



## "ECHOES of the Past;

### The Recompense of Love!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

Clive walked quickly back to his rooms. What an idiot he was; of course, he should find a letter from Mina explaining their sudden and unexpected departure! He turned over the envelopes with feverish impatience and presently came upon one in a stiff, unformed hand. He tore it open, with a smile of reassurance. The envelope contained his own letter to Mina and nothing else.

He stood motionless, staring at the letter, his heart turned to lead within him, for what could it mean but that she had rejected him? She had been too timid, too frightened, to tell him that she did not love him; her insistence that he should wait for her answer until he was well had been an innocent subterfuge, had been caused by her natural reluctance to give him pain. She had regarded him as a friend, a benefactor; but had shrunk from his love. After all, it was only natural, she was so young, so un sophisticated she must have been afflicted by his passionate avowal; she had seized on any pretext for putting him off.

He sank into a chair and tried to laugh, but the mockery of a laugh died on his lips and he covered his face with his hands.

CHAPTER XIX.

The House was very full for a morning sitting, there was not a member's seat vacant, and the places allotted to strangers and visitors were all occupied; there was, moreover, that indefinable stir of unrest and suppressed excitement which indicates that something of more than usual interest is actually taking place or threatening.

The session had opened with anything but its usual quietude, for during the recess the Tory government had—at least, so said the Liberal opposition—muddled and mismanaged the affairs of the country, and the electorate—so the opposition declared—was already tired of and disgusted with the party they had put in power, and the opposition were on the alert, hoping that the government would soon make some false step which would bring about their overthrow, and, in consequence, the elevation of the Liberals to place and power.

In a word, it was thought that the time had come when the political pendulum should, in the ordinary course of things, swing back and sweep the Tories from office. So the Liberals were full of energy, waiting for the auspicious moment in which they might smite their foes hip and thigh.

The feeling of excitement, expectation, spread even to the lobbies, through which a stream of persons flowed to and fro, or stood in detached groups eagerly discussing the position of the respective parties and

the likelihood of the change which the political barometer seemed to prognosticate.

In one of these groups stood Lord Chesterleigh and one or two other prominent men of their own side. They were all full of hope and in the best of spirits, and every now and then the conversation was punctuated by little jokes and laughter.

"Yes; they'll come to a smash, mark my words!" Lord Chesterleigh said. "They haven't passed half the measures they promised, and those they have passed they have spoiled. It's always their way. Look at the Housing of the Poor Bill. We told them when we accepted it that it was only a half-measure, that it wouldn't wash, and that when we got in we should have to lick it into shape."

"Talking of the Housing of the Poor Bill," cut in Lord Standon, who was one of the group, "has any one seen anything of Clive Harvey? He left before the prorogation and has not come back, and no one has seen or heard anything of him—at least, I haven't."

"No! Where is Harvey? He ought to be here," cried another man.

Lord Chesterleigh was silent for a moment, then he said quietly and rather gravely:

"Harvey was knocked up—and no wonder! He has been working as hard as a nigger. He looked, and was worn out. And the death of his father. It was I who advised him to go away. He has been abroad traveling. Where? I don't know. Australia and the other colonies, I believe. I've not heard from him."

"He ought to be here," said the man who had spoken before. "We want a rally in force, and Harvey is invaluable, a host in himself. I shouldn't have thought he would have been so knocked up, he looks so strong."

"He was overworked," repeated Lord Chesterleigh. "But I agree with you; he ought to be here; we want every man, and, as you say, he is a host in himself."

Almost as he spoke, a tall figure made its way through the restless crowd and approached the group, and Lord Standon, who was the first to catch sight of it, exclaimed:

"By George! The man himself! My dear Harvey, delighted to see you; we were just talking of you!"

Lord Chesterleigh swung round and, grasping Clive's hand, scanned his face earnestly, and, as he did so, his own face grew grave. Clive had changed very much; he was thinner in face and form; there were streaks of gray at his temples; he looked worse than tired—restless, ill-content; his eyes were cold, his lips stern. There was little of his old geniality, none of the strenuous youthfulness in his response to the eager, enthusiastic greetings of the group. Lord Chesterleigh waited until Clive had exchanged some words with the others, then he drew him aside.

"I'm precious glad you've come back, Harvey," he said, "we want you very badly! But you don't look much the better for your change, my dear boy. Where have you been?"

Clive shrugged his shoulders. "I've been just moving about," he replied; and his voice sounded cold and indifferent. "I should have reached London the day before yesterday, but I lost the boat. Is there anything toward?"

"You're asking the question shows how far, and how much, you have been out of the world," replied Chesterleigh. "A great deal has happened while you have been away. If I am not mistaken, the Tories are coming to the end of their tether. Devereux keeps on smiling, but I think he sees the storm ahead. We should turn them out before the session's over. That ought to be good news for you; for, if we come in, there will be a place for you, and a good one."

"Do you think so?" asked Clive, with a forced show of interest.

"Of course there will be," rejoined

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Lord Chesterleigh. "My dear fellow, we couldn't leave you out if we wanted to. Look what you've done for us! Besides, you are one of the indispensable. What will you take?" he laughed, "The Home Office, the Colonies?"

Clive echoed the laugh; but there was little gaily in his.

"I'm not particular," he said. "What does Graham think?"

"Graham thinks with me, that we are sure to come in very shortly. He was speaking of you last night. You know how high you stand with him. But tell me about yourself, my dear boy? Why have you not written? Edith and I—you are a great friend of hers, you know—have been anxious about you."

"I am sorry," said Clive. "I hope Lady Edith is well. I did not write because there was nothing to write about. I have been traveling, shooting and fishing, and so on."

Chesterleigh eyed him somewhat curiously and anxiously. "Nothing the matter, I hope," he said. "Your father's death—we all felt that, but he was an old man, older than any of us thought him."

Clive nodded. "Yes. I felt his death very keenly," he said gravely, as if that would explain the change in him. "I think I will go into the House."

"They will be delighted to see you," said Chesterleigh. "You will look up as soon as you can? Edith will be glad to see you."

Clive thanked him and passed into the House. As he made his way to his seat and his fellow members caught sight of him, a murmur arose that peculiar sound which denotes the entrance of a popular member who has been absent some time; Mr. Graham, his leader, turned in his seat and extended his hand, and ever Mr. Devereux, his political foe, nodded and smiled. Clive sank into his seat modestly, and, as he looked round the House, something of his listlessness and indifference melted under the warmth of his reception.

Not one in that crowded assembly guessed how much he had suffered and how the change in him, which every eye noticed, had been caused. As Clive had told Lord Chesterleigh, he had been traveling, shooting and fishing, striving to forget the girl whom he had loved with all his heart, the sweet, innocent girl, who had cast him off; had shrunk, at the last moment, from marrying him.

Love is still lord of all even in these mercenary practical days of ours, and love had made its lordship felt in Clive; it predominated over ambition and all else. He had accepted the decision which he thought she had conveyed to him by the return of his letter, and had tried to accept it manfully, but his love for her still burned in his breast; he still wanted her as he had never wanted anything in his life. But Clive was not the man to sacrifice his career to a misplaced attachment. He knew that there were other things worth having besides love. And yet were there any other things? he asked himself, as he listened to an honorable member droning, through his speech, and from him glanced at the yawning, sleepy men around him. It seemed to Clive that life in a cottage with Mina

—always with Mina—would be better, far better, than this.

But we are the slaves of circumstances, and presently he got interested—well, scarcely interested, in the full sense of the word—but interested enough to concentrate his attention on the speech and note the weak points in the speaker's armor. He had not intended to address the House, but he caught the Speaker's eye and rose. His rising was receiving with cheers, and he started.

Clive spoke at first slowly, almost languidly, but presently he woke up, his voice grew louder, quicker; he made point after point and tore the former speaker's speech to rags and tatters. The opposition was in ecstasies of delight, the House rang with their cheers, and when Clive had finished and sat down, a shout of admiration and triumph broke from them. Mr. Devereux rose to reply—this, again, was flattering to Clive—but though Mr. Devereux smilingly strove to stultify Clive's points, he succeeded only partially, and the success remained with Clive.

He got up immediately after Mr. Devereux's speech and left the House. He knew that he had, as of old, made his mark, but the knowledge brought him no gratification. He strolled into Palace Yard and looked about him aimlessly, after the manner of a man who has nothing to do, nowhere to go. Lord Chesterleigh came out and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Splendid, my dear fellow, splendid!" he exclaimed. "That speech of yours routed them completely. If they pass the bill at all, they will do so by only a narrow majority. Where are you going? Come home with me; I've heaps to talk about."

Clive thought, "as well there as anywhere else," and got into the carriage. All the way to Grosvenor Square, Chesterleigh talked politics and expatiated on the prospects of their party, and Clive listened with his new indifference and listlessness again creeping over him; for now that he had made his speech, the reaction was setting in, the conviction that there was nothing worth living for returned.

"Edith is in her room, I suppose," said Lord Chesterleigh, as he looked into the empty drawing-room. "We'll go up there. She will be glad to see you."

They went up the stairs to Lady Edith's room. She was sitting on a couch with a book in her hand, and she replied listlessly enough to her father's voice, but as she saw Clive her manner changed, the book dropped from her hand and she rose, almost sprang, to her feet, her face flushing.

"Oh, you are back, Mr. Harvey!" she said, as she gave him her hand. "We thought you had disappeared forever. Come and sit down and tell me about your wanderings."

Clive seated himself beside her and looked at her. He could not be ignorant of the fact that she was glad to see him. He had been traveling for months alone, solitary, roughing it as men like to rough it now and then—for a change. The beautiful room with its atmosphere of luxury, wealth, refinement, had its effect upon him. He noted—how could he avoid doing so?—the coming and going of the color in her face, the sudden pleasure in his presence moved him more than his reception by the House had done. Lord Chesterleigh moved about the room, addressing a disjointed word or two to one or both of them, then went out, leaving them alone.

(To be Continued.)

## Your Boys and Girls:

The very biggest and sunniest room in the house should be chosen for the nursery. If the children are to sleep there care should be taken that it is thoroughly aired at every opportunity; during meals and when the children are out for their airing. The furniture should be white enameled. Iron white enameled beds or cribs should be used and all furniture should be painted with white enamel. This is not only from an artistic point of view but because of sanitation, as white enamel is easy to keep clean.

Hangings and bed coverings should be of the lightest material procurable, and washable, cretonnes with figures are good for upholstering, and window curtains can be made of any light, airy wash goods that can be purchased for a few cents a yard.

Mina's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

## A Reply to "Newfoundlander."

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir—Your correspondent "Newfoundlander," in Saturday's issue, asks five questions.

His first question deals with the matter of revenue; I think that as the majority of our leading business men have put their hands down deep into their pockets and provided the necessary funds to make prohibition possible, and that the citizens generally are giving the same kind of support that they believe the revenue will "come back" even in greater proportion than before.

I would refer all "Newfoundlanders" to the editorials in the Evening Telegram under date October 11th and 12th and which have had a wonderful effect in St. John's. These editorials showed the economic effect of prohibition in Russia during the first eleven months of war. The government savings banks showed an increase in deposits of 610 million roubles as compared with an average increase of 48 million roubles for the past decade, in other words the Russian people carried sufficient cash to pay their way, including war taxes and war prices, with millions of soldiers at the front and over a million disabled, and had to spare and placed in the savings banks nearly thirteen times as much money as they did during the previous year of peace and alcohol.

The Russian finance minister stated when presenting his report, "this is what a sober Russian people means."

I ask, is it unreasonable to argue that a proportionate amount of prosperity will come to us and more revenue raised when the 1½ million dollars which we now spend per year in alcohol is spent in other duty paying goods, chiefly goods which pay the higher rate of duty, viz. 25 to 40 p.c., such as boots, clothing, and other household necessities, the smallest portion of the amount will be carried in foods which pay the lowest rate of duty as under present conditions the people who are "hardest hit" by the liquor traffic manage to obtain sufficient food to "exist" on, either through their own earnings or from charity.

The next portion of his first question refers to the shebeen and smuggling which, he says, may be carried on. This suggestion presupposes that our people are lawless and uncontrollable and is altogether at variance with the facts as shown by the history of our people. Our Penitentiary records prove on the authority of the Supt., that 70 p.c. of the 62 men who inhabit that institution are there directly through drink and that a large number of the balance are there indirectly through the same cause. Much of the petty thieving going on is the result of liquor, robbing the home of the necessities of life, and the children stealing in consequence. This proves that without liquor our people would maintain a high standard of lawfulness. Of course a few "dead beats" and "soakers" would use whatever brains they may have left to try and circumvent the law; but with a fifty dollar fine staring them in the face and public sentiment backing up the police and judges in imposing the fine, I believe that the quantity smuggled in would be very small indeed; and the few cases or jars of liquor would have no relation to the present public menace of the open saloon.

"Newfoundlander" can rest assured that an "army of police" will be needed, but that the history of Carbonara before and after local option will be repeated, viz.: Before local option 7 policemen were kept busy handling the products of the saloon. Since local option was enforced one policeman spends his time wondering when he will have something to do.

2. Re Confederation. I trust the arguments used so far dispense of the necessity for confederation, I would also point out that one or two of the temperance advocates are confederates, the great majority of the business men and others who are backing prohibition are the strongest anti-confederates we have in Newfoundland.

As this letter is long enough for this issue I will close here and will endeavour to reply to the other questions asked in to-morrow's issue, viz.: "Substitute for Alcohol" etc. I am, Yours, etc., REASON.

## Hr. Grace Navy Man on Furlough.

SAW FOURTEEN MONTHS OF ACTIVE SERVICE.

Amongst the passengers who came on the S. S. Florizel from Halifax last night was a Royal Navy man. He proved to be Samuel P. Crocker, belonging to Harbor Grace, who has been given leave for ten days. Ever since August 1914 he has been in active service. Altogether he was fourteen months Hun chasing on the water, spent all that time in the Dardanelles and North Sea and has many thrilling experiences. Last winter he was engaged patrolling in the North Sea and quite recently while engaged in a bombardment in the Dardanelles. The ship he was on captured a German ship and sent her to bottom, after taking off the crew.

Mr. Crocker, R. N., went out by this morning's train to his native town where he will spend his well earned vacation with his friends.

## INTERESTING LECTURE.—The Grenfell Hall was filled to its utmost capacity last night and everyone in the audience was delighted with the interesting lecture on "The Italian Frontier," given by Mr. W. H. Jones. As the learned lecturer described the historical points of the Italian nation, many appropriate and splendid views were shown. Particularly interesting were the pictures of the passages through the Alps. At the conclusion of the discourse, the Italian Consul, who was present, expressed himself as greatly impressed both from an educational and historical viewpoint.

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