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They Vanish Quickly if Nerviline is Well Rubbed In.

When the throat tickles, when it hurts to draw a long breath, when you feel as if a knife were stuck in your side, it's time to draw out the congestion that will soon become pneumonia.

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takes soreness out of the throat in one rubbing—breaks up the chest cold, draws out the inflammation, stops the cough quickly.

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No pain-relieving remedy compares in power to cure with Nerviline. Largest sale in Canada of any liniment for nearly forty years. The reason is plain. It satisfies every time.

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Love in a Flour Mill,

OR,

The Romance of Two Loyal Hearts!

CHAPTER X.

Cara turned her eyes upon him as if she had not seen him before; but she made no response, did not even nod, and went into the mill. Reece scrambled into the phaeton, eyeing the horses with covert apprehension; and Evelyn drove on. The cobs were perfectly quiet now, and trotted down the incline with a subdued and demure air, as if they were ashamed of themselves, which they probably were; for your horse has a conscience.

"What an extremely beautiful girl!" said Evelyn.

"Yes; she was rather good-looking," he admitted. "But I don't admire that kind of beauty. An extraordinary looking creature."

"Oh, do you think so?" said Evelyn, glancing at him with surprise. "I thought she was most graceful, and, in a way, charming. You mean her dress? Poor girl! I suppose she has nothing else to wear; the flour would spoil nice things. But you wouldn't think her extraordinary if you saw her properly dressed," she added confidently. "Didn't you notice how graceful she was, how straight she held herself, and how she moved and walked?"

"I'm afraid I was too much taken up with the horses to pay much attention to the girl," he said, with a laugh.

"Think what a life it must be for her, alone up here on the moor, with no other woman near her," said Evelyn, rather to herself than to Reece.

"Yes; it would get on most people's nerves—it certainly would on mine; but she is used to it, and use is second nature. Grand view here!"

Evelyn nodded absently; she was still thinking of the girl—could not get her out of her mind.

"I must come up here and see her again," she said.

She was preoccupied during the rest of the drive; and when they were at luncheon she told her father of the incident, and dwelt admiringly on Cara's display of courage.

Sir Reginald listened in his grim, uninterested way, and made no comment.

"Her father's name is Lemuel Raven," said Evelyn, as if she could not leave the subject. "He must be a forger, I think; for the daughter had a Spanish or Italian air about her, and was very dark. Do you know anything of him, father?"

"No," replied Sir Reginald. "The name Lemuel is not uncommon in Port Dale; he probably comes from there. I will ask Bentley to make inquiries, if you like."

Evelyn knew what this meant; that the steward would be sent up to the mill with a five-pound note.

"No no!" she said quickly. "I would rather you didn't do that, fa-

ther. I mean—No; I would rather Mr. Bentley did not go up to see them."

Sir Reginald shrugged his shoulders and moved his hands in indifferent assent, and the subject was changed.

In the afternoon Mr. Dexter Reece was engaged in the work which had brought him down to Thorden; but he found it unusually difficult to concentrate his mind on it; for the mystery of Evelyn Desborough with her brother, and his disappearance, persistently intruded on the business in hand; and once he stopped short, in the midst of some calculations, and, taking from his pocket-book the cutting from the 'Western Morning News,' he pondered over it, but without seeing at present any way of benefiting himself by the knowledge he had gained in so despicable a manner.

The next morning Evelyn ordered the little jingle and Exmoor pony which belonged exclusively to her; she chose some books, selecting them with care, from the bookshelves in her own room, and with her own hands picked a big bunch of the choicest flowers in the conservatory, regardless of the head gardener, who was as highly cultivated as any of the flowers, and who certainly would not have permitted any other than Miss Evelyn to ravish his precious blooms.

With this cargo she started for the mill. The pony, Polly by name, had all the fleetness, the endurance, and the frolicsome humour of her wonderful race; and Evelyn had quite as hard work, if not harder, in managing her, as she had had in controlling the cobs; for the Exmoor pony, like the Arab from which he has sprung, likes to go when he is going, objects to stand for a single moment when one has entered the vehicle, shies at the most ordinary objects, and bolts on the slightest excuse.

However Polly and her mistress understood and were fond of each other; and Evelyn arrived at the mill without the accident which the uninitiated, witnessing their start, would have certainly prognosticated. The sails of the mill were motionless, for there was little or no wind; and Evelyn, with her books under one arm and her big bunch of flowers in her hand, alighted and went to the door. It was closed, and no response came to her knocking; and, very much disappointed, she was going away, when she saw Cara coming across the moor.

She wore a dress different to the grotesque workaday one which had excited Dexter Reece's amusement and contempt; it was free from flour, and her hair, unspeckled by white, was brushed and wound into a knot, though some of it had been blown free by the wind, and made an exquisite frame to the clear oval of her face. She had a bundle of wood under her arm, and her pace did not quicken, nor did she colour or smile when she saw Evelyn, who went to meet her, and said pleasantly:

"I am so glad you have come! I

was afraid I should not see you. I have come to thank you again—and—and to bring you some books. And here are some flowers which I—I thought you might like, as you've no garden here."

Cara threw down the wood against the wall of the mill and looked at her, with no surprise, but gravely and thoughtfully.

"May I come in?" asked Evelyn, rather timidly. "I've never seen the inside of a mill."

Without a word Cara took a great key from her pocket and unlocked the door; but suddenly she remembered that her father had told her that she was not to permit any one to enter the mill. She paused with her hand on the key; but, thinking that her father's prohibition did not extend to a lady, she opened the door and signed to Evelyn to enter. Evelyn went in and looked round her with interest.

"How sweet the flour smells," she said; "and how fine it is!" She took up a handful and purposely let some of it fall on her dress. "No wonder you get powdered with it. At one time it used to be quite fashionable to powder one's hair; and I thought yesterday you looked rather like a Marquise."

Cara glanced sideways at the smiling face.

"You'll spoil your dress," she said; "it is hard work to get it out. What is a Marquise?" she asked after a pause.

"A foreign noblewoman; it is a title," Evelyn informed her. "So that you see I intended a compliment. Here are the books; I hope you will like them; they are favourites of mine."

Cara took them and read the titles, the gravity of her face relaxed.

"You don't mind my bringing them?" ventured Evelyn gently. "You said you had none; and I thought you would like to have something to read. If they don't interest you, you must let me bring you some others; but I think you will like these. And here are the flowers."

Cara's hand closed on the bouquet, and her eyes lit up, her lips parted, as she drew a long breath. She did not exclaim on the beauty of the blooms, but when she laid them on the chest, her eyes dwelt on them almost caressingly; and Evelyn was lost in startled admiration of the beauty of the girl's face and its expression.

"You love flowers; so do I," she said at last.

Cara nodded.

"They are beautiful," she said inconspicuously. Then she flashed a glance at Evelyn, and her brows grew straight. "Did you bring me these because I stopped your horses yesterday?" she asked, drawing herself up with an air of hauteur of which Evelyn herself would have been quite incapable.

"No," replied Evelyn swiftly and truthfully. "I brought them because I wanted to; because I am fond of reading myself, and, somehow, I knew you would like to have the flowers. You are not offended, Miss Raven?"

"No," was the reply, after a moment's thought. "Thank you. I'm not called Miss Raven; my name's Cara."

"What a pretty name!" said Evelyn. "I'll call you by it, if you will let me. And you must let me come again and bring you some more books and flowers."

Cara was silent and unresponsive. Evelyn did not know what to say next; she was not repulsed by the girl's coldness, for she knew that her apparent insensibility was caused by shyness, though Cara was apparently self-possessed. Cara glanced through the doorway.

"Your pony, won't it run away?" she asked.

"Oh, no!" said Evelyn, relieved by the breaking of the oppressive silence.

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"Pape's Diapepsin" for sour, acid stomach, heartburn, dyspepsia.

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Please for your sake, get a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any drug store and put your stomach right. Don't keep on being miserable—life is too short—you are not here long, so make your stay agreeable. Eat what you like and digest it; enjoy it, without dread of rebellion in the stomach.

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"Polly will be quite content to remain where she is, while she can nibble the grass; she only bolts when I'm in the jingle. You must come for a ride with me some day soon."

Cara regarded her steadily.

"Perhaps," she said. "I must ask my father."

At this moment a shadow fell across the doorway, and Lemuel Raven appeared. He did not express any surprise at sight of Evelyn, but after regarding her fixedly with his keen black eyes, he raised his soft hat with an air and a courtesy which struck Evelyn as strange in a man of his class, and said, in his soft voice:

"Good day!"

"Good morning!" said Evelyn. "You are Mr. Raven, Cara's father? I suppose she has told you how bravely she came to our rescue yesterday?"

Lemuel Raven shook his head and smiled, glancing interrogatively at Cara.

"It was nothing," said Cara, not apologetically or with any embarrassment.

"Oh, but it was!" said Evelyn eagerly. "She stopped a pair of rather fresh cobs—stopped them beautifully."

"Ah, yes," he said, with a nod and a smile. "Cara is strong."

His eyes wandered to the books and the flowers; and Cara, responding to the glance, said in explanation:

"The lady has brought me these. She has offered to take me for a drive some day. I may go with her?"

"Certainly, certainly!" he said suavely, and with a little bow to Evelyn. "It is very kind of her. It is a lady's way of paying a little debt. We thank you kindly."

"I am so glad you will let her come," said Evelyn, moving to the door. "Good-by, Cara! Remember, if you do not like the books, there are ever so many others."

She held out her hand, and Cara, after a moment's hesitation, took it, her fingers closing over Evelyn's with a faint pressure. Lemuel Raven, with his hat in his hand, opened the door of the jingle, closed it when Evelyn had entered, and stood, still bareheaded, looking after her as she drove away; then he turned and entered the mill. Cara was looking at one of the books; and he regarded her thoughtfully, doubtfully, his lips pursed.

"You didn't tell me of this," he said.

(To be Continued.)

EVERYDAY ETIQUETTE.

"When a young man is very much interested in a girl and their mother have never met, who should take the first advances, his or her mother?" asked Joe.

It could be very properly brought about by the young lady's mother inviting the young man and his mother to tea some day," suggested his sister.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.—The famous Kohler and Tonk Pianos. The Needham, Godrich and Mason & Hamlin Organs. CHESLEY WOODS, 232 Duckworth Street.—aug.7.11

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Brace, Miss Minnie, card, West End Balfour, Mrs. Walter M. Cahill, John, Newtown Road Barry, Miss Ellen, Power St. Barnes, Miss Ada, card. Benson, Mrs. George Biddiscombe, Rd., Allandale Road Biddiscombe, John Birnson, Miss Beatrice, Church Hill. Brown, Mrs. John, Pilot's Hill Boone, Mrs. Wesley Burnett, Capt. A. Butler, Mrs. Agnes, Pennywell Rd. Burgess, Miss L. E., Freshwater Rd. Butler, Mrs., 11 Pennywell Road Butler, E. G., Mt. Scio Road Barry, Charles Boggan, Miss Alice J. Brown, Thomas, Queen St.	Ivan, Miss Flossie, Monroe St. James, W. J. Johnson, Chas. N. Johns, M. A. Johnson, Miss Mary Jones, M. H. Jacob, Neal, Water St. James, Mrs. Samuel, 49 — St. James, Wesley, care General Post Office Kean, Wm. Kelly, Mrs. Isaac, Chapel St. Kennell, John and Miss Maud, Signal Hill Kennedy, Thomas, care General Post Office Kglard, George, Water St. King, Paul King, Edward A., Monkstown Road King, John J., H. E. King, Mrs. Bertha Kirkpatrick, Archibald, Theatre Hill Kennedy, Mrs. P. T. King, Henry Kelly, Fred, Chapel St. Kendell, Geo. A.	Parsons, Heber Pilgrim, Miss Rose Quinton, Mrs. Wm., Gower Street Quinton, Edward Reddy, Jas., Newtown Road Ryder, Miss Agnes, New Gower St. Richardson, James Ridley, A. S. Ricketts, Queenie, retd. Rowan, John A., Bannerman St. Roberts, Herbert, Allandale Road Roberts, John Rowe, Thomas, care Gen. Post Office Rogers, Mrs. Joshua, Spencer St. Rogers, Mrs. J., Spencer St. Rogers, Wm. J., Cuddihy St. Rogers, John, McKay St. Rumsey, Shen Ramsay & Co. Ryder, Miss Agnes, New Gower St. Roif, Mrs. A.
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H. J. B. WOODS, P.M.G.

G. P. O., November 17, 1915.

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