



**"ECHOES of the Past;**  
OR,  
**The Recompense of Love!"**

CHAPTER XII.

"Quite so, quite so," responded Standon quickly. "Quite right. Forgive an old man's impertinence, my dear boy; and believe that it sprang from my interest in your welfare. By-by."

He toddled off, but chuckled when he had gone out of Clive's hearing, for he had seen Lady Edith's blush as her eyes had fallen on the young man. Clive walked slowly down Parliament Street, the old man's words haunting him; for Lord Standon had spoken the truth; the man who married Lord Chesterleigh's daughter, with her vast wealth and the great family interest, would find his political road smoothed for him, would find the path of his ambition strewn with roses instead of the flints which lie so thickly on the cruelly rough road to fame and power.

Perhaps the thought was still with him when he went up the stairs to the great house in Grosvenor Square, for he was grave and preoccupied. But Lady Edith greeted him brightly, and appeared to be in the happiest of moods.

"How tired you look!" she remarked. "I thought you looked as if you didn't want to be bothered with the talk and chatter, and I have told them that I am not at home to any one else; so that you can rest and drink your tea in silence, if you like."

"That was very kind of you," he said gratefully. "But I want to talk." "When you have had another cup of tea," she said. "And now, if you must talk, tell me about—oh, anything that you are doing."

She leaned forward, her eyes fixed on his face with so evident an interest that Clive responded at once.

"I'm still pursuing the uneven tenor of my way," he said. "I think we shall be able to do something with the Housing question."

He told her in a few words—there was no need of a lengthy explanation, for she had the whole matter at her finger-tips—of the proposal of the government, and she listened intently, putting in a word, asking a question now and again, and leading him on as a clever woman can lead a man by talking of the subject nearest his heart.

"Yes; it is better than nothing," she said. "But you will get all you

want in time, you are one of the men who always succeed sooner or later."

He laughed. "That's a rather too flattering estimate of my poor powers," he said. "But tell me, you were kind enough to say you could get some more pupils for my friend?"

"Yes; I have another one, I think," she said brightly. "And he deserves all we can do, for he is really very clever and is a capital teacher."

Clive thanked her again. "I can't tell you how grateful I am to you," he said warmly, so warmly that the color rose to her face and her eyes became downcast; then she raised them and glanced at him swiftly.

"It is I who should be grateful to you," she said in a low voice. "Until I—I knew you, I cared for nothing—I mean," quickly, her color deepening,

"that nothing interested me, that I was quite indifferent about things, everything. Life seemed such a wearisome business, so many dinners, so many balls, so many receptions; and I was terribly tired of them all. But I know now why you—and men like you—keep on trying to do good, despite all sorts of disappointments and discouragements."

She paused for a moment; then went on again:

"This little thing I have done for you—you can't tell how much pleasure it has given me. I suppose it is because I have been of some use in the world; perhaps because I have been of some little use to 'The Friend of the People.' Will you let me be of more use to you? Isn't there something else I can do? Something bigger, that will give me real trouble; this was none. There, now! I am selfish. I am forgetting that you are tired and want to rest, and I am plaguing you. No; you shall not hum my whims and fancies, shall not talk. Lean back and rest, won't you?"

She took a cushion from the long divan and put it at the back of his chair with a half-apologetic laugh, but with an appeal in her eyes.

Clive put out his hand to refuse the cushion, and their hands met. The blood rushed to her face at the contact, and her eyes grew soft and melting. Embarrassed, with a strange sense of foreboding, Clive let his fall and looked at her now downcast face with a troubled regard. It was an awkward moment, but before either of them could speak the door opened, and Sara entered. Lady Edith started and looked up with a frown.

"What is it, Sara?" she demanded, with ill-concealed impatience.

Sara had stopped just within the room and had shot a swift glance, malign, almost threatening, at Clive; but with a gesture of apology she bent her head low and put out her joined hands in an Oriental salaam.

"Pardon, my lady," she murmured. "I did not know—I thought the room was empty. Pardon sahib!"

She had gone, had glided out in a moment, but her entrance had broken the spell and Clive rose with a feeling of relief, of—was it escape?

"I take you at your word. I'll accept your kind offer, Lady Edith," he said gravely. "If I need any help I think you can give me for some of my poor people, I will come to you. I am very grateful."

She gave him her hand without a word, her eyes downcast, her face now pale; and for some minutes after he had gone she sat breathing painfully and gazing at the chair in which he had sat.

As Clive went down the stairs and

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**GIVES INSTANT RELIEF, CLEARS OUT NOSE, THROAT AND ALL BREATHING ORGANS.**

In this sickle climate, repeated colds very easily drift into Catarrh. The natural tendency of Catarrh is to extend through the system in every direction.

Exposure to cold or dampness intensifies the trouble and nasal catarrh is the result.

Unless a complete cure is effected, inflammation passes rapidly to the throat, bronchial tubes and then to the lungs.

You can't make new lungs—hence Consumption is practically incurable. But Catarrh can be cured, except in its final and always fatal stage.

Catarrh sufferers, meaning those with colds, sore throat, bronchial trouble, etc., can all be cured right at home by inhaling "Catarrhazone."

In using Catarrhazone you don't take medicine into the stomach—you just breathe a healing piney vapor direct to the lungs and air passages.

The purest balsams and the greatest antiseptics are thus sent to every spot where catarrhal trouble exists, germs are killed, foul secretions are destroyed nature is given a chance and cure comes quickly.

Colds and throat troubles can't last if the pure healing vapor of Catarrhazone is breathed—sneezing and coughing cease at once, because irritation is removed.

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**How To Make the Quickest, Simplest Cough Remedy**

Much Better than the Ready-made Kind and You Save \$2. Fully Guaranteed.

This home-made cough syrup is now used in more homes than any other cough remedy. Its promptness, ease and certainty in conquering distressing coughs, chest and throat colds is really remarkable. You can actually feel it take hold. A day's use will usually overcome the ordinary cough—relieves even whooping cough quickly. Splendid, too, for bronchitis, spasmodic croup, bronchial asthma and winter coughs.

Get from any druggist 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth), pour it into a 16-ounce bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. This gives you, at a cost of only 54 cents, 16 ounces of better cough syrup than you could buy for \$2.50. Takes but a few minutes to prepare. Full directions with Pinex.

You will be pleasantly surprised to note how quickly it loosens dry, hoarse or tight coughs and breaks the inflamed membranes in a painful cough. It also stops the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes, thus ending the persistent loose cough.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, rich in guaiaecol, which is so healing to the membranes.

To avoid disappointment, be sure and ask your druggist for "2½ ounces Pinex," and don't accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

into the street, he, too, breathed painfully, and again Lord Standon's words came back to him. He lived in a world in which so many marriages without love are made, in which the marriage of convenience is as frequent as any other act of exchange and barter, that he was not startled by the idea suggested by the old gossip. But he recoiled from it with a sense of distaste, of resentment, which arose from something within him that lay deeper than the mere surface objection to a loveless union.

She was very beautiful, the advantages of such a match were as great as undeniable, as Lord Standon had pointed out, but—No; he could not do it; though by doing it he should gain all that he was striving for. And yet a few weeks ago would he have shrunk from the idea of marrying Lady Edith as he shrank now? Why had he become so scrupulous? What had happened to make him so unworldly?

As if in answer to his question, Mina's face rose before him—but he thrust it aside; he would not accept the mute answer.

When he entered the Tate Gallery the next afternoon and looked round, eagerly, he was conscious of a pang of disappointment, for she was not there. He walked quickly through the rooms, devoured by suspense, and presently, with a sense of relief and gladness, he saw her coming toward him.

Her face was pale and there was a troubled expression in the gray eyes as she gave him her hand.

"I am late," she said in a low voice, her eyes avoiding his. "I—I did not mean to come."

"Not mean to come? Why?" he asked, though he foresaw, with a sinking of the heart, her reply.

"No," she said, meeting his eyes with an effort, but steadily. "I—I thought it over after I left you. I knew Tibby would be angry, and—and I did not tell her. I have not told her that I was at the meeting the other night. And—and—no; I did not mean to come. But I—I could not keep away. It seemed so ungrateful not to come and tell you why—"

"I understand," he said in a low voice. "You think it is—wrong, Mina?"

She inclined her head; there were no tears in her eyes, but he knew that she was afraid lest there should be.

"Yes; I—I suppose it is. Tibby would know. I did not think of it until I had discovered that I did not want to tell her. She would know. And yet—is it wrong?" she asked almost piteously.

Clive stood, battling with his conscience. Her presence was as sweet as myrrh to him. There was an irresistible fascination in her innocence, her half-unconscious desire to avoid evil. What should he say?

"Perhaps Tibby is right," he said at last; but even as he spoke he rebelled against the scruples which were dividing them. "But all the same, I am glad you have come, Mina. Will you stay five—ten minutes, now you are here?"

She looked round wistfully, then up at him doubtfully.

"Five minutes, then," she faltered, with a sigh. "There—there is one of the pictures I want to see again."

"Tell me which it is; we will go and look at it together," he said.

"She went straight to one of the rooms, and they stood before Waterhouse's magnificent and pathetic 'Lady of Shalott.'"

"This it is," she said in a low voice, her eyes fixed on the picture. "It is so beautiful—so—so real that I could not get it out of my mind, though I don't know what it means."

"It is from one of Tennyson's poems," he said. "I will send it to you."

"No, no!" she said. "I can borrow it from the school library. How lovely she looks, and how unhappy. I—I wish I could forget it."

"Come and look at some of the others," he said in a voice that came painfully.

They walked round slowly and she gazed at the pictures, but with lessened interest, and when they reached the door she started slightly and stopped.

"I will go now," she said. "I—I am glad I came, that I have seen the picture once more."

"You can come again," he said, still with the labored voice. "You can come alone, Mina."

She shook her head, her face averted.

"No; I shall not come again," she said, almost inaudibly. "Don't—don't come with me, please. I would rather you did not—"

Her voice broke and her lips quivered. "Oh, how ungrateful you must think me! But I'm not, I'm not!" She raised her eyes to his face and he saw the tears in them now. "But I—I could not tell Tibby—"

The tears threatened to fall, and she turned aside and put her hand to her eyes with a swift movement that wrung Clive's heart. "Good-by."

He held her hand a moment, his own closing over hers tightly, then she withdrew it from his grasp and, before he could realize that she had gone, she had passed out.

He stood looking at the door like a man in a dream; then, with a quick sigh, a catch of the breath, he turned after her; but when he had reached the entrance he stopped short, and stood biting his lips, his face white and strained, his heart beating heavily, for, with the passing of that slight girlish figure, something seemed to have passed out of his life.

But she was right, the instinct born of her purity, her innate goodness, her childlike shrinking from an unknown evil, was right; he must see her no more.

(To be Continued.)

Buttons are one of the most effective decorations of 1915.

**MRS. BEIDEL TELLS WOMEN**

**How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Kept Her in Health for 14 Years.**

Shippensburg, Pa.—"It was several years ago that I started taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I then suffered terribly every month. My husband bought me a bottle of it and it helped me right away. Then after my second child was born I had a female trouble very badly and I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and in a short time was cured and have been in excellent health since. I always praise the Compound whenever I have an opportunity as I know it helped me and will help others. Lately I have given the Compound to my daughter and I wish all suffering women would take it and be convinced of its worth."—Mrs. JAMES A. BEIDEL, 113 N. Penn Street, Shippensburg, Pa.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., seem to prove this fact.

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25-cent bottle destroys dandruff and doubtless beauty of your hair.

Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you can not find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

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Get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine.

**Amusements.**

**THE CRESCENT PICTURE PALACE.**

The picture show at the Crescent Picture Palace to-day is really a good one and should be seen by all lovers of moving pictures. "Out of the Storm" is a thrilling mining drama. It is produced by the Lubin Company and portrays some beautiful western scenes. A Kalem masterpiece in two acts is "Her Bitter Lesson," the favorite actress Alice Hallister features in this great modern society drama. "The Apple" is a Vitaphone melodrama. Dorothy Kelly and James Morrison are the principals supported with a strong cast. Lloyd V. Hamilton, the great comedian, plays one of his funniest roles in "Love Oil and Grease," this is one of the funniest comedies you ever laughed at. On Wednesday a wonderful presentation of Browning's celebrated poem: "The Ring and the Book" will be shown.

**THREE PRIZES AGAIN AT ROSSLEY'S TO-NIGHT.**

Last night there was a splendid house at the Reliable Show Shop, and patrons were delighted with the laughable sketch presented by the ever-popular Rossleys. The MacKenzie Company gave every satisfaction, the singing and playing being very much appreciated. The three-reel feature "Sans Gene" is even better than the Bernhardt picture of last week, as Madam Rejane is a great comedian. Mr. Rossley gave the three money prizes which were won by Miss Hanley, Mr. Murphy and Mr. Andrew Snow. Mr. Murphy will hand his dollar over to the Patriotic Fund. Mr. and Mrs. Rossley will appear in their laughable sketch again to-night and other three prizes will be given. Mr. Dan Roche who comes from New York for Mr. Rossley, is a wonderful pianist.

**Mapleton's Peanut Butter is made in England. When you buy it you will know its value. When the children get it on their bread they know its quality. Cheap nourishment these strenuous times. The proof of the pudding is the eating of it.**

**British Fleet Basily**

Carrying on Operations in Belgium, Not Officially Mentioned.

Paris, Sept. 23.—Tremendous flanking operation is being carried out by the British fleet, of which the official statements have as yet made no mention.

This development will probably prove the decisive factor in the huge attack now in progress. It is a surprise for the Germans and another triumph for the British fleet.

An operation analogous to the Dardanelles' effort is being carried out on the shell-sweet sands of which was once the most famous summer gambling resort in Belgium.

**MR. LLOYD GEORGE CHALLENGED**

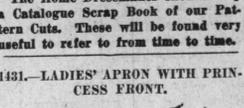
Mr. Lloyd George's statements at Bristol with regard to an alleged incident at the Coventry Ordnance Works have been challenged by the Coventry Munitions workers. Mr. Lloyd George said that workmen had been asked to annoy a certain man, who was completing a job in 8½ hours which ordinarily took 3½ hrs.

The allegation of the Minister of Munitions has been taken up and investigated by the Coventry Labor Advisory Committee on war output, and in a reply issued recently the committee declared that the statement according to which a trade union official sent a circular invitation to men employed in the Coventry Ordnance Works to watch and annoy a certain man with a view to retarding the output needs calling attention to the committee wishes emphatically to contradict this, and claims that every assistance has been given to accelerate the output of munitions of war. This communication is signed by seven members of the committee. Mr. Lloyd George in his speech said a note had been circulated among the men working at the factory, but did not specify by whom it had been circulated.

**Evening 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.

1431.—LADIES' APRON WITH PRINCESS FRONT.



This desirable model has shoulder straps that extend over the front and form deep convenient pockets. The skirt portions are joined to a "Princess" panel, and are finished with a belt at the waistline, to which the straps are attached in the back. This model is good for gingham, saten, cambric, lawn, percale or drill. The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 4½ yards of 27 inch material for a Medium size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

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For percale, gingham, drill, saten, lawn, or cambric, this model will be found very satisfactory. It is cut with sufficient fullness for comfort, and ease in wearing and has deep arm opening, which assures freedom of movement for the arms while working. The back is finished with a belt. The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 3½ yards of 36 inch material for a Medium size.

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Theory of Physical Education by T. Chesterton, 95c.

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He Can Who Thinks He Can by O. S. Marden, \$1.10.

Physical Education and Hygiene by Welpton, \$1.35.

The Education of Self by Dr. J. Dubois, \$1.10.

Feeding and Hygiene of Infants by J. Budin, \$3.00.

How to Prolong Life by C. W. DeLacy Evans, \$1.00.

Correct Breathing for Health, 35c.

Curative Exercises for Indigestion, 35c.

Breathing by Eustace Miles, 35c.

The Conquest of Consumption by Latham & Garland, 35c.

How to Become Efficient by T. S. Knowlson, 30c.

An Iron Will by Dr. O. S. Marden, 30c.

The Hour of Opportunity by Dr. O. S. Marden, 30c.

The Secret of Efficiency by Grace Dawson, 30c.

Have You a Strong Will? by C. G. Leland, \$1.10.

Every Man a King by Dr. O. S. Marden, \$1.10.

Feeding and Rearing of Children by Thos. Dalton, 60c.

Delusions in Diet by Sir J. C. Browne, 30c.

Foods That Are Drugged by Landone, 25c.

The Bacillus of Long Life by Douglas, \$1.60.

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