

"ECHOES of the Past;

The Recomperse of Love!"

CHAPTER X.

The subject was Clive's favorite one—the housing of the poor, one on which he never failed to grow eloquent; for he spoke from his heart; and to-night he was, perhaps, more eloquent than usual; for his remembrance of Paradise Gardens and the terrible sights he had seen there in company with Quilton was still fresh and keen.

Clive was a born orator, and responded with fervour to the spirit which he evoked in his audience; the clear, deep, and marvelously flexible voice rang through the small hall, and yet was sometimes so low—as when he told the story of the box-making family in their noisome den—that it stole upon the breathless silence like a whisper fraught with tremulous significance. And as low, but as significant, was often the applause, the deep-throated response; though at every trifling phrase, every moving sentence, a roar of applause rang out and set the gas flares swaying.

Mina hung upon his words; every one was precous to her, thrilled through her. She had never imagined, much less heard, anything like it; and her hero became almost a divinity to her. Her eyes were chained to his face, which seemed to dazzle her. She watched his lips as if to anticipate the words that passed them, now with the force of a tremendous torrent, now with the soft music of a brook. She was in a kind of dream, held in thrall by a spell which she wished might last forever; not once while he was speaking did she remove her gaze from his face, yet, notwithstanding, she could see the rapt faces of those around her, could watch their flaming eyes, was conscious of their parted lips through which their breath came jerkily.

No wonder they were awed, that they gazed at him open-eyed, open-mouthed. How they, too, must admire and worship him, the grand gentleman who was fighting their battles for them, who was sacrificing himself for them, pleading, struggling for them as if he were one of themselves.

The speech was drawing to a close—she felt that, with a pang—and her eyes wandered toward the door for an instant; she would steal away before the crowd began to leave. But two men had come near her and stood close by her side and between her and the door. One was a thick-set, extremely ugly man with a big round head covered by short, bristling hair; his chin was stubby, and his shirt-band failed to hide a dingy collar and a still more dingy shirt-front. He wore gold spectacles, through which his mean, restless eyes flashed in a furtive fashion. He had the unwashed appearance of the low-class forger, and he spoke to the other man—a younger man with a weak face and receding chin, to which attention was called by a vital scarlet tie—in broken English with a strong accent partly German and partly Polish.

"Well, my boy, what you tink of it, hein?" he asked, with a covert sneer. "Fine, fine!" responded the youth. "That's the way to talk, isn't it? He's what I call a speaker, if you like, eh, Koshki?"

Koshki shrugged his shoulders. "It is very vell ash far ash it go; but it-ish not strong enough. Our frenz ish too mealy-mouthed, he—what you call it?—minces matters. He in! and for a goot reason! He ish aristocrat himself; he has the loaves and fishes. You comprehend? It is

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all talk, talk, with these aristocrats that pretend to be the frenz of the people. And there is the goot or talk? Ze world is full of talk. It is deets, deets, not words, ve down-trodden working men want. Ze time is past for words; we have waited too long, we are tired of waiting. This is all very vell." He jerked his bullet-head toward the platform. "But what is the use of it? The oppressors do not mind, zey laugh; zey laugh. Zey say, 'Let zem talk, it keeps zem quiet.' See! But presently zey will not laugh; presently—" he glanced round him, but every one seemed intently listening to the speaker on the platform, especially intent and absorbent seemed the girl who leaned against the wall near them, and lowering his voice he went on in a guttural whisper—"Presently a blow—a blow, my frenz!—will be struck which will make zem laugh the other side of zey mouths. You comprehend, Johnson?"

Johnson nodded, but looked vacantly up at the fat face and small, furtive eyes.

"Zem shall we see what our frenz zere ish made of; we shall zee whether he can do something more than talk."

"You mean?" said the youth, looking vaguely alarmed.

"I mean zat ve 'ave made our preparations, zat ve are only waiting till the proper hour shall strike. And zey wait to know whether our fine talker zere vill join us. If so, vell and goot; if not—it will be the vorse for him!"

He shrugged his shoulders and smiled a particularly unpleasant smile which revealed his yellow fangs for a moment; then with a manner as furtive as his glance, insinuated himself through the crowd to where a small knot of men, some as foreign and disreputable-looking as himself, were standing at the other end of the room.

Mina had heard every word, and at every word her heart beat with apprehension; for he had been threatening Mr. Clive. She watched the man, as he whispered to the group he had joined, with a mixture of loathing and indignation and vague terror; then she smiled with scorn of her fear, as if that dirty German could harm her here.

With a peroration that roused the audience to a frenzy of enthusiasm, Clive arrived at the finish; a shower of applause and cheering burst on his last words. The chairman, a genuine working man, proposed a vote of thanks—carried with ringing cheers and the audience began to make for the doors. Mina felt that it would be better to wait until the first crush had passed, and she pressed against the wall with her head bent, trying to escape notice. Clive had stepped down from the platform and was talking to some of the men.

She saw that he was pale—it seemed to her that he looked tired—and once she noticed that his eyes wandered from the face of the man who was speaking to him and looked round absently. She trembled as they came her way; but he did not see her; and presently she moved towards the doors; but there was still a crush there, and she was compelled to wait. It was as she was standing there that Clive saw her. He started, said quickly to the men around him, "Excuse me!" and hurried to her side.

She heard him speak her name in a low voice, a thrill ran through her, and she turned her head slowly and caught her breath. He drew her arm within his, the crowd made way for them, cheering and waving their hats, as he and Mina passed through, and, with her arm still in his, they gained the street. He did not speak until

they had turned the corner into quietude, then, smiling down at her, he said:

"Why, Miss Mina, how did you happen to be at the hall to-night? And alone, too?"

She did not reply at once; the voice of the platform was still ringing in her ears; but this other voice, so low, so friendly, was a different, a sweeter music, and she was loath to lose it—besides, her heart was beating against his arm so loudly that she could hardly speak; and when she did so the words came fluttering.

"It was by chance," she said. "I was passing and heard—" She stopped.

"Curiosity, thy name is woman!" he said laughingly. "But you must have been a very brave little woman to make your way into that crowded den. I don't think it was very wise. And how are Elisha and Tibby? You are looking pale—" He broke off without waiting for her reply. "You are working at the schools? You are not working too hard, Miss Mina?"

He called her "Miss" Mina now, but she remembered with a secret joy that he had called her Mina when he had come to her in the hall.

"Oh, no, no!" she said. "Yes, I am at the classes." She fought for courage, for composure. "I want to thank you. It is you who make it possible for me to go to them, it is you—" Her voice broke, for all her efforts to control it.

"You mean that I was fortunate enough to get Elisha some pupils?" he said, as if the thing were nothing. "There's not much in that to deserve your thanks. Elisha's pupils have cause for gratitude, not he or you."

She shook her head. "It is you," he said in a low voice. "You have done so much for us—but you don't want me to thank you. That is why you did not give your address."

He colored and nodded. "Partly, Miss Mina. But you see l'homme propose—"

"But God sends us a way," she responded.

He did not start, but he looked at her with swift appreciation of her intelligence; and his eyes scanned her face curiously. Few though the weeks had been since he had seen her, she had progressed. Unconsciously she had caught the cultivated one of the head mistress, she spoke like a lady—indeed, more correctly than some of the ladies of his acquaintance.

"You are learning French?" he said invitingly.

"Yes," she replied.

"And what else?" His eyes dwelt upon her, took in the simple details of her dress of blue serge with its neat and spotless collar and cuffs daintily neat hat with its plain trimming of silk, the gray well-worn, but well-fitting, gloves; and, perforce, recalled the street-singer with her shawl thrown round her face. A few weeks; it might have been years!

"German—but it is very difficult

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and I get on very slowly; and Latin—that is easier."

He smiled down at her with raised brows. "So you find Latin easy? Why, you are a veritable blue-stocking! And you make me feel ashamed of my schoolboy days. I had to be flogged into my Latin, by Jove!"

She glanced up at him and smiled incredulously.

"And the music? I suppose that has gone to the wall. What with German and French and Latin—and English composition—"

"Yes, there is English composition," he said naively.

"Quite so. Of course! And algebra and conic sections, to say nothing of free-hand drawing. No wonder there's no time for music."

"Oh, but there is," she said, her one echoing his light one. "I practice three hours a day; and I am having singing-lessons from an old friend of Elisha's—and, oh, how glad Elisha will be when he hears that I have been you and tried to thank you."

"That's all right," he said.

They had paused for a moment in the quiet and deserted street; the light from a gas-lamp fell upon her eager, upturned face, and its beauty mote him, so that he looked at her with sudden gravity, a sudden frown.

"But perhaps I ought not," she said timidly, anxiously.

"If you mean that I am sorry that have met with you again, you are wrong, my child," he said, the frown opening, so that she shrank a little from him. "I have thought of you very often—" He was recalled to a sense of his words by the sudden color that burned in her cheeks, the self-frightened expression in the gray eyes.

"But we've met and you've thanked me very prettily," he said in a lighter one. "And now tell me all about yourself—about Elisha and Tibby—" he corrected quickly.

She could talk fluently enough about them, and Clive listened to her eager account of Elisha's success as a teacher, and all that it meant to them all; but all the while he was listening to the sweet, girlish voice he was thinking of the girl herself, of the marvelous progress she had made, the subtle change in her manner, the natural self-confidence—now that she was speaking of the others—the beauty of the upturned face, the deep, liquid eyes. And over him stole a sense of peace, wistful yet full of subtle pleasure that was half pain; he feeling that might come to the man who has found a rose growing in the wilderness, a lily by the dusty wayside. Such a flower, so rare in such a place, the man might long to pluck and place in his bosom to still the vague aching of his heart.

He woke with a start as her voice stopped.

"Where are?" he asked, as if he were indeed waking from a dream.

She laughed softly. "We are nearly home—I mean at the Rents. It is round the next turning. Won't you come in and see Elisha?"

(To be Continued.)

Smoking Concert at B.I.S. Rooms.

The most enjoyable affair of its kind witnessed here for a long time past. Such was the verdict of those who had the good fortune to attend the smoking concert held last night at the club rooms of the Benevolent Irish Society. The audience was large and enthusiastic and the programme of events varied and interesting. The opening item was an instrumental selection by the orchestra, as follows: Mr. T. P. Halley (piano), Mr. T. Power (violin), and Mr. Devereaux (mandolin). Next was an entertaining solo by Mr. J. Darcy entitled: "Up From Sonnet." Mr. Cairns delighted the audience with "A Little Bit of Heaven." Mr. Devereaux followed with selections on the Mandolin. A Dr. C. Howlett sang "Von Tripitz Brook," which refers to the bottling up of the German navy. After a selection by the orchestra there was a brief interval. On resuming Mr. C. J. Fox delighted all present with "Sons of the Sea," while Mr. J. L. Slatery excelled in "Bands of the Desert." And an encore "If we only had old Ireland over here." Following a Horn solo and violin obligato: "O Dry Those Tears" by Messrs. Darcy and Power, respectively. Mr. T. H. O'Neill, whose name has become a theatrical word, appeared and was given a great ovation at the outset. His recitations were inimitable. The musical monologues by Mr. Cameron, of the British Theatre, was the real rollicking comedy itself, especially when he showed "How Belgium put the kibosh on the Kaiser." As a finale Messrs. Huskins and Cairns, of the Nickel Theatre, gave a couple of duets. Mr. T. P. Halley, who with Messrs. J. Pippy and T. Power promoted the concert, acted as accompanist. The affair terminated with all present singing the National Anthem.

Florizel's Passengers.

By the Florizel yesterday afternoon there arrived from New York and Halifax the following saloon passengers—

J. L. McGregor, W. Smith, T. Coady, H. A. Herder, Dr. Carolyn Geisel, Miss Alice Geisel, E. Coupel, P. J. Hynes, L. McVicar, Miss G. Job, J. Stick, A. White, Jas. F. Powell, Miss Agnes Summers, J. A. and Mrs. Clift, G. B. Moulton, T. F. Wylly, J. Rossley, D. Roche, M. and Mrs. Brown, E. J. Godden, Miss R. White, Jas. G. Devine, W. H. Hendrick, J. Keeping, Rev. J. H. Riley, J. W. and Mrs. Baum, Mrs. H. L. Smyth, A. C. and Mrs. Hill, Rev. J. E. O'Mara, Rev. P. J. Malone, Miss Mabel Leake, Miss M. Dauru, Miss T. Farrell, Miss M. E. Beans, A. G. Dewalt, J. F. Ancona, S. F. Reilly, Master M. Reilly and several in steerage.

Salvage Notes.

All our fishermen have returned from the Labrador but with very poor trips, we regret to say; highest catch being William Brown, schr. Three Brothers, with 250 qtls.

Schr. Daisy, Capt. Job Steed, arrived Sunday night bringing the key of the Salvage Fleet. The Daisy experienced a rough trip, her foremast breaking below the deck and heaving up his flying jib and to make matters worse the vessel sprang a leak owing to heavy strain, and one of her pumps becoming clogged with salt making things look a bit unpleasant, however, through bull dog pluck, the captain brought the vessel through safely and was forced to discharge his salt Monday morning, although it was raining hard. Capt. Steed hails for 200 qtls. of Labrador.

Most of the Flat Island schooners have done very well according to reports. Capt. Wm. Samson and his son Arthur on way home with 800 qtls, each and several other schooners with good trips, having secured their catches at Ryan's Bay and vicinity.

Nurs Edger who has been on a visit to friends here, left a few days ago for her home in St. John's.

Mr. C. Millen, former teacher here, now principal of Bonavista C. of E. High School, came across ten days ago on a flying visit; his many friends were glad to see him, and are anticipating future visits from him.

Rev. Mr. Leggo who last year temporarily filled Mr. Godden's vacancy in this Parish, also paid us a short visit and many of his old friends were disappointed at his short stay.

We are glad to see the Telegram to the front in the great fight for Prohibition; it is an inspiration to the out-ports to see the city press doing their bit.

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The Church of England Women's Association, Tilton, C. B., per Mrs. Ellen Greeley, Treasurer, per Daily News	30 00
Pouch Cove, per Hubert E. Sullivan	15 00
Tack's Beach, per Samuel J. Brown	10 00
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