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FOR THE KIDNEYS

### Why They're Bought

"I can certainly say the Gin Pills have done a lot of good for me."

Some four years ago I could not walk up stairs, my feet and ankles were so swollen, but I took three boxes of Gin Pills and the trouble has never returned. My mother, 82 years of age, is taking them and feels fine.

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National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

## "ECHOES of the Past;

### The Recompense of Love!"

CHAPTER XXII.

"It is very good of you to come down," said Clive. "There is a telegram from your father saying that he was called away to see some one who is ill; he bade me tell you that it is nothing serious. I am sorry your father is not here to-night, for I wanted to see him. Not only to make my peace with him for my stupid blunder which has caused you so much inconvenience, but to ask him for something. Lady Edith, can you not guess what it is? I want to ask Lord Chesterleigh if he would give you to me."

It had come at last, and its coming drove the color from Lady Edith's face, she closed her eyes for a moment then raised them slowly to his. If he had been in love with her, he would have read his answer in that upward gaze and would have taken her in his arms; but he still held her hand and went on talking unnecessarily.

"I have no right to hope that he would grant my request, for I am not worthy of so great a boon. I am only a younger son, without fortune and with uncertain prospects, while you — But, dear Lady Edith, I trust he may not let my unworthiness weigh against me. Dare I hope that if he should give his consent, I may in time be so fortunate as to win your heart? Will you be my wife, Edith?"

There had not been a word of love in his proposal, and he sure that the woman who was thirsting, craving for it, noticed its absence; but when one is starving a dry crust of bread is better than no food at all. She looked at him again, the color flooding her face now, and she leaned ever so little toward him; slight as the movement was, Clive was conscious of it, and he put his arm round her and drawing her toward him kissed her on the lips. She returned the kiss—she could not help herself—and her head sank on his breast.

"You know I love you," she murmured. "Ah, I have shown it too plainly," she breathed with a little sob that was very nearly one of self-contempt.

"By Heaven, no!" he responded quickly. "Never by word or look; you could not do so. But I am very glad. You have made me very happy." And at that moment he thought he was speaking the truth; so electric is the sympathy which flows from the human heart when it is pil- lowed on a fellow one. "I will try to make you a good husband; all my life shall be devoted to the task."

She laughed up at him. "How solemnly you said that, Clive! As if there were any need to try! I'm afraid I should love you even if you made a very bad one. But you must try and stop short of beating me. But that isn't the way to respond to your nice speech." She put her palms together on his breast and gazed at him with eyes ardent and heavy with pas-

sion. "I will try to be a good wife to you, Clive. But good or bad, I will love you very dearly!"

"What did I tell you, my dear fellow?" he demanded, with a chuckle. "You were half-inclined to be offend- ed and think me a meddlesome old fog; but my dear boy I saw it com- ing. I saw it coming! I'm an old bird and I keep my eyes open. Charming girl, charming girl! Fond of her as if she were my own daughter; Ches- terleigh and I were at Eton and Ox- ford together. Gad, I rather fancy he's older than I am—no, I'm wrong, but he's worn well. And yet he's had a lot of trouble—with his first wife, you know?"

CHAPTER XXIII.

Two days later the announcement of the engagement appeared in the Morning Post and the usual inunda- tion of congratulations had started; for even before the announcement ap- peared in the newspapers, Clive's and the Chesterleighs' friends were, of course, made aware of the fact, and there was a consensus of opinion that the match was in every way a most suitable one. Clive's friends in the House, and, indeed, many of his political foes, sought an opportunity to shake him by the hand and express their hearty good wishes, for Clive was popular with all the parties into which the House of Commons is now split, and Lady Edith was universally admired.

Of course, Lord Standon succeeded in buttonholing Clive. It was at a recep- tion of the speakers, and the old man was triumphant and jubilant over the fulfilment of his prophecy.

Clive suppressed an expression of surprise, and Lord Standon mander- ed on:

"Dreadful time, dreadful time! But it's a long time ago and I suppose he's forgotten it! Do you know I actually find my memory failing me at times—I wish your father could have been alive, my boy! How proud he would have been. Poor Dandy Raff—I beg your pardon, my boy. A very dear friend of mine, was at Eton and Oxford with me; a younger man than I am, and yet gone first. At least, no; I think he was older. Ah! There's Lady Waffles—now that woman does paint—I really must go and speak to her!"

Clive made his way through the crowded rooms, thinking of the old peer's words. Lord Chesterleigh's first wife! Surely it was not gener- ally known that he had been married twice? Lord Chesterleigh had not mentioned the fact to him. Very probably it was not a fact at all, and Lord Standon had confused Lord Chesterleigh with some one else—who had been at Eton and Oxford with the old gossip. However it might be, as Lord Chesterleigh had not mentioned the matter to him it no business of Clive's.

Between himself and his future fa- ther-in-law there existed a very warm affection. When Clive had gone to Lord Chesterleigh to ask for Edith, his lordship had received him with open arms and had told him that if he had had all the world to choose from, he would have chosen Clive as a son-in-law; indeed, that he already regarded him as a son, and that any anxiety he might have felt regarding Edith's future was now dispelled.

"I know that my girl loves you, my dear Clive," he said. "And I am sure that you will both be happy."

He had been very much moved by the interview, more moved than even such an occasion warranted, and Clive's heart, always so ready to re- spond to affection, had gone out to the old man. Clive was at the house in Grosvenor Square every day, in fact, he went in and out like a son, and there was always awaiting him a lov- ing welcome from Lady Edith; so loving that Clive was burdened by a vague sense of remorse; for, try as he would, he could not respond to the welcome, affection, passion, which she offered him with both hands; and

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"There are some very good reasons why my business is bigger each year than it was the year before."

Some years ago asphalt roofing was sold at high prices because the volume was small and facilities were limited.

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The General's big success brought about an attempt by others to imitate his poli- cies and prices, but they didn't have the General's wonderful facilities, nor his superior equipment, nor his big organi- zation, and it was an economic impos- sibility for them to equal the General's quality and price. Consequently with the reduction in price there was a big reduction in quality, and these lower quality roofings began to be sold under labels that had formerly been used on better goods.

Today the market is flooded with low quality roofings, made to sell at cheap prices without regard to the service they will give. When you roof your building with Certain-teed you have a responsible manufacturer's guaran- tee of 5, 10, or 15 years according to whether the thickness is 1, 2, or 3-ply respectively. This is your advance assurance that Certain-teed will give you at least a definite guaranteed service. Beware of guarantees without responsibility behind them.

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to atone for the lack of love on his part, he was most devotedly atten- tive.

No one seeing them together—and, of course, they were seen together everywhere—would have suspected that the love was all on one side, so well did Clive play his part, but, alas, he was only playing.

On the night of the speaker's recep- tion he went home with that weariness which is of the spirit, and therefore, worse than that of the body; but he knew that he should not sleep, and he turned up the elec- tric light at his table and got some work. There was plenty to do; for the conflict in the House was reach- ing a climax, and any day might see the overthrow of the Conservatives. While he was trying to concentrate his mind on some statistics, there came a knock at the door, and Quil- ton entered.

"Hello," said Clive; "you are quite a stranger. Been away? Sit down." He pushed a box of cigars toward him, but Quilton shook his head and took out his pipe.

"Yes," he said. "Been up North. Saw the announcement in the Morn- ing Post and dropped in to congratu- late you."

"Thanks," said Clive. "Thanks, very much."

"As a rule," went on Quilton in his slow, expressionless way, "congratu- lations are as baseless as they are conventional; but on this occasion, if you will allow me to say so, there is every reason for hoping that one's good wishes will come to pass. Don't think me intrusive if I express my humble admiration for Lady Edith's personal gifts and manifold charms. To remark that the marriage is, from a worldly point of view, an advan- tageous one for both parties, would be impertinent. I wish you every happiness with all my heart."

"Thank you very much, my dear Quilton," said Clive. He was silent for a moment or two and bit his lip as if he wanted to say something, then he made a plung. "I suppose you were surprised by the announce- ment?"

"Surprised?" said Quilton, regard-

ing a corner of the ceiling as if he were trying to think why he should be so.

"When you were here last," said Clive, coloring a little, "I told you that I was in love—that I hoped to marry the young girl you saw when you came to Benson's Rents."

"Ah, yes," responded Quilton, as if he had suddenly recalled the fact. "Yes; I think I remember your say- ing something to that effect. But men change their minds about this little matter. Romeo, who I believe is regarded by universal consent as the prince and pattern of lovers, was, if you remember, in love with Rosa- line before he met Juliet, and chang- ed his mind."

"I did not change mine," said Clive; then he stopped as if to catch back his words. "I mean—that is, she changed hers—no, she found that she did not care for me."

Quilton nodded. "Quite so, and like a brave and sensible girl she wrote and told you so."

"She did not write—well, practi- cally she did," said Clive. "She was so sure of her own mind that she left London—I was going to say disap- peared. At any rate, I cannot find her—and I've tried. Not that it would have been of any use; for she was a girl who knows her own heart, a girl of stronger will and fixity of purpose than one would think. She decided that she did not care for me, she did not wish to put me to the pain of hearing it from her own lips." He stopped suddenly and looked up as if he had been communing with himself rather than addressing Quil- ton, and he added, with a short laugh which was not without its touch of bitterness: "But one must not speak of that now."

"Quite so," assented Quilton. "The incident is closed, as the French say in their happy little way." "Yes," said Clive; "but I should like to know what has become of her and where she has gone, whether she is well and happy."

"Oh, I think you can make your mind easy about that," said Quilton; "from my knowledge of that kind of people, I should say that she is all right and flourishing. That adopted father of hers was very good at fid- dling, and, no doubt, he has got a berth of some kind or other. Anyhow, the freak—I beg her pardon, Miss Tibby—is quite capable of running the family. No; I don't think you need worry yourself about Rosaline, my Romeo."

There was actually a note of ex- pression, a hint of sarcasm in Quil- ton's voice which caused Clive to look up sharply; but Quilton's face was as wooden and emotionless as usual, and Clive thought that he had only fancied the touch of satire re- sentment. Quilton passed at once to political affairs.

"I suppose your people will be in directly," he said, "and, of course, there will be a place for you. Mr. Clive Harvey is too important a man to be passed over. You will be sure to be in the new cabinet—The Right Honorable Clive Harvey. I shouldn't be surprised if you should become prime minister. I have always been under the impression that moral copy-book headings were composed by Ananias assisted by Sapphira, but I am bound to admit that there is a great deal of truth in 'Nothing is so successful as success,' and you will find that Dame Fortune, not satisfied with giving you a lovely, accomplish- ed, high-born wife, with a most in- fluential gang of relatives, will be- stow on you several other things which men struggle and fight and sweat for."

(To be Continued.)

## EVERYDAY ETIQUETTE

"Please tell me on which hand a young girl should wear her ring?" asked Maudie.

"The left hand is always reserved for the engagement and wedding rings. Therefore the right hand is the proper one on which a young girl should wear her ring," advised her aunt.

When icing runs, put it back on the stove, on top of an asbestos mat, and stir until proper consistency is re- stored. This can be done after syrup is added to the white of the egg.

## Evening Telegram Fashion Plates

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pat- terns. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

1480—A GOOD AND PRACTICAL APRON STYLE.



Ladies' Apron, with or Without Belt. Gingham, cretonne satin, chambray, drill, linene, percale, cambric, sateen or lawn are all suitable for this style. The back may be finished with or without a closing. The belt and pockets may be omitted.

This style is fine for the kitchen for artist or office use. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 5 3/4 yards of 36 inch material for a medium size. A Pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

1499—A STYLISH TOP GARMENT.



Ladies' Coat.

Checked novelty cloaking in black and white is here depicted. The model is semi-fitting and is lengthened over the hips by a skirt piece laid in plaits. The sleeve is a two piece model. The coat closes high at the neck edge and its fulness is held by a belt. Velvet, fur, fur-faded cloth, zibeline, cheviot, broa1 cloth, serge, corduroy, or silk are all attractive for this style. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 3 3/4 yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

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