

**Don't Cough Your Throat Sore  
"Nerviline" Will Cure You Quickly.**

**The Annoyance of a Bad Cough  
Soothed Away in One Day.**

Nothing so bad for the throat as coughing, and nothing half so annoying as to have some one near by that is hacking, sneezing, or constantly clearing the throat.  
Rub on Nerviline—it will save you all further pain and distress. Even one good rub with this soothing, penetrating remedy will bring the finest relief, will take out that rasping soreness, will stop that irritating tickle that makes you want to cough so much.  
Nerviline isn't something new. It has a record of forty years of wonderful success behind it.

In rubbing on Nerviline you use something safe, reliable, and sure to cure. Its action is marvellous. The way it sinks in through the tissues—the way it penetrates to the seat of the congestion is really a wonder.  
For chronic colds, coughs, or sore throat you can't beat this trusty old family remedy. Its name spells cure for any sort of pain in the joints or muscles. Try it for rheumatism, rub it on for sciatica or lumbago, test it out for neuralgia or headache—in every case you'll find amazing virtue and curative power in Nerviline.  
Most families keep the large 50c. bottle always handy on the shelf; trial size 25c., at all dealers in medicine.

**"ECHOES  
of the Past;  
OR,  
The Recompense of  
Love!"**

CHAPTER XIV.  
Quilton nodded to cut short the thanks and held out his hand. As he took Clive's now fiercely burning one, he said, staring at the pillow absent-ly:  
"Shouldn't hurry to get up, if I were you. Your friends won't mind keeping you—they are very old friends, I see; call you 'Clive.'"  
"Oh, do they?" said Clive indifferently.

Quilton's eyes wandered from the pillow to the flushed face.  
"Yes. Good-by."  
As he went out of the room the door opposite opened, and Mina came out. She drew back into the room again, but before she could close the door, he said:  
"I'm afraid my visit has tended to excite Mr.—my friend—" he began. "He is very hot and feverish."

Her lips parted and her eyes grew swiftly anxious.  
"Oh, I will go to him," she said, and she went softly and quickly past the visitor as if she had forgotten his existence.  
Quilton went slowly down the stairs with his wooden face and colorless, expressionless eyes; but at the opening into the street, he paused and stared up at the sky and muttered:  
"If there is anything in the evidence of face and voice—it's the girl, the girl herself. Phew! The plot thickens!"

CHAPTER XV.  
Full of apprehension, on hearing from Quilton that her charge was excited, Mina had glided past him toward the sick-room; but she paused at the door to still the throbbing of her heart. She seemed to be moving in a dream, a dream so sweet, so exquisite, that she could scarcely think, scarcely strive to realize that she was awake and that the man whom she had regarded with a worship as profound as that of a Hindu devotee for his god, had told her that he loved her and wanted her to be his wife.

To nurse and watch over him had been happiness enough; and she would have been content to lay down her life for him, to wait on him hand and foot, and would have considered herself amply repaid with a nod of thanks, a smile of approval. But to be wooed by him, to be told that he wanted her, not for a servant, a slave, but for a wife! She could not grasp the great fact, could not realize it. To live with him, to see him every day, to share his life!  
She swept the hair from her brow and looked before her, murmuring, "I love you. I love you, Mina!" to convince herself that he had really spoken the words, and that she had not dreamed them.

Still murmuring the words that thrilled her to the heart's core, she went in. Clive had fallen into one of the short snatches of sleep—the proposal and Quilton's visit had exhausted him—and, almost relieved, she sat beside the bed and looked down at him, longingly, wistfully. He moved restlessly, and she took his hand and held it, and smiled—the woman's maternal smile—as he at once became quiet. As her eyes rested on him there was a new expression in their depths, the expression of the proprietorship which is so precious to her sex. If she chose, if, when he got well, he should tell her again that he loved her and ask her to be his wife, he would belong to her, be her very own; this here, who, only a few hours—or was it months—ago was so far above her, separated from her by the great gulf of position and station. If she chose! Should she?

Mina was ignorant of the ways of the world—how should she be otherwise?—but she knew that Clive would be "marrying beneath him" in marrying her. She wished that they had not met until she had raised herself a little higher. She would never, oh, never, be worthy of him; but perhaps if she had succeeded as a singer—a real concert-singer—the difference between them would not have been so great. But, if they had not met until that hour for which she was working and toward which she was looking so eagerly and earnestly, she would have missed so much; the memory of that night he had saved her from the hooligans, the precious times they had spent together at the picture-gallery, the solemn experience of having stood between him and that howling crowd at the meeting, and those as solemnly sweet moments by his bedside, when, helpless as a babe, he had had to rely on her tender care.

Yes; let the future be ever so black, nothing could rob her of these happy experiences, of the subtle joy of his presence.  
Clive woke to find her eyes on him, her hand in his, and her name sprang to his lips at the first instant of his awakening.  
"Mina! I've been asleep. And dreaming a bad dream. I thought I'd lost you; that you had wandered away into a dark wood, and that I was hunting for you and could not find you. I was half-mad with fright and grief; and I fought my way through the bush—you know how things obstruct you in a dream, clinging about you and holding you back—and all the time I could hear your voice crying to me: 'Clive! Clive!' Phew! It's nice to wake from such a nightmare and find you here, close to me, dearest."

She shook her head, though she blushed a rosy red.  
"You—you must not call me that!" she said in a low voice. "Remember your promise."  
He frowned, and laughed up at her, his eyes ardent and reproachful.  
"My promise; ah, yes! Forgive me, dear!—Mina. I am to wait; yes, yes! How grave you look, child; as if I were out of my mind still, or should change it! But I'll be good, Mina. I won't distress or worry you. But though you can prevent me

telling in so many words that I love you, you can't prevent me looking it!"  
No; she could not prevent that, and she tried to turn her eyes away, lest the love in them should tempt him to break his word, and she made a resolution, though it cost her a grievous pang, that she would not be alone with him more than she could help.  
So Clive, much to his disappointment and regret, found that either Tibby or Elisha was now almost in constant attendance on him, and that only on very rare occasions did Mina permit herself to be alone with him.  
"This self-denial of hers, of course, hastened his recovery; and in a day or two he was up and able to go out. If he had had doubts of his capacity to leave the house, Tibby would have dispelled them; for though she had been kind enough while he was ill, something of her characteristic mood had returned when he was convalescent.

"I suppose you're fretting to get back to your business, Mr. Clive?" she said, as she tied on her bonnet and rolled up her work-apron. "Well, that's natural enough; I felt like that when I had the measles."  
"Do you think he's quite strong enough to go out, Tibby?" Elisha put in meekly.  
"Oh, Lor', yes," she retorted emphatically. "A man who can put away a couple of heggs in the first-class style as 'd did just now is strong enough to go road-mending! Not, understand me, Mr. Clive, that we begrudge you the heggs; not by no means. We're well aware that but for you there, wouldn't be any heggs at all."  
"Tibby!" murmured Mina, flushing. Tibby looked over her shoulder at her.  
"Well, don't I say so?" she exclaimed. "An' come to that, it seems to me that you've wasted quite enough time—there!—as Mina's eyes filled with tears. "When I say wasted, I mean lost, o' course. 'Pears to me that I'm the only one in this family as ever speaks her mind; an' when I do, the fat's in the fire. That's all the thanks I get."  
"You're right, Tibby," said Clive reassuringly. "I have lost you time and caused you too much trouble not to feel that the sooner I take myself off the better. I wish I could tell you how grateful I am. But you must let me come and tell you in a day or two."  
"Why not write?" she said, as she opened the door. "You can send four ounces o' gratitude for a penny, now, you know."  
"But there is something else I want to tell you, you and Elisha," he went on; but Mina gave him a reproachful glance, and Tibby eyed him ungraciously and jerked her head.  
"Put it in the same envelope," she said insignificantly. "I'm devoured by curiosity, o' course; but I can't stop now, or I shall be late. Good-by, Mr. Clive."  
"You won't mind her, sir," pleaded Elisha. "It's only her way. She don't mean 'arf what she says, don't Tibby; you won't go because of her barking at you, Mr. Clive?"  
"But Tibby's right," said Clive, as he got his hat, "but you must let me come back, as I said. Mina, I wonder whether you would go with me as far as the end of the street."  
Mina hesitated and turned her face away, but Elisha exclaimed: "O' course she will, sir!" So she put on her hat and jacket, her hands trembling, her face pale.  
Clive said good-by to Elisha—re- fraining from wounding him by a single word of thanks—and Mina and he went down the stairs and into the street in silence, and walked for some little distance before either spoke; for they were too full at heart for words. At last, when they had reached a quiet street, he stopped and took her hand and said:  
"It was a hard promise, a hard task you set me, Mina. But I understand, dearest, and I honor you for insisting

**K. of C. Celebration.**

The Knights of Columbus of Terra Nova Council, this city, held their annual parade yesterday in celebration of Columbus Day. The parade took place from the Columbus Hall, Duckworth Street to the Cathedral where the members assisted at Solemn High Mass, celebrated by Bro. Rev. Dr. Greene, assisted by Bro. Rev. E. P. Sheehan and Rev. T. Nangle. Bro. Rev. J. F. Pippy occupied the pulpit and taking his text from the Gospel of St. John, preached an eloquent and inspiring sermon of interest to Roman Catholic organizations in general, and to Knights of Columbus and the Total Abstinence Society in particular. A practical and forcible manner the rev. preacher dealt with the number of those who "give testimony" of the Truth, and of the glorious progress of the Roman Catholic Church from the days of St. John the Baptist right down to the present day. He emphasized the duty of Catholic organizations to "give testimony" despite the obstacles which the modern world, through her literature, arts and sciences may place in the path of the Church. He then paid a particular tribute to the Knights of Columbus, who throughout the United States have done so much to suppress the tide of irreligion. Special reference was made to the K. of C. lecturers who to-day are combatting the Socialistic doctrines with the words of Truth. Because of their good work, said the rev. preacher, the Knights of Columbus have been subjected to the attacks of the evil one, but the bogus oath and the other alleged disclosures have not dampened the ardor of their faith, and that noble organization still continues to give testimony of the Truth. In conclusion he referred to the Total Abstinence Society who yesterday attended Holy Communion in a body. Here too, said the rev. preacher, have we a noble band of men giving testimony. He then exhorted all present to continue the good work and reminded them they were to do so regardless of the ailments of the world. The Catholic Church, said he, offers no reward of prosperity in this life, but to all her faithful children she promises everlasting happiness in the next.  
After Mass the Knights in processional order returned to Columbus Hall.

**Amusements.**

**"MARKS AND FACES" AT THE CRESCENT.**  
"Marks and Faces" (the story of Ernest Vane infatuated by the famous actress Peg Woffington, dabbles around her until his wife despairs of ever seeing him again. Kitty Clive, an actress in Peg's company, is jealous of her success, learning from Sir Charles Pomander, Vane's friend, that he is married, Kitty goes down to his home and posing as a Gypsy reads his wife's fortune. "The one you love is in danger and needs you," she says. Mabel Vane hies her to London arriving at Vane's house just as he is giving a party to Peg Woffington. Peg leaves in high dudgeon laughing her way off so that Kitty's eyes shall not see her heart is breaking for she loves Vane, at the home of the artist Triplet whither she goes to inspect her portrait. Peg faces her life's tragedy when Mabel follows her, the woman's struggle with her love and pride, the wife's piteous appeal for her husband, the false friend's dishonour, and the final triumph of a noble nature is shown in the great 2 reel feature that the Crescent Picture Palace presents to-day; don't miss seeing it.

**TREY O' HEARTS AT NICKEL THEATRE.**  
There is one of the best programmes on record in store for Nickel patrons this evening. It is an all-feature show such as usually attracts crowded audiences at this popular place of entertainment. The great story, the opening chapters of which were seen by throngs: "The Trey O' Hearts" will be continued. This is one of the most thrilling stories ever given to the public. Those Harmony B o y s, Messrs. Huskins and Cairns, will be heard in the very latest novelty songs which are gaining for them the praise of all music lovers. The orchestra, Miss Ring, Messrs. Spencer and Ross, will present an elaborate programme of high class selections. The Nickel is renowned for its music and it is the intention to maintain the high standard. Wednesday the 21st episode of "The Million Dollar Mystery" will be given. All the shows this week are good and patrons should not miss a change.

**McMurdo's Store News**  
MONDAY, Oct. 11, 1915.  
Some people are always having trouble with their tooth brushes. They complain that the bristles come out, or that they snap off short, or that the tooth brush "breaks down" after a few applications to the teeth and becomes almost useless for their purpose. Most of that trouble is due to their purchasing cheap tooth brushes and expecting to get first class service from them. Such expectation is generally futile. One Sanident Tooth Brush will outwear two or three inferior ones, and will give more satisfaction all the way along. The hairs in the Sanident Brush will not come out, and the form of the brush will not break down, and the hairs will not break off. If you want to get the best effect on the teeth use the Sanident Tooth Brush and Sanident Tooth Paste. The latter, like the Brush has outstanding merit, and the two make a splendid combination for use. Price (Sanident Tooth Brush), 35c., (Sanident Tooth Paste), 25c.

Dear Sirs,—I can recommend MINARD'S LINIMENT for Rheumatism and Sprains, as I have used it for both with excellent results.  
Yours truly,  
T. B. LAVERS,  
St. John.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.  
Dear Sirs,—I can recommend MINARD'S LINIMENT for Rheumatism and Sprains, as I have used it for both with excellent results.  
Yours truly,  
T. B. LAVERS,  
St. John.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.  
Dear Sirs,—I can recommend MINARD'S LINIMENT for Rheumatism and Sprains, as I have used it for both with excellent results.  
Yours truly,  
T. B. LAVERS,  
St. John.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.  
Dear Sirs,—I can recommend MINARD'S LINIMENT for Rheumatism and Sprains, as I have used it for both with excellent results.  
Yours truly,  
T. B. LAVERS,  
St. John.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.  
Dear Sirs,—I can recommend MINARD'S LINIMENT for Rheumatism and Sprains, as I have used it for both with excellent results.  
Yours truly,  
T. B. LAVERS,  
St. John.

**Why Burn Your Money?**

Ordinary Lamps Burn Money.  
**"THE ALADDIN"**  
Lamp Saves Money—The Best Kerosene Oil Lamp in the World. Saves More Than Half Your Oil.  
**CHESLEY WOODS, 282 Duckworth St.**  
Sole Nfld. Agents.

Ordinary Lamps Burn Money.  
**"THE ALADDIN"**  
Lamp Saves Money—The Best Kerosene Oil Lamp in the World. Saves More Than Half Your Oil.  
**CHESLEY WOODS, 282 Duckworth St.**  
Sole Nfld. Agents.

Ordinary Lamps Burn Money.  
**"THE ALADDIN"**  
Lamp Saves Money—The Best Kerosene Oil Lamp in the World. Saves More Than Half Your Oil.  
**CHESLEY WOODS, 282 Duckworth St.**  
Sole Nfld. Agents.

Ordinary Lamps Burn Money.  
**"THE ALADDIN"**  
Lamp Saves Money—The Best Kerosene Oil Lamp in the World. Saves More Than Half Your Oil.  
**CHESLEY WOODS, 282 Duckworth St.**  
Sole Nfld. Agents.

Ordinary Lamps Burn Money.  
**"THE ALADDIN"**  
Lamp Saves Money—The Best Kerosene Oil Lamp in the World. Saves More Than Half Your Oil.  
**CHESLEY WOODS, 282 Duckworth St.**  
Sole Nfld. Agents.

Ordinary Lamps Burn Money.  
**"THE ALADDIN"**  
Lamp Saves Money—The Best Kerosene Oil Lamp in the World. Saves More Than Half Your Oil.  
**CHESLEY WOODS, 282 Duckworth St.**  
Sole Nfld. Agents.

Ordinary Lamps Burn Money.  
**"THE ALADDIN"**  
Lamp Saves Money—The Best Kerosene Oil Lamp in the World. Saves More Than Half Your Oil.  
**CHESLEY WOODS, 282 Duckworth St.**  
Sole Nfld. Agents.

Ordinary Lamps Burn Money.  
**"THE ALADDIN"**  
Lamp Saves Money—The Best Kerosene Oil Lamp in the World. Saves More Than Half Your Oil.  
**CHESLEY WOODS, 282 Duckworth St.**  
Sole Nfld. Agents.

**You-- Everyone--**

Can save the price of a new Gown, Opera Cloak or Suit by sending it to UNGAR'S to be Dry Cleaned. Look over your wardrobe and see if there is not some soiled or spotted garment that has good material in it. Do not discard your garments but send them to UNGAR'S and you will be pleased with the result—shape restored, fresh, bright and like new.  
Messrs. NICHOLLE, INKPEN & CHAFE, Agents, Nfld.  
**UNGAR'S LAUNDRY & DYE WORKS, Halifax.**  
oct 6, 11

**J. J. St. John.**  
45c.—The Real Irish Butter—45c.  
Just landed ex s.s. Durango from the Killarney Lakes, another shipment of the best IRISH BUTTER, which is little cheaper, retailing at 45c. lb.  
500 dozen Nicely Perfumed  
**Toilet Soap,**  
in 1 doz. boxes. Price 35c. doz.  
**J. J. ST. JOHN,**  
DUCKWORTH ST. & LEMARCHANT ROAD.

**J. J. St. John.**  
45c.—The Real Irish Butter—45c.  
Just landed ex s.s. Durango from the Killarney Lakes, another shipment of the best IRISH BUTTER, which is little cheaper, retailing at 45c. lb.  
500 dozen Nicely Perfumed  
**Toilet Soap,**  
in 1 doz. boxes. Price 35c. doz.  
**J. J. ST. JOHN,**  
DUCKWORTH ST. & LEMARCHANT ROAD.

**J. J. St. John.**  
45c.—The Real Irish Butter—45c.  
Just landed ex s.s. Durango from the Killarney Lakes, another shipment of the best IRISH BUTTER, which is little cheaper, retailing at 45c. lb.  
500 dozen Nicely Perfumed  
**Toilet Soap,**  
in 1 doz. boxes. Price 35c. doz.  
**J. J. ST. JOHN,**  
DUCKWORTH ST. & LEMARCHANT ROAD.

**J. J. St. John.**  
45c.—The Real Irish Butter—45c.  
Just landed ex s.s. Durango from the Killarney Lakes, another shipment of the best IRISH BUTTER, which is little cheaper, retailing at 45c. lb.  
500 dozen Nicely Perfumed  
**Toilet Soap,**  
in 1 doz. boxes. Price 35c. doz.  
**J. J. ST. JOHN,**  
DUCKWORTH ST. & LEMARCHANT ROAD.

**J. J. St. John.**  
45c.—The Real Irish Butter—45c.  
Just landed ex s.s. Durango from the Killarney Lakes, another shipment of the best IRISH BUTTER, which is little cheaper, retailing at 45c. lb.  
500 dozen Nicely Perfumed  
**Toilet Soap,**  
in 1 doz. boxes. Price 35c. doz.  
**J. J. ST. JOHN,**  
DUCKWORTH ST. & LEMARCHANT ROAD.

**J. J. St. John.**  
45c.—The Real Irish Butter—45c.  
Just landed ex s.s. Durango from the Killarney Lakes, another shipment of the best IRISH BUTTER, which is little cheaper, retailing at 45c. lb.  
500 dozen Nicely Perfumed  
**Toilet Soap,**  
in 1 doz. boxes. Price 35c. doz.  
**J. J. ST. JOHN,**  
DUCKWORTH ST. & LEMARCHANT ROAD.

**J. J. St. John.**  
45c.—The Real Irish Butter—45c.  
Just landed ex s.s. Durango from the Killarney Lakes, another shipment of the best IRISH BUTTER, which is little cheaper, retailing at 45c. lb.  
500 dozen Nicely Perfumed  
**Toilet Soap,**  
in 1 doz. boxes. Price 35c. doz.  
**J. J. ST. JOHN,**  
DUCKWORTH ST. & LEMARCHANT ROAD.

**The Popular London Dry Gin is**  
**VICKERS' GIN**  
BY SPECIAL WARRANT OF APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING TO H.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES  
J. O. ROBLIN, Toronto Canadian Agent  
RADIQUER & JANION B.O. Agents  
JOHN JACKSON, St. John's, Resident Agent.

Advertise in the "Telegram."