

Simply Wonderful for Chest Colds Makes 'Em Well Over Night

Nothing Half So Quick to Relieve and Cure as Good Old "Nerviline."

Don't lie awake to-night coughing your throat sore—don't let our chest cold develop further—that's the way to coax on pneumonia.

Be sensible, and, as thousands before you have done, use Nerviline. It sure is a bully fine thing to knock out a cold or bad cough.

After once using Nerviline you'll swear by it for all time to come.

You'll say it's more like a miracle than anything else to feel its warm soothing action upon your tight chest. You'll be amazed at the quick way it cured your cough and broke up your bad cold.

It's safe for even a child to rub on

Nerviline. Although five times more powerful than most other liniments, yet Nerviline has never yet burned or blistered the tender skin of even a child.

It's worth while to remember that wherever there is an ache or pain Nerviline will cure it.

Try it on your sore muscles, on a stiff joint, on the worst possible case of rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, or lumbago. These are ailments Nerviline is guaranteed to cure mighty quick.

The mother of a large family can save heaps of work and worry, can cure little ills before they grow big, can keep the whole family well by always having Nerviline handy on the shelf. The large 50c. bottle is the most economical.

"ECHOES of the Past;"

OR,

The Recompense of Love!"

CHAPTER XVI.

"You understand? I have made you understand? And you are a good girl; you will not come between my mistress and the man she loves? I do not ask you for her sake. You do not know her, love her, as I do; it is not to be supposed; but I ask it for, his. You care for him—a leetle? Ah, yes. I thought so. I see it in your face, in your eyes. If you do, you will not ruin him, will not stand between him and his fortune, between him and my mistress, whose father will make him great, will help him to rise to lofty heights, to power, in your state. You will break with him, will cast him off—before it is too late?"

Her piercing eyes, her intense scrutiny, could glean nothing from the white face before her. Mina sat motionless, almost expressionless. Sara looked round the room.

"You are poor, is it not so?" she said, in a friendly, confidential way. "You earn your living, like the rest of the poor. If you decide to go away from him, out of his sight, it will be difficult for you without money. I do not offer you money to buy him of you. No, no! But you will not refuse to accept a small sum for—the expenses of the removal, your journey?"

She took a gold-netted purse from the recesses of her voluminous skirt and pushed it slowly and gently across the table. Mina looked at it, her eyes fell on it mechanically; she did not touch it.

"If you will take the advice of a friend—for I am now your friend, Mees Mina; now that I know you are good—you will go away, to a great distance, where he cannot find you; and you will stay hidden till he is married. After that, if you come to me, write to me, I will help you all I can."

She paused and scanned Mina's face; but there was no response in it. She stretched out her hand to pat Mina's arm, but Mina shrank back out of her reach.

"You are sorry, unhappy? Ah, yes, it is natural. It is the way with us women! These men, these sahibs, they make love to us, they swear to be true to us, but they trample on our hearts while they caress us with their kisses. It is the lot of us women, here in England, India, everywhere; man is all alike in every country! We love, we suffer, but we must be wise. Be you wise, my pretty child. Cast him away; do not be misled, deceiv-

ed. He means you no good. Why should he? He will marry my mistress, my dear mistress, the Lady Edith."

Mina rose, her hands gripping the table, her head thrown up, her eyes flashing.

"It is a lie!" she said. "He will not marry her—he will marry me. I know it!"

The words sprang from her lips, from her heart. Behind her natural gentleness, humility, and modesty, there burned in Mina a spirit, which now sprang into a fierce flame. Mingling with this woman's persuasive tones, Clive's voice murmuring, "I love you, I love you!" had been ringing with convincing force. It was not the timid girl who had shrunk in terror from the gang of hooligans, but the girl who had stood between Clive and certain death, that confronted Sara at this moment. Love is the strongest passion that man knows, it is far stronger in women than in men; and at this moment it absorbed, engrossed the whole of Mina's being. As she stood there with white face and parted lips and flashing eyes, she was an inexperienced, unsophisticated girl no longer; but a woman fighting for that which a woman holds dearer than all else in the wide world—the possession of the man she loves. Clive she knew, trusted, and believed in. This woman, with the strange face and dress, she did not know, did not believe; she cared nothing for her or for her vaunted mistress. It was just possible that Clive might have intended to marry this Lady Edith, but that he intended to do so now was simply incredible, for only a few short hours ago he had told her, Mina, that he loved her, had asked her to be his wife; had told her that he would come in two days' time to repeat his avowal of love, to ask her for her betrothal pledge.

It was Clive against this strange woman; and her heart did not hesitate in its arbitrament, its decision. She might be standing between Clive and his ambition, his worldly welfare, but the woman's heart in her knew that the fulness of her love for him, the wealth of her passion, would more than console, compensate him for anything he might lose by marrying her.

She belonged to the common people; she was, as this woman had said, of lower class and caste; but her schooling had taught her much; unconsciously, intuitively, if you like, she felt at that supreme moment that she could make her lover happy, and that happiness, especially such happiness as she could give him, would far outweigh any worldly success which he might obtain by marrying this Lady Edith. So she stood erect, almost defiant, and spurned the suggestion so insinuatingly made by this strange woman.

Sara leaned forward and stared at

the slight figure, straight as an arrow, the beautiful face, white as death, but eloquent of an immovable determination.

"Soh!" she hissed rather than spoke. "You refuse my offer! You will not release the sahib, will not go?"

"I will not," responded Mina, her bosom heaving, her hands clenched. Sara leaned back and laughed contemptuously.

"You are a fool!" she said, with a shrug of the shoulders; her brown fingers turning the bangles on her wrist. "You have listened to what I say—and you refuse? You are a little English fool. And you will be sorry—when it is too late. When he has cast you off and you are deserted—and he will cast you off and desert you, be sure—you will think of what I have warned you, and you will be sorry. You are pretty; ah, yes!" She nodded and smiled, a forced smile which belied the fury in her dark eyes. "But the sahib will tire of your prettiness. They always do. Because you see, you are not of his caste; if he marry you, he will sink to your level; he will ruin himself; will be no longer one of your Parliament and great in public life. You will have dragged him down to your level, your low caste, and he will be sorry for what he has done. He will be like a man who has tied a stone round his neck and cast himself into the Ganges. He will be a nobody, a mere nobody. Then he will think, 'Why did I marry this foolish, common girl; I, a noble of the higher caste?' He will cast you away, desert you. Do I not know?" she demanded vehemently.

"I have lived with these people, these great people; I know their ways, the thoughts they think; they are all alike. They cannot herd, cannot wed, with the lower caste." Her mood changed and she went round the table and put her hand on Mina's shoulder. "Come now, be a sensible little girl," she said persuasively, with a friendly, confidential smile. "Do not be misled by him. Give the sahib up while there is time. While there is time! You will, will you not? You will take the money and fly, before it is too late!"

Mina shook off the thin, clawlike hand, and with an indignant gesture swept the purse from the table to Sara's feet.

"I will not!" she panted. "I do not believe what you say, what you tell me! He loves me! I love him; and—I will marry him!"

Sara recoiled and, clasping her arms across her bosom, looked Mina up from head to foot.

"You will not?" she hissed, her eyes flashing balefully, her lips stretched, showing the white, even teeth. "You will not give him up! You will come between him and my mistress, my beloved mistress! You shall not! Nothing shall come between her and anything she desires. You think you can hold him, this sahib, whose shoe-strings you are not worthy to tie. You are a common girl, of a low class. You dare to lift your eyes too high. He marry you! Bah! You mock yourself! I tell you you shall not. You will be his fool, his mistress—" In her fury she broke into Hindustani, and poured it like a lava over Mina. "Idiot! Slave! You to come between my mistress and the man she loves!" She laughed scornfully. "We shall see! Sara will see!"

She snatched up the purse, drew her shawl round her with an angry, passionate gesture, and strode to the door. There she turned and cast a malignant eye over the girl's slight, but still erect form.

"Beware!" she panted almost inaudibly. "Rather than see you come between them, I would lay you and him—and him! mark me—dead at my feet!"

The door slammed on her, the room seemed still to sway with the fury of her passion; but for some moments Mina still stood, her hands clenched, her bosom heaving, her eyes flashing with indignation, with all a woman's anger; and it was not until Sara's footsteps had died away that the girl she had tortured sank into the chair, gasping for the breath that seemed to choke her in its coming.

CHAPTER XVII.

Perfect love casteth out fear. Mina's love for Clive was as perfect a one

Various Forms of Headache

"It is necessary in order to treat headache properly to understand the causes which produce the affection," says Dr. J. W. Ripley of Brockton, Ala. 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-kamnia Tablets will be found a most convenient and satisfactory remedy. One tablet every one to three hours gives comfort and relief 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 "Actoids," and when he feels the least signs of an oncoming attack, he should take two A-K Tablets. Such patients should always be instructed to carry a few Anti-kamnia Tablets, so as to have them ready for instant use. These tablets are prompt in action, and can be depended on to produce relief in a very few minutes. Anti-kamnia Tablets can be obtained at all druggists.

as we imperfect mortals are capable of; and notwithstanding the impressiveness of the Hindu woman's appearance and the well-nigh tragic force with which she had carried her part of the interview, and the fact that Mina had herself heard the name of "Lady Edith" on Clive's lips when he was unconscious, Mina would not permit herself to yield to doubt and fear which insidiously attacked her. She believed in his truth as she believed in her own. As she had said to Sara, whatever feeling he may have had for this Lady Edith, this beautiful daughter of a great nobleman, he now assuredly loved her—Mina.

She would not doubt him, she would not be depressed. She would say nothing to Elisha or Tibby; but would go on just as usual; indeed, she would practice longer than she ordinarily did, would work harder at her lessons, so as to fit herself to be the wife of the great man the strange woman had declared "Mr. Clive" to be.

Singularly enough, Mina was not frightened or awed by the discovery of the vast difference between their social positions. All along she had known that his station was above that of hers, so very far above, indeed, that the knowledge of his high birth did not affect her as it might have done. She had been just as unworthy of him when he was to her an ordinary gentleman, "Mr. Clive;" she was little more unworthy of him now that he proved to be the son of an earl. He could not stoop any lower than he had stooped in asking her to be his wife, and the girl, suddenly transformed into a woman by her love and the terrible ordeal to which she had 'elt, how she knew not, but instinctively, as all such feelings come, that her great love leveled all distinction.

When he came the day after tomorrow to tell her again that he loved her, and again to ask her to be his wife, she would show him her heart plainly, tell him all that was on her mind, all that the Hindu woman had said, and leave the decision to him.

And even at that moment, when every nerve was racked by the woman's visit and tragic threat, she had no fear of the result. True love is quick to recognize its kin; she knew in her innermost heart that he loved her, and with a strange determination in a girl so young, so unsophisticated, she possessed her soul in patience.

She practised for a great many hours that day, and begged permission, which was readily granted, to remain at the school a longer time than usual, so that she might pick up her dropped lessons.

But though she strove, by incessant occupation, to drive away the remembrance of the Hindu woman, it intruded itself at odd moments and harassed her, and she was looking pale and tired when she came in to supper.

(To be Continued.)

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Gin Pills are 50c. the box or 6 boxes for \$2.50. If you want to try Gin Pills write for free sample to the National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada Limited, Toronto.

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.

1418-1418. — A JAUNTY SUIT FOR EARLY FALL.



Coat—1418. Skirt—1418.

Plaid suiting is here shown in brown tones, with facings of tan faille on collar and pockets. The coat is loose fitting, and finished with a smart collar. The skirt has graceful attractive lines, with plaited fulness at the sides. The pockets may be omitted. It will require 2 3/4 yards of 44 inch material to make the coat for a medium size. The coat pattern, 1418, is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18, and 20 years. The skirt pattern, 1418, is cut in the same sizes, and requires 3 1/2 yards of 44 inch material. It measures about 3 yards at the foot. In blue broad cloth with black, or white satin facings this would make a smart street suit.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

1419. — A CHARMING DRESS FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.



Girl's Dress with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

Galatea, gingham, serge, linen or percale, may be used for this model. It is also good for velvet, corduroy, taffeta, mixed suitings, cashmere or garbadine. The fronts and back are cut long in panel effect, and the waist sections are lengthened by plaited portions, that may be trimmed with the pointed tabs. If preferred a belt may be used as shown in the small view. The sleeve in wrist length has a band cuff. In short length, a band holds the gathers at lower edge. The Pattern provides a chemise for high neck finish. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 3 yards of 44 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

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