

PERRY DAVIS
THE HOME
PAINKILLER

APPLY IT FOR
CHILLS
CRAMPS
BOWEL TROUBLES
SPRAINS
BRUISES
SORE THROAT

25c. and 50c. Bottles

"ECHOES of the Past;"

The Recompense of Love!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

They went up to the ward, and Clive and Quilton stood beside the bed and looked at the woman. Her face was quite calm now and her dark eyes, after resting on their faces for a moment, gazed vacantly before her.

"Poor woman," said Clive. "She does not appear to be in any pain. How long may she remain like this?"

The house surgeon shrugged his shoulders. "Impossible to say," he said, by no means callously, but in a matter-of-fact way. "She may be in this condition, for some time, months, years, perhaps—I've known such cases; on the other hand, she may recover her full senses and memory at any moment. If she goes on as she is going now, she will be able to leave the hospital in a week or two. She will want looking after, and the trouble is that she can tell us nothing of her friends; we cannot communicate with them, for there is nothing about her, no letter or anything of that kind, to help us to identify her."

"We must do something for her," said Clive uncertainly.

Quilton had not yet spoken, but had looked down at the white and now placid face with an impassive countenance. As Clive hesitated, however, Quilton said in a casual manner:

"I think I know a woman who would look after her. She lives in a house in one of the slums you were good enough to take me to. She is the widow of a compositor I happened to know—one of the Beacon men—and she would be glad to take charge of her for a small weekly sum."

"That is very good of you, Quilton," said Clive warmly.

He thanked him again when he got outside, but Quilton, as he lit his pipe, waved the thanks aside.

"Oh, that's all right," he said. "We'll share it between us. I mean, you can pay the money—for, of course, your dukeship would insist upon that—and I'll do the rest. You've got enough on your hands already."

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ready, and can't be expected to worry about a little affair of this kind. By the way, I'll step back and tell them to send me word when she is fit to be moved. Don't you bother yourself; I'll look after her. What a nuisance the force of example is; going about and talking with a professional philanthropist one catches the troublesome disease. If I see much more of you I shall be taking to district visiting and Dorcas meetings."

With a curt nod and an air of boredom, he turned on his heel and re-entered the hospital.

Clive's affairs were numerous and pressing enough to drive the woman out of his head. There was to be a general election, and it was to take place at once, so that it might be over before the hay harvest, and the country was soon plunged into the usual state of confusion and excitement which is entailed by a general appeal to the free and independent electorate. It was necessary that Clive should go down to Brimleigh without delay, for already his agent there had written to tell him that he would be opposed by a strong Conservative candidate; and he hinted that another candidate, from the extreme Radical and Socialist side, might also take the field.

The Chesterleights were full of enthusiasm and energy on Clive's account, and when Clive told them that he must go down to Brimleigh to begin the fight, Lord Chesterleigh looked up quickly and said, with a smile:

"What do you say, Edith, shall we go down and help him?"

She responded at once and as enthusiastically.

"Why, of course!" she exclaimed. "We'll go down in force, father; and I'll canvass for him."

"And you'll help him to win, my dear. But you must do our part of the canvassing. I can take no part in it; a peer, you know, must not interfere in an election."

"I'll work like a Trojan. We'll take all the carriages down and we'll paint the place red!" Red was Clive's color. "I'll kiss all the babies, and tell the mothers that they are the finest—the babies, I mean—I've ever seen. Of course, you'll win, Clive?"

"With such aid failure would be impossible," said Clive.

They went down to Brimleigh, the Chesterleights going to the house of a friend, Lady Wynthaw, and Clive putting up at the Liberal hotel, the Royal Hart. They found the place in great excitement, for Brimleigh took electioneering seriously, and the campaign began in stern earnest.

Lady Edith threw herself into the contest with all the ardor she had promised. She drove over from the Grange, Lady Wynthaw's place, every morning, her carriage and horses bedecked with Clive's colors; she canvassed from house to house; and if she did not actually kiss the babies, she flattered the mothers and badgered the husbands and fathers into the present accepted fashion. For that occasion she cast aside her natural hauteur and was all smiles and graciousness, and she sat on platforms behind Clive and listened to his speeches with an eager interest and pride which duly impressed the audiences.

She appeared to be incapable of weariness, and treated Clive's remonstrances with laughing defiance, reminding him that his cause was hers and that he would need all the help

she could get. And she spoke truly, for the third candidate had appeared, a rough, but eloquent man, a Socialist, who had come down accompanied by a band of men as rough and determined as himself. Among them was Koshki, the anarchist, and Clive, when he met him in the street and was scowled at by Koshki, knew that he had not only a political foe but a personal enemy. Mr. Broddy, the third candidate, and his friends did not mince their language or exhibit any care in the selection of their phrases when they addressed the electors, but called Mr. Clive Harvey a fraud and a hypocrite, and a traitor to the people of whom he was supposed to be a friend; but the Conservative candidate fought the fight in a pleasant and gentlemanly fashion, and he and Clive met in quite a friendly way.

"That chap Broddy," he said to Clive, with a hearty laugh, "will ruin you. He'll split the Liberal vote and let me in, you'll see! But for him, I shouldn't stand a chance."

"All's fair in love, war and electioneering," responded Clive, with a laugh. "I'd rather you got in, Gordon, than Mr. Broddy. But I'm not beat yet."

"That's so," said Gordon. "And you have the pull of me; I can't talk a bit, and you can jaw the hind leg off a donkey. And then there's Lady Edith! Frankly, I do envy you there! But I don't bear any grudge and, by George, such a charming lady ought to have her own way! Why haven't I a wife or a sweetheart to fight for me?"

This was very pleasant; far more pleasant than to stand by and hear—Clive often did stand by and hear—Mr. Broddy and Koshki informing the working men that he, Clive, was a miscreant, not only unworthy to sit in the House of Commons, but to live.

At election times, local charities flourish exceedingly, for those who are connected with them are cute enough to appreciate the fact that hay should be made while the sun is shining, and that at no period are candidates so liberal and generous as when they are seeking the suffrages of the elector. The pet charity at Brimleigh, and a very worthy one, by the way, was an orphanage, and the governors shrewdly decided on giving a concert in aid of its funds; and as shrewdly obtained all three candidates and their friends as their patrons; charity, as we know, has no politics, and by thus corralling all the political parties, the governors maintained their partiality and avoided invidious selection.

The result promised to be a brilliant financial success. Lady Edith wanted to buy up all the tickets and distribute them among Clive's supporters, but Clive pointed out that this would be bribery in its most obvious and overt form, and she had to content herself with making up a huge party which was to drive down to the hall with literally flying colors. Clive wished to absent himself, but Lady Edith and the rest of the ladies declared that he certainly must be present.

"Why, it would never do!" said Lady Edith. "It is the great event of the year at Brimleigh; they eat and drink and sleep concert; and it would look as if you were indifferent. Besides, Mr. Gordon and that horrid man Broddy will be sure to be there. Oh, of course you must go, dearest. And you must clap like mad and endorse everything. And really I think it is going to be a very good concert. Have you seen the programme? Where is it? I had it somewhere this morning. Oh, I remember, I gave it

to a woman in that dirty little street at the back of the Town Hall. Shall I ever forget that street!" She shuddered, then laughed. "Ah, don't think I mind, Clive! I'd live in the slums if, by doing so, I could help you to get anything you want."

"I know," he said in a low voice, with a pang of remorse and self-reproach as he kissed the arm which she had thrown around his neck.

"But about this concert, dear," she went on. "It will really be worth going to, for they have engaged some good people; they have got that new girl one hears so much of lately—what is her name?—Veronica Vernon. Father heard her at Manchester and was quite enthusiastic about her. You must go; and we must sit in the front row and look delighted with everything and everybody."

Clive shrugged his shoulders. "Your majesty has but to command and this slave has only to obey," he said.

"Slave! Ah, which is the slave, I wonder!" she said, with a sigh, as she smoothed his hair which her embracing arm had roughened.

Lady Wynthaw had arranged a dinner-party for the night of the concert, a huge dinner-party which was to go on from the Grange to the hall. Clive, who came in to dinner rather late—he had to address a meeting that afternoon—was rather tired and a trifle dispirited, for he had found his audience rather cold and inimical, no doubt owing to the fact that Messrs. Broddy and Koshki had addressed them earlier in the day, and he was rather silent and thoughtful amid the merriment which prevailed, for it seemed to the party, dining cozily and luxuriously, that it would be impossible for their candidate to be beaten.

A Remedy For All Pain

"The efficiency of any drug" says Dr. C. F. Bobbins, "is known to us by the results we obtain from its use. If we are able to control pain and disease 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 applies to us for. I am 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; also 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. These tablets may be obtained at all druggists. Ask for Anti-kamnia Tablets. They are also unexcelled for headaches, neuritis and all pains."

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"The dinner was necessarily short, for the concert began at seven-thirty, and, hurrying through their meal, they party set out in the best of spirits.

"You look tired, dearest," said Lady Edith, leaning forward in the carriage, her hand stealing into Clive's. "Little wonder," said Lord Chesterleigh. "For the first time in my life I realize one of the advantages of being a peer; one hasn't to contest an election. But it will soon be over; we shall have a big majority and all will be beer and skittles."

"It is you who should be tired, Edith," said Clive, "and I shall be glad when it is over, for your sake. How much you have done for me!"

Thorough it was early, they found the hall nearly full. As he entered, Clive saw his opponents, Mr. Gordon and Mr. Broddy, in the front seats. Mr. Gordon bowed and smiled; Broddy, who had Koshki beside him, scowled. As Clive seated himself, he caught sight of Sara, who had, of course, come down with her mistress to Brimleigh, in the seat behind him. The organ, of which Brimleigh was justly proud, played an overture and the concert proper began.

Each performer was received with unstinted applause, each song and instrumental piece was encored, and the directors, at the back of the platform, beamed with complacent satisfaction. Presently there was a little lull, followed by the stir of anticipation which marks the appearance of a bright and particular star.

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Francis, Miss Gertie, care General Delivery
Fraser, Stanford, West End
Ferguson, Mrs. D., Springdale St.
French, Nellie, Freshwater Road
French, Frank, Military Road
Flewelling, Aubrey, Queen's Road
Field, J., Allendale Road
Fitzpatrick, Miss Lydia, care Mrs. Geo. Coleman
Fitzgerald, Edward, Bond St.
Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Stephen, retd.
Fitzgerald, T. E. M.
Fraise, Mrs. Thomas, Hutchings' St.
Foley, Mrs. E., card
Furlong, Miss Rose, Gower St.
Freeman, Miss Violet

Gardiner, Miss Mary, Water St.
Cave, Robert, late St. Anthony.
Clark, Mrs. Reuben, Barter's Hill
Canning, E. W.
Clarke, Dr. H.
Carew, Miss Nora, Monkstown Rd.
Clancy, D., Newtown Road
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Caldwell, John, Angel Place
Canning, Mrs. A. P.
Carey, Miss, Springdale St.
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Coper, Mrs. Elaezer, Barter's Hill
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Coffs, Miss E., Water St.
Conway, Miss Rose, 29 — St.
Coon, Charles J., Water St.
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Courtney, J. B., card
Cconnors, Thos., retd.
Care General Delivery
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Cusick, Miss Sarah, Barnes' Road

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Dowry, Wm., Duckworth St.
Davis, Miss Mabel E.
Day, George L., care Wm. Hicks
Davis, John, Springdale St.
Davis, T. G.
Duggan, Mrs. Michael, Nagle's Hill
Downey, Thomas, Water St.
Dobbin, Denis, late Humbermouth
Dohey, James
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Clark, Mrs. Reuben, Barter's Hill
Canning, E. W.
Clarke, Dr. H.
Carew, Miss Nora, Monkstown Rd.
Clancy, D., Newtown Road
Carrall, Mrs. John, Water St.
Caldwell, John, Angel Place
Canning, Mrs. A. P.
Carey, Miss, Springdale St.
Cole, Mabel E.
Coper, Mrs. Elaezer, Barter's Hill
Constable, Mrs. (Rev.) John, Post Office
Costello, Wm.
Coffs, Miss E., Water St.
Conway, Miss Rose, 29 — St.
Coon, Charles J., Water St.
Cochrane, Mrs. D., Bannerman St.
Courtney, J. B., card
Cconnors, Thos., retd.
Care General Delivery
Cotter, D., Nagle's Hill
Cooper, Samuel, Plank Road
Cray, Miss A. M.
Curbey, John, The Bank
Churchill, Capt. John
Chafe, Martin, Pennycuik Road
Cherbet, Mrs. Tom, Springdale St.
Costello, Mrs. L., Cuddihy St.
Collins, Const., East End Fire Hall
Cummings, Mrs. Chas., Long's Hill
Cusick, Miss Sarah, Barnes' Road

Davis, Wm.
Davney, Sarah, Lime St.
Dowry, Wm., Duckworth St.
Davis, Miss Mabel E.
Day, George L., care Wm. Hicks
Davis, John, Springdale St.
Davis, T. G.
Duggan, Mrs. Michael, Nagle's Hill
Downey, Thomas, Water St.
Dobbin, Denis, late Humbermouth
Dohey, James
Drover, Miss B., 4 — St.
Downton, Edward, Water St.
Drover, Miss R. B., Hamilton St.
Dunn, P., LeMarchant Road
Dulaney, George, Prescott St.
Duggan, Miss K. A.
Drover, Miss Rhoda B., Forest Rd.
Donnelly, Mrs. D., card

Eadey, Miss Elsie, LeMarchant Rd.
Emberley, Annie, retd.
Elliott, Robert, New Gower St.
Francis, Miss Gertie, care General Delivery
Fraser, Stanford, West End
Ferguson, Mrs. D., Springdale St.
French, Nellie, Freshwater Road
French, Frank, Military Road
Flewelling, Aubrey, Queen's Road
Field, J., Allendale Road
Fitzpatrick, Miss Lydia, care Mrs. Geo. Coleman
Fitzgerald, Edward, Bond St.
Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Stephen, retd.
Fitzgerald, T. E. M.
Fraise, Mrs. Thomas, Hutchings' St.
Foley, Mrs. E., card
Furlong, Miss Rose, Gower St.
Freeman, Miss Violet

Gardiner, Miss Mary, Water St.
Cave, Robert, late St. Anthony.
Clark, Mrs. Reuben, Barter's Hill
Canning, E. W.
Clarke, Dr. H.
Carew, Miss Nora, Monkstown Rd.
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