



Are you "Nervy"?

Do you "jump" at a sudden sound? Do you have headaches or neuralgia? Are you irritable? Are you depressed? Are you troubled with sleeplessness? If so, you need a short course of 'Wincarnis' (the Wine of Life). There is nothing so good as 'Wincarnis' for re-vitalising the nerves—nothing so prompt in giving them new life. 'Wincarnis' possesses the great advantage of getting right to the root of nerve troubles, and by means of an enriched blood supply to give new vitality and new life to the whole nervous system. That is why over 10,000 Doctors recommend 'Wincarnis'.

Will you try just one bottle?

Begin to get well FREE.

'Wincarnis' is made in England, and you can obtain a liberal free trial bottle—not a mere taste, but enough to do you good, by sending 5 cents stamps (to pay postage) to COLEMAN & CO., Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich, England. Regular supplies can be obtained from all leading Grocers, Chemists, and Wine Merchants.

WINGARNIS

Agents for Newfoundland—
Messrs. MARSHALL BROS., Water Street, St. John's, Newfoundland.

"ECHOES of the Past;

OR,

The Recompense of Love!"

CHAPTER II.
CHAPTER III.

Clive let himself into the modest littlehouse in Burleigh Street and went up to his rooms; small but by no means uncomfortable diggings on the second floor. His reading-lamp was lit, and he sat down, started a pipe, and drew some papers toward him—for he it known that a member of Parliament's work does not cease when he leaves the House; that is, a member plagued by a conscience and ambition.

But he found it rather difficult to concentrate his mind on the Blue Book he wished to master, and he leaned back and blew smoke-rings in the air trying not to think of the poor little street-singer. He had almost succeeded when there came a knock at the door; and in response to Clive's "Come in!" a man entered.

He was Clive's fellow-lodger, and lived in still more modest rooms on the floor above. He was rather a singular-looking man, with one of those clean-shaven faces which rouses the curiosity of the observer while riveting his attention. The face was not only an impassive one, but it appeared to be absolutely incapable of expression; the lips were thin, and scarcely moved when he spoke, and the eyelids were thick and drooping, so that Clive could not have told, if his life had depended upon it, whether his fellow-lodger's eyes were dark or light. His movements were as devoid of expression as his countenance; as he stood in the doorway—he was in his shirt-sleeves, and they and the rest of his clothes seemed to hang upon him as if they were displayed on a too meager tailor's dummy—he looked more like an automaton than a sentient human being.

One may live in a house in London for ten years without learning the name and the occupation of one's fellow lodger; but, by a few chance words, Clive had come to know that the man was a journalist, which no doubt accounted for the fact that he

did not rise until midday, and did not retire to rest until early morning.

"Hello, Quilton!" said Clive. "Come in."

"Sorry to intrude," said Quilton, "but I've run out of bacca. Can you spare me a pipe?"

Clive signed to his open pouch. "Certainly. Sit down."

Quilton sank noiselessly into a chair and filled a blackened clay slowly and with precision.

"Do you happen to know the rest of 'See, the Conquering Hero Comes'?" he said, without lifting his lids.

Clive laughed, and shook his head.

"No; I suppose not," remarked Quilton. "Nowadays people never know more than the first line of anything. I asked a handsman in the park the other day if he could repeat the whole of 'God Save the King,' and offered him a shilling for the feat. Of course, he couldn't. If I knew the whole of 'See, the Conquering Hero Comes,' I would repeat it to you, as my humble tribute to your triumph to-night."

"Thanks," said Clive. "You were in the House?"

Quilton nodded. "I was. It was a fine speech, a remarkably fine speech. It warmed even us up in the press-gallery. I am writing a leader on it for 'The Beacon.'"

"Thanks," said Clive. "I am glad you liked what I said."

Quilton raised his lids for a second.

"Yes. They were saying in the gallery that you were the coming man; and I'm inclined to agree with them. Whether you'll be happier when you have arrived is another question. From my knowledge of human nature, which is—"

"Which is not limited," remarked Clive; for, from words that Quilton had let slip from time to time Clive knew that the singular being had been a great traveler and was an extraordinary linguist.

"I should say the difference between a failure and success is appreciable. But don't let me discourage you; in fact, I should like to join the great Mr. Graham and equally great Lord Chesterleigh in their admiration and appreciation of your phenomenal success."

"Thanks," said Clive again. "Yes, they were both very kind."

"I saw them," said Quilton, lighting his pipe and regarding the expiring match as if it were something of absorbing interest. "I heard some of

Graham's men saying that you were the hope of the party." There was a pause; then, in an absolutely toneless voice, he added: "A very beautiful girl, Lord Chesterleigh's daughter."

"You saw her? Yes; she is very beautiful," assented Clive.

"Yes, I was standing near the carriage while she was talking to you," said Quilton, in a casual way.

"I wish I had seen you," said Clive.

"I should like to have introduced you to Mr. Graham and Lord Chesterleigh. Mr. Graham is very much interested in 'The Beacon.'"

"Yes? It doesn't follow that he would be interested in me," said Quilton. "I am only a reporter, hack, and 'general utility' for that youthful but promising journal."

Another pause; then he remarked: "Lord Chesterleigh was looking well, I thought—all the better for his rest, no doubt."

This repeated reference to Lord Chesterleigh reminded Clive of the wild-looking woman who had seemed to threaten the ex-foreign minister; and, wondering whether Quilton, whose knowledge of the history of public characters all over the world, and of London life generally, seemed to be encyclopedic, Clive, after a moment's hesitation, said:

"By the way, I witnessed, in fact, assisted at, a rather curious incident to-night. There was a block outside the gates as the Chesterleigh carriage was driving away, and, while it was stopping, a woman darted out of the crowd, and—well, appeared to be going to throw something at Lord Chesterleigh. I caught her arm, and tried to hang onto her; but she got away by a simple trick that ought not to have taken in a schoolboy, and I lost her."

"Oh!" said Quilton. "That sounds interesting." But he did not look at all interested; indeed, his face was more like a waxen mask than usual, if that were possible. "What sort of woman was she?"

"What sort of woman? Oh, a tall, dark woman, with a foreign look about her; something Spanish, I thought. She was poor, I should think, for she was shabbily dressed; but with a touch of fiery, a dash of color somewhere about her dress; perhaps that is why I thought she was a foreigner."

"Did Lord Chesterleigh see her?" asked Quilton indifferently.

"I think not," replied Clive. "He was looking the other way, toward Victoria Street."

"And Lady Edith?"

"No, I'm sure; yes, quite sure, she did not; she was looking at the block. You know her—you called her Lady Edith?"

Quilton shrugged his shoulders very slightly. "No," he said. "How should a poor devil of a literary hack know the daughter of Lord Chesterleigh? But I suppose most persons know her Christian name; it's in the papers often enough. What do you make of the incident? By the way, it would serve for an interesting paragraph for 'The Beacon. Oh, don't be alarmed. Strange to say, I have that singular possession for a journalist, a delicate conscience; it is a great encumbrance, and handicaps me rather severely, as in this instance."

"I am not alarmed," said Clive. "I am quite sure you wouldn't use the incident, Quilton. What do I make of it? I don't know. At first, I thought she might be intoxicated; but she wasn't. I rather fancy that she mistook Lord Chesterleigh for some one else. Why should a queer-looking woman rush up to his carriage and threaten him in that fashion? What do you make of it?"

"I don't make anything," replied Quilton. "I am rather inclined to think with you that it was a case of mistaken identity. I should say that Lord Chesterleigh was the last man to be connected with a mystery in which a woman was concerned. He is reputed to be a temple of all the virtues, the domestic ones especially. But it would have been embarrassing to say the least of it, if the woman's eccentric behavior had been observed by the crowd and attracted the attention of the police. The story would have been in all the morning papers, and Lord Chesterleigh and his innumerable friends—to say nothing of his party—would have been grievously distressed."



RECOMMENDED BY
GOOD GROCERS
FOR OVER 40 YEARS
ROYAL YEAST CAKES



MADE IN CANADA
E.W. GILBERT CO. LTD.
TORONTO, ONT.
WINNIPEG MONTREAL

"That occurred to me just in time to prevent my giving chase to her," said Clive; "so I let her go."

"You acted wisely, in my humble opinion," said Quilton. "Always avoid a scandal. It is just possible," he added, "that the woman was mad. Did that solution occur to you?"

"Of course," said Clive; "but I don't think she was mad, excepting with passion. I never saw a woman in a greater rage. She reminded me of a wildcat."

There was a pause. Quilton smoked without opening his lips, and blowing dense clouds through his nose. Presently he rose.

"Good tobacco of yours this, Harvey," he said.

"Take some more," said Clive; "take enough to carry you through the night. I guess you smoke right through your work as I do."

"Yes," admitted Quilton. "Your heart will be as weak as mine, when you are as old as I am."

Clive regarded him with faint curiosity. He had often wondered whether the man was young or old; the smooth face, the impassive manner baffled any conjecture.

"You spoke as if you were a Methuselah," he said.

"I am older, as a matter of fact," said Quilton. "Good night!"

He paused, with his hand on the door-knob; and with his thick eyelids completely covering his eyes, and his tone and manner one of absolute indifference, said:

"The woman stood right under the lamplight, and yet you say you should not know her again?"

Clive looked up with slight surprise. "How do you know she stood right under the lamplight?"

Quilton turned his pipe from one corner of his mouth to the other before replying.

"She could scarcely have been out of the light where she stood," he said.

"Oh, well, of course, she was in the light," said Clive; "but I didn't say I shouldn't recognize her again. I'm

not sure. Yes, I think I might. Why do you ask?"

"Upon my word I don't know," answered Quilton. "I imagine my question sprang from my desire to display a respectful and polite interest in your little story. I will go and finish that leader on you; it's getting late. I've likened you to Cicero, Cato and Peabody. Is there any other orator or philanthropist, ancient or modern, you would like me to mention?"

Clive laughed, and picked up his Blue Book.

"Good night," he said. "Don't lay it on too thick, there's a good fellow."

Quilton went upstairs with his noiseless tread and entered his own room, turning the key mechanically, and as if the action were a habitual one. The room was sparsely furnished and much littered—the servant was never allowed to arrange or dust anything—and the deal table, the chairs, and a rickety lodging-house sofa were crowded with books and papers. A cheap paraffin-lamp, and a bottle of gin and its accompanying glass, stood by the writing-pad on which lay the leader that Quilton was writing.

He poured himself out some gin and sat down to his work, finished it, and putting on his coat, got his soft felt hat from its hook; then he paused, and, with his hands thrust in his pockets, stared at the shabby carpet worn by his continual pacing to and fro during the act of composition. He half-turned toward the door, then went to an old cupboard at the end of the room, took from it a small, battered box, and, unlocking it, turned over some papers and trinkets, until he found a small miniature.

He carried this to the light and regarded it for some moments with an impassive countenance.

"Yes, she's changed a good deal," he said reflectively. "I doubt whether he would have known her. So she has broken out again; that's bad."

He tossed the miniature into the box, locked it carefully, and, letting himself out of the room, went down the stairs in his usual noiseless fashion.

(To be Continued.)

Chronic Skin Disorders
Now Overcome Quickly

There is no hope of getting rid of disfiguring skin and blemishes until the blood is purged of every trace of unclean matter.

Wonderful results follow the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills which provide the blood with the elements it needs to become rich and red.

Quickly indeed the blood is brought to normal strength, is filled with nutrition, is given power to drive out of the system the humors that cause rashes, pimples, pasty complexion and kindred ills. Don't delay. Get Hamilton's Pills to-day; they go to work at once and give prompt results. Mild, efficient, safe for men and women or children. Get a 25c. box to-day from any dealer.

Fads and Fashions.

There are dresses made on Princess lines and their trimming is of silk embroidery and beads.

Some of the newest evening gowns have sash trains which can be carried over the arm.

Dark blue stockings are the proper thing, if worn with black patent leather boots.

Even fur coats have the close, central fastening all the way up the front of the coat.

PAINTED WALLS

Cleaned in a Jiffy When You Use

Old Dutch Cleanser

Large Sifter Can, with Full Directions, 10c



IMPORTANT WARNING!

The Rifle Range on the South Side Hill will be in constant use from daylight till dark for Musketry Practice until further notice. All unauthorized persons are therefore prohibited from approaching the Range within two hundred yards from either side or within 1,000 yards of the targets to the Eastward. Any unauthorized person so doing will be liable to arrest, besides incurring serious danger from rifle bullets. This prohibition does not extend to any part of the hills west of the 1,000 yard firing point.

(Signed),
JOHN SULLIVAN,
Inspector General Constabulary,
W. H. RENNIE,
Captain (in charge of Musketry Instruction).

Use MOREY'S COAL.

Now landing, 682 tons North Sydney Coal.

Also Anthracite Coal.

We can now supply the best coal in the market.

OUR COAL IS GOOD COAL.

M. MOREY & CO.

THE WHOLE STORY

of what our "Safeguard" method of Filing and Finding will do for you is told in a nutshell. It will keep you out of many a hole by ensuring immediate handling of every paper of your date when reference to them is imperative—and loss of them is disastrous.

The Globe-Wernicke Co.
PERCIE JOHNSON.

HAYWARD & CO., Water Street, East

Ex S. S. "STEPHANO."

From New York: Cucumbers, Tomatoes, Celery, Carrots, Beetroot, Bananas, Pears, Red Plums, Blue Plums, California Oranges.

And on hand: **JAMES STOTT**

Garland's Bookstores,

177 & 343 Water St., St. John's.

Let Us Fill Your Order from FRESH SUPPLIES!

ELLIS & CO., Limited,

203 Water St.

Fresh New York Chicken, Fresh New York Turkeys, Fresh New York Ducks, Fresh New York Corned Beef.

IRISH HAMS, IRISH BELLIES BACON.

New Potatoes, New Cabbage, New Beetroot, New Carrots, New Parsnips, Fresh Green Peas, Fresh String Beans, New Cucumbers, Ripe Tomatoes, New Celery, Green Corn.

AMERICAN FRESH BUTTER, BLUE NOSE BUTTER.

Fresh Pineapples, California Grapes, Almeria Grapes, Palermo Lemons, California Oranges, Cantaloupes, Ripe Bananas, Fresh Peaches, Bartlett Pears, Dessert Apples, Red, Blue & Yellow Plums.

Evangeline Cyder, Welch's Grape Juice, Lime Juice Cordial, Perrier Water, Schreyer's Soda, Vichy Water, Tennants Lager.

REMEMBER OUR TELEPHONES, Nos. 482 and 786.

Skinner's Monumental Works.

Head of Beck's Cove Hill and 333 Duckworth St., St. John's, N.F.

In stock a large assortment of Headstones and Monuments. Catalogue of photo designs of our own work with price list and all information for mail ordering sent to any address on request. Write today. Local cemetery work attended to. First-class work only at reasonable prices. None but first-class stone sockets supplied with all headstones.

JOHN SKINNER.

SCHOOL OPENING!

WE HAVE ANY BOOK YOU MAY NEED.

Literature (for Primary & Preliminary)—David Copperfield's Boyhood, Ivanhoe, Ballads of British History, Book I.

Intermediate—Nelson's Literature Reader Book I.

Associate—Macheth, Gray's Elegy, Ode on Eton College, the Bard Nelson of the Nile, the Talisman.

Geography—The New Newfoundland Geography, Nelson's Highroads of Geography, Part II.

Algebra—A First Algebra by Bate & Bonine.

Hygiene—The Way to Health, Part I, and II; Good Health, Reynolds' Hygiene, Practical Domestic Hygiene, by Potter & Firth.

Geometry—Hall & Stevens' Geometry, Parts I, II, and III, and I, II, and III.

French—Supman's Primary French Course, Parts I, II, and III.

History—Outlines of British History from 1603 to Edward VII; Nelson's Highroads of History, Book V, and Va.

Latin—MacMillan's Shorter Latin Course, Books I, II, and III; Caesar's Gallic War Book, 4 & 5; Virgil's Aeneid, Book VI.

Greek—First Greek Book by White, Xenophon's Anabasis, Book I; Euripides Hecuba.

School Management—Primer of School Method, Dexter and Gallick's Practical School Method, Cox & MacDonald.

We have also a complete stock of Royal Readers, Royal Crown Readers, Christian Bros. Readers and other books, Exercise Books, Copy Books, School Registers, Pens, Pencils, Slates, Ink.

Garland's Bookstores,

177 & 343 Water St., St. John's.

Aching Bones and Sore Joints Cured! All Rheumatic Tendencies Destroyed

Away Go the Crutches, Every Sufferer Made Well Quickly.

Old age is usually afflicted with rheumatism. Very few past fifty escape its tortures.

Many it bends and deforms. Upon the countenances of others it marks the effects of its awful suffering. Nerviline will cure rheumatism. It takes the pain out of throbbing muscles and swollen joints. It untwists gnarled knuckles. It does this quickly and surely.

Nerviline is not used internally. You just rub it on—lots of hard rubbing is required for a minute or two, and then you feel Nerviline penetrating through the tissues; you feel it drawing out the congestion, feel it sink in deeper and deeper till at last it touches the core of the joint or the heart of the muscle affected.

You won't stay in pain with Nerviline—no one ever does. Just try it—you will be amazed at its magical power over pain. A power it gets from the extracts and juices of certain rare herbs and roots it contains. It's harmless—any child can use Nerviline, can rub it on for a sore throat, for a bad cold, for stiff neck, for earache. No family remedy half so useful.

The large 50 cent bottle is the most economical; trial size 25 cents. All dealers.

trating through the tissues; you feel it drawing out the congestion, feel it sink in deeper and deeper till at last it touches the core of the joint or the heart of the muscle affected.

You won't stay in pain with Nerviline—no one ever does. Just try it—you will be amazed at its magical power over pain. A power it gets from the extracts and juices of certain rare herbs and roots it contains. It's harmless—any child can use Nerviline, can rub it on for a sore throat, for a bad cold, for stiff neck, for earache. No family remedy half so useful.

The large 50 cent bottle is the most economical; trial size 25 cents. All dealers.

The large 50 cent bottle is the most economical; trial size 25 cents. All dealers.

The large 50 cent bottle is the most economical; trial size 25 cents. All dealers.