



### Are you Anaemic?

Our blood is composed of red and white corpuscles—the red to nourish the body, the white to fight disease. In Anæmia, the red corpuscles are more or less deficient. Thus the blood cannot properly sustain and nourish the body. The eyes become dull, the face white, and a feeling of intense weariness pervades the whole system. There is nothing so effective in Anæmia as "Wingarnis." Because "Wingarnis" floods the body with new, rich, red blood, which gives a sparkle to the eyes, brings the roses into the cheeks, and gives new vigour, new vitality and new life to the whole body.

**Begin to get well FREE.**

"Wingarnis" is made in England and you can obtain a liberal free trial bottle—sent a mere taste, but enough to do you good by sending 6 cents stamps (to pay postage) to COLEMAN & CO., Ltd., Wingarnis Works, Norwich, England. Regular supplies can be obtained from all leading Stores, Chemists, and Wise Merchants.



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

## "ECHOES of the Past;

### The Recompense of Love!"

CHAPTER VI.

Clive surreptitiously laid a modest coin on the corner of the crowded table and he and Quilton passed out.

"Do you think the world knows this kind of thing is going on?" asked Clive, grimly.

"Of course, they do," replied Quilton. "Our novelists have dealt with this kind of thing for a long time past; but it gives the reader thrills pleasant thrills, and makes him feel thankful that he doesn't live in Paradise Gardens and have to make match-boxes for a living. Want any more?"

Clive led the way up the rickety and filth-covered stairs to the first floor, and, opening a door, after several knockings, entered a grimy room, in which sat an idiot boy nursing a baby. Both were incrueted with filth, and the boy had so repulsive and demoniac an expression on his face that Clive for the moment recoiled. He asked a few questions, but the boy was quite incapable of understanding them, much less answering them; and when Clive pressed a coin into his hand, they scarcely closed over it, so unaccustomed was the imbecile to the sight and feel of money. Clive went outside.

Quilton was not there, and, in search of him, Clive went up another flight of the dirty stairs. As he did so he saw Quilton coming out of a room. Quilton stood, holding the handle of the door which he had closed, his pale face paler than usual, his thick eyelids completely covering his expressionless eyes. His attitude, almost as of one on guard, his increased pallor, struck Clive.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Quilton, in his slow, impassive tone. "Only a woman; and she's asleep; we had better not disturb her."

Clive nodded in assent, and they descended to the less impure atmosphere outside.

### Nerviline Stops Earache in 10 Seconds Fixes Toothache in 2 Minutes.

It Seems to Possess Almost Some Divine Power Over Pain.

RUB ON NERVILINE.

Toothache is usually due to neuralgia in the gums or to the congestion and swelling of the nerve pulp.

"As 'Nerviline' relieves congestion, you can easily see why it cures toothache.

Nerviline does more—cures any ache or pain—in any part of the body. It matters not where your pain is. It may be in a joint or muscle; it may be neuralgia or lumbago; it may be a surface pain is deeply situated in the back, side or chest. Nerviline will reach it; Nerviline will drive it out.

What is Nerviline, you ask? Just

there outside. Another fight was in progress, a fight in which two of the most prominent residents of Paradise Gardens were engaged. They were stripped to the waist and blood was flowing freely, and to the infinite delight of the crowd which pressed around them.

Clive and Quilton looked on for a moment or two; then, feeling that it would be useless to attempt to interfere, they turned away and left Paradise Gardens to its usual condition of felicity.

At the opening of the larger street, and opposite one of the gin-palaces, Clive heard the strains of a violin. He started from the sad and bitter reverie which had held him, and saw Elisha fiddling away in the garish gaslight.

Elisha saw him, and, stopping fiddling, shuffled up to him.

"Oh, is it you, sir?" he said. "I wanted to tell you, to thank you—"

Clive's hand fell upon the dwarf's shoulder and stopped him; then, turning to Quilton, Clive said:

"You can find your way home, Quilton, I suppose? Right! Good-night!"

Quilton nodded, without an ounce of expression in his face, and walked off. Clive turned to Elisha with a suppressed eagerness; but not until that moment did he realize how constantly the girl, Mina, had been in his mind and how anxiously he wanted to hear more of her.

CHAPTER VII.

"You are a long way from home, Elisha," remarked Clive, as they walked along.

"Not so far as I sometimes get, sir," said Elisha. "It don't do to stick to one place; they get tired of the same tunes, and more tired of you. Why, even the swell players and singers have to go on tour sometimes," he added, with his sad, shy smile.

"That's so," assented Clive; he did not remind this humble musician of the pavement that his more fortunate brethren and sisters traveled first-class and put up at palatial hotels, instead of tramping through the London streets to a second floor back in Benson's Rents.

"I wanted to thank you, to tell you how—how surprised—regularly staggered—we were by the piano," said Elisha, with a flushed and tremu-

lous voice. "But I didn't know where to find you; the man that brought the piano said he didn't know who'd sent it. If Tibby could have found it, she'd have sent it back; as it was, there was a—row, and I thought she'd have made 'em take it away in the van again."

Clive nodded. "Perhaps that's why I did not let them know who sent it; but I was afraid you'd guess. I hope you forgive me, don't think I've taken a liberty."

Elisha shook his head. "No, sir; I knew it was meant in simple kindness—and so I told Tibby."

"And Miss Mina, was she—annoyed?" Clive could not help asking.

"No, sir; Mina was very quiet at first; and hasn't said much since; but she was pleased. It's a magnificent instrument," he went on, his eyes kindling with enthusiasm; "a beautiful tone, and a touch as kind as kind could be." He spoke as if the piano were a live and sensitive animal. "It was very good of you, sir, and I'm kind of overwhelmed—it's as if I couldn't thank you properly."

"That's all right," said Clive. "And has Miss Mina begun her lessons?"

"Yes, sir; as soon as we'd got the piano in place. She was all eagerness like a young greyhound straining at the leash. It was like a starving person going for a piece of bread. She was just wild for it. All she wanted was to thank you; and she'll be pleased to hear that I've met you; though she'd be more content and pacified if she could thank you herself, of course."

"You think she would?" said Clive hesitatingly. They had got into the Whitechapel Road by this time, and Clive hailed a solitary hansom. "If you are sure I shall not be intruding, I should like to come home with you."

He opened the door of the cab, but Elisha hesitated and looked frightened.

"It's a long way—a bigish fare—there's the busses."

"I'd forgotten the busses for the moment," said Clive. "Never mind. Jump in—take care of your violin."

Elisha screwed himself up into his corner and looked about him with a nervous and fearful joy; he had never been in a hansom before, and only once in a four-wheeler—on his way to a hospital after an accident. He was so absorbed in the novelty and the luxury of this shabby, dilapidated vehicle that he started when Clive, who had been musing on the strange fate which seemed to throw him across the dwarf's path, said:

"Elisha, I want to ask you something. You won't mind, won't think I'm impertinently curious? I've noticed that Miss Mina talks much better than—"

"He paused. "She has been to school, of course?"

"I know what you mean, sir. Yes; you've noticed that she speaks better than most girls, almost like a lady—if I may make so bold as to say so."

Clive nodded.

"I've noticed it myself, and I'm proud of it, of course. You see, it's this way: Mina's different to the other girls in the Rents, different even to Tibby, oh, very much so. I'm not saying anything against Tibby, you'll understand, Mr.—"

As Elisha hesitated, Clive gave him name; but the cab had now reached one of the crowded thoroughfares, and in the rattle of the busses and carts Elisha only caught the Christian name.

"Tibby's as good a girl as there is, Mr. Clive; but she's not one for her books. She didn't take to schooling; there was rows between her and the teachers, most nigh every day; and she soon chucked it. Whereas Mina—well, Mina was all the other way. She was quite a scholar, and took to her books like a young duck takes to the water. Never missed a day, she didn't; and not a cross word with the teachers. They was all fond of her, and proud of her, as you may say."

"They were anxious, she 'aving passed the standard—you know what I mean, sir?—for her to go on in the continuation classes, as they call 'em; but Mina, though she wanted to bad enough—I could see that—wouldn't hear of my spending more money on her schooling; and, for all her gentle ways, she's as obstinate as other women when she's made up her mind, Mr. Clive."

"I see," said Clive. "She preferred to go out with you and earn some money?"

"That's it, sir," assented Elisha; "and p'raps she was right. Of course we take a good deal more money when she's with me."

Clive took out his cigar-case. "Have a cigar, Elisha?" he said. "Yes, do, please; I always enjoy a smoke better with company. Got a match?"

Elisha leaned back and puffed at the choice cigar with nervous enjoyment, and Clive smoked in silence and profound cogitation for some time; then he said:

"See here, Elisha; I want to make a bargain with you."

The dwarf looked up with his big pathetic eyes.

"I'm afraid it'll be all on one side, sir," he said shrewdly.

Clive laughed. "Well, it's this," he said. "I think I can get you some teaching to do—a pupil or two. If I can, you'd like to spend a part of the money in this extra schooling for Miss Mina?"

The dwarf's face flushed with grateful appreciation of Clive's tact. If Clive had offered him money he would have refused it. "I share your belief in Miss Mina's future, musical future," Clive went on quite quietly and in a matter-of-fact way, "and I think you'll agree with me that she would stand a better chance of succeeding if she were well educated, properly prepared for the position you would like her to rise to."

Elisha nodded eagerly. "That's it, sir!" he said. "It isn't the voice only, it's the style, the manner of saying her words, that will tell. A girl wants to speak and look like a lady if she's going to be a concert-singer."



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"That's what I meant," said Clive. "With so beautiful a voice as hers, so promising a one, she should have every chance."

"And you're going to give it to her? Oh, sir!"

"Excuse me," said Clive, "you are going to give it to her, not I; don't forget that, Elisha. You won't find teaching the violin easy work, by any means; and you'll earn all you'll get by it, for certain. Here we are, aren't we?"

He stood on the pavement hesitatingly after he had paid the cabman. "I don't know whether to come in or not," he said, more to himself than to the dwarf.

"I hope you will, sir," said Elisha. "It will ease Mina's heart to thank you. And Tibby will be out marketing," he added naively; "she gets the things a bit cheaper if it's late, and Saturday, specially."

"Well, then," assented Clive, but still hesitatingly.

As they went up the rickety stairs they heard the sound of the piano; five-finger exercises; and Elisha glanced at Clive with shy pride.

"The rippled shoulder cape of fur will be worn this winter."

(To be Continued.)

Nothing Known to Science is so Invariably Sure to Cure as "Catarrhonzone."

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"She'd keep at it all day, if I'd let her, sir," he remarked.

They entered the room, but Mina was so absorbed that she did not hear them; and Clive stood and looked at the slim, girlish figure, and the small head with its dark silken hair, bent forward as if the whole body were in rhythm with the notes. Then, as Elisha said "Mina!" she turned, at first with dreamy eyes that seemed scarcely to see them; but in a moment the eyes flashed, the pale face was suffused with color, and she sprang up and stood, one hand resting on the piano, the other pressed to her lips as if to suppress a cry, her dark-gray eyes fixed on Clive's with an inexpressible wonder at his presence, and a boundless gratitude.

"The gentleman—Mr. Clive—we met, and I thanked him, Mina," stammered Elisha; "but I told him you'd like to thank him yourself."

She did not move until Clive crossed the room and held out his hand.

"I'm more than sufficiently thanked by the pleasure of seeing you play, Miss Mina," he said. "I can hear how wonderfully you have got on."

"Seems to come natural to her, sir," said Elisha. "It is so with some people. I 'ad a brother as played by ear; just let him hear a song or a piece of music once and he'd sit down and play it, and play it correct, too. But I don't want Mina to play that way. I want her to be able to stick up a piece of music and play it by sight."

Mina looked from one to the other with restless eagerness; then her eyes rested on Clive's.

"Do you think I ever shall?" she asked.

"Yes; I think you will, I am sure you will," he said confidently.

She drew a long breath. "Yes, I will!" she murmured almost inaudibly. "Why did you send it?" she asked, after a pause.

Elisha had laid down his violin, and in doing so had caught sight of his hands, and he went into the next room to wash them.

By this direct question Clive was somewhat embarrassed but more so by the steadfast gaze of the great, childish eyes.

"I meant it as a little remembrance of our adventure the other night," he said. "You weren't angry—offended?"

"No," she said. Then after a moment her eyes fell; and as she raised them again there was a faint doubt, trouble in them. "Ought I to have been?"

(To be Continued.)

The rippled shoulder cape of fur will be worn this winter.

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