

Kidney Disease

If you would guard against chronic diseases of the kidneys or bladder, take Gin Pills at the earliest sign of kidney trouble. Whether it is backache, pains through the groin, swollen joints, constant headaches, restless nights, brick dust deposits or painful urination, heed the warning and act at once.

If Gin Pills do not give you genuine relief, we will refund you the purchase price. Sixty cents a box everywhere. Sample free, if you write to: National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont. U. S. residents should address: Na-Dru-Co., Inc., 102 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y.

Happiness At Last; Loyalty Recompensed.

CHAPTER X

"I feel sure you will understand me, and won't think me presumptuous when I remind you that—that you have a great responsibility in this business—I mean Lord Gaunt's return."

"I do understand," said Decima, but faintly.

"Well, I scarcely understand it myself," said Mr. Bright, with a puzzled air, "but I can't help thinking that you would not have resolved to stay on—in fact, that he would have been off to Africa—but for something you said. I didn't catch what passed, but that's my impression. And about this promise of yours; you'll admit that—that it's most important that he should be induced to remain, to settle here, God gracious me, it will be the saving, the making of the place, the people! It will turn this God-forsaken hole into a prosperous village. Just look around you!" He waved his hand in a semicircle. "See those cottages? There isn't one that doesn't need repairing. Most of 'em ought to come down. They're not fit to live in. They're fever dens. There's no proper water supply; drainage awful; no ventilation. I want a score of new cottages, decent ones, put up. Lord Gaunt will do it if he settles here, and if—if you'll help him."

"If I help him?" No wonder Decima shrunk back and opened her eyes upon him.

"Yes," he said, earnestly. "It's a fancy of his—call it that if you like. But isn't it your duty—yes, I'll go so far as to say your duty—to encourage him, to help me to get what I want? I'm sure you are a good, kind-hearted girl—I beg your pardon. You see how carried away I am, Miss Deane," he broke off, apologetically. "What I mean is that any one of us, any of the county people, his neighbors, one one with any sense of what ought to be—and nothing is as it ought to be here—would do what I ask you to do. You look sweet and charitable and tender-hearted. Just think! Wouldn't you do a little—no, a great deal—to see these people properly housed, to bring prosperity to the village, to find work for the unemployed, to—to save Lord Gaunt himself?"

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"I hope I am doing right, Bobby," she said, as they entered and made their way through a small crowd of workmen, and the mess and lumber which they can so quickly produce.

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