

An Amazing Cure For Neuralgia
Magical Relief For Headache

The Most Effective Remedy Known is "Nerviline."

The reason Nerviline is infallibly a remedy for neuralgia resides in two very remarkable properties Nerviline possesses.

The first is its wonderful power of penetrating deeply into the tissue which enables it to reach the very source of congestion.

Nerviline possesses another and not less important action—it equalizes the circulation in the painful parts, and

thus affords a sure barrier to the re-establishment of congestion. You see the relief you get from Nerviline is permanent.

It doesn't matter whether the cause is spasm or congestion, external or internal; if it is pain—equally with its curative action upon neuralgia—Nerviline will relieve and quickly cure rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, strains, swellings or enlarged joints, and all other muscular aches.

Nerviline is a guaranteed remedy. Get the large 50 cent family size bottle; it is far more economical than the 25 cent trial size.

Love in a Flour Mill,

OR,

The Romance of Two Loyal Hearts!

CHAPTER IV.

A faint smile crossed her face, the first he had seen, and she left him again, to return with a plate of bread and butter. Ronald ate it slowly, and with obvious enjoyment. Then he put the empty plate on the top of the corn-bin beside him and rose with a reluctant sigh—reluctant, because he now knew that he was tired, and that the girl interested him. To put it shortly, he would have liked to have remained with her, to have seen more of her, to have heard more of the sweet contralto, which, when she spoke, seemed to fill the narrow space in which they were with a subtle and delicious music. He had risen slowly, as slowly refilled his pipe, and, as he lit it, looked distastefully towards the mill.

"I must be going," he said reluctantly. "I'm awfully obliged to you. You've been very kind to me, kinder than I deserve, for I broke your window. That reminds me—"

He took some silver from his pocket and, as unobtrusively as possible, laid it down on the lid of the corn-bin. The clear olive of the girl's face flushed crimson, she frowned darkly, and shook her head.

"Oh, come!" said Ronald protestingly; but a moment afterwards, with the instinct of a gentleman, he took up the money. "Well, good-night, and good-bye!" and thank you very much.

He held out his hand. She looked at him with faint surprise, then slowly, reluctantly, put forward hers. Then suddenly—Ronald had, of course, pressed it—she snatched her hand away and slammed the door in his face.

CHAPTER V.

The girl flung to the heavy door behind him; but she stood still, and, after a moment or two, she opened it again and looked out. The colour had left her face, but her bosom was still heaving, her hand was clenched tightly on the scoop. She watched Ronald's retreating figure until it gradually disappeared from sight; then she went into the mill.

She stood by the hopper and cleared it with her scoop; but the familiar action was purely mechanical; the scene that had just passed was being enacted in her whirling brain. It was the first time that any man's hand excepting her father's had touched hers; and little wonder that she was thrilling with the pressure of a strange man's.

The bare meeting with him had been a novel experience for her; she had never seen any one like him; for her knowledge of men was limited to a mere acquaintance with the farmers, the labourers, who brought the sacks of corn from the valley below; no one of them had ever offered her the slightest indication of familiarity; they had all recognized and accepted the reserve, the coldness, which characterized her, and had been content with exchanging a formal

greeting or a few commonplace remarks with her.

And this stranger, whom she had seen for the first time, and for only a few minutes, had insisted upon shaking hands with her, had pressed her hand! Had she herself been to blame? She recalled everything, every word she had uttered; and in doing so, while she acquitted herself of blame, she remembered vividly all that he had said, every little movement of his. It was as if some new creature had swung into her ken.

She knew that she had been keenly interested in him, had wondered, and half-unconsciously admired, his handsome face, the grace, the ease, of his bearing, the well-fitting clothes, which were so different to those which were worn by the men she knew. She had noticed the signet ring on his finger, the diamond pin in his scarf; was there anything about him that had escaped her?

His voice, too; it was so pleasant, so frank and musical; he had spoken to her as if they were old friends; and he had treated her with a subtle sort of respect, of the charm of which she had been as conscious as if she had been a London woman; she, who always involuntarily held herself aloof, had felt herself melting under the spell of the unaccustomed manner, the frank and easy bearing.

She sank upon a sack of corn, and, with her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands, gazed into vacancy with half-closed eyes.

Presently she heard a knock on the door, and with a start she rose; but, before she could reach it, the door opened and a man entered. He was an elderly man of less than middle height; but so spare and thin, so well formed and finely knit, so alert in his bearing, that his shortness of stature was not noticeable. He was very dark—indeed, swarthy; and his eyes, which were almost black, were as keen as a hawk's.

Like most men of his calling, he was clean-shaven, and his hair was cut short; like his clothes, it was finely powdered and whitened by the flour, which, by contrast, deepened the effect of his swarthy complexion; his shirt, with its wide collar, was open at the neck, displaying a lean and muscular throat; his hands were long and expressive of dexterity and strength. In feature, manner, and bearing there was something foreign; though, on a board over the door of the mill, was painted, in rude characters:

LEMUEL RAVEN, Miller.

He was still handsome, and there was an indefinable air about the man, a certain indication of reserved force, of subtle power combined with the alertness which has already been referred to; he gave one the idea of a man who is always on guard against even the small surprises of the ordinary workaday life; but the swarthy face was not an unpleasant one, notwithstanding the keenness of the black eyes and the tenseness of the long, thin lips.

Many years ago the Moor Mill had been run by one of the farmers of the neighbourhood; but he had lacked energy, and had lost the trade and given up the mill, and it had remained unoccupied and unworked for quite a long time; then one day Lemuel

Raven had appeared on the scene and had made an offer for the mill and the small piece of ground on which it stood, an offer which had been promptly accepted by the owner, who had never expected to make another penny out of it; and the new-comer entered into possession and worked the mill for a time by himself.

In most country places the appearance of a stranger and a foreigner would have excited curiosity and remark; but in Estford they were accustomed to foreigners; for, as Evelyn Desborough had told Dexter Reece, there were many foreigners actually established in the little seaport town by the estuary, and others frequently visited it, coming by the small vessels trading between the little port and the coasts of Italy and Spain. Some of these foreigners—Spaniards, Italians, and Frenchmen—joined their compatriots in Port Dale, or even wandering farther afield, settled peacefully and prosperously in some of the inland villages; so prosperously and to their satisfaction that it was not at all uncommon for them to send for their wives and children. England is supposed to be in a parlous case; but it is astonishing how well your foreigner manages to thrive here.

No one was surprised when Lemuel Raven's little daughter, a child of six, appeared at the mill; though no one knew whether her father had gone to bring her across the Channel, or whether she had been brought by some friend or relative; for the communication between the Moor Mill perched on the hill and the little village in the valley beneath was solely a business one; no one came up to the mill, excepting to bring sacks of corn or take away sacks of flour. Lemuel Raven had no visitors of a social kind, nor did he make any friends; and yet he was by no means unpopular, for he was pleasant of speech, would take his glass and pay for another man's, and was always ready to chat about the crops and the weather.

Of his own business, of his private affairs, he said nothing; what was there to say? The man, with his child, lived a life of monotonous, though not hard, toil, a life which was, so to speak, as open to the gaze and scrutiny of his fellowmen as were the huge sails of the mill which stood, as solitary as its owner, on the moor-side.

Lemuel Raven peered at the girl keenly.

"Why is the door unlocked, Cara?" he asked, quietly enough, and by no means sternly, but in the tone of a man who expects to be answered promptly.

"I opened it just now," she replied. "Some one knocked, came."

"She had not intended to tell her father anything of the visitor or the visit, which in themselves were of no importance.

"At this time of night?" he said, still quietly, but with a slight uprising of his brows. "Who was it?"

"A man—a stranger," said Cara. "He had lost his way," he was crossing the moor—was going to Shelford."

"Where from?" he asked, still in the same tone.

She shrugged her shoulders; she did not turn her head away, but looked him full in the face, meeting his eyes steadily; and she was perfectly calm.

"I don't know. I did not ask him."

"I trod on broken glass," he said, "just outside the door."

"The man threw a stone at the window and broke it," she said. "I was at the hopper when he knocked, and did not hear him; and I suppose he got tired of waiting."

Lemuel Raven's face darkened.

"Oh," he commented, with a nod. "The man was a tramp, I suppose? Yes; I wish I had been at home; he would have paid for that broken window, in money or a thrashing."

"He was not a tramp," she said, hesitating for the first time. "He was a gentleman—I think; I am sure. He wanted to pay for the window, and the food and drink; but I wouldn't take it."

"You were right," he said, "if he were a gentleman—we don't keep an inn. What was he like? Try and describe him."

Cara turned to the hopper. It is very difficult to describe a person in whom one is not interested; it is not easy to give a description even of one who has made a deep impression on the mind. She could see him plainly enough with her mental vision, but words seemed to fail her.

"He was young and—good-looking," she said at last, as she guided the flour into the sack. "He was dressed like a gentleman; different to any one about here."

"And he gave no account of himself?" She shook her head. "He must have been a traveller; one of those men taking orders for drapers or grocers. How long has he been gone? which way did he take?"

"I don't know—some time," she answered, indifferently enough.

Scarcely waiting for her reply, he opened the door and went out.

"Lock it after me," he said.

He was absent about half an hour; and, as she let him in, he said, "I couldn't see anything of him." She breathed an inaudible sigh of some relief like relief. "The mist is still hanging about; it may come up again; if so, the gentleman will probably stray into a bog. So that he will pay pretty dearly for the broken window and his supper. It's late, Cara; you'd better go to bed. I'll stop the mill."

She was going up the narrow stairs which led to the tiny space in which she slept, when, without turning his head or stopping in his task, he called up to her.

"Cara, if anyone comes again when I'm away, don't open the door; and don't answer unless you're obliged to—let them think that there is no one here; but, if you must speak, tell them that I will come back soon. I'm never away for long."

"Very well," she responded. "But I'm not afraid."

He looked up at her swiftly, with a curious gleam in his eyes.

"Afraid!" he echoed. "I suppose not. Afraid? Who's afraid? But do as I tell you."

"Yes," she assented. "Good night, father!"

He stopped the mill; the huge sails creaked groaningly and became motionless. He leant against an upright beam and listened until all was still in the little room above; then he lit his pipe and, opening the door, stood on the threshold, with his hands in his pockets, and looked out upon the moor. He had the appearance of a man who was taking his ease and a quiet smoke after the labours of the day, or, rather, the night; but, though his attitude was careless enough, his eyes were keen, his ears on the alert, as if he were watching and listening intently.

(To be Continued.)

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Men must look right and be right to command success. Clear eyes, clear skin and clear brain mean money to the man who possesses them. Dull eyes, sluggish brain and a pimply, blotchy skin are a serious handicap.

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PETER O'MARA, The Druggist, 46-48 Water St. West, oct28,tf

List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to Nov. 7th, 1915.

A
Adey, Charles, Mundy Pond Road
Adams, Chas., Pennywell Road
Anderson, Robert
Anderson, Mrs. Allen, card
Amees, Dr.
Andrews, Mrs. James, Flower Hill
Anthony, Joseph, George's St.
Aylward, Miss May E., Cochrane St.

B
Bace, Miss Minnie, card, West End
Balfour, Mrs. Walter M.
Bryan, Mrs. Thos., Barter's Hill
Bryce, Miss Ellen, Power St.
Barry, Charles
Barnes, Miss Ada, card.
Allandale Road
Benson, Mrs. George
Biddecombe, Rd., Allandale Rd.
Biddecombe, John
Brinson, Miss Beatrice, Church Hill
Brown, Mrs. John, Pilot's Hill
Boone, Mrs. Wesley
Burnett, Capt. A.
Butler, Mrs. Agnes, Pennywell Rd.
Burgess, Miss L. E., Freshwater Rd.
Butler, Mrs., 11 Pennywell Road
Butler, E. G., Mt. Scio Road
Barry, Charles
Boggan, Miss Alice J.
Brown, Thomas, Queen St.

C
Carew, John
Carew, John, Water St. West.
Cahill, John, Newtown Road
Clark, Patrick, Patrick St.
Cahill, Mrs. Thomas, Duckworth St.
Clark, Lawrence J.
Carson, W. J.
Carter, Austin, Balmis St.
Chauvas, Miss M., Water St.
Campbell, Mrs. Peter.
late Bay of Islands
Clarke, Isaac, Convent Lane
Candow, Mrs. D., New Gower St.
Campbell, H.
Cricht, Miss E., retd.,
Pennywell Road
Chown, Miss Gertrude
Cullen, Miss G., Queen's Road
Cusick, Miss Sadie, Barnes Road
Curtis, Peter, card, Adelaide St.
Crummey, Miss Elsie,
LeMarchant Road
Culleton, Patrick, Newtown Road
Cooper, Ward M., Water St. West
Carnell, H.
Campbell, Mrs. J. D.
Curtis, Eliezer
Corbett, Miss Kattie, card,
Tessier Place

D
Dawe, W. H., care Gen'l Post Office
Dawe, Albert, care Gen'l Post Office
Dawe, Mrs. Edgar, Cabot St.
Dalton, Miss Maggie, Belvidere St.
Devereaux, Mrs. P., New Gower St.
Devine, Miss Bride, Cochrane St.
Denismore, Michael,
care General Post Office
Delaney, Matthew, card, Prescott St.
Devereaux, Miss Angela,
New Gower Street
Diamond, Miss Jane, Bond St.
Doyle, Miss Anastasia, Gower St.
Doran, Miss Annie, Monkstown Rd.
Doran, Miss Annie, card
Drover, Josiah, care Gen'l Delivery
Drover, Miss Katie, Monkstown Rd.
Drover, Rhoda, Rennie's Mill Road
Doyle, Miss Anastasia, Gower St.
Dowden, Mrs. Maggie, Quidi Vidi
Duffett, Thomas
Duffy, P. M.
Dawe, Mrs. Eleazar, Rossiter's Lane
Dobbin, Denis, Brine St.
Doody, M. A., Water St. West

E
Eagan, Wm.
Evans, Mrs., card, Water St.
Elliott, Miss Agnes Jane,
Springdale Street
Earle, Miss Bride, care Royal Stores

F
Fever, Mrs. R.
Flemming, Miss K. A., East End P. O.
Freeman, Miss Mary J., Water St.
Fever, T. V.
Flemming, Mrs. Benjamin,
Water Street West
Field, John T., Adelaide Street
Foley, Mrs. Edward, Goodview St.
Farrell, Miss May, card, Barter's Hill
Flight, Willis, George's St.
Fancy, Miss Lizzie, LeMarchant Rd.

G
Grace, Miss Mary, Cochrane St.
Grant, W. T., care Reid Co.
Gardner, Miss C., Codner's Lane
Griffin, Mrs. Thomas, William St.
Gillard, Douglas, Spencer St.
Gardner, Miss C., Flower Hill
Getheral, Michael, George's St.
Greene, Miss Bride, Bond St.
Gaskell, Mrs. E. H., Belvidere St.

H
Halfyard, Mrs. Hannah
Hayes, Miss Maggie, Barnes Road
Hayward, Miss Annie, Flower Hill
Halligan, C., card
Hanna, J.
Hayward, L. C., Prince's St.
Hayward, Mrs. Sarah, Gilbert St.
Hewitt, Stephen, Allandale Road
Higon, Stephen, Lower Battery Rd.

I
Higgins, L. R., Water St.
Hill, Miss F.
care Mrs. Canning, Queen's Rd.
Horwood, Miss G., Newtown Road
Holmes, A. G.
Holt, Albert, Gower St.
Horwood, Wm.
Hutchings, Alfred, Spencer St.
Hennessey, Mrs., care Mrs. Powers
Hanlin, Charles, Prescott St.

J
James, W. J.
Johnson, Chas. N.
Johns, M. A.
Johnson, Miss Mary
Jones, M. H.
Jacob, Neal, Water St.
James, Mrs. Samuel, 49 — St.
James, Wesley,
care General Post Office
K
Kean, Wm.
Kelly, Mrs. Isaac, Chapel St.
Kennell, John and Miss Maud,
Signal Hill
Kennedy, Thomas,
care General Post Office
Kelland, George, Water St.
King, Paul
King, Edward A., Monkstown Road
King, John J.
King, Mrs. Bertha
Kirkpatrick, Archibald, Theatre Hill
Kennedy, Mrs. P. T.
King, Henry
Kelly, Fred, Chapel St.
Kendell, Geo. A.

L
Lacey, Miss L., 10 — St.
Lamb, Miss Mary, Queen's Road
LeDrew, Wm., LeMarchant Road
Liskem, John, care Gen. Delivery
Lynch, Andrew
Linegar, Thomas, Newtown Road
Lennon, Miss M. F., Long's Hill
Luby, Mrs. Wm., Barnes Road

M
Martin, Wm.
Manning, Thomas
Marsh, Miss Maud, Queen's Road
Matthews, Miss Annie J.,
Cochrane Street
Mason, Miss Mary, Parade St.
Martin (Est.), H. E.
Manard, Mrs. P., Queen's Road
Martin, A. S.
Martin, Miss B., Water St.
Martin, D. J.
Malone, Miss Maggie,
care Mrs. Thos. Griffen,
William St.
Martin, James, Newtown Road
Mahon, Annie, Carpasian
Mercer, John, Goodview St.
Mercer, James, Pennywell Road
Mercer, R., care Mrs. Weir,
Newtown Road
Mercer, C., Chapel St.
Myler, James, Freshwater Road
Meadus, Miss, card, Adelaide St.
Meehan, Miss C.
Miller, Leonard, Bond St.
Miller, Miss, Newtown Road
Milley, F., Pennywell Road
Milley, Harry
Moore, Miss Janet
Morgan, Miss Emmie,
late Port de Grave
Moakler, Mrs. M. A.
Morgan, Harold
Moore, Albert, Gower St.
Moore, Mrs. Minnie, 12 — St.
Moore, Miss Mary, Gower St. East
Murphy, Mrs. Emily
Murray, Miss Bridget, Freshwater Rd.
Murphy, Edward
Murphy, Mrs. Wm.
Mercer, C., Chapel St.
Maloney, D. J., Duckworth St.
Mercer Ida,
care Mrs. J. Sparkes, McFarlane St.

N
McGillivray, J. M.
McDonald, Nellie, retd.
McNeill, H. F.
McGrath, John
McKay, Miss Maud,
care Dr. Rendell
McCann, Timothy, Burke's Square
McDonald, Belle
McDonald, J., Duggan St.
McDonald, Gertie, Nagle's Hill
McMillan, Len, care Gen. Delivery
McDonald, Miss May, Hayward Ave.
McKnight, Jas.
care Jas. Foote, Queen's St.
McCarthy, Mrs. James, South Side

O
O'Neill, Miss Ethel,
care General Post Office
O'Keefe, E. J., Pennywell Road
O'Neill, Miss S., Queen's Road
Oliver, Miss Violet
O'Brien, John Lime Street

P
Parrott, Miss M., care Mrs. P. J. Shea
Parsons, Wm. G., Colonial Street
Payton, Richard, Gilbert St.
Patrick, S., Job's St.
Parsons, Julia
Parsons, W.
Perrin, Mrs. James, New Gower St.
Peddle, Thomas, Barter's Hill
Peddle, Miss Elsie, Adelaide St.
Pearce, Miss Jessie, card
Peddle, Mrs. Archibald
Pearce, Theodore, care Heber Pearce
Peddle, Miss May, Rennie's Mill Road
Piercy, William, Freshwater Road
Pinsent, Edward, care Gen. Post Office
Pike, M. G., George's St.
Pittman, Miss M., card, Military Rd.
Pitcher, F., Barter's Hill
Prince, B. C.
Pike, Fred, Brazil's Square
Power, Miss Kathleen, Gower St.
Power, Miss, care Mary Comer,
Water Street
Potts, Mrs.
Power, Miss Josie, card,
Duckworth Street

Q
Quinton, Mrs. Wm., Gower Street
Quinton, Edward

R
Reddy, Jas., Newtown Road
Ryder, Miss Agnes, New Gower St.
Richardson, James
Ridley, A. S.
Ricketts, Queenie, retd.
Rowan, John A., Banerman St.
Roberts, Herbert, Allandale Road
Roberts, John
Rowe, Thomas, care Gen. Post Office
Rogers, Mrs. Joshua, Spencer St.
Rogers, Mrs. J., Spencer St.
Rogers, Wm. J., Cuddihy St.
Rogers, John, McKay St.
Ramsay, Shen
Ramsay & Co.
Ryder, Miss Agnes, New Gower St.
Rolf, Mrs. A.

S
Slade, F.
Skeans, Mrs., card, Freshwater Rd.
Samuelson, Miss Isabella, Gower St.
Stapleton, Jack, Cabot St.
Scaplin, Mrs. A., New Gower St.
Sears, J. R., Scott St.
Shea, Mrs. Eliza
Shawen, Mr.
Shelgrove, Miss Mary, Carter's Hill
Sweetapple, Mrs. Wm.,
Hayward Avenue
Shellee, R., Convent Lane
Sawyers, J. T.
Smith, J. W.
Short, Miss Sarah, care Post Office
Smith, Wilfred, Water St.
Squires, Albert, Barnes Road
Sutton, Wm., Reg. Office
Sheppard, Mark, Gower St.
Squires, Miss Laura, card, Spencer St.
Smith, J. B.

T
Taylor, Miss Alfreda, Pleasant St.
Taylor, Capt., South Side
Taylor, Mrs. A. J., South Side
Taylor, A., Spencer St.
Tippie, Samuel, Water St.
Tobin, Mrs. J., Barter's Hill
Tobin, John, Carter's Hill
Tucker, John, late James Bay
Tucker, Miss Agnes, Prescott St.
Thorn, Miss Maggie, Prescott St.
Thorn, Miss Maggie, LeMarchant Rd.
Tobin, Miss B., care Mrs. Geo. Kearney

V
Vicars, Michael, Banerman St.
Verge, Miss Mary
care Geo. Horwood, Water St.

W
Walsh, Thomas, Long Pond Road
Wardlan, Wm. B.
Walters, T. P., care Gen. Delivery
Walsh, Patrick, Young St.
Walsh, Beatrice, 9 — St.
Walsh, John, Cabot St.
Wall, Miss M., King's Bridge Rd.
Wall, Miss Mary
Weir, E., Newtown Road
Wheeler, Miss C.,
Water Street
Winsor, Samuel, Cabot St.
Willor, Katie, retd.
Wilcox, Wm., Power St.
White, Oliver, late Millertown
Wiltcher, Miss Sadie, Notre Dame St.
Whitton, Miss Sadie
Willis, Wm. H.
White, Miss Leah, Circular Road
Wornell, Edmund J.,
care General Post Office
Woodford, Miss Mary, Military Rd.
Whitney, Mrs. Edward, Cornwall Ave.
Worrall, Nellie, Springdale St.
Wilson, James, card, Gower St.

Y
Young, John C., Freshwater Road
Young, R. T., New Gower St.

H. J. B. WOODS, P.M.G.
G. P. O., November 17, 1915.

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"It is quite proper though not necessary, to send a gift after such hospitality," said her sister.
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