell, Mrs. L., Barter's Hill Roberts, E. W., Fleming St.
Davey, Wm., late s.s. Clyde Daly, John, Water Street Driscoll, Edward, Lime Street Droge, Joseph, Gower St. Dunn, Thomas Dwyer, M. Dewley, Annie M., Gen. Hospital Dewley, Miss Annie M. Dewley, E. J., card Dyke, J. W. Duff, Miss May, Water St.	Marshall, Ensign, card, Quidi Vidi Martin, Miss Annie, Pennywell Road Martin, Mrs. Stanley March, A. March, Ebenezer, care Gen. Post Office Maynard, Francis Ma—, John, Signal Hill Road Martin, C., P. O. Box 295 Merry, D. Mercer, Mark, card Miller, Mrs. Eliza, Carter's Hill Milley, Miss Miller, E. J. Mitchell, Mrs. H. C., Gower St. Moore, Miss Annie, Maxse St. Moore, Christy, card, 21 — St. Mitchell, Miss Sarah, Military Rd. Moore, Mrs. F., 33 — St. Murray, David, Water St. Moorey, Mrs. J. Miller, Miss A., Patrick's St. Martin, Mrs. Arthur, 47 — Rd.	Sparks, Miss Emma, retd. Scaplin, Mrs., New Gower St. Skeans, Miss Lilly, Military Road Sharpe, Abraham, care General Post Office Saunders, Miss Amy Saunders, R., Flower Hill Stephens, A. E., P. care General Delivery Senors, James, Convent Lane Spence, Harold C. E. Stewart, George Smith, Miss Violet, Gower St. Sticklin, Benjamin, Coronation St. Simmons, Isabella, Pennywell Rd. Smith, W. F. Smith, J. Barrett Spooner, Max, P. O. B. 902 Sullivan, W.
Edwards, Mrs. Evans, Percy B. Edwards, Thomas Edmonson, E., General Hospital Evans, P. B. Earle, Miss E., Queen's Road	Fleming, Miss Alice, Garrison Hill Froy, T., late s.s. Meigle Fitzpatrick, M. K. Fitzpatrick, W., card Frodsham, John Forward, Ronald, Pleasant St.	Tibbs, Richard, care Mrs. Bishop, 165 Gower St. Thomas, Mrs. Lizzie Tucker, Wm., care Gladys Mayo, Carter's Hill Tucker, Walter Tucker, Mrs. Jim, Monroe St.
Grant, James E. Grant, Mrs. Jas. W. Gear, J., South Side Green, George, care General Post Office Gibson, S., New Gower Street Gill, Stewart, card, Methodist College Godley, Mrs. Selina, care General Post Office Goss, Miss Eliza Goodwin, Nellie, care King, Queen's Road	McKellop, Mrs., retd., Signal Hill Rd. McCarthy, Mrs. Edward, care Mrs. Kelly McCarthy, Miss Martha, care Mrs. Ed. Ryan, Water St. McGillivray, J. M. McDonald, Mary E., Power St. McKellop, Susie, 16 — Street McCarthy, Miss C., Carter's Hill McGillivray, J. M.	Walsh, Martin, Coronation St. Walsh, Agnes, 15 — St. Walsh, May, Scott St. Wakeley, T. Walkin, Miss Nellie, card Walsh, Sarah A., Gower St. Walters, W. B., Water St. Walsh, Laura, card, Casey St. Weir, Edward, Newtown Rd. Wells, Wm., Hutchings St. Winsor, E. J. Windress, Thos. B. Wiseman, Miss C., Casey St. Winsor, Rev. J. W., Balsam Place.

H. J. B. WOODS, P.M.G.
G. P. O., June 30th, 1915.

Advertise in the Evening Telegram

BY SPECIAL WARRANT OF APPOINTMENT




TO H.M. THE KING

The Popular London Dry Gin is

VICKERS' GIN

BY SPECIAL WARRANT OF APPOINTMENT



TO H.M. THE KING

J. O. ROBLIN, Toronto
Canadian Agent

RADIGER & JANION
B.C. Agents

JOHN JACKSON, St. John's, Resident Agent.