



Are you Run-down

When your system is undermined by worry or over-work—when your vitality is lowered—when you feel "anyhow"—when your nerves are "on edge"—when the least exertion tires you—you are in a "Run-down" condition. Your system is like a flower drooping for want of water. And just as water revives a drooping flower—so Wingarnis gives new life to a "run-down" constitution. From even the first wingglassful you can feel it stimulating and invigorating you, and as you continue, you can feel it recharging your whole system with new health—new strength—new vigour and new life. Will you try it?

Begin to get well FREE.

Wingarnis is made in England, and you can obtain a liberal free trial bottle—not a mere taste, but enough to do you good, by sending 6 cents stamps (to pay postage) to COLEMAN & CO., Ltd., Wingarnis Works, Norwich, England. Regular supplies can be obtained from all leading Stores, Chemists, and Wine Merchants.



Agents for Newfoundland—
Messrs. MARSHALL BROS., Water Street, St. John's, Newfoundland.

"ECHOES of the Past;

The Recompense of Love!"

CHAPTER XX.

Consciously or unconsciously she was exerting the influence of sex, and consciously or unconsciously Clive was being drawn under its spell. A clock struck the hour; he started and looked at his watch.

"Lord Chesterleigh ought to have been here half an hour ago," he said.

"How the time flies!"

"Father is not coming," she said, with anything but poignant regret. "I suppose we ought to be starting."

Clive knew that if Lord Chesterleigh were not coming, they ought not to be just starting, but ought to have done so some hours ago; indeed, ought not to have come at all; but he nodded cheerfully and went out to tell John to put the horses to, and to help the man if necessary. The horses were not in the stable, the carriage was not in the yard, and John was not to be seen and did not come when Clive called him; but the landlady came to the back door and regarded Clive with some surprise.

"Were you calling for your man, sir?" she inquired. "He's gone."

"Gone! Gone where?" asked Clive.

"Gone back to London, sir," she replied. "He started a long while ago." She saw by Clive's face that something was amiss, though he instantly suppressed any show of surprise. "I gave him his tea early, because he said that you were going back by train and that he was to take the horses back to London at once."

"Ah, yes," said Clive casually. "What is the next train by the way?"

"I'll ask, sir," she said. "The porter is in the tap-room."

Clive returned to the parlor with a smile which he trusted would not appear false to Lady Edith.

"Your man misunderstood something that I said and has driven back to London; we shall have to return by the train," he said in a matter-of-fact tone. "I'm very sorry."

Lady Edith laughed—she would have preferred the drive home alone with him, but they might be alone in the railway carriage—and the laugh was still on her lips when the land-

lady came in, dropped a curtsy, and said:

"The last train has gone, sir; it went more than half an hour ago."

CHAPTER XXII.

The laugh died from Lady Edith's lips and she stared with dilated eyes at the woman, for suddenly, in a flash, she realized the situation. The landlady looked from one to the other with some distress.

"I'm very sorry, sir," she murmured. "If so be as you'd like to stay, I'd do my best to make you comfortable."

The blood burned in Lady Edith's face, then it died away as, pale to the lips, she rose to her feet. Clive was pale, too, and he said instantly, almost sternly:

"We must return to London and tonight, at once. Will you please get us a carriage, a fly, anything?"

The landlady began to see her mistake and nervously stammered an apology. Clive cut her short.

"Yes; yes! No matter! The carriage and fly!"

The woman almost broke down. "There isn't such a thing in the place, sir," she said. "We've no horse or carriage of any kind; there's nothing but a rough pony and cart, not fit—"

"Where can I get one?" Clive asked. "Pray, don't be alarmed. It was not your fault—it was mine—all mine. What is the nearest place?"

"You might get a fly at Hansford; that's eight miles, if you go across the fields, sir. I'll send my boy to see if he can get one; but I'm not at all sure that he will. Oh, dear, dear! If I'd only known."

"I will go," said Clive; "the boy can show me the way."

He closed the door on the woman and forced a smile.

"What an awkward fix!" he said. "But I shall be sure to get some kind of carriage. Please don't be distressed."

"I am not," she said in a low voice. "But—but it is very late already; by the time you have got the fly and we have reached London, it will be—"

"I know," he said soothingly; "but I will explain to Lord Chesterleigh."

"My father?" she said, looking beyond him with a growing fear in her eyes. "He will understand; but the servants—the other people?"

Clive's heart smote him and he felt as if he could knock his head against the wall. And the worst of it was that he could find nothing to say that would set her fears at rest, nothing that would not be too hopelessly

banal. He took up his hat as he heard the landlady's step in the passage.

"I do hope you will not be more distressed than you can help," he said. "I shall never forgive myself for my carelessness—I will be back as quickly as I can—please don't fret about it."

He took a step or two toward her; she had sunk into the chair again and with her hands tightly clasped in her lap was staring anxiously at the fire. No man with a heart in his bosom could refrain from pitying her. She seemed to Clive like a child, to be soothed, reassured. His hand went to her shoulder; but it fell to his side again before he touched her, and, without another word, he left the room quickly.

He and the boy reached Hansford to find a small village wrapt in slumber. With some difficulty Clive succeeded in knocking up the landlady of the inn and obtaining a ramshackle fly—it was, in fact, a vehicle which only resembled the ordinary fly in its antiquity and mustiness—and with still greater difficulty obtained a driver, and he and they returned to Palmer's Green.

Lady Edith was already dressed for the journey. She was calm but very pale, and, after a swift glance at Clive, her eyes avoided him. He borrowed some wraps and a rug from the landlady and made Lady Edith as comfortable as he could in the vehicle. At the last moment he got a glass of hot milk and insisted upon her drinking it. He wondered whether she would prefer that he should ride on the box; but, unable to decide, he took his seat beside her.

The night was as lovely as the day had been; and, under other circumstances, the drive would have been enjoyable enough. As it was, Clive saw that it was incumbent upon him to render it as little miserable as possible; and he tried to talk to her and divert her from dwelling on the embarrassing situation, and, after a time, her face lost its pallor and grew brighter; the fact was she could not be unhappy while she was by his side and so near, so very near, to him.

She said very little, but nestled amid her wraps, her eyes glancing at him now and again, and at times closing as if she were asleep; but she was not sleeping; she was asking herself what he would do when they reached town. Would he—as it is possible that a still greater happiness than that she was feeling might be born of this contretemps?

Clive was also asking himself, during the intervals in which she seemed to be sleeping, what course he should take. Had his carelessness compromised her? If so, his course was plain, his duty obvious. A vague doubt that was almost a dread assailed him, and yet with the doubt was mingled an intense pity for the woman he had placed in such an awkward predicament, whose good name he had so unwittingly imperiled.

They came within the wonderful lights of London, of which so much has been written and sung, and soon the shabby carriage rolled on the asphalt. Lady Edith woke or seemed to wake and, leaning forward, looked about her anxiously; then she suddenly drew back within the shelter of the hood; for, late as it was, carriages, returning from dinner or ball, were passing, and she might be seen and recognized by some of the occupants.

Clive directed the man to Grosvenor Square and presently they stopped at the house. He signed to her to wait, until he had rung the bell; and as the door opened he helped her out and paid and dismissed the man.

"You—you will come in and see father?" she faltered.

"Why, of course!" he responded, half-unconsciously pressing her arm within his.

Sara was standing in the doorway, and as they passed in, she closed it and, throwing her arms round Lady Edith, drew her to her.

"Oh, my dearie, my dearie!" she crooned. "You have nearly killed your Sara with fright! Where have you been—what has happened?"

As she spoke her dark eyes sought Clive's, and they did not glare angrily and reproachfully, but with a smile that had a touch of triumph in it. Clive could see by the movement of Lady Edith's shoulders that she was sobbing.

"Nothing has happened—no accident," he said. "The carriage came home without us and we lost the train. Your mistress is quite safe, but she is naturally very tired. I think she ought to go to her room at once. I will go to Lord Chesterleigh."

"His lordship is not at home, sahib," said Sara. "I will take my mistress up-stairs."

"Yes; yes! I will wait to hear how she is," said Clive.

He went into the dining-room. There, on the writing-table, lay Edith's letter and beside it a telegram addressed to Clive. He tore it open. It was from Lord Chesterleigh, saying that he was summoned to the sick bed of a relative, and asking Clive to break his sudden absence to Lady Edith, so that she might not be alarmed. The chapter of accidents was complete. He paced up and down the room. What should he do? Presently the door opened and Sara came in with her peculiar gliding step, salaamed and stood looking at him with a friendly, almost an approving, smile.

"My mistress is quite well; she will come down to the sahib presently," she said. "She is very tired, but she is not crying any longer. Why should she cry? Why should she be sorry? It is no matter that she is late, it is no matter that the servants know that she is out alone with Sahib Clive Harvey and that she came back alone with him at a very late hour."

She paused, the smile still on her face, but a certain look of inquiry, of expectancy and of veiled scrutiny was in her black eyes. She waited for Clive to make some response; but there were times when Mr. Clive Harvey could be as self-contained and as impassive as even Quilton; and he said nothing. Sara went on:

"My mistress is a little afraid of her father, the great sahib; she says a word or two as she lay in my arms just now; she thinks his lordship will be angry with her for being out so late and alone all by herself with you; but I soothe her fears, I tell her that that does not matter."

Again she paused, her eyes striving to pierce the mask under which Clive had thrown his face. She saw no shrinking there, no resentment of her freedom of speech, nothing but impassivity. But the fact was, Clive

was scarcely listening to her, he was thinking of Lady Edith, of the course he should adopt. Sara's smile grew more fixed.

"My mistress is very happy," she said in a slow, soft voice. "I have never seen her so happy since she was a child and lay on my bosom. She is like my own child, sahib, and when she is happy my heart rejoices, and when she grieves, my heart aches and grows hard, hard." She touched her heart sharply. "So I am very happy to-night, and I ask the sahib to be gracious and let his servant wish him a long life and every joy."

Clive nodded. "Thank you, Sara. Will you tell your mistress that I am still here and will be glad to see her, if she is not too tired?"

"Oh, she will not be too tired, sahib," said Sara, with a glittering smile.

She salaamed and left the room, but outside, the smile died from her face as if it had been wiped off, and her eyes flashed threateningly, as if she had been baffled by Clive's manner.

Clive paced up and down the room, full of doubt, uncertainty, and a sense of trouble. He knew that there was only one thing for him to do. As he heard Lady Edith's step in the hall, he went, with a forced smile, to open the door for her.

Sara had thrown an elaborate, an exquisite tea-gown round her mistress, and in plain truth Lady Edith, with a faint blush in her face, her sapphire eyes glowing yet half-hidden, her perfectly shaped lips apart as if her heart were beating fast, was a vision of feminine loveliness at that moment.

(To be Continued.)

The Highest Candy-Compliment You Can Pay!



MOIR'S CHOCOLATES

MADE IN CANADA

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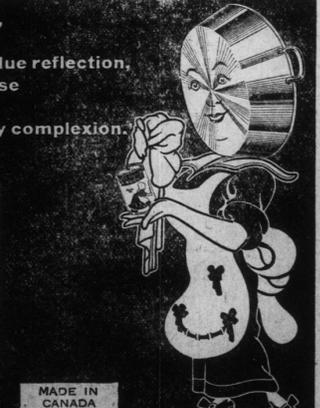
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(To be Continued.)

Says Polly Pan,
"I always can
Be bright, with due reflection,
Because I choose
To always use
Old Dutch for my complexion."



Worst Foot Forward.

By RUTH CAMERON.



RUTH CAMERON

"I got the surprise of my life this summer," said the Authorman. "You know we had a lot of our guests at our summer camp and when we asked them if they could swim they would a lot most always say, 'Oh, yes!' with the air of an Annette Kellerman or a Leo Handy. Then one day a young college girl my wife knows came down. 'Do you swim?' we asked, and she answered, 'A little.' I thought, 'I suppose that means she takes three or four strokes.' But when we went in she swam straight out to the middle of the lake with me. 'Do you call that a little?' I said. 'Oh, yes!' she answered; 'sometimes I'm going to really swim.' And she meant it. I tell you it made a deep impression on me."

"Making The Best A Pleasant Surprise." "It reminds me of something I read in a story the other day," said Molly; "it was about putting your worst foot forward. The girl in the story said that was better than putting your best foot forward, because then people knew the worst and the best was a pleasant surprise."

"There was a woman my mother used to marvel at because she never had the slightest trouble keeping her maids," contributed the cynic. "She said her only secret was that when

she hired a maid she told her the disadvantages about the place and didn't say so much about the advantages, let her find them out when she came. I suppose that was the same theory."

They All Told About Their Homes. "It's like a woman I met at a summer hotel once," said the Authorman's wife. "There were quite a crowd there who came from different suburbs of the city and we formed a little bridge club and planned to meet at each other's homes in the winter. All the women had been trying to make out that they lived in great style at home, managed to refer to the servants they kept, etc., etc., but there was one woman who never had a thing to say about her home."

"And hers turned out to be the loveliest of all," guessed Molly. "You might tell me that," complained the Authorman's wife, thus robbed of her climax. "Yes, it was all that taste and money both could make it, and of course it seemed all the more impressive because we had expected so little."

"What does it make you think of, Big Sister?" asked Molly of the Lady-who-always-knows-somehow.

What The Lady Thought. "I was thinking of something in the Bible."

"Goodness! Is there something about it there? Did they put their worst foot forward?"

"They were inclined to put their best, but it was suggested to them that the other way was more honorable."

"Where is it?"

"Well, just for the interest of it, see if you can find it yourself," said the Lady.

How about it, reader friend?



"CAN YOU AFFORD TO TAKE CHANCES?"

A little cold may not seem a dangerous thing—you may feel inclined to let it go on hoping that to-morrow it will be better—but can you afford to take chances? Just as the little insignificant acorn grows if let alone, to the mighty giant oak, that cough if not stopped may grow to a very serious illness. When a cough starts there's no telling where it will end. You know the doubt, of cases right among people you have known where serious complications and fatal illnesses have had their start from a neglected cough or cold.

A cold is more than inconvenient—it is dangerous—so the big thing is to find a reliable remedy—one that will give you quick, satisfactory relief.

There are many treatments that are recommended for a cough or cold but STAFFORD'S PHORATONE COUGH AND COLD CURE is recommended to be the safest, surest and most satisfactory way to cure a cold, gripple, etc.

Price 25 cts.; Postage 5 cts. extra. Prepared only by DR. F. STAFFORD & SON, St. John's, Nfld. Manufacturers of 3 Specialties: Stafford's Liniment, Stafford's Prescription "A," Stafford's Phoratone Cough & Cold Cure.

(To be Continued.)

Liverpool Board of Trade Presents Crew with Monetary Awards.

London, October 12.—The president of the board of trade at Liverpool, Friday presented Captain Main, the officers and crew of the Hesperian with awards made by the War Risks Association in recognition of their efforts to navigate the ship in Queensland after it was torpedoed. The Allan line awarded the men a month's pay and a month's holiday with pay, also replacing their lost kits. The War Risks Association voted the captain fifty guineas, and the officers and crew a month's pay.

Obituary.

MISS JUDITH BRENNAN. With regret we record the passing of Miss Judith Brennan, of Fermeuse, whose death occurred at that place on the 15th inst. The deceased young lady who was in her 27th year, had been ailing for some time as the result of a cold contracted at Red Island, P.E., at which place she taught in the R. C. School for five years. She also taught school at St. Mary's for two years, and the faithful and conscientious discharge of her duties at these places endeared her to all. Her end was peaceful and she died fortified by the rites of the Roman Catholic Church. To the sorrowing relatives and friends the Telegram extends sincere sympathy in their bereavement.

Will Soon Be fit for Fighting Again.

Private Jacob Morgan, son of Mr. John Morgan, of Cupids, enlisted at Montreal in one of the first lot of recruits. He left Canada for France and was in the trenches early in March last. He was wounded on the 17th of May by being shot in both legs and one is still troubling him. He was about six weeks in hospital at Chivedon on Thames. Since then he has been employed in the hospital. The information he conveys to his mother in a letter dated October 2nd. He expects to be fit for fighting again shortly.

GERMAN STEAMERS SUNK. STOCKHOLM, Oct. 22. British submarines have sunk four German steamers in the Baltic.

The Congestion From a Bad Cold Loosened Up in One Hour

If Bubbed on at Night You're Well Next Morning.

NERVILINE NEVER FAILS.

When that cold comes, how is it to be cured? This method is simplicity itself. Rub the chest and throat vigorously with "Nerviline." Rub it in good and deep. Lots of rubbing can't do any harm. Then put some Nerviline in the water and use it as a gargle; this will ease the cough, cut out the phlegm, assist in breaking up the cold quickly.

There is no telling how quickly Nerviline breaks up a hard racking cough, eases a tight chest, relieves a pleuritic pain. Why, there isn't another liniment with half the power, the penetrative qualities, the honest merit that has made Nerviline the most popular American household liniment.

A large 50c. bottle of Nerviline cures ill of the whole family, and makes doctor's bill small. Get it today. The large size is more economical than the 25c. trial size. Sold by dealers everywhere.

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CHAPTER XXII.

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