

**Throbbing, Neuralgic Headache Cured
Head-Splitting Distress Vanishes Instantly**

This Wonderful Curative Liniment
Never Fails.
RUB ON NERVILINE.

Neuralgia quickly cured is twice, nay, ten times cured. Little neuralgia pains grow into big ones, but "Nerviline" in ten minutes relieves even the worst ones. Even a single application will remove the nerve congestion that causes the pain.

Nerviline penetrates deeply into the sore tissue, reaches the source of inflammation, drives it out root and branch. Every drop of Nerviline is potent in pain-subduing power, and its

strongest charm lies in the fact that it rubs right in, even to the very last drop. Nerviline is not greasy, and its pain-removing power is at least five times greater in strength than ordinary remedies.

We guarantee Nerviline will cure neuralgia—not only relieve it, but actually and permanently cure it. Just in the same way will it cure lumbago, sciatica, stiffness and rheumatism.

To conquer all muscular and nerve pain, use Nerviline. A large bottle in the home keeps the doctor's bill small. Get the large 50c. family size bottle; it is more economical than the 25c. trial size. Sold by all druggists everywhere.

Stella Mordant;

The Cruise of the "Kingfisher."

CHAPTER X.

And then again she dreamt that she was lying in his arms, as she had been when he carried her, his face so near to her that she could feel his breath upon her cheek; and at this dream her lips parted with a sigh of content and peace.

But lo! in the morning she was all the tom-boy again, and no one would have recognized in her the girl who had crept through the wood and watched over her sleeping friend.

He had overstepped himself, and she taunted him with it in the morning in the charming little way women have when they want to hide their feelings.

"Talk of wasting time!" she remarked. "I've been waiting for several hours for the milk. There will be no pudding to-day, that's one thing! And I thought you were going after some wood pigeons?"

"So I was, and am," he said, almost meekly. "Yes, I did overstep myself for the first time in my life. I am sorry; there's so much to do. The winter will be here presently, and I want to get together the supplies. Have you got over your fright?"

"What fright?" she demanded, looking at him sharply.

He was rather taken aback by this cool rebuff.

"Why, I fancied that you were rather frightened when I tumbled down the cliff yesterday," he said.

"Oh, then?" she responded, indifferently. "Yes, I fancy I was a little, but I had a fright before then."

"A bear who was as much alarmed as you were?" he said, with a smile.

"Oh, no, it wasn't!" she retorted. "I've a great mind not to tell you. It was something I saw when I was coming up the hill after I'd got the lilies. No, I won't tell you what it was; I'll show it to you."

"I'd better take my gun and shoot it, or it will frighten you again," he said.

"It won't care for your gun, Rath," she said, gravely.

When they had got through the necessary work of the morning, they set out, and Stella was unusually quiet; so quiet—for generally she talked all the time—that Rath, as he strode beside her with his gun over his shoulder, glanced at her curiously and thoughtfully.

They made their way along the valley, and as they were ascending the hill by the kind of narrow path or clearing, Stella stopped and laid her hand on his arm.

"Be prepared, Rath," she said, rather solemnly.

"I always am," he replied, shifting his gun over his arm.

She shook her head, and her face

grew pale as they reached the pick.

"That!" he said, with grave surprise and good-tempered scorn. "That is only a pick-axe! But how did it come here?" he added, quickly. "See, the handle's rotten, just a mass of dry rot; but the iron pick is all right, and will be useful. I wanted one badly. How did it come here?"

"I'll show you, Rath," she said in a low voice; and she led him to the skeleton, but drew back behind him as she pointed to it.

He started, and leaning on his gun gazed at it in silence for a moment.

"It's a man," he said. "Poor fellow!"

"How did it come here—who was it, and what was he doing? And why did he die out here in the open, Rath?"

He shook his head. "Who knows? He must have been here and died a long time ago. I never knew that anyone had been here before us. A bear may have come upon him suddenly, or he fell sick, or a snake may have bitten him. Who can tell?"

"But what was he doing here with that pick-axe, Rath? Oh, I know! Coal!"

Rath smiled at the idea. "Why should anyone dig for coal when he has all this wood to use?" and he swept his hand towards the thick pine woods. "No, it wasn't coal. I must dig a grave and bury him, poor fellow. Stella!"

"Well!" she asked.

He was silent a moment; then he said, quietly:

"That is how I should have died—and been, if you had not come; how I shall die, with no one to bury me, when you go."

She shuddered, and her lips quivered.

"Don't, Rath! What are you looking for? Let us go. I don't like this place."

"Wait a moment," he said. He went up higher and began to push the undergrowth aside with his feet, and presently he found a place where the bush was thinner, as if it had started growth at a much later period than the rest, and here the ground had been broken. "It was here he was working. I wonder if this was what he was digging for?" he said, picking up a rough piece of rock. "It's an odd-looking stone, isn't it? See how the yellow in it sparkles in the sun, Stella?"

Stella, who had kept quite close to him, took the stone in her hands and examined it, then she uttered a low cry of amazement and awe.

"Rath! don't you know what it is?" she whispered. "It's gold!"

He glanced at it, and then at her suddenly pale face.

"Is it?" he said, calmly. "Yes, I suppose it is."

Stella's heart beat fast, and her eyes seemed fascinated by the piece of dully shining rock. Young as she was she was not too young to appreciate something of the tremendous importance of this discovery.

"Yes, it's gold; I'm certain of it!"

she said. "See how soft this yellow stuff is. It's gold, gold, Rath! And, oh! see if there is any more of it."

He stirred the ground with his feet and picked up several nuggets of pure metal; then he went and got the pick, cleared some of the bush away, and dragged down the soil of the hill above the loose stones. It clattered down, breaking the silence in which the dead man had lain for so many years, and as Rath worked the gold shone amidst the rubble and sand.

Stella fell on her knees and collected some of the larger lumps and put them in her handkerchief.

"Yes, it's gold," she said in a whisper, and looking round as if she feared someone would hear them; but there was only the dead man behind them, and he had been long past hearing or caring for this discovery of his discovery. "There must be a fortune here—a fortune! Think of it, Rath! Is—there any more, do you think?"

"Oh, yes," he answered, as calmly as before. "This is the bed of one of the streams that run down the hill; but the water got diverted by that big boulder up there falling in its path—do you see? I should say that there is gold where the stream ran, perhaps all over the hill."

"Oh, Rath! it's—it's like a dream! I've read about finding gold and gold digging, but I never thought that I—Oh! look there—under the heap of stones you have brought down! There is a monster—a nugget they call it!"

He turned it over with his foot carefully.

"You seem very delighted," he remarked, in his grave fashion. "What is the good of it?"

She stared up at him, her eyes shining with her pleasure in their mutual discovery, with that delight in gold which even an innocent girl must feel.

"What is the good of it?" she laughed. "Why, Rath, gold is money; and with money you can buy—oh, what can't you buy?" What, indeed, Stella? "You can buy anything! Why, half a quarter of this would make us rich; and if there is more of it—as much as you think—we should be millionaires; we should have money more than we could count or spend!"

He shrugged his shoulders, still unimpressed.

"Gold is of no use here," he said. "You can't spend it. All the heap you have gathered, all that you could dig from the hill-side, would not be so useful as this pick."

"But you could exchange it with the Indians for anything you wanted. That would be the same as spending it. Don't you see?" she said, shrewdly.

"Yes; I suppose you could," he admitted. "Well, I'll take some of it, and try when next they come."

"No, no;" she said, quickly. "You mustn't do that, Rath; for then they'd know you'd found it, and the white men in the towns the Indians visit would know, and they would be sure to come here in search of it—come here in thousands! Oh! you don't know how mad people are to get gold! There is nothing they will not do for it."

"Really?"

"Yes, yes! I've read in books how a place that was as solitary and unknown as this is has in a few days been covered by men like—like ants."

He frowned, and looked impressed at last.

"Let us hide it," he said, gravely. "This island is mine—ours, and I should not like to have it overrun with men, as you say. Indeed, I don't want anyone else but ourselves."

He began to collect the pieces of quartz, and to cover with bracken and bush the spot he had cleared with the pick.

Stella had sunk on to a rock, and sat with her chin in her hands, her nuggets lying in her handkerchief on her lap. Her brows were drawn straight, and met. She looked the personification of meditation.

"Rath, I suppose someone else besides ourselves knows of this—this gold?" she said in a whisper.

He considered for a moment or two.

"If what you say is true—that men will flock where the gold is—then who can know of it?" he said; "or

Mother! the Child Is Costive, Billious.

Don't Hesitate! A laxative is necessary if tongue is coated, breath bad or stomach sour.

No matter what ails your child, a gentle, thorough laxative should always be the first treatment given.

If your little one is out-of-sorts, half-sick, isn't resting, eating and acting naturally—look, Mother! see if tongue is coated. This is a sure sign that its little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with waste.

When cross, irritable, feverish, stomach sour, breath bad or has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, sore throat, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated poison, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again.

Mothers can rest easy after giving this harmless "fruit laxative," because it never fails to cleanse the little one's liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach and they dearly love its pleasant taste. Full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grownups printed on each bottle.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs;" then see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company."

they would be here, digging for it. The man whose bones are there must have been alone. Oh, yes! I see what happened! He was living here alone, just as my father and I were, or he came here from one of the towns—from Victoria, perhaps—hunting or fishing, and when he found the gold he remained, and the winter came upon him suddenly, and he was short of food and hadn't any proper clothing. He was too much afraid of other men coming to disturb him and share the gold, and so he perished of cold and hunger, and died here at his work. Men must be fond of this stuff to die for it!" he wound up, with scornful wonder.

Stella looked up.

"Men die for it every day; they will steal for it, commit any crime—even murder, Rath. If you have not money—gold—in England—and in the rest of the world, the towns and cities, you know, where people are—you are poor. And poverty is dreadful. I know. My mother and I were poor; and we were afraid of being poorer. It is wicked to be poor in England, and everybody avoids you as if—as if you were sick with an infectious disease. But if you are rich, everybody is glad and pleased and thinks much of you; for, don't you see, you have so much to give them! You live in a great house with plenty of servants, and you can give your friends good dinners, and have them stay with you; and you have horses and carriages for them to ride and drive in. Oh! it is hard to explain to you, who have never been anywhere, never seen anything!"

"Yes, it must be," he assented, quietly; "but I think I understand. Well, the gold is yours."

"Mine? Not mine, but yours, Rath!" she said, reproachfully.

"No," he said; "you found it, not I. Besides, it is of no use to me. I can't barter it with the Indians, for I don't want any other men here; and I can't make anything useful out of it. No; it is yours, and when a ship comes, and you go away, you can take the gold with you—there is a great quantity of it; and there must be that which the man got hidden away somewhere near. And when you get back to England you will have enough to buy great houses and to keep horses and carriages, and you will be happy."

(To be Continued.)

**Menu for This Week at
AYRE & SONS, Ltd.**

NEW YORK TURKEY. NEW YORK CHICKEN. NEW YORK BEEF. NEW YORK SAUSAGES.		FRESH HALIBUT. FINNAN HADDIE. FILLETS OF FISH. PICKLED TROUT.	
TOMATOES. CELERY. LETTUCE. CUCUMBER.	ORANGES. APPLES. PEARS. BANANAS.	ORANGES. LEMONS. GRAPE FRUIT. PINEAPPLE.	
CABBAGE. TURNIPS. BEET.	IRISH BUTTER. BOILED HAM. OX TONGUE.	BACON. COOKED BEEF.	POTATOES. CARROTS. PARSNIPS.
EMPIRE TEA. HUNTLEY & PALMER'S BISCUITS.	WILBUR'S COCOA. OVALTINE. (Recommended by all Doctors.)	OUR OWN COFFEE. MOIR'S CAKES. (Plain, Sultana, Citron.)	

Ayre & Sons, Ltd.,
GROCERY DEPARTMENT.

Spring COATS for Children.

CHARMING
Jersey Coats

And CAP complete,
IN TAN, BROWN, ROSE SHADES,
\$2.30 complete
To fit Children Two to Four years

SPLENDID LINE
Children's Reefers,

In Navy only, to fit Girls 2 to 9 yrs.
One Price **\$2.00** each.
Also, fine Selection of Children's Coats, in
Checks, Red Serge, etc.

S. MILLEY.

**A LITTLE BIT
of
All Right**

are those
Dainty Tea Centres..... 50c., 55c. each.
Nice Cushion Covers..... 45c., 55c. each.
Neat Tenneriffe Dollies..... 15c., 18c. each.

Showing in the Window this week at
A. & S. Rodger's.

Made from "fin champagne" grapes of the choicest vintages only.



**HINE'S
Three Star
BRANDY**

Guaranteed Twenty Years Old

T. Hine & Co. are the holders of the oldest vintage brandies in Cognac

D. G. ROBLIN, of Toronto, Sole Canadian Agent
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YOUR BACK
is a Barometer. When it hurts, it means that the Kidneys need help. Take Gin Pills—Canada's own remedy for all Kidney and Bladder Troubles. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50. "Made in Canada".



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PHOTOGRAPH

PHONE

War News

Messages Received Previous

OFFICIAL LONDON
To the Governor, Newfoundland. The following are received from the French:

(1) dated Monday—St. Julien, in the north-east of Ypres. The general situation. The forced French troops on our left flank to extend west beyond St. Julien was thus temporary and after gallant resistance Canadians against the St. Julien was captured.

East of Ypres our forces borne the brunt of repeated attacks in an entirely new direction. Attacks were on Sunday by the French salient. The asphyxiating gases, but was repulsed and German men captured.

During the last 24 hours heavy casualties have been inflicted on the enemy; our losses heavy.

German wireless reports English heavy guns captured in untruce.

(2) dated Tuesday—German attacks northwards were repulsed. In the troops took the offensive near St. Julien, and the French co-operated north retook Hettas a day. Our artillery inflicted several casualties on the enemy.

Our airmen have been in the stations and junctions, Tourcoing, Roubaix.

The French Government attacks on the Meuse completely. The whole position of the Germans in French lines slopes are covered by our corps.

The Russian Government bombardment of the Black Sea by the Black Sea.

A desperate battle.

Best Family FLOUR

\$8.00 per barrel
60c. per stone

Sea Dog Matches, 40c. per box.
Fore, He, packer Libby's Evap. Milk Shredded Wheat 1 lb. 16c. pkg.
Pure Leaf Lard, 1 lb. 10c.
Washington Lye, 5c.
White Swan Lye, 5c.
Desiccated Coconut, 1 lb. 25c.
Dates, 1 lb. carton 10c.
Whole Corn, 1 lb. 5c.
Cranberries, 30c. 5 lb.

FRESH COUNT 25c. doz.
By schr. Wynne 100 half bags Cal 40 bags Turnips, 20 boxes California

By s.s. Dur 20 cases Valencia 3 cases Lemons, 1 50 sides Irish Bacon 10 Irish Hams.

NO ADVANCE IN Bulldog 10 per cent. 4lb. 6lb. job

T. J. E.