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REMORSE and REPENTANCE.

For Daisie's Sake

CHAPTER XXXVII.
FOR ROYALL'S SAKE.

She held her face up bravely for the kiss she knew he wanted, and the nurse, just leaving the room, thought it was a reconciliation.

"All will go well now," she said.

Daisie fought with herself for power to seem glad and kind. As she read in his eyes the love that filled his heart she determined that she must try to forget and forgive the fraud by which he had won her, because of his great love. She would pray Heaven as she had never done before to let her forget a pair of haunting dark eyes, lips that were sweeter than honey, a voice like music, and to put in her tortured heart a wife's love for her husband.

When she saw him looking at her so fondly, she blushed and murmured:

"Am I not hideous—all my curls gone?"

"They will grow again, just as beautiful as ever, and you could never be hideous to me, anyway."

"Thank you. But I know I look wretched. My cheeks so thin, my eyes so big and hollow! But I have been ill. It is a wonder I did not die."

"I was afraid that you would, dear. I began to feel that fate was against me in everything, and that you would be taken from me in punishment for the fraud by which I won you. It was wicked, I know, but perhaps God will forgive and let me find happiness with you at last—because I love you so."

"It was pathetic, pitiful—this mad love that had broken the barriers of Right and Duty for its own sake. But would Heaven indeed forgive?"

Royall Sherwood never considered any one but himself in the struggle for Daisie's love—not even Daisie herself. Still less than he had robbed of his love and cheated of his happiness. Would he indeed prosper at last on the wreck of another's hopes?

He looked so yearningly at Daisie that she murmured:

"I—I have not told you yet how glad I am that you are well again."

"Glad? Oh, thank you for that sweet word! If you had been sorry, darling, it must have broken my heart. Now you will be truly mine! I have been making such plans, dear, for our fu-

ture. As soon as you are well enough to travel, I want to take you abroad on a real bridal tour. Will you come with me?"

"Yes I will come."

Her cheeks were ashen, and the light of her eyes grew dim, but the promise was made, and he thanked her so eloquently, adding proudly:

"Before long I shall make you love me as fondly as I love you. Will you try, Daisie?"

"Yes, I will try, Royall."

But it startled her to find that she did not feel as tender over him as she used to do. It was only pity then, and now he was well and strong, he did not need it, and there was nothing to take its place.

He continued anxiously:

"When you get really fond of me, dear Daisie, perhaps you will forgive poor Luttie's sins—will you?"

She made no answer save a flash of her eyes, and he added:

"Poor Luttie, I feel sorry for her, because she was so madly in love with Dallas Bain, and could stop at nothing to win his heart in return. Why, she has even followed him to California, still hoping to catch his heart in the rebound."

"Do not let us speak of either of them. I hate her—and I must forget him," Daisie faltered valiantly.

"Forgive me, I will not, dear," regretting his slip of the tongue.

He stayed with her an hour; then the nurse came in to say she had talked long enough to-day; Mr. Sherwood might stay longer to-morrow.

He took the hint, and rose, though he grumbled that it was very hard to drive a man away so soon from his own sweet wife.

The nurse went to the window so as not to embarrass the parting, and then Daisie whispered, with a kindling blush:

"We had better begin all over again, Royall—like sweethearts, you know. You may come and court me every day, but we will pretend we are not married till—we go away—on our bridal tour."

"It shall be as you wish, my angel," he answered tenderly, in the great happiness of feeling that she would soon be all his own. Who could not be patient, having gained so sweet a promise?

So the April days came and went, till it was three weeks since the fire and his coming to Gull Beach.

Annette had written to say that Ray Dering—all knew him by his own name now, for when he believed himself dying he had confessed his sin to Royall and won his forgiveness—was convalescing fast, and would soon be well again. She was busy buying her wedding clothes in New York, and mamma had consented for her to marry Ray in June, when they would go abroad for a trip.

Royall had told Daisie of Ray's confession, and added:

"But we must never betray the poor fellow's secret to any one else—not even Luttie. He saved my life so nobly that his confidence shall be sacred."

Daisie was more glad to hear this secret than he guessed, for she had been tormented by the mystery of who had wounded Royall ever since Mrs. Fleming had told her she had seen Dallas Bain commit the crime—not that she believed the story, but she feared the wicked woman might dare to accuse Dallas of it to gain revenge for his scorn.

The first day of May—would Daisie ever forget it!—Royall remained all day with his "sweetheart," as he gaily called her, humoring her whims; and on kissing her good-by, he said tenderly:

"A dozen kisses this time, sweetheart, because I am going to New York to-night, to be gone a few days, to meet poor Luttie, who has written me that she has come home, disappointed, from California, and wants to see me about pressing business matters."

How glad Daisie was afterwards that she let him take all the kisses he wanted, and that she even clasped her white arms tenderly about his neck, and sent him away happy, confident that he was winning her love at last.

Was it true? Was she going to find happiness with him at last, or was it only a pitiful playing at love?

He was fated never to know.

Between the dark and the dawn, his train broke through a trestle, and crashed down into a raging hell of sweltering waters. The twosome souls among whom he perished were hurled in an instant from life to death.

(To be continued.)

MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES DISTEMPERS.

MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES NEURALGIA.

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Happiness At Last;
OR
Loyalty Recompensed.

CHAPTER I.

One afternoon in early June, about the happiest-looking girl from England stood at the entrance of the new lions' house in the Zoological Gardens.

She stood looking in wistfully and longingly, and then glanced, with a little sigh of regret, at a group of ladies seated under the trees on the lawn a little way off. She had been seated in the group, listening to the small-talk for nearly half an hour, and that half hour had just meant so much wasted time to her; for she loved, adored, animals of all kinds, wild or tame, and she hated gossip. So she had got up quietly and strolled off, knowing full well that to stroll away from your chaperon and guardian in an act of disobedience and wickedness of almost the last degree.

With a sigh, she was going back to the group, when, unfortunately for her, the lion—the big one with the mane—gave a groan and then a roar. This was irresistible, and the girl, abandoning the proprieties, passed through the door-way, and with ecstatic enjoyment sauntered down the house, watching the animals. There were not many people in the place, and she almost had it to herself, and no words can tell how she enjoyed it. Sometimes she leaned with both elbows on the iron bar which rails off the cages from the promenade, and now and again she climbed up the steps facing the dens and sat on one of the seats, her elbow on her knees, her chin resting in her gloved hands.

She was very happy; first, because she was young. Oh, it is good to be only twenty! Secondly, because she was perfectly healthy and thirdly, because she had not eaten of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. That is to say, she was as innocent of all evil as the doves that cooed in the cages in the south walk. Alas, how few girls of twenty are there who could lay their little white hands on their hearts and claim a like ignorance! But this child of nature, as her aunt, Lady Pauline Lascelles, called her, had been exceptionally brought up, as will be seen presently.

She was so absorbed in the lions and the tigers, the black panther with the temper, and the leopard who declined to change his spots, that when she had got to the end of the carnivora house, instead of returning to the group, she, caught by the splash of the seals who live just outside, passed on and instantly grew as absorbed in them. Leaning on the bar, she watched the keeper put the intelligent soft-eyed little fellows through their stereotyped tricks, and frankly, with an "Oh, thank you, thank you; how clever—how very clever they are!" gave the keeper a shilling from the silver-netted purse which she extracted from the mysterious pocket which ladies favor and no man has ever been yet known to find.

From the seals, she sauntered on to the monkey-house; but the evil smelling place was too much for her, and, suddenly awakened from her kind of dream, she remembered her aunt, and retraced her steps by way of the lion's house.

As she went through it again, her pace grew slower, and she lingered, just a moment or two, before the big lion's—Victor's—cage. While she was looking at him admiringly, the keeper's private door between the cages opened, and the keeper came out. He was followed by a gentleman who paused a moment to look around him; then, passing something into the keeper's hand, nodded, and walked on. The keeper pocketed his tip, touched his hat with marked respect, and, looked curiously after the gentleman.

The young girl looked after him, too, and a little enviously; for, fancy being privileged to go "behind the scenes" at the Zoo!

She left the carnivora house and walked quickly toward the lawn; then she stopped and looked round, rather agast, for the group had gone from under the trees, and Lady Pauline was not to be seen.

She was not alarmed, because she was neither nervous nor timid; and she felt sure she could find her aunt, who was both tall and stately and not easily hidden. So, almost as happy as before, she wandered round and about, just pausing on tiptoe, so to speak, before some particularly enticing cage, and keeping her eyes—I will tell you about those eyes very shortly—on the alert. But after half an hour spent in this way, and no aunt in sight, she began to get—well, a little grave and serious.

The Zoo is not exactly a wilderness—though there are plenty of wild animals in it—and there are numerous keepers, of whom one can inquire one's way; and the girl was not afraid of being lost; but she knew that Lady Pauline would be anxious and as angry as she could ever find it possible to be, and the girl was getting vexed with herself.

(To be continued.)

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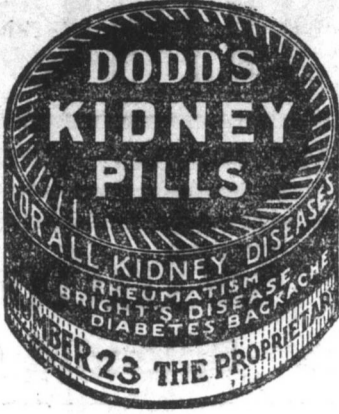
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The Association has been formed to build houses to rent. These houses will be let to tenants at reasonable rentals or will be sold to tenants on easy terms of payment.

Additional objects of the Association are: To remove tenants from houses which are unfit for human habitation to homes of health and comfort; to destroy all hovels within the city; to adopt a proper town planning scheme; to lay out modern streets with a perfect system of sanitation; and to rebuild certain sections of the city gradually so that workingmen can live with their families amid cheerful surroundings.

The proceeds of the sales of houses bought by tenants will be reinvested in Government securities to provide a redemption fund to pay off the Capital.

The programme outlined by the Company is to build one hundred houses during the year 1921. In order to carry out this work the Directors make an appeal to the people of Newfoundland to take up the necessary Shares without delay, so that arrangements can be made with Lumber Mills and Contractors for work to be done. The one hundred houses will be built on Merry Meeting Road, in accordance with a Town Planning Scheme, prepared by the City Engineer and adopted by the Municipal Council in 1919. The thirty houses to be built by the Company this year and now nearing completion, will give the public an idea of the class of house to be erected. A more suitable site for a garden suburb would be difficult to find, it being situated in the country and yet within ten minutes' walk of Water Street.

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