

Days of Rheumatism Now Over! Wonderful Miracles Worked by "Nerviline"

Its Strange Power is the Marvel of Thousands It Has Cured.

You will welcome the good news that "Nerviline" rapidly relieves the most excruciating pains.

Nerviline penetrates deeply into the tissue, and possesses pain-subduing power at least five times greater than anything heretofore discovered. Its curative influence upon rheumatic pains is really wonderful.

Nerviline is offered to the people of this community under a positive guarantee of its reliability.

As a curative agent of severest pain, every rheumatic should test this great remedy.

Rheumatism is the greatest test Nerviline has to meet. It cures pains, big and little, but to rheumatics especially it is a great blessing, just as it is to those who suffer from neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, stiffness or enlarged joints.

Remember this: There is nothing harmful in Nerviline.

You can use it freely on your children for their aches and pains. It is dependable, reliable, safe. Nothing to equal good old Nerviline as a general family remedy.

Get the large 50 cent family bottle; it is far more economical than the 25 cent trial size. Sold by dealers everywhere.

Love in a Flour Mill, OR, The Romance of Two Loyal Hearts!

CHAPTER XXII.

"You generally contrive to do that wherever you are, Smithers," said Ronald absently.

"Yes, sir. It runs in our family. One of my uncles on my mother's side was a Court bailiff—man in possession, sir; an' he was chucked out of window so often that he allus felt shy and uncomfortable if he left a house by the door. Strange how things run in families, sir. There was an aunt o' mine—"

"What was your adventure last night?" cut in Ronald, knowing that, if he were permitted to do so, Smithers would run on till doomsday. "I'm going back to Monte Carlo to break-fast."

"Glad to hear it, sir. Oh, it was 't much, sir! I was only very near run over. I was walking along the road on my way back when a swell carriage came tearing along and almost atop o' me. If I hadn't jumped like a cat with a broom after it I should have been on the sick list this morning. Shouldn't have complained, sir, o' course, for the road is meant for vehicles; but the coachman of this swell carriage cut at me with his whip and used strong language—at least, I judged it was strong, though I didn't understand it. Swear words all have the same sound in all the languidges, if you notice, sir. It got my monkey up, and I went for 'im, nearly touched 'im, too; but not quite I fell all of a sudden before I could get a hold of 'im, an' the carriage turned in at a pair o' big iron gates—"

"Weren't hurt, I hope?" said Ronald.

"Oh, dear, no, sir; but I was so upset that I tried to follow that free and easy coachman, and give 'im a bit o' my mind—not that I've much to spare, sir—when they jammed the gates to, an' there was I left outside, as the oyster said when they took it off the shell. I thought I'd wait a bit to see if my friend was so ready with his whip would come out an' talk it over like a man, so I sat myself down and prattled—"

"Yes; I see I shall have the pleasant task of bailing you and paying a substantial fine if we remain here long."

"No fear, sir. He didn't come out; but a very pretty young woman went in. She looked at me so pleasantly that I up and spoke to 'er. Singular to say, she spoke English—what she thinks is English, bless 'er innocent 'eart—an' we 'ad a chat. She's in the service of the Count—"

"You have not forgotten?" she said.

"Is it likely!" he responded. "We'll get a carriage and go for a drive, shall we?"

"Oh, anything—yes!" she assented happily.

They hired a carriage at the nearest stand and drove along the road to San Remo. It did not occur to Ronald that a drive alone with her would shock the conventionalities—indeed, Monte Carlo conventionalities are not easily shocked; and if the Princess had given a thought to the matter she would have regarded it with indifference. The consciousness of his presence, of his nearness, left no room for consideration of prudence.

They did not pass many persons, for it was still too early for the human butterflies to air themselves and flutter in the sunlight, enticing as it was; and they leant back, enjoying the exquisite scenery and the soft warmth of the atmosphere. It must be confessed that Ronald was neither an amusing nor a talkative companion; and most of the time, while he was apparently listening to the gentle voice of the woman at his side, his mind was elsewhere, haunting that island where he had met and lost the girl he loved. But suddenly the Princess touched his arm and roused his attention.

"What?" said Ronald sharply. The Count seemed to crop up in every direction and in every connection.

"Yes, sir. That was the gentleman in the carriage; and, according to the young woman, a rum sort of character he is. She's the young lady's maid, sir—"

"What young lady? Oh, ah, yes!" said Ronald, as he remembered the Princess's allusion to the girl, who was either the Count's daughter or his wife.

"An', accordin' to her, a poor kind o' time the young lady 'as. She's kept there like a kind o' prisoner, never allowed outside the gates, no visitors permitted, just shut up in the 'ouse an' grounds as if she was a luny, which it appears she's far from bein'.

The maid an' me got quite friendly—an', with your leave, sir, I'm agoin' to meet 'er outside the gates to-night at a quarter past eight. She's goin' to bring me the answer to a perlitte message I sent the coachman."

Ronald laughed.

"You can have leave," he said; "but, if you take my advice, you'll steer clear of her."

"Well, I don't like goin' back on a woman, sir," pleaded Smithers, with intense gravity.

"Oh, you'll go, I can see," said Ronald; "but for goodness' sake don't get into a row, or I shall have to leave you behind. Send some morning clothes to the Paris Hotel at Monte Carlo; I may want them."

"Right, sir!" said Smithers, as he followed him up on deck. "Don't you be so nervous about me; I can take care of myself, sir, as the hedgehog said when the slug threatened 'im with a 'iding. Interestin' thing, natural 'istory, sir."

Ronald nodded absently.

"Don't make an ass of yourself, Smithers," he said warningly, as he dropped into the boat.

"No, sir; no use wastin' time doin' work that's been done already," replied Smithers, with a grin.

When Ronald reached the hotel, he found that Brandon and Clemson had finished their breakfast and gone out, probably in search of him, and after he had got through his roll and coffee he went round to the Golden Eagle.

The Princess came down to him at once; she had her outdoor things on, and held out both hands to welcome him.

"You have not forgotten?" she said.

"Is it likely!" he responded. "We'll get a carriage and go for a drive, shall we?"

"Oh, anything—yes!" she assented happily.

They hired a carriage at the nearest stand and drove along the road to San Remo. It did not occur to Ronald that a drive alone with her would shock the conventionalities—indeed, Monte Carlo conventionalities are not easily shocked; and if the Princess had given a thought to the matter she would have regarded it with indifference. The consciousness of his presence, of his nearness, left no room for consideration of prudence.

They did not pass many persons, for it was still too early for the human butterflies to air themselves and flutter in the sunlight, enticing as it was; and they leant back, enjoying the exquisite scenery and the soft warmth of the atmosphere. It must be confessed that Ronald was neither an amusing nor a talkative companion; and most of the time, while he was apparently listening to the gentle voice of the woman at his side, his mind was elsewhere, haunting that island where he had met and lost the girl he loved. But suddenly the Princess touched his arm and roused his attention.

YES—IT IS POSSIBLE TO STOP RHEUMATISM

Rheumatism is a tormenting and stubborn malady. In some cases it yields to treatment which is without avail in other cases.

The darting pains, lame muscles or stiffened joints only disappear by gradually expelling the uric acid, and so many thousands have been relieved by the blood-enriching oil-food in Scott's Emulsion that you should give it a faithful trial. Scott's Emulsion acts as a powerful blood-purifier by increasing the red corpuscles and it strengthens the organs to carry off the acids which cause the trouble.

Try Scott's Emulsion. It cannot harm. It has helped thousands and may be exactly what you need. No drugs.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 15-25

"This is the Count's villa," she said. Ronald looked up at the huge gates and laughed.

"The Count again!" he said. "There's no getting away from him. My man on board the yacht had an adventure, as he called it, 'outside here last night.'"

He told her Smithers' story; and she listened attentively—as she would have done if he had repeated the alphabet.

"Poor girl!" she said, with a sigh. "I pity her, whoever and whatever she is! Think of her, a prisoner, and in the power of that awful man! How closely the place is guarded! Did you see the lodge-keeper standing there, as if on the watch? What women suffer at the hands of men!"

Her voice broke and her lip quivered. Ronald touched her hand soothingly.

"That's all over now, Princess," he said.

Her hand closed on his, and she drew a long breath.

"Yes; it was foolish of me to recall it—here and with you— What was that?"

They had turned up a narrow road which flanked the grounds of the villa; and a girl's voice, singing softly, but heard distinctly by them in the quietude of the place, rose from behind the high wall.

"It is some one singing," said the Princess in a whisper. "It is a beautiful voice. Why, Ronnie, it may be the girl herself! Listen!"

There was no need of the injunction. Ronald was leaning forward, his face suddenly aflame, his breath held in check, his heart beating thickly. For the voice was like that of Cara as she had come, singing, through the trees on the island to meet him! He had heard it but once; but it was engraved on his memory, never to be effaced while life held. He sprang to his feet and gripped the driver's arm.

"Stop!" he said sharply.

The man pulled up, and the Princess, with a startled cry, exclaimed: "What is it? Oh! what is it?"

Her cry recalled him to himself; he bit his lip and sank back again.

"I—I think we are going the wrong way," he stammered, but with his eyes fixed, not on the road, but on the high wall. The voice had ceased; he drew a long breath that was almost a groan. "No, no! never mind!" he said, with forced calm. "Go on!—go on!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

The voice that had risen from behind that high prison-like wall rang in Ronald's ears and set every nerve quivering. Could it be Cara's voice? It seemed impossible that it could be; and yet, could he be mistaken as regards the voice of the woman he loved? He fought hard for self-control, for composure; for the woman beside him was regarding him with wistful curiosity, anxiety.

They drove to a little restaurant on the hills, and had some lunch, and by this time Ronald had recovered from his agitation sufficiently to play his part as host; but, even while he was talking to the Princess he was haunted by that sweet, sad voice, and was asking himself whether it was possible that the Count could be Lemuel Raven, Cara's father. It seemed wildly improbable, too improbable for the most far-fetched of melodramas—Ronald had not yet learnt that truth ever was, and will be, more strange than fiction;—and yet, why not? If the Count were the man who had kept Cara a prisoner on the island, and had stolen the treasure, he had plenty of money to buy palatial villas, live like a prince, and stake thousands at Monte Carlo. At any rate, he, Ronald, would soon find out, by fair means or foul, whether the girl whose voice he had heard was Cara or not.

He was tortured by the suspense, by the feverish longing to go to the villa and demand admittance; with almost a feverish desire to be alone, to think out some plan. As they drove back in the sunlit warmth of the afternoon, and approached the

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS
If you feel "out of sorts" "run down" "got the blues" "suffer from indigestion, flatulence, nervousness, chronic weakness, listlessness, eruptions, piles, etc." write for FREE INSTRUCTIVE MEDICAL BOOK OF THESE DISEASES AND WONDERFUL CURES OFFERED BY THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY, "MEL" No. 242 of the ready for your own ailments. No "follow-up" or "cure" sent. Send many address envelopes for "MEL" to: MRS. CO. HAVERTON, 121, BAYVIEW AVE., TORONTO, ONT. TELEPHONE 5122. Price 25c. (Send 5c. for catalogue.)

villa, he grew silent, and his face became so stern, so fixed, with his repressed emotion, that the Princess glanced at him and sighed.

"What are you thinking of, Ronnie?" she asked. "You haven't answered my last two remarks—it's true they weren't worth a response—and you look so strange and absorbed. Are you thinking of some one who is absent, some one you wish were here—instead of me?" she added, softly.

Ronald was more than half inclined to tell her; but he resisted the temptation. The matter—Cara's safety, deliverance—was too serious for confidence. No; he could not tell her.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I was thinking of a—a trouble I had gone through, am going through;—but I mustn't bore you with it."

"Do you think it would bore me?" she asked, with a wistful, pathetic little smile. "Do you think, if I were offered my choice of happiness, that I shouldn't say at once, 'Give me a share of Ronald Desborough's troubles—and his joys?' Ah, you don't understand a woman, Ronnie! To share the man's trouble is her privilege, perhaps the most precious she has. But you shall not tell me unless you like. Some day you may want to do so; and then—ah, then, we shall see!"

He forced himself to lighten the tone of her conversation; they reached her hotel; he would not go in with her; and at once he took a carriage and drove to the villa. He had formed no plan, devised no means of arriving at the truth, and just as Dexter Reece had done, he passed slowly before the gates and looked at them with masked eagerness. Should he ring the bell and ask for the Count? He knew that it would be useless to do so; and yet he could not resist the desire.

He pulled at the bell, which clanged in a muffled fashion, suggestive, to his overwrought mind, of secrecy and mystery; and the burly gatekeeper came from the lodge and surveyed him through the gate.

(To be continued.)

Items of Interest.

Paris is to have a bronze bas-relief of Miss Cavell's execution.

At the Midland Railway lost property sale at Derby recently a keg of methylene blue, weighting about 1½ cwt., realized £310, worked out at over 36s. a pound—a world's record. Prior to the war the keg would have been worth £12 to £15.

In many parishes in Devon farmers have decided not to harvest their elder apples, of which there is a big crop, and are turning their pigs into the orchards to eat the fruit that has already fallen. Farmers say that with labour so short it leaves no margin of profit to sell their apples at the current price of £1 a ton.

Hundred of wild ponies rounded up on Exmoor were driven into Bampton, Devon, and sold by auction recently at the fair which has been in existence since the days of King John. Some of them had never seen a man before, and it takes two or three strong men to master one of the wild little creatures.

Members of the Letchworth Gardens and Vacant Spaces Committee have dug and planted with vegetables ninety-six gardens belonging to local soldiers and others who, through the war, have been unable to till their own plots. Among the voluntary workers were three ladies, who dug and planted sixteen gardens.



THE FIREMEN
may save your home and belongings from utter destruction by flames, but the smoke and water will create a great deal of havoc.

FIRE INSURANCE
will make good your damaged property and supply you with sufficient ready funds to replace destroyed articles. Have me write you an insurance policy to-day.

PERCIE JOHNSON,
Insurance Agent.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIS-TEMPER.

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.

1504.—A UNIQUE AND ATTRACTIVE COMBINATION GARMET



Ladies Combination Camisole and Envelope Skirt Drawers.

This style produces a comfortable and pleasing undergarment, suitable for cambric, lawn, batiste, muslin, crepe or silk. The free edges may be trimmed with lace, or embroidery. The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: Small, Medium, and Large, and requires 3 ¼ yards of 36 inch material for a Medium size.

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

1306.—A NEAT 'COVER ALL' APRON



Ladies "Middy Apron" To Be Slipped over the Head, or Closed at the Back.

Dotted percale, with trimming of white linen is here shown. This style is also nice for gingham, jean, chambray, lawn, saten, or alpaca. It is cut in kimono style, and low at the throat, where it may be finished with or without a collar, in sailor style. A generous pocket is added to the front, and the short loose sleeve is cool and comfortable. The fulness at the waist may be free or held in place by a belt. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 5 yards of 36 inch material for a Medium size.

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

Size

Address in full:

Name

N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern can be reached 30c. in less than 15 days.

Butter and Eggs!
Finest Quality P. E. I. BUTTER in 30 lb. tubs.
Fresh P. E. I. EGGS.

Orders booked now.
JAMES R. KNIGHT,

Advertise in the Telegram

JUST ARRIVED per Durango:

A splendid variety of Suitings. No two patterns alike. These goods were ordered before the big jump in Woollens and our

Customers can have the advantage of OLD PRICES

Our new style sheets for Fall and Winter just to hand.



John Maunday
TAILOR & CLOTHIER
St. John's, Nfld.
281-283 DUCKWORTH STREET.

SLATTERY'S Wholesale Dry Goods House

Being in close touch with the American Markets, can quote the finest wholesale prices on all classes of POUND REMNANTS and REGULAR PIECE GOODS, FLEECE LINED UNDERWEAR, MATS, RUGS and CARPETS, etc.

Before placing your Fall Order, we would appreciate an opportunity to quote our prices.

SOLE AGENT for the Leader Overall Co. (Local manufacture).

Slattery Building, Duckworth and George's Streets,
ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.
P. O. Box 236. Phone 522.

THE "BIG" Furniture Store.

OUR BIG SALE CONTINUES—ALL OUR PATRONS PLEASED. Consult our "BIG AD" and see some of the remarkable bargains. We must make room for our big stock arriving daily. We are clearing out all odds and ends and have given them a remarkable cut.

\$1.50 TABLE COVERS for \$1.00
\$1.50 CURTAINS for \$1.40
\$8.50 SIDEBOARDS for \$7.00
\$14.00 SIDEBOARDS for \$12.25
\$10.50 BEDSTEADS for \$7.50
\$12.50 BEDSTEADS for \$8.75
\$13.00 BUREAUS for \$10.75
\$14.00 BUREAUS for \$13.50

Ends of CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, MUSLINS, CASEMENT CLOTHS, WOOL FRINGE, &c., &c., must be cleared before New Year.

CALLAHAN, GLASS & Co., Limited,
Duckworth and Gower Streets.

The Higher Form of Dress!

Instead of wearing a blanket like an Indian, civilization prescribes a certain style of clothes—it's a higher form of dress. Society by the same token won't tolerate a man with shabby, untidy garments.

We are ready to help you meet the demands of society. Our Dry Cleaning process keeps your apparel immaculate.

NICHOLLE, INKPEN & CHAFE, St. John's, Nfld., Agts.
UNGAR'S LAUNDRY & DYE WORKS, Halifax.

Advertise in the Telegram