



"ECHOES of the Past;

The Recompense of Love!

CHAPTER XIII.

"Yes; Mina, you are right; mustn't come again; mustn't meet again—hard lines! Why can't I get the child out of my head? What's the matter with my head, anyhow? Like a hive full of bees. It's the people rowing; they'll be on the platform presently! There's going to be a row, *All over in a minute, dessey. Why—there's—Mina! Mina in that mob. They'll hurt her! Oh, my child, my dear girl, why—why are you here in this scrimmage! Go away, Mina—for God's sake don't come up here—they'll strike her, hurt her, the cowards! Oh, Mina, Mina, if you'd only go! If they hurt her—if they hurt her—if they hurt—! Mina, my child, my child! Keep back! Mina! Mina!"

Her face burned one moment and was as white as death the next, as her name rose in an anguished entreaty, command, from his fevered lips; and she bent over him so that her cheek nearly touched his.

"Hush, hush!" she murmured brokenly. "I am all right. I am not hurt. I am here at home, quite safe, quite, quite safe."

She even forced a laugh; and, as if reassured, he drew a long breath and closed his eyes. She put on a fresh bandage, so gently that he scarcely winced, and he lay breathing steadily, almost easily, his head on her soft, round, young arm, her head bent close to him, her heart beating wildly, for there had been something more in his tone than alarm on her account, something which, though she could not define it, thrilled her with a sense that was half an ecstasy of joy and half a strange pain. For his "Lady Edith" haunted her and qualified the subtle joy which had sprung up in her bosom at the accents in which he had spoken her own name; for the "Lady Edith" had reminded her that, though he lay so helpless in her arms, he did not belong to her or her world.

She sighed and her lips quivered with a wistful aching of the heart, and she dragged her eyes from him and gazed sadly through the window. He stirred, and when she turned her eyes to him again, she saw that he was awake and conscious.

"Mina—my poor child!" he said, with regret and self-reproach. "You are here still! How long? How pale and tired you look. A long time, I'm afraid! Have I been off my head? I've been wandering—I feel as if I should go off again at any moment, not sure of myself. But I'm better, I

A Remedy For All Pain

"The efficiency of any drug," says Dr. C. P. Robbins, "is known to us by the results we obtain from its use. If we are able to control pain and distress by means of any preparation, we certainly are warranted in its use. One of the principal symptoms of all diseases is pain, and this is what the patient most often complains to us for, or, something to relieve his pain. If we can arrest this promptly, the patient is most liable to trust in us for the other remedies which will effect a permanent cure. One remedy which I have used largely in my practice is Anti-kamnia Tablets. Many and varied are their uses. I have put them to the test on many occasions, and have never been disappointed. I found them especially valuable for headaches of malarial origin, where quinine was being taken. They appear to prevent the bad after-effects of the quinine. Anti-kamnia Tablets are also excellent for the headaches from improper digestion, and for headaches of a neuralgic origin, and especially for women subject to pains at certain times. Two Anti-kamnia Tablets give prompt relief, and in a short time the patient is able to go about as usual. Ask for A-K Tablets. They are also unexcelled for headaches, neuritis and all pains."

shall be all right presently, you'll see. I'm very strong. Yes, how pale and tired!" He took her hand—she had drawn it from him when she saw that he was conscious, but she could not force herself to take it from him now. "Mina," he said very quietly, "you saved my life in the hall there. No; it's no use you shaking your head. I remember it quite plainly. I shall never forget it. You are a brave girl, Mina; but I'm not surprised, I knew it before. You faced all those men—stark-staring mad at that moment—and stood between me and them. No; I'm not going to thank you. You couldn't help it, could you? Some women are made that way, and you're one of them. But such a bit of a girl to stand up for a hulking man!"

He laughed softly and his unnaturally brilliant eyes shone up at her with a vivid admiration, and something that thrilled her as the tone in which he had called upon her had done.

"But if you had been hurt—are you sure, quite sure you were not?" He half raised himself so that he might look at her with a keen apprehension, suspicion.

"Quite sure," she said. "No one struck me—touched me. They were afraid of what they had done to you." She shuddered and set her teeth hard.

But he laughed. "They're like that when they lose their heads; they don't stop to think, they won't listen to reason; they are like a herd of wild animals, quietly browsing one moment, the next rushing at you like mad—or rushing away from you in as mad a stampede. How did you happen to be there, Mina?"

"Tibby and I were passing, and I heard your voice," she said. "Tibby did not want to go in, but after she was in and had listened to you, she would not have gone out if I had wanted to. But I did not," she added simply.

"No; you stayed and saved my life," he said in a low voice. "And you had warned me, Mina."

"Yes; but you would not listen, take heed," she said, with the sigh, half of regret, half of pride, of the woman for the recklessness of man.

"No; I didn't think they'd have the courage to attack me," he said. "But you were wiser. Where did you get your wisdom, the wisdom which makes the youngest of you women older than the oldest of us men?"

"You must not talk so much," she said chidingly. "Let me renew the bandages, and it is time for your medicine."

She held the glass to his lips, and her eyes dwelt on his face tenderly until he raised his, then hers fell. He lay in a kind of doze for a little while. It was the quietest part of the day in the Rents and the house was very still. Outside the impudent, self-assertive sparrows twittered incessantly; the strains of an organ, playing in a distant street, were almost harmonious; and a stillness like that of the house brooded like the dove of peace over Mina's spirit, as she listened to his breathing and watched his flushed face. Presently he looked up and touched her arm.

"I wonder whether you would sing for me, Mina?" he said. "My brain is in a whirl; I can't think, and I want to try not to—you understand? Sing to me, if you will. Sing the song you sang the night we met—do you remember what it was?"

"Yes; I remember," she said in a very low voice, and after a moment or two she began to sing softly, so softly that the notes were like a lullaby.

Clive lay with his eyes half closed; the lines on his forehead and at the corners of his lips relaxed, and he drew a long breath of relief, of peace.

"That voice of yours would drive seventy-seven devils out of a man, Mina," he said. "It's so sweet, so pure. How often have I heard it—when you have not been near. Sing me something else—'The Ave Maria.'"

She sang it with all her heart in it, so that he covered his eyes with his hands.

"Oh, beautiful!" he said, almost inaudibly. "To be able to hear that voice always!"

"You would get tired of it," she said, with a smile.

"I think not," he returned. "There are some voices, and faces, which one grows to love more dearly the

oftener one sees or hears them." Her face burned and then went pale, and she rose quickly.

"I will get some more ice," she said tremulously.

His eyes followed her slender, graceful figure wistfully and he sighed. Was it because he was so weak, so—upset, that he felt her absence, even for a few moments, a heavy loss? It was some little time before she returned, and he nodded and smiled at her.

"I thought you were never coming back," he said half-shamefacedly. "See how you are spoiling me. I am growing as exacting as a confirmed invalid. What shall I do when I have gone, when I lose you altogether, Mina?"

He still smiled as he put the question, but there was a grave note in his accents and, as she bent over him to straighten his pillow, he saw her wince and her eyes fill with tears. He raised himself on his elbow and looked up at the beautiful face with an intent, an eager gaze.

"Mina!" he whispered huskily. "You—you would be sorry! Oh, my child—don't!" for she had sunk on her knees and buried her face in her hands, and he could see that her bosom was heaving with her efforts to repress her sobs. "Do you mean that you care whether I stay or go? Do you mean—oh, Mina, my dear little one, do you think that I shall not be sorry? Don't you know that I am glad, glad to be here, though I'm lying here helpless, that I am happier than I have ever been in all my life? And don't you know why? Ah, I ought not to tell you, Mina, ought not to speak now—it's taking advantage of all your sweet goodness to me—but I can't get myself. Mina, I love you, dear!"

He saw the shiver that ran through her, and his heart leaped as he put out his hand and laid it gently on her downcast head.

"Are you angry—frightened, Mina?" he said, in so low a voice that the words were almost inaudible. "Ah, don't be, my child! I love you, Mina; do you care just a little for me? Speak, dear one; lift up your head and look at me—and I shall know by your eyes."

She raised her head slowly and looked at him with all a girl's first love glowing in her eyes, trembling on her lips, and Clive, awed by the sight, held his breath and could not speak. And so they gazed at each other, heart to heart, soul to soul.

"Is it true?" he whispered at last. "Do you love me, Mina?"

Her eyes did not waver and her lips parted, but for a moment no sound came from them; then, in a responsive whisper, she said, slowly dreamily:

"I—I don't know. Yes; I—think so."

"You think so?" he echoed, with the sense of awe still mastering him. "You are not sure, Mina?"

Her head drooped till her face rested and was hidden on his arm;

he could feel the tears as they welled from her eyes.

"I don't know," she whispered in a troubled voice. "I have not asked myself. But I am always thinking of you, always! And I am so happy when I see you; that other day at the picture-gallery—it was like—heaven. And now—when you said that—that you would soon be gone—and you will—I feel as if something had gone out of me, as if the light had grown dark—and it was all misery, misery. Oh, yes; I must, love you, don't you think so?" She raised her head and looked at him with an agony of doubt, of wistfulness, of entreaty.

He took her hand and laid it in his burning one and drew her toward him. She resisted at first, but gradually she yielded, and her head sank on his breast. He put the hair from her forehead and kissed her—not even yet did he dare kiss her quivering lips.

"Mina!" he said hoarsely. "Be sure, dearest! For it means so much to me, to both of us! You have seen so very little of me. It may be just pity, because you saved my life, have nursed me, and I am sick and helpless. Think, Mina. Do you love me well enough to live with me always, to be my wife?"

He felt her shake as if his question had stirred her to the heart's core, and felt, rather than heard, the whispered "Yes." Then he raised her head and kissed her on the face passionately.

"My beautiful angel—ah, better—my dear little woman! Kiss me, so that I may be sure that you are sure, Mina!"

Pale and blushing, she lifted her lips to his and kissed him. Then suddenly she started and in accents of affright and remorse she cried in a low voice:

"Oh, what have I done?"

He tried to smile away her distress, to soothe her with another kiss, but she put up her hand to ward it off.

"No, no! You must not—I did not think, did not remember. I forgot everything. Ah, you know I must not love you, that I can't be your wife." Her face burned for a moment at the word, then went white, as she firmly freed herself from his arm and stood at the side of the bed, her hand pressed to her bosom, her breath coming painfully.

(To be Continued.)

American Universities—Iowa.

By GEORGE FITCH, Author of "At Good Old Siwash."

The University of Iowa is a set of Siamese twins engaged in a violent endeavour to devour each other.

Part of the University is located at Iowa City and the rest of it at Ames, Iowa City, is a fine old school founded in 1847 with 3,000 students, great medical and law departments and a fine set of buildings, including the beautiful old State Capitol. Ames has 4,000 students, one of the greatest agricultural schools in the world and a vast campus equipped with a technical school, cafeteria, campanile and all the comforts of modern state university life.

Neither school, however, is contented. It is the constant desire of Ames to get all of Iowa City's appropriations away from it and Iowa City graduates will not let a legislator be nominated if they can help it until he is analyzed for traces of enmity to the other school.

So Iowa maintains duplicate colleges, libraries, campuses and atmospheres which keeps her so poor that she hadn't any money to spend on good roads. It costs her upwards of \$2,000,000 to keep both schools going.

If Iowa's two colleges were united they would have 7,000 students and would look down with scorn on Michigan and Illinois. Iowa City has produced many famous politicians and one football team which stood the rest of the middle west teams on their heads and wore all the chalk off the goal lines of Michigan and Chicago. Ames has produced Professor Holden, who taught Iowa farmers how to test their seed corn and made that state the greatest corn state in the union. Neither college has turned out very many gilded scions of the uncontrollably rich.

Iowa educates its students liberally at these schools, but it does not stop there. It educates its pigs, cows, soil, newspaper editors, highway commissioners and cornfields. It costs Iowa a great deal of money to run her universities, but she gets it all back with 500 per-cent profit each fall and does not murmur or repine.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Piles for Fifteen Years

Cured by Zam-Buk.

To those who suffer from this painful malady the following letters will be of deep interest. Mr. J. McEwen, of Dundas, Ont., writes: "For fifteen years I suffered with piles and could get no permanent cure until I tried Zam-Buk. After having given Zam-Buk a fair trial I found I was getting better, and in the end it completely cured me."

Mr. James Ruddy, of Killoloe, Ont., says: "I suffered greatly from piles. The pain from these, as anyone who suffers from them will know, was at times almost unbearable. I tried first one remedy and then another, but all without effect. The piles still continued as bad as ever. I heard about Zam-Buk and commenced with the treatment. To my great joy, after perseverance, I obtained relief from the agonizing pain of the piles. Having been cured by Zam-Buk I heartily recommend the balm to all sufferers from piles."

"Why not end your suffering? Take the advice of the hundreds who have done so and give Zam-Buk a fair trial. This marvellous remedy quickly relieves the suffering, it soothes and heals the inflamed, irritated hemorrhoid veins, and perseverance with Zam-Buk effects permanent cures."

Every home needs Zam-Buk—accidents will happen, and Zam-Buk is the best "first aid." It quickly takes the sting out of a cut, the fire out of a burn or scald, the soreness from a bruise. Blood-poison or other complications cannot creep in where Zam-Buk has been applied. It is a sure cure for piles, eczema, ulcers, children's scalp sores, varicose veins, cold cracks, chapped hands, etc. 50c. at all druggists and stores, or post-paid form Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse substitutes and harmful imitations.

Fishery Report.

The latest fishery reports compiled by the Board of Trade are:—Oct. 2nd. From J. P. Devereaux, (Cape Race to St. Shott's).—The catch to date is 10,070 qts., but for last week nil. Some herring is obtainable for bait, but no cod is being taken and the fishery is now over for the season. Most of the men are returning to their homes. Ten bankers arrived during the week.

Oct. 2nd. From B. Perry, (Catalina South Head to North Head).—The boats got to the grounds only once last week and then found cod very scarce. Some herrings are being taken in nets, but no other bait is obtainable. The total catch is 5560 qts. with 460 for last week. Forty dories and skiffs and 17 boats are fishing.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Gents.—A customer of ours cured a very bad case of distemper in a valuable horse by the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Yours truly, VILANDRIE FRERES.

YOUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A healthy mother should not regard herself, nor permit her family to regard her, as in any case an invalid while nursing. She is much more likely to succeed if she goes about her ordinary duties as usual and fills her life with normal interests. An abundance of sleep is essential and she should have at least eight hours every night and an hour in the daytime.

A daily bath is desirable, and should be taken whenever possible. It is especially important to remove the odors of perspiration or old milk from the mother's body and clothing, as the baby may refuse to nurse when an unpleasant odor is forced upon him. A mother soon learns to rest herself whenever the baby nurses, and in these brief periods of relaxation help greatly to keep her in good condition.

Vigorol

Weak and run-down. Tired and sluggish. Eyes feel heavy. Headaches and feverish. Don't allow these symptoms to continue. Tone yourself up. Get a bottle of VIGOROL, it will do it, and do it quickly. Every spring one needs a good tonic. VIGOROL acts as a general house-cleanser; it goes after every organ and cleanses it. Get it to-day at all drug stores.

FREIGHT FROM MONTREAL.—The Furness Withy Co. have engaged the s.s. Paliki to come here with a general cargo. She is expected to leave Montreal on Tuesday next, the 12th inst., coming direct. Her cargo will consist principally of flour.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

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.

1395-1396. 1396-WAIST. 1396-SKIRT.



A Smart and Attractive Costume. Comprising Ladies' Shirt Waist Pattern 1398, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern, 1396. The Waist is made with applied front facings that may be stitched to form pockets. The sleeve in wrist length has a hand cuff. The short sleeve has a shaped cuff facing.

The skirt is a model with four gores, and has plaited fullness over the back and sides. Serge, voile, cashmere, gabardine, velvet, taffeta, linen and gingham, are all good for this model. The Waist Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size. The Skirt requires 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material, for a 24 inch size. It is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure, and measures 3 1/2 yards at the lower edge.

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.

1328-1409. OVER DRESS-1409.



A CHARMING AND FASHIONABLE DESIGN. Comprising Ladies' Shirt Waist Pattern, 1328, and Ladies' Princess Over Dress Pattern, 1409. As here shown taffeta was used for the over dress, with crepe for the waist. Either style may be developed and worn separately. The waist has a convertible collar and a sleeve that may be finished in wrist or elbow length. Embroidery, braiding or bands of velvet ribbon would form a suitable finish for the over dress. The Waist Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch material for a 36 inch size. The Over Dress is cut in the same sizes, and requires 4 1/2 yards of 44 inch material without nap, for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures about 3 1/2 yards at the foot.

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The Missing Million, A. & C. Askew, Wild Sheba, A. & C. Askew, The Thirteenth Guest, Ferguson Home, The Cottage in the China, Headon Hill Until Seventy Times Seven, L. G. Moberly, Love the Jester, A. & C. Askew, The Countess Londa, Boothby, The Fire Knot, A. & C. Askew, The Mystery of Mr. Bernard Brown, Oppenheim, Long Live the King, Guy Boothby, In Lover's Lane, A. & C. Askew, A Mystery of the Thames, Florence Warden.

The Bride of Dutton Market, M. C. Leighton, The River of Stars, Edgar Wallace, Guilty Bonds, Le Queux, The Sporting Chance, A. & C. Askew, The Heart of Gold, L. G. Moberly, The Soul of Gold, J. M. Farman, A Crime on Canvas, F. M. White, The Laugh That Wins, E. A. Rowlands, The Message of Fate, Louis Tracy.

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