

MAGIC BAKING POWDER
MADE IN CANADA
READ THE LABEL
CONTAINS NO ALUM

"ECHOES of the Past;

The Recompense of Love!"

CHAPTER VI.
"Let's get on a bus," said Clive. "Have you ever realized that, taking into consideration the wear of shoe-leather and the elbows of your coat, it is cheaper to ride than walk in London? This used to be the poor man's carriage," he resumed, as they climbed to the top of the omnibus; "but it is now that of the rich man also. I have seen several bishops on the top of an omnibus; and I spotted one of the directors of the Bank of England the other day."

"Nice to be acquainted with bank directors," murmured Quilton.
"Oh, I met him at my father's," explained Clive; "though what on earth he was doing there I don't know," he added candidly. "No director of even the most credulous and trustful of banks would negotiate a loan with the Ratboroughs."

"The old barriers have been broken down," observed Quilton. "This is a democratic age; the peasant treads closely on the heels of the peer, the mason travels in the twopenny tube with the millionaire, the bishop rides on the knife-board of the omnibus with a bricklayer—and Mr. Clive Harvey—I beg his pardon, the Honorable Clive Harvey, son of the Earl of Ratborough, whose ancestors came over with William the Norman, chooses as his companion on a slum-prowl the humble and seedy William Henry Quilton."

"Don't be an ass, Quilton," adjured Clive. "But you're right. It is a democratic age, and barriers are being leveled in every direction. Some of them ought to have come down long ago; for they are so high and so thick that men could not see each other over them or through them; they divide the classes, and one class does not know how the other lives. Do you imagine that the upper classes, as they are called, and rightly, for they are on top, are aware of the misery, the abject misery in which so many millions of their fellow creatures—their fellow citizens, by Jove!—live, or, rather, drag through an existence of which one of the lower animals would be ashamed?"

"They have every opportunity of reading about it," said Quilton. "The Beacon costs only a halfpenny."
"They read about 'em, of course," assented Clive. "So do you and I read about the Eskimos and the Bakhs in Central Africa; but reading is no use. You want to know, you want to have it brought home to you."

"As we are going to have it brought home to us two presently."
"Quite so," said Clive. "The poor think the rich hard-hearted; they are not, they are light-hearted, careless, thoughtless."

"More harm is wrought by want of

thought," quoted Quilton impassively.
"Ah, that's it," said Clive. "It's want of thought. I know a round score of people, titled, rich people, who would not only be moved to tears by a description of the state of things we are going to see, but would shell out, and liberally, too. But that isn't enough. Private charity has the effect of a drop in the ocean, and little more. We want legislation, we want to get at the root of the matter, to do deal with things that the denizens of the slums could be taught that it is a crime to drink, to herd together like pigs in a sty, to beat their wives and starve their children; in short, to live like wild beasts—I beg the wild beasts' pardon!—instead of self-respecting human beings."

"Hear, hear!" Here the honorable gentleman resumed his seat amidst prolonged cheering," said Quilton.
Clive laughed. "I beg your pardon, Quilton," he said; "but I wasn't making a speech. If you knew as much of the condition of the poor as I know—"

"How do you know I don't?" said Quilton, dryly. "You talk of the slums here in London; do you know them in New York, in Chicago? Do you know the kind of place the meat-packer calls home in the latter place? Do you know the backwaters in Paris, Berlin, Naples? I bet you don't; but I do. Got a match upon you? I have no doubt there were slums in the prehistoric period; you bet there were some in Rome and Jerusalem. You want to bring about the millennium. All right; don't mind me. But, clever as you are, I don't think you'll do it."

"Perhaps not," said Clive, checking a sigh; "the millennium is a big thing; but I am going to have a fair and square try to improve matters."
"Here's luck to you," said Quilton, lifting his pipe as if it were a glass. "Look at the thousands upon thousands of well-dressed, and, presumably well-to-do people in the streets. Have you ever gone into the suburbs of London?"

"Yes," said Clive. "I have taken long walks in every direction."
"And been struck by the miles and miles of not only comfortable but expensive houses?" said Quilton. "They stretch right into the country. In every direction, mind you; not only in one. Did you ever ask yourself how the occupiers of those houses, ranging in rent from forty pounds to two hundred and fifty pounds, paid their rent, to say nothing of getting their living?"

"Yes; it is wonderful. London is a great mystery; for of course it all comes out of London."
"Yes," drawled Quilton. "And you can understand how the present-day German must echo Blucher's famous aspiration: 'What a city to sack!'"

They got down at Whitechapel Church, and Clive led the way across the road into one of the streets that branches from the main thoroughfare. At first it was decent enough, though the signs of squalor and vice rapidly showed themselves; but Clive, asking his way to Paradise Gardens, was directed through a series of narrow streets through which he and Quilton passed as, so to speak, travelers, not to Paradise, but to its extreme opposite; for these streets grew narrower, more squallid, more filthy, and were thronged with people more squallid and filthy than the streets themselves. At every corner there was a flaring gin-palace or a more seedy but not less disreputable beer-shop, about which hung loafers of the lowest type, who stared at them with a resentful curiosity.

They reached their destination at last; and they found it to be anything but a paradise or a garden. It seemed to be the end of the world, the spot in which all the filth and mire of humanity had silted to. There were no gin-palaces here, but gloomy beer-shops and grimy public-houses, about which congregated individuals to whom the loafers in the broader streets were princes and gentlemen. Children, scarcely clothed, were playing and wallowing in the black mud of the gutters. Frowsy women, scarcely more adequately clothed than the children, with unkempt hair and grimy faces, were leaning against the doors of the public houses or squatting on the pavement, and were indifferent to, or only taking a languid

interest in, a fight which was going on between two men at the end of the court; but presently a couple of women staggered and rolled out of one of the beer-shops; they were singing at the top of their voices, both madly drunk, and suddenly one of them "checked" the other.
In an instant they were both engaged, tearing each other's hair and clawing at each other's bosom. The loafers woke up and formed a ring; not a keenly interested ring, but a limp and languid one; the little affair was too common in Paradise Gardens to cause excitement or anything but a lazy interest. And the women fought like tigers, blood flowed, hair was shed by the handfuls. Clive looked on for a while with white face and a racked soul; Quilton as impassively as ever.

Clive was breaking through the circle of spectators when a policeman thrust him aside and made his way through the ring. He separated the combatants, but made no arrest; why should he? Such fights were as frequent in Paradise Gardens as "At Homes" in Mayfair.
The two women went off, still shrilling threats that savored of the nether hell; the policeman dispelled the languid crowd, and, in doing so, confronted Clive and Quilton. He knew Paradise Gardens and all its denizens, and he saw that Clive and Quilton were strangers.

"Pass along," he said; then he looked at Clive keenly. He had been on duty in Palace Yard and recognized Mr. Clive Harvey, the people's friend. He saluted, but shook his head.
"Run place, this, sir," he said; "scarcely the place for a gentleman. Might get into trouble any moment. There ain't a worse place in London; better be going, sir."

"It's all right, constable," said Clive. "We've come to see—what we can see, for ourselves."
"Then you'd better take me with you, sir," said the policeman gravely. "It is not a place for a gentleman like you."

"No, no," said Clive; "we want to go alone. We shall be all right."
"Well," said the policeman reluctantly, "I shall be at the corner there, if you call to me. But I hope you'll be careful, gentlemen, for we policemen get the blame if anything goes wrong."
He tramped off as reluctantly as he

could.

Clive and Quilton pursued their investigation. They entered one of the doorways—all the doors were open, as if the occupants of this fearful den invited inspection—and knocked at the room on the ground floor. A half-clad girl opened the door to them, and Clive and Quilton looked in upon a scene which would seem incredible to one of my 'adies of Mayfair.
There were nine persons in the room, male and female, of all ages, from the grandfather of eighty to the child of six, to say nothing of three babies lying on a piece of sacking in the corner.
They were match-box makers and they were working against time. Some of them were bending into shape the thin pieces of wood, some were pasting the labels, others were fixing them to the shaped boxes. Work as they might, and as they did, with a feverish, wolfish eagerness, they could only earn a few pence apiece. They raised their heavy eyes and stared at Clive and Quilton, then fell to work again as if they grudged the moment their presence had stolen.

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It was oozing from the cracked and broken ceiling of the room, and dripping into a wash-basin.
"Why don't we complain to the landlord? We never see the landlord; we only see the agent. The landlord's a swell at the West End, so we've card. Don't stand in the light, mister; can't see what I'm doin' of."
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Makes Hair Grow

The time to take care of your hair is when you have hair to take care of.
If your hair is getting thin, gradually falling out, it cannot be long before the spot appears.

The greatest remedy to stop the hair from falling is SALVIA, first discovered in England. SALVIA furnishes nourishment to the hair roots and acts so quickly that people are amazed.
It destroys the dandruff germ, the little pest that saps the life that should go to the hair from the roots. Large, generous bottle for 50 cents.

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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.



Ladies Dress in Raised or Normal Waistline with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

As here shown, black velvet was used, with dotted net for the sleeves and insert and white crepe for the chemise and collar. The design may be finished with short sleeves. The design is nice for taffeta, faille, serge, gabardine or poplin and lends itself nicely to combination of materials. In green satin with ercu crepe for contrast this model will be very attractive. It is also nice in white or other color taffeta, with batiste, net or lace for trimming. The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures about 3 1/2 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

1425.—A PRACTICAL CONVENIENT MODEL.



Ladies House Dress With Long or Short Sleeve.

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