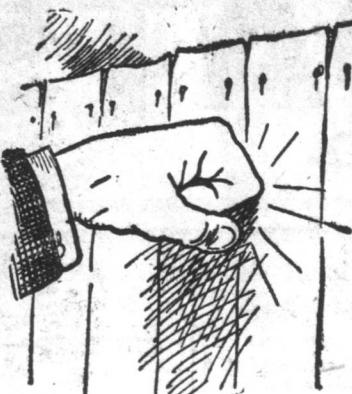


CASCARETS

"They Work while you Sleep"



Knock on wood! You're feeling fine, eh? That's great! Keep the entire family feeling that way always with occasional Cascarets for the liver and bowels. When bilious,

constipated, headache, unstrung, or for a cold, upset stomach, or bad breath, nothing acts like Cascarets.

No gripping—no inconvenience. 10, 25, 50 cents.

Happiness At Last; OR Loyalty Recompensed.

CHAPTER VII.

Her father had already breakfasted and gone to his laboratory, and Bobby was dashing wildly through a course of eggs and bacon and marmalade, preparatory to his morning grind with the "coach," who lived in the town, three miles distant.

"You'll be left to your own devices all day, Decie. What shall you do?"

Decima smiled rather nervously.

"I am going to interview the cool and Sarah Jane," she said.

Bobby grinned.

"Well, if you live though it, you shall, as a reward, go fishing with me at Leafmore this evening. I generally take a rod down before dinner, and to-day's a good day. Meet me at the gate—you know?—at five o'clock. Going to interview the slaves, are you my poor child? If a brother's blessing and deepest sympathy—I've been there myself—are of any service to you, pray accept them. I'm off. Five, by the gate, remember."

After breakfast, Decima went all over the house, and then "interviewed" the cook and Sarah Jane. The former at first met her timid remarks about the dinner of the preceding evening with a bland contempt which gradually developed into a reluctant respect and civility, for there was a certain something at the back of Decima's innocent blue-gray eyes which had its effect. As for Sarah Jane, she was instantly moved to tears, and, remarking that she was an orphan, and had been "brought up by a charity," assured Decima that she would be more careful of the crockery in the future. A portion of the morning Decima spent in the laboratory, where



Pains About the Heart

ANY derangement of the heart's action is alarming. Frequently pains about the heart are caused by the formation of gas arising from indigestion.

Relief from this condition is obtained by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Chronic indigestion results from sluggish liver action, constipation of the bowels and inactive kidneys.

Because Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills arouse these organs to activity they thoroughly cure indigestion and overcome the many annoying symptoms.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills
GERALD S. DOYLE,
Distributing Agent.
W. G. S. LTD., LTD.

her father submitted to her presence in an absent-minded way. She "lured" him into lunch at one o'clock, and in the afternoon she wrote to Lady Pauline a full account of this first chapter in her new life.

Then, at a quarter to five, she went down to the gate through which she and Bobby had passed to the Leafmore avenue.

Bobby was sitting on the bank, awaiting her, a pipe in his mouth and his fishing-rod by his side.

"Good girl!" he said. "Always be in time, though, for that matter, half an hour later wouldn't have mattered, for it's too bright for trout. But there's a cloud coming up, and I can start presently. Meanwhile, as you see, I am hard at work."

"Hard at work?"

"Yes; smoking. Come and sit down."

She went and sat beside him, and examined his fly-book with some interest for a few minutes; then she got up and wandered down the avenue, picking the wild flowers which grew along the border.

Bobby lay back with his eyes closed and half asleep, until suddenly he was aroused by a clinking sound. He looked up, and saw a gentleman shaking the big entrance gates.

Boy-like, he watched him for a moment or two with bland enjoyment; then he shouted:

"Hi!"

The gentleman looked round, saw the recumbent figure, and said:

"Well?"

"Gate's locked," remarked Bobby in his concise fashion. "There's a door here"—he indicated the gate—"if you want to come in."

"Thanks," said the gentleman; and he came along to the wall, passed through the gate, and stood beside the lad, looking down at him.

"That gate's always kept locked," said Bobby.

"Indeed?" said the gentleman. "I am a stranger here; I didn't know."

Bobby looked at him casually.

"Are you going to see the house?" he said. "It's worth seeing, the carving and pictures especially."

"Are they?" responded the gentleman.

"Do you live here?"

"Oh, no; that is, not at the house. I live in the village; but I know it very well."

"You are going to try your luck with the trout, I see. Is the sport good?"

"Oh, yes; it's a capital river," said Bobby. "Been neglected, and a good deal poached, but there are plenty of fish in it still."

"Will you let me look at your flies?" said the gentleman. "I'm a fisherman also."

Bobby handed him the book with an angler's promptitude.

"I'm going to put on a blue upright and a marsh brown."

"Yes," said the other. "And a 'coachman' an hour two later. You have some good flies. I hope you will good sport."

"Thanks. I think I'll get down to the river; it's just below here."

"Yes; I saw it as I came up the hill."

Bobby nodded and gave him good-day, and, rod in hand, crossed the avenue, calling to Decima.

"All right," she called back; "I will follow you. Here are the loveliest cowslips. I must get a bunch."

"Very well; follow the track," he shouted back, and went on his way whistling.

The gentleman looked after him, then sat down on the bank, took out his cigar-case, and lighted a cigar.

The match was still in his hand when Decima came, like Diana, with light feet steps down the avenue.

She was arranging her flowers as she came, and did not see him until she was close upon him. Then she paused a moment and glanced at him with a faint surprise, and was passing on again, when he rose and raised his hat.

She stopped short with a slight cry of recognition and astonishment on her lips. For she saw that it was the gentleman who had befriended her at the Zoo.

(To be continued.)

He had recognized her at the first moment and his heart rested on her.

face inquiringly, as if he were half curious to see what she would do. He had not long to wait. With a touch of color in her cheeks and a cry, embarrassed expression in her eyes, Decima looked at him, then looked beyond him, over his head, and passed on without a sign of recognition.

Gant smiled grimly, and stood, like a soldier, erect and unbending, his eyes fixed on her, as if the cut direct amused rather than wounded him.

As she passed on, her lovely face set and cold, she continued the arrangement of her flowers, and—perhaps her hand trembled, for it was trying business, this cutting of a man who had been kind to her—she let a large number of them slip through her fingers.

She stopped, and, biting her lip softly, began to pick them up; and Gant stepped forward and assisted her.

As he handed, the yellow blossoms to her, he said, very quietly:

"Have you forgotten me?"

The blood rushed to Decima's face.

"No," she said.

"Not forgotten me? And yet you would not bow to me? Why was that?"

Decima looked from side to side.

"I—I can't tell you," she said.

"But—forgive me—don't you think you owe me some explanation? Let me put the case the other way. If you had deigned to bow to me, and I had declined to respond; if I had cut you, would you not think an explanation due from me?"

"Yes," said Decima, her brows coming straight; her lovely eyes growing dark-blue.

"Be just, then. Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you," he said. There was a suspicion of banter in his tone, and at the same time a grim kind of appeal which touched Decima.

"Must I tell you?" she said in a troubled voice.

"Yes, I think you ought."

"Then—oh, I wish you would not ask me!—my aunt does not wish me to—to know you."

"Why?" he asked, very quietly. "I admit that it is a sufficient reason for the cut, but I am curious to know her reason."

"Because—because you are—Oh, I can not tell you," she broke off, scaring to the very neck.

He smiled.

"You had for you to know?" he said, with a smile.

Decima hung her head.

"Thank you," he said. "I am answered. Good-bye."

She turned and went a few steps from him, then she swung round and came back, her innocent soul shining through her eyes.

"Why are you so wicked?" she said, painfully, as if the question were forced from her. "You were so kind to me."

His face grew hard and set, then he smiled grimly.

"That would take a lot of answering," he said. "Wait a moment until I decide whether I can tell you."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Wait until I decide whether I can tell you," said Gant.

And Decima waited, her innocent gray eyes on his face with a kind of troubled patience.

He looked beyond him fixedly, with a grave thoughtfulness, and was silent so long that Decima almost thought that he had forgotten her, then he looked at her with a grim smile.

"I have decided that I can not tell you, Miss," he hesitated.

"Deane," said Decima—"Decima Deane. You have forgotten my name!"

"I had," he said. "It was unpardonable. But, you see, when a man has need of so much forgiveness, a small shortcoming or two, more or less scarcely counts. No; I can't answer your question, Miss Deane. But, all the same, I should like to make a short statement in my own defense. Every criminal is allowed to cross-question and palaver before the judge passes sentence, you know."

"Yes," admitted Decima.

"Very well, then. Shall we sit down? This bank will serve for dock and bench."

"My brother is waiting for me," said Decima.

"If I know the angler, he has completely forgotten you by this time," said Gant. "And I will promise not to detain you many minutes. Will you not sit down? Let me remind you it will not be the first time we have taken a rest together, and—well, I trust you suffered no harm on the last occasion."

Decima sank down on the mossy bank, and he sat beside her, but not too close. Then he looked at her in an absent-minded fashion, and mechanically realized that she wore a white linen dress, and that the dark-blue bow at her throat was the only spot of color. From her bow he looked to her eyes, and the depth of their hue struck him at the moment as strangely beautiful. Something in the fancy, above and beyond its loveliness, smote him, as it were, softly. Then, as he turned his eyes away, he asked himself if it were worth while to attempt to change this girl's—this child's—estimate of him. Was it worth while? What did it matter? Let her think him the monster Lady Pauline had no doubt painted him.

(To be continued.)

He had recognized her at the first moment and his heart rested on her.

MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES

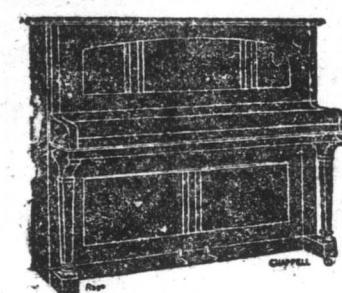
MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES

Contains more flesh forming matter than beef."

Baker's Cocoa
is for robust men

and all who must have a great deal of tissue building material to repair the waste caused by physical and mental labor. It is delicious, pure and wholesome, and is made by a perfect mechanical process, without the use of chemicals, so preserving the exquisite flavor, aroma and color of the high grade cocoa beans.

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.
ESTABLISHED 1780
MONTREAL, CANADA DORCHESTER, MASS.
BOOKLET OF CHOICE RECIPES SENT FREE



Clearance Sale of Pianos, Organs and Musical Instruments.

1 Second-hand Upright Piano in fine condition	\$300.00
1 Cabinet Player, to fit any piano, with 30 rolls	85.00
2 Piano Case 6 Octave Organs, each	125.00
1 Piano Case 6 Octave Organ in fine oak case	150.00
1 Bell Organ, 5 octaves, with high top	75.00
3 Clarionets, 2 in B flat and 1 in A, each	35.00
1 Slide Trombone by Fischer, New York	50.00
1 Cornet by Fischer, New York	50.00
1 Banjo-Mandoline with case	35.00
3 Genuin Hawaiian Ukeleles, with case and tutor, each	20.00
3 Genuine Hawaiian Guitars, with case and tutor, each	40.00
1 Muir Violin	30.00
1 Automatic Accordeon with 6 records	25.00

Musician's Supply Co.

Royal Stores Furniture, St. John's.
LUCKWORTH STREET.

May 22, s.tu, th, tf

Rylands Brothers,
WARRINGTON, ENGLAND.

WIRE ROPE.
WM. HEAP & CO., Ltd.
AGENTS.

tn, th, tf

The Skipper
comes aboard

You know you are going to have a treat when you see the Skipper's jolly face on the tin.

Just open the tin, and there you are—rows of delicious little fish all ready to eat—no preparation needed, no waste—all pure nourishment.

"Skippers" make a welcome change from the every dayness of meals. They are such a luxury—so delicious and appetising; and then, too, they are one of the most nourishing and valuable foods you can eat.

"Skippers"
are
Breding
with
Good Points

Bedrooms &