

Rheumatism, A Sneaking Disease Has At Last Met Its Conqueror

Throbbing Muscles and Swollen Joints
Made Well.

RUB ON NERVINE.

Old age knows no foe more subtle, more unrelenting than rheumatism.

At first only a grumbling pain is felt. But, alas, it settles in the joints and muscles, and finally tortures its victims.

To-day the disease may be in the muscles of the back, thigh, shoulder or neck—to-morrow in the joints of the hand, toes, arms or legs it may work with redoubled fury.

Whether the pain is constant or occasional, makes no difference to "Nervine."

Because other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged. Nervine has cured the worst of cases. It has brought health to those in the deepest despair. It has ended years of awful suf-

fering for those who never hoped to be well again.

There is a marvellous healing power in Nervine which it derives from the extracts and juices of certain rare herbs and roots. It allays almost magically the awful pain that only rheumatism can describe.

Congestion is drawn out of the muscles, stiffened joints are eased and limbered up, the old time feeling of depression is cast off, and once again Nervine brings the sufferer to buoyant vigorous lasting good health.

Every home needs good old Nervine, needs it for earache, toothache, headache, neuralgia, lumbago, sciatica, stiff neck, chest colds and sore throat. Wherever there is pain, congestion or inflammation, Nervine will cure it.

Large family size bottle 50c.; trial size, 25c.

"ECHOES of the Past;

OR,

The Recompense of Love!"

CHAPTER V.

Of course, Clive's entrance had attracted attention; nearly every one's eyes were leveled at him, and there was a momentary lull in the buzz of chatter; for nothing is so quick as a London fashionable crowd to scent the "coming man," or so eager to recognize the individual who promises to be famous; before the interesting indication of his approaching greatness he is, very naturally, an unconsidered quantity.

The man who happened to be seated near Lady Edith rose promptly, and, with a little nod of acknowledgment, Clive took the chair. A week ago no one would have given place to him.

"It is very good of you to come," said Lady Edith. "I know how very busy you must be. There is a full account of your life and works in several of the morning papers, The Beacon, especially."

"I didn't know The Beacon went in for fiction," said Clive, with a smile. "I hope you don't believe all the things they may have said of me, Lady Edith?"

"Oh, they have nothing but good to say; it is 'roses, roses, all the way.' How happy you must be."

"Count no man happy till—" he murmured.

She made a charming little grimace. "I know; but I don't believe it. One can be happy without being dead. And is there anything so delightful as success?"

"Failure is sometimes satisfactory," he suggested.

"I hate failure," she retorted. "But I can't associate it with Clive Harvey, the 'friend of the people.' Father says—but I think I have said quite enough nice things; and here is some fresh tea. Do you take sugar? You will find I shall only ask you this once; it is the one thing I remember. Are you going to speak to-night?"

"It's Wednesday," he reminded her. "Ah, yes. I wish you'd let me know when you are 'speaking' next; I—father and I—want to go down to the House and hear you; but you must promise to be as eloquent and as scathing as you were last night!"

All this was very pleasant, and Clive enjoyed it, though he modestly put it aside with a few words of self-deprecation.

"But it isn't all work and no play

with you, is it?" she asked.

Clive laughed. "By no means. I have my amusements, such as they are."

"You don't go out much?" she inquired.

"No," he admitted. "I'm afraid I spend most of my leisure prowling about the streets."

"Ah, yes, I see; studying the people—"

"And smoking a pipe," he put in.

"Oh, but you ought not to confine yourself to studying one class only," she went on. "It seems to me, I dare say I'm wrong, that what is called 'the people' absorb all the attention nowadays. The other classes—the one to which you belong, for instance, is worthy of notice."

"I'm afraid I don't belong to any class now," said Clive musingly. "I am rather—an outcast from society; a kind of black sheep."

"Black sheep are more picturesque, and sometimes more interesting, than the white," she rejoined, with a nod. "But I think you will find that you are not regarded as an outcast."

"Seeing that you are so kind as to permit me to be here—" he began. She gave a little shrug of her shoulders. "I didn't mean that."

I meant that everybody—excepting the Conservatives—the old blue Tories, will be anxious to welcome you. And that reminds me that I am monopolizing your attention, and that all these people want to talk to you. I can see it in their faces and in the way they are watching us; some of their faces express their indignation and impatience pretty plainly."

"Is that a dismissal?" he said.

"No," she said, with a touch of color and a swift glance. "No, you may stay, say five minutes longer; and I'll use them up in telling you how much I envy you. You smile, of course; but think! To have all the world before you, to feel sure that your ambition will be gratified, that success is waiting with the laurel wreath in her hand, ready, when your highness pleases to beckon her, to place it on your brow. Oh, it is good to be clever and a man; but best of all to be a man. You are free to step into the arena, to fight for all you are worth, to pluck victory from the grip of difficulty, to—But you are laughing. How would you like to change places with me?"

Clive looked at her as she leaned forward, her expression certainly not one of pride and hauteur at that moment; and was rather surprised and startled by the sudden revelation. It seemed as if the pride which he had noticed were but a mask, and that for a moment it had slipped aside. She caught the grave regard of his keen eyes, the color left her face and she dropped back with a little gesture, as if she were almost ashamed of her vehemence.

"Clive looked at her as she leaned forward, her expression certainly not one of pride and hauteur at that moment; and was rather surprised and startled by the sudden revelation. It seemed as if the pride which he had noticed were but a mask, and that for a moment it had slipped aside. She caught the grave regard of his keen eyes, the color left her face and she dropped back with a little gesture, as if she were almost ashamed of her vehemence."

"Clive looked at her as she leaned forward, her expression certainly not one of pride and hauteur at that moment; and was rather surprised and startled by the sudden revelation. It seemed as if the pride which he had noticed were but a mask, and that for a moment it had slipped aside. She caught the grave regard of his keen eyes, the color left her face and she dropped back with a little gesture, as if she were almost ashamed of her vehemence."

"Clive looked at her as she leaned forward, her expression certainly not one of pride and hauteur at that moment; and was rather surprised and startled by the sudden revelation. It seemed as if the pride which he had noticed were but a mask, and that for a moment it had slipped aside. She caught the grave regard of his keen eyes, the color left her face and she dropped back with a little gesture, as if she were almost ashamed of her vehemence."

"Clive looked at her as she leaned forward, her expression certainly not one of pride and hauteur at that moment; and was rather surprised and startled by the sudden revelation. It seemed as if the pride which he had noticed were but a mask, and that for a moment it had slipped aside. She caught the grave regard of his keen eyes, the color left her face and she dropped back with a little gesture, as if she were almost ashamed of her vehemence."

"Other persons have their ambitions as well as Mr. Clive Harvey," she said in an explanatory and apologetic tone. "Why do you remain so silent?" she added, with a touch of impatience.

"I was wondering what ambition you could have which could not be easily gratified, Lady Edith," he said.

"You mean that I am Lord Chesterleigh's daughter, daughter of an ex-cabinet minister—"

"With youth and—" he paused before the word "beauty," "with all the means of obtaining your heart's desire."

"Who knoweth his heart's desire, and, having it, is satisfied?" she put in quickly; then she laughed. "How serious we have become, and—how personal! It is my fault. You did not want to talk about yourself; and I—well, I'm not usually given to talking of myself." She had drawn herself up, with a return of her usual hauteur. "I think you must go now—to the other people. Oh, wait!" she added quickly, as he rose at once.

"My aunt, Lady Dalrymple, has a dance on Monday. I will ask her to send you a card if you care to come."

Of course Clive expressed his sense of her graciousness, and she jotted down a memorandum in an ivory tablet, and dismissed him with a slight inclination of her head. Clive would have passed out; but Lady Edith's assertion proved to be correct, and he was stopped by the first group he came to, and was quickly surrounded by persons, some of them even distinguished enough to be called personages, who appeared desirous of exchanging a word or two with Mr. Clive Harvey. Many a young man's head would have been turned by so much flattering attention; but Clive's was not given to swelling, and all with whom he spoke were impressed by his modesty.

Lady Edith's eyes followed him—though she did not appear to be looking in his direction—and when he had left her manner to those who remained became cold and unresponsive. When the visitors had all gone, she rose and went to the window, and looked out at the square, with her delicate brows drawn straight and her lips shut tightly. For the first time in her life she had gone out of her way to be pleasant to a man; she had been more than "pleasant;" indeed, and her face flushed as she recalled some of the things she had said to him. She had stooped to flatter him, and had reached a climax in offering to get him a card for her aunt's dance. "Offered?" Had she not virtually asked him to come?

And he—she bit her lip as she recalled his manner—had not only not met her half-way, but, in his self-possessed fashion, had seemed to hold her at arm's length. "At arm's length;" her mental phrase made her color deepen, and her eyes flashed with sudden scorn of herself and resentment of his reserve. She, Lady Edith Chesterleigh, had deigned to stoop to this man who called himself a social outcast; and he—

She caught up a flower from a vase and crushed it in her hand. She would not see him again; would deny herself next time he called. Already he was spoiled, she told herself, by his sudden success; but even as the thought passed through her mind she knew that it was an unjust one. Knew too, that the very reserve, the refusal to fall at her feet and worship her, as most men would have done, had rendered him more interesting to her.

For the first time in her life, Lady Edith had met a man who possessed the power of impressing her. She had felt drawn to him on the preceding night; when he had entered the room just now something within her had grown warm—was it her heart?

—and at his approach a thrill of pleasure, surely the first of its kind, had shaken off the coldness, the pride, in which hitherto she had encased herself.

"No, I will not see him again," she said; but even as she made the assertion her mind darted toward Monday with a wistful longing, and she knew that she would go to the ball in the hope of meeting him.

The door opened, and her father came in.

"All alone, Edith? All gone?" he said, putting his arm round her shoulder. "Has Mr. Clive Harvey been here?"

Various Forms Of Headache

"It is necessary in order to treat headaches properly to understand the causes which produce the affection," says Dr. J. W. Ray of Brooklyn, N.Y. Continuing, he says: "Physicians cannot even begin the treatment of a disease without knowing what causes give rise to it, and we must remember that headache is to be treated according to the same rule. We must not only be particular to give a remedy intended to counteract the cause which produces the headache, but we must also give a remedy to relieve the pain until the cause of the trouble has been removed. To answer this purpose Anti-kamnis Tablets will be found a most convenient and satisfactory remedy. One tablet every one to three hours gives comfort and rest in the most severe cases of headache, neuralgia and particularly the headaches of women."

When we have a patient subject to regular attacks of sick headache, we should caution him to keep his bowels regular, for which nothing is better than "Anti-kamnis," and when he feels the least sign of an oncoming headache, to take a few tablets. These tablets are prompt in action, and can be depended on to produce relief in a very few minutes. Ask for A-K Tablets. Anti-kamnis Tablets can be obtained at all druggists.

"Mr. Clive Harvey? Yes, I think so; oh, yes, he has," she replied indifferently.

"But I'm sorry I missed him," said Lord Chesterleigh. "Mr. Graham wants him to speak at a big meeting in the East End. He's just the man. I told Graham I should probably find him here, and would ask him."

Since when have you been Mr. Graham's messenger?" she asked.

Lord Chesterleigh looked at her with surprise.

"What's the matter, Edith?" he asked. "Anything wrong?"

"Nothing," she replied coldly; "but it seems to me that Mr. Clive Harvey is—rather too much in evidence. You will spoil him between you, father."

"Oh, he'll take a lot of spoiling," he said. "He's that rara avis, a modest young man. But I mustn't praise him, I see, Edith; for you don't like him, eh?"

"I neither like nor dislike him," she said as indifferently as before. "You forget that I have seen him only twice and that I know very little about him—"

"And care less?" he finished, pressing her shoulder and laughing. He was, though he did not know it, rather

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY.
THERAPION No. 1
CURES DISCHARGES, EITHER SEX, WITHOUT INJECTION.
THERAPION No. 2
CURES BLOOD POISON, BAD LEGS, SKIN AFFECTIONS.
THERAPION No. 3
CURES CHRONIC WEANESS, DRAINS, LOST VIGOR.
SOLD BY LEADING CHEMISTS. PRICE IN ENGLAND, 25c.
FREE SENT TO DR. LE CLERC MED. CO.,
LONDON, ENGLAND. LONDON, ENGLAND. LONDON, ENGLAND.
TRY NEW DRUGS (TASTELSS) POWERS OF LIFE AND
THERAPION No. 1 CURE FOR YOU
SEE THE TRADE MARK WORD "THERAPION" IS ON
THE GILT STAMP AFFIXED TO ALL GENUINE TABLETS
INSIST ON HAVING THE ABOVE.

proud of his beautiful daughter's exclusiveness and unsusceptibility.

"And care less," she echoed, turning away with a little gesture of profound indifference. "We are dining out to-night, you know. I must go and dress."

She went to her own rooms, a suite so luxurious that Clive, if he had seen them would have been still more struck by the contrasts between the dens of Lazarus and the palaces of Dives. Decorated, furnished with the minutest regard to taste, and none at all to cost, they were remarkable even in this age of artistic luxury. Rare books; choice pictures, priceless bric-a-brac, they were all here to minister to the girl's roving fancy. As she opened the door of the sitting-room, a woman, who was at needlework by the window, rose quickly and noiselessly approached her mistress, her eyes scanning her face with a strange eagerness.

She was a woman of little more than middle age, but looked older than her years by reason of the sorrow face covered with a mesh of fine wrinkles, the snow-white hair which showed up vividly against her dark skin, and the dark eyes which, almost black, had a peculiar expression as they rested on Lady Edith, one at once proprietorial and appealing.

To be continued.

Vigorol

If you want to feel well, bright and cheery, full of ambition; be able to move about quick and smartly—VIGOROL, the Great French Tonic, will brace you up—it cleanses the whole system. If the manufacturers could only impress this upon every one who does not feel as they ought to, the world would owe them a great gratitude; but all we can do is to ask you to try one bottle and see for yourself. The change will be wonderful. You need a spring medicine—then take VIGOROL. Sold at all drug stores.

REVISED.

"And what did my little son learn about this morning?"

"Oh, a mouse. Miss Wilcox told us all about mice."

"That's the boy! Now, how do you spell 'mouse'?"

It was then that Arthur gave promise of being an artful dodger. He paused meditatively for a moment, then said:

"Father, I guess I was wrong. It wasn't a mouse teacher was telling us about it. It was a rat."—Harper's Magazine.

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.

1368.—A FASHIONABLE SKIRT MODEL.

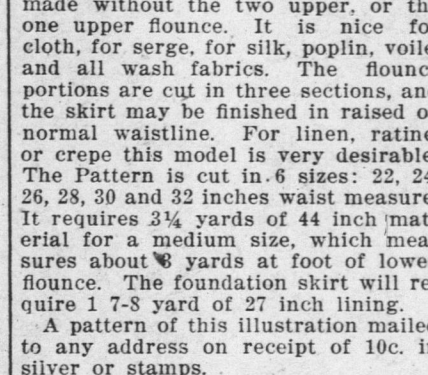


Ladies Three Tier Skirt, with 4 Gore Foundation.

This attractive model, as here shown was made in sand colored taffeta, and trimmed in quaint and pretty styles, with velvet ribbon in a contrasting shade. The skirt could be made without the two upper, or the one upper flounce. It is nice for cloth, for serge, for silk, poplin, voile, and all wash fabrics. The flounce portions are cut in three sections, and the skirt may be finished in raised or normal waistline. For linen, ratine, or crepe this model is very desirable. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 2 1/4 yards of 44 inch material for a medium size, which measures about 3 yards at foot of lower flounce. The foundation skirt will require 1 7/8 yard of 27 inch lining.

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

1428.—A CHARMING COMBINATION.



Ladies Negligee or Dressing Sack and Cap.

This attractive house sack may be developed in silk or cotton crepe, percale, lawn, flannel, cashmere or henrietta, lawn, cross bar, batiste, or dimity. Feather stitching, lace, ribbon or braid binding or embroidery may serve as trimming. The sack is fitted by a belt at the waistline. Its lines are simple, and the pattern is a good style feature. The sleeve is finished with a neat cuff. The sleeve is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 2 3/4 yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size. For the cap, 3/4 yard of 27 inch net, all over embroidery, or lawn, percale, dimity, dotted swiss and silk are suitable.

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

No.

Size

Address in full:—

Name

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

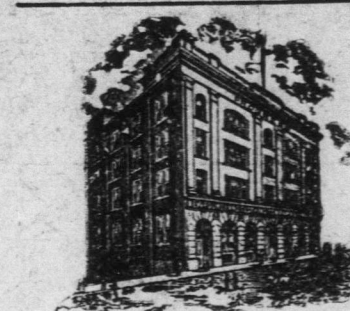
.....

.....

.....

.....

Most People Are now Economizing in the matter of Dress.



WE ARE HELPING the average man to dress as well as ever by placing on the market stylish, well-made Suits at a saving of at least ONE-THIRD.

If you are pessimistic, ask any reliable dealer for any of the following Brands:

FITREFORM, TRUEFIT, AMERICUS, STILLENFIT, PROGRESS.

MADE ONLY BY
The Mld. Clothing Company, Ltd.

Furniture for the Home.

FALL GOODS HAVE ARRIVED.
LINOLEUMS, CANYAS, CARPETS and RUGS in all the daintiest designs.
BEDSTEADS, DRESSERS, WASH STANDS, PILLOWS, BOLSTERS, MATTRESSES, COUCHES, LOUNGES, EASY CHAIRS, TABLES, BUFFETS, SIDEBORDS, DESKS, OFFICE CHAIRS, BOOK-CASES.
A great saving on all you buy at this store.

CALLAHAN, GLASS & CO.,
Limited.
DUCKWORTH & GOWER STREETS.

A Fair Showing,

garments of our tailoring make and we are always glad to show visitors examples of our high-class workmanship, as well as the newest fabrics and smartest designs!

You can't judge such unusual values by our prices, so call, let us take your measure and prove the merits of work in

Tailoring for Men.

J. J. Strang,

Ladies' and Gents' Tailoring.
153 Water Street, - - St. John's.

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.

LIGHT!

Economise, Save Oil.

THE ALADDIN

Lamp burns less than half the kero oil of the regular lamp and gives from 4 to 6 times the light. Also gives a pure white light, better than electricity.

CHESLEY WOODS,
Sole Agent, 282 Duckworth Street.

A pure grape spirit of the highest quality.

**HINE'S
Three Star Brandy**

Guaranteed Twenty Years Old

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

D. O. MOELIN, of Toronto, Sole Canadian Agent

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