THE EVENING TELEGRAM, ST, JOHN', NEWFOUNDEAND, JUNE 1 , 1920- 2


## "Love in the Wilds"

The Romance of a South African Trading Station.

Struggle for dear life.
Presently, however, he came round, calm, but kept his eyes as muoh mid then with rovilusion of exilisk Crins ues asobing nan asping that the he was the de
ever existed.
Ever existed.
But, feeling the warm blood upun
his face, he fell back with a cry of hor-
ror and clapped his hands before his
eyes. "oh, oh, oh!" he cried; "you are hurt! on, Laury, Laury, look at the
blood! You are hurt--oou are hurt!" hloo!! You are hurt-you are hurt!"
Laurenee laughed, to feassure hit,
ana from its rarity-for ft was the nat from its rarity-for $1 t$ was the
Irst time Cecil had ever heard Laurr's
laugh-he withdrew his hands ant laugh-he withdrew his hands a
with a shudder of horror, clung Laurence's arm.
"oh, what shall we do-what shan we dop" he moaned. "Look at your
face and your breast! Oh, dear, good possible fron
"On, tet u
smploringly,
Laury"
And Laure Laury!" tion, he burst out crying.
Laurence, more moved Laurence, more moved at the sight
of the lad's tears than his own wounds-and some of them were not
triting-caught him by the hand.
"Don't cry, for Heaven's salke, Cecil"" he said. "Come, we must gel
way quickly-to the hut." He spoke with diffeulty, and Cecth, suddenly plucking up, not a tate help
ed therein by the sight of Laurences
bleeding wounds, ran forward and caught the horses, the poor antma
puving been terror-stricken newing been terror-stricken by the
s:ght of their common enemy, and be ing too much encumbered by their ing too much encumbered ty thicin tangle, to escape
Laurence got


 $s$ blood for him

##  upon his arms. Laurence raised :hmself agatn. "What have you taken the sadd

"


 \begin{tabular}{|c|}
\hline stay, too," sald Cecll, quietly. <br>
"No, no!" remonstrated Laurence. <br>
"Tolt.

 

"T <br>
tio <br>
\hline
\end{tabular}

## .

## tha

than the beast that hurt you if I I dia
such a thing. And you know fit! Don't be a cruel, wiokea, unkind Laurs; but
let me stay!" he alded, imploringly.
kneelling down beside him, "Let me stay!"
Lurry took the iltele white hand and
pressed it but the youth clapped his pressed it, but the youth clapped his
other hand on top of the woundee
man's and held it for a minute; then, mursting into tears, bent his head and
kissed it passionately. kissed it passionately.
CHAPTER XXI.
"SHE HAS RUN AWAY," How fre we tossed? On fortune's fickle
The wate that with sarprising kind-

 It is almost time we returned to t
Dale.
The beauty of the Cape scenery an
the interest attached to the stran life in its wilds have beguilded uns from
that impartiality which is the stera To return, then, to Merry Englar
and miserable Squire Darreli. The captain and he remained talking for a little while, both planning
and laying out the future with tha: linguishes men of their class, a taking Grace's consent as a matter of
course, in exactly the same way as the squire had reckoned apon Hugh's tame submission.
Then the
Then the captaln, saying that he
vould go back at some hay which the squire was anxious about, both left
the room and went downstares In the hall the captain met Mrss.
Lucas. she courtesided as she passod
her, and he turned to ask her if sie ${ }^{\text {had }}$ "No, Mr. Reginald," replited Mr
Lucas. "I haven't seen her sinoe she


Stone in the Kidneys and Bladder


## Gimpills

## Mad aid we fir more patal) nd


208 Z


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ir. At least, I left her on the way
there."
"Then why the fiend can't the sen
"ord ${ }^{\text {gro }}$ growied the sautre "

send it by, surely, and it's soarcoe
civili, I think, to keep me waithn
Ing the bell, Reginald, will you?
won't watt any longer for her" Won't walt any longer for her."
Dinner was brought up, and th
squire eat his fish and fowl in bed
toinger
Reginala Dartmouth set hlmaselt to
tolkikg about the estate and crops,
finally succeeded.
Dinner was finished tinto his doozigg-chair.
The captain ughted a clesar aad
threw hmself upon the sota, consid-
oring whether he should take horre $\left\lvert\, \begin{aligned} & \text { arling whether he should take horse } \\ & \text { and gallop over to the Warren or send } \\ & \text { the basket-chaise to bring the wiltul }\end{aligned}\right.$ grirl back
But think
But thinking it bost to walh, feeling
asuried that Rebeca would bring ho asoured that Rebeccas would bring his
home tn the brounham, he olosed his return. took his seat, walting her
Preentiver room, lighted by the tre onlis,
"Grace!" he
ing round the room antrousty.
"She has not come back Reghe has not come back yot", "I bettor so atter her,"
 Contound her, 1 wee dreamting of her. I twink! tres milarabio dreamingyou always drumm something con-
founded unpleasant and disagreeible! Counded unpleasant and diligagroeable
Itts very late. Tate the broughan Reginald;
growled.

