

At Last:

Loyalty Recompensed.

CHAPTER XVII. "Are we late?" Then she looked

round. "What a delightful room, Mr. Deane! Why, you are quite a sybarite!" Bobby in his nervousness was about to blurt out, in forgetfulness of Morgan Thorpe's injunction, that the rooms were not his; but Morgan Thorpe frowned at him warningly, and Bobby stammered:

"Not-not worthy of your presence Mrs. Dalton."

"How nicely you said that," she murmured. "And, oh, what lovely flowers!" She looked down at the bunch of orchids in her hand, and raised them caressingly to her red lips. "And these I found on the dressing-table. Were they meant for me? I appropriated them, you see."

"If you will deign to accept them," said Bobby, glowing with pride and pleasure.

Then they sat down to dinner, and Morgan Thorpe praised the soup and a remark of Morgan Thorpe's, she the hock-and the wine deserved all smiled up at him and murmured somehis praise if it was as good as the thing in a low voice. price was high-and praised the red mullet, and praised the entree which ed in a hoarse voice. "What's it the well-trained waiter handed round with the gravity and noiselessness of a ducal retainer.

Bobby was nervous at starting, and like all novices at the same, watched the waiter anxiously; but as the dinner, the costly dinner, proceeded and Morgan Thorpe grew more laudatory, he gained confidence, and rattled on with his usual boyish candor and spirit. He allowed the waiter to fill his glass rather frequently, and the good wine set his heart beating and

his tongue wagging. The divine Laura toyed delicately with her dainty fare, smilled sweetly at him, and murmured soft and musical nothings; Morgan Thorpe talked fluently and in his best style: and only Trevor sat glum and silent, eating quite a casual way. the costly and never-ending dishes

Happiness self?"

For

Every Meal

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MONTREAL-TORONTO

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claret. "Fit for the gods! My dear Deane, I drink to you! Fill his glass, Trevor. He is neglecting himself. It is the way of hosts."

Trevor shoved the decanter along sullenly, and Bobby filled his glass and drank to Mr. Morgan Thorpe.

The cigars were lighted. "Laura will not object to such cigars as these, my dear Deane," remarked Morgan Thorpe.

from the piano in the next room, Laura was playing. Bobby's head be-

gan to swim with the wine and Morgan Thorpe's praise and the exquisite music. His heart was filled with satisfaction: the beautiful creature was in his (that is, Lord Gaunt's) rooms; his

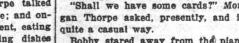
mean?" "My dear friend, why be angry with

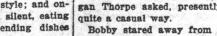
ne?" she whispered. "You know that I am not a free agent. I am under orders, and I am—ah, can you not see? but obeying those orders. Don't be Trevor-his face was flushed and

his eyes bloodshot-bent until his lips nearly touched her hair. "Don't-don't-try me too far," he

stand it!"

him, and the next instant she was smiling up at Bobby with a pathetic, pleading expression in her dark eyes. "Shall we have some cards?" Morgan Thorpe asked, presently, and in





ingry with me!"

with sullen appreciation. Every now and then he looked up "Cards! I'm-I'm afraid I haven't from his plate and regarded Laura and any. I'm very sorry," he said, remorse-Bobby with a fierce and gloomy fully. scrutiny; but Laura caught the glances and smiled at him, when Bobby was

not looking, and Trevor would return to his plate comforted and reassured The dinner was a success. It would have been rather strange if it had not

been, considering the pains and money spent upon it; and Morgan Thorpe, when Laura had retired to the adjoining apartment, which was only divided from the dining-room by a curtain, and was furnished as a drawing-room expressed his satisfaction and appreciation enthusiastically.

"A dinner fit for a prince! My dean Deane, you have proved yourself a perfect Macaenas! My dear fellow, you evidently have a geniue for this kind of thing. I envy you, for I can not



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rs of Ly

eyes gleaming upon her. "How long is this going to last?" "By Jove, how strange!" said Morasked, hoarsely. She shrugged her shoulders gan Thorpe, feeling in his pocket. 'Quite by chance I happened to put a glanced at her brother. pack-why, there are here!-in my "Ask him," she said.

pocket last night. Now, how did I ome to do that?" "Don't play, dear Mr. Deane!" murmured Laura. But Mr. Morgan Thorpe

emptied his speedily.

slid his hand through Bobby's arm with a smothered oath, subsided. and led him to the table which the waiter had onened with the cards strewn around him, "Nonsense, my dear Laura! Of

and thought of the divine Laura. He course he will play!" could feel her perfumed breath upon Bobby sat down. He was all aglow his cheek, could hear her voice still with pleasant satisfaction at the sucringing in his ears. cess of his dinner, and-and-shall it

He did not remember how much he be written?-with wine! had lost; did not reflect that he was As they seated themslves, the waiter the son of a poor man, with a limited reparatory to leaving opened a couallowance. He only thought of that ple of bottles of champagne and filled

the gentlemen's glasses, and Bobby beautiful face and sweet voice, and-Reader, did you ever hear the song of While they played, the music float-"The Spider and the Fly?"

Meanwhile, Bobby sat at the table

ed out to them from the next room (To be continued.) and Bobby could scarcely fix his attention on the game, and he hummed an accompaniment; and his attention was yet further diverted when the divine Laura glided in to them, and leaning on his shoulder, bent over him.

"Tiresome cards!" she murmured. How I hate them! Why are you men so fond of them, I wonder;" and with a petulant, impatient gesture, she swept the dark hair from her fore-

Bobby looked up at her his young soul in his eyes. "I would rather-rather be no with you," he murmured. "Your play, Deane," broke

Trevor's harsh voice, and Bobby playd the first card-and lost. "I mark the game," Mr. Morgan

Thorpe would say, pleasantly. ought to have won that, my dea eane."

his hair softly, and at the caress th unted hotly to the boy's face

Once or twice Bobby rose from the table and strayed to the piano, but Morgan Thorpe always called him

The music, the play, went on until the chimes sounded small. Very fre-uently, Laura leaned over Bobby's ulder and murmured soft nothing once her small white hand stroke

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and at b

will red

hand-me-down. We al-Trevor bent forward, his bloodsho ways keep our stocks complete, and you are assured a good selection. Mr. Morgan Thorpe laughed. "My dear Trevor," he said, remon sent to any address. stratingly, "you surely are not jealous! Of a boy like that!" and Trevor

Seal

Royal

George Washington,

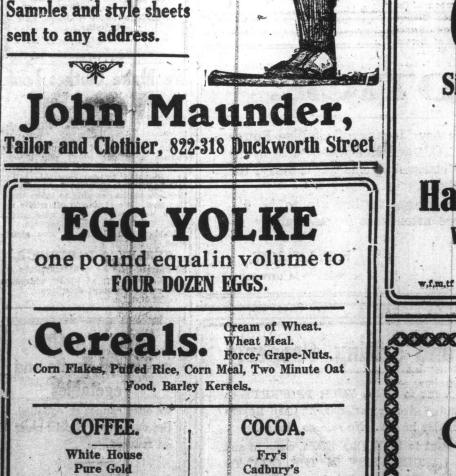
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table.

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