

**TAKE IT FOR**  
**CRAMPS—COLIC—**  
**DIARRHOEA**

**APPLY IT FOR**  
**BRUISES—SPRAINS**  
**—SORE THROAT**



**PERRY DAVIS**  
**Painkiller**  
*The*  
**Home Remedy**

## Happiness At Last;

—OR—  
**Loyalty Recompensed.**

CHAPTER VIII.

"Do you not think it is heartless to lead a life of selfishness, and neglect all one's duties?" Bobby says— "But I must not repeat it."

"Please do!" he said. "What was it your brother said?"

Decima shut her lips close for a moment, then she said:

"Oh, I do not suppose Lord Gaunt would care who repeated the story, that while he can not find any time or money to devote to the beautiful place, he can afford the time and money to spend in pleasure and gambling. Is it true that he won—what was it, fifty thousand pounds of a Russian prince?—I forgot his name—and that he thinks of nothing but amusing himself? I hope it is not true."

"Not quite," he said. "It was not so large a sum as you mention. Twenty was the amount, and he lost it, not won it. And as to devoting his life to the pursuit of pleasure—he paused and laughed, a laugh of grim irony—"if he does, his devotion does not meet with its reward."

"You know Lord Gaunt?" said Decima.

Gaunt was silent for a moment. Now was the time to say, "I am Lord Gaunt"—or, rather, it was not the time. How could he distress her by revealing himself after her denunciation of him? No; he would not discover himself. In a few minutes he would have parted from her, and she would remain in ignorance of his identity—at any rate, till he had gone; and so he would spare her the embarrassment which would overwhelm her if he made himself known. He would leave her when they reached the river, and cut across the meadows to Bright's house. Half an hour with him would suffice, and then for Africa once more.

Meanwhile, Decima waited for her answer.

"Yes, I know him—know him very well," he said, as if suddenly awakening from a reverie. "There is something to be said for him like the rest of us, Miss Deane. He is rather an unhappy man."

"How can he be happy?" said Decima, with her frank eyes fixed on his face. "No one can who neglects his duty. Why does he not come and live here and try to make others happy? Perhaps he would find his own happiness then."

"Everybody Knows  
**Dr. Chase's  
Receipt  
Book**

**And His Family  
Medicines**

**MOST** people first knew Dr. Chase through his Receipt Book. Its reliability and usefulness made him friends everywhere.

When he put his Nerve Food, Kidney-Liver Pills and other medicines on the market they received a hearty welcome, and their exceptional merit has kept them high in the public esteem.

Take Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for example. There is no treatment to be compared to them as a means of regulating the liver, kidneys and bowels and curing constipation, biliousness, kidney disease and indigestion.

One pill a dose, 25c a box at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

**Dr. Chase's  
Kidney-Liver Pills**

GERALD S. DOYLE,  
Distributing Agent,  
Water St., St. John's.

Gaunt looked at her with his weary smile.

"I'm half inclined to think he might be persuaded to do so, if he heard you, Miss Deane."

Decima flushed slightly and frowned a little.

"Oh, I! It does not matter what I think. I am only a girl, and quite ignorant; and I ought not to have said what I did. But—but—How did I come to say it?"

"You have said nothing wrong of indiscreet," he said, more gently than he had as yet spoken. "Every word you uttered was true and just, and I know that he would be the first to admit it. Think no more of it—or him. Here is your brother—and, as I prophesied, quite absorbed in his fishing."

They had reached the end of the road, and were standing on the crest of a steep little hill, at the bottom of which Bobby was busy fishing the stream.

"Mind how you go down," said Gaunt. "It is steeper than it looks, and the grass is short and slippery. Will you give me your hand?"

"Oh, no; thanks!" said Decima. "I can manage quite well; I shall not fall."

She began to descend with her light, firm step; but, suddenly, she trod on a small stone which rolled away from under her feet, and she slipped. Gaunt was by her side, and his hand went out and caught her arm, almost as it had done at the lion's cage at the Zoo. Decima looked up at him with a laugh—the laugh of a girl whose heart is still in her keeping, and who has not learned to thrill at any man's touch.

"That serves me right for boasting! I was nearly down, was I not?"

He looked at the sweet, laughing face, and smiled—without irony or sarcasm this time.

"Better take my arm," he said.

"Oh, no; thanks; I am going to run down," she said; and she started as his clasped relaxed.

"Well, Bobby!" she exclaimed. "Are you catching all Lord Gaunt's fish?"

"Sh-sh!" said Bobby, rebukingly, and without looking round. "Don't kick up such a shine, or you'll frighten every trout in the river! What fearful ignorant things girls are! Keep out of sight, and mind the hook when I throw, or you'll have it in your hair or your clothes."

Decima withdrew out of the radius of the fishing line as it flew back and round in its graceful curve, and Gaunt went up to Bobby.

"Any sport?" he said, raising the lid of the basket.

Bobby nodded.

"Very fair. But they're rather small, aren't they? There's a big one just over by that bush, and I've been trying for him for the last ten minutes; but I can't get him."

"You don't quite reach, do you?" said Gaunt.

"No, I don't," admitted Bobby. "I can throw fairly straight, but not so far as I would like; the fly falls about a yard short of where he is feeding. You try."

Gaunt hesitated a moment, then took the rod and threw the fly.

"It is there? Ah, yes; I see him."

"And have got him!" exclaimed Bobby, with a flash of excitement. "I say, what a fly you throw! That was splendid!"

Gaunt handed him the rod, but Bobby shook his head determinedly.

"Not much! You hooked him, and you ought to land him. It's a beauty! Here, Decima; come and see your first trout being killed. This gentleman's hooked the beggar I have been trying for ever so long."

Decima ran up and stood watching the business, little guessing the skill with which Gaunt was playing the big trout, but understanding enough of the operation to share in Bobby's excitement.

"Oh, what a splendid fellow!" she exclaimed, as Gaunt brought him to the bank and Bobby slipped the net under him.

"Thank you," said Gaunt, handing the rod back to Bobby.

Bobby laughed.

"You throw a beautiful fly, sir," he said. "Are you staying here? If so, I'll ask Bright—the steward—to give you permission to fish. Hallo! here he is!" he broke off as a short, thick-set man, with a pleasant, good-humored face, came round the hill. "Hi, Bright! how are you? Just look at this fish! This is my sister. Decima, this is Mr. Bright. This gentleman caught him. Why, what's the matter?" he broke off; for Mr. Bright's face, as he turned to "the stranger," had grown red with surprise and delight, and raising his hat, he came forward with an eager exclamation of—

"Lord Gaunt!"

ed, as he shook hands with the steward.

"How do you do, Bright?" he said. "Taken by surprise, you see?"

Bobby stared, then emitted a low whistle, and grinned. But Decima's face wore no smile. It was red for a moment, then very pale, and her eyes sought Gaunt's, then hid themselves under their long lashes.

This man, to whom she had been abusing Lord Gaunt, was Lord Gaunt himself! Humiliation, shame, and confusion fell upon her and seized her in their clutches while one could count twenty; then something like resentment and anger took their place; and she drew back and turned her face away. But she could hear Lord Gaunt talking steadily and slowly, as if to afford time for the embarrassment to pass.

"Yes; I should have written to say I was coming, Bright, but I—well, I didn't make up my mind until the last moment."

"Delighted to see you, my lord," said Mr. Bright, "notice or no notice. Of course, I should have preferred a short warning. The house—well, I'm afraid the house is scarcely fit to receive you."

"That's all right," said Gaunt. "I shall not stay long; half an hour."

Mr. Bright looked at Bobby and Decima.

"This is Mr. Deane, of the Woodbines, a neighbor of yours, my lord," he said.

Lord Gaunt held out his hand to Bobby, upon whose face the grin still flickered.

"Very glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Deane," he said.

"Thanks," said Bobby; "and I'm glad to be able to thank you for the permission to fish. This is my sister Decima."

Lord Gaunt went up to Decima, who stood perfectly still and without making any response to the introduction.

"I can not hope for forgiveness this time!" he said in a low voice, unheard by Bobby and Bright, who were for their part discussing the strangeness of Lord Gaunt's sudden and unannounced visit. "But you will admit that the temptation to conceal myself was very strong. If Mr. Bright had not turned up, I should have got away without your learning that I was the 'heartless owner of Leafmore.'"

The tears of vexation were very near Decima's eyes.

"It does not matter," she said, with a little, a very little, catch in her breath. "It does not matter in the very least. But—but I think you might have stopped me when I was talking of you yourself, not knowing that—that you were Lord Gaunt."

"I might," he said; "but it would have given me pain to reveal myself; and—well, we men all shrink from pain, you know. However, you said nothing that was unjust or uncharitable; and if it will console you, let me assure you that the truths you uttered have done me some good. For once, at any rate, I have seen myself as others see me."

Decima gnawed her lip softly.

"Are you still—mocking me?" she said; and there was something in her voice which brought the color to Gaunt's face.

"Mocking you?" he said, and his voice rang deep and low and full of pain. "Great Heaven! don't you see that I am burning with shame of my cowardice? That I would now give the world if I had had the pluck to own up? My dear young lady, there is no mockery in my mind; nothing, but respect for your denunciation, nothing but—How can I convince you, prove—"

Mr. Bright approached.

"Will you come up to the Hall, my lord? I have so much I should like to say, and—and—you said something about half an hour." He ended regretfully.

Lord Gaunt was looking at Decima's averted face. He turned his eyes to the ground, and, at last, as if he were awakening from a brown study and had come to a sudden resolution, he raised his head and said, quietly:

"I will come to the Hall, Bright. I can't give you more than half an hour to-day; but I shall be down in a few days."

"Down?" said Bright, with a flush of eagerness. "Do you mean that—that?"

Gaunt nodded.

(To be continued.)

CHAPTER IX.

For an instant, but an instant only, Gaunt looked annoyed and embarrassed, as he shook hands with the steward.

"How do you do, Bright?" he said. "Taken by surprise, you see?"

Bobby stared, then emitted a low whistle, and grinned. But Decima's face wore no smile. It was red for a moment, then very pale, and her eyes sought Gaunt's, then hid themselves under their long lashes.

This man, to whom she had been abusing Lord Gaunt, was Lord Gaunt himself! Humiliation, shame, and confusion fell upon her and seized her in their clutches while one could count twenty; then something like resentment and anger took their place; and she drew back and turned her face away. But she could hear Lord Gaunt talking steadily and slowly, as if to afford time for the embarrassment to pass.

"Yes; I should have written to say I was coming, Bright, but I—well, I didn't make up my mind until the last moment."

"Delighted to see you, my lord," said Mr. Bright, "notice or no notice. Of course, I should have preferred a short warning. The house—well, I'm afraid the house is scarcely fit to receive you."

"That's all right," said Gaunt. "I shall not stay long; half an hour."

Mr. Bright looked at Bobby and Decima.

"This is Mr. Deane, of the Woodbines, a neighbor of yours, my lord," he said.

Lord Gaunt held out his hand to Bobby, upon whose face the grin still flickered.

"Very glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Deane," he said.

"Thanks," said Bobby; "and I'm glad to be able to thank you for the permission to fish. This is my sister Decima."

Lord Gaunt went up to Decima, who stood perfectly still and without making any response to the introduction.

"I can not hope for forgiveness this time!" he said in a low voice, unheard by Bobby and Bright, who were for their part discussing the strangeness of Lord Gaunt's sudden and unannounced visit. "But you will admit that the temptation to conceal myself was very strong. If Mr. Bright had not turned up, I should have got away without your learning that I was the 'heartless owner of Leafmore.'"

The tears of vexation were very near Decima's eyes.

"It does not matter," she said, with a little, a very little, catch in her breath. "It does not matter in the very least. But—but I think you might have stopped me when I was talking of you yourself, not knowing that—that you were Lord Gaunt."

"I might," he said; "but it would have given me pain to reveal myself; and—well, we men all shrink from pain, you know. However, you said nothing that was unjust or uncharitable; and if it will console you, let me assure you that the truths you uttered have done me some good. For once, at any rate, I have seen myself as others see me."

Decima gnawed her lip softly.

"Are you still—mocking me?" she said; and there was something in her voice which brought the color to Gaunt's face.

"Mocking you?" he said, and his voice rang deep and low and full of pain. "Great Heaven! don't you see that I am burning with shame of my cowardice? That I would now give the world if I had had the pluck to own up? My dear young lady, there is no mockery in my mind; nothing, but respect for your denunciation, nothing but—How can I convince you, prove—"

Mr. Bright approached.

"Will you come up to the Hall, my lord? I have so much I should like to say, and—and—you said something about half an hour." He ended regretfully.

Lord Gaunt was looking at Decima's averted face. He turned his eyes to the ground, and, at last, as if he were awakening from a brown study and had come to a sudden resolution, he raised his head and said, quietly:

"I will come to the Hall, Bright. I can't give you more than half an hour to-day; but I shall be down in a few days."

"Down?" said Bright, with a flush of eagerness. "Do you mean that—that?"

Gaunt nodded.

(To be continued.)

**HORSE AILMENTS**  
of many kinds  
quickly remedied with  
**DOUGLAS'  
EGYPTIAN  
LINIMENT**

The best all-round liniment for the  
stable, as well as for household  
use. Cures thrush, galls, wounds,  
STOPS BLEEDING INSTANTLY  
AND PREVENTS BLOOD-POISON.  
ING. Keep it handy.

At all Dealers and Druggists.  
Manufactured only by  
DOUGLAS & CO., NAPANEE, Ont.

Agent for Newfoundland  
**GEORGE NEAL**  
Box 313 St. John's

# THE WEALTH

Of Crimson Dog Berries on the Trees  
This Fall May Presage a Hard Winter.

But if your weather prophets and wiseacres are astray in this, it is a true word when they say it is hard shopping this Fall with prices so high, but they find prices somewhat easier at BLAIR'S.

We are now making our first showing of  
**Ladies' and Misses' Fall and Winter Hats and Millinery.**

LADIES' and MISSES' FALL and WINTER COATS.

LADIES' and MISSES' BLACK RUBBER COATS.

LADIES' COSTUMES & COSTUME SKIRTS.

We ask you to compare our prices with those offering elsewhere.

# HENRY BLAIR

**Do You Want New Music**  
JUST AS SOON AS IT IS PUBLISHED  
**At 5c & 10c a copy?**

Mr. McCarthy will play it for you. New songs will be sung for you.

**Hutton's Up-to-Date Music Shop,**  
222 WATER STREET.

**FIRE INSURANCE. FIRE INSURANCE.**

SCOTTISH UNION & NATIONAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF  
EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.  
GENERAL ACCIDENT, FIRE & LIFE ASSURANCE CO., LTD.  
OF PERTH, SCOTLAND.

The above Insurance Companies carry on a successful and extensive business, and always have maintained the highest character for the honourable and liberal discharge of their obligations.

Our first aim in every policy we issue is to ensure the holder complete protection, our second to grant that protection at the lowest possible rate. Write or phone us.

**Nfld. Labrador Export Company, Limited,**  
s.t.t. Agents, Board of Trade Building.

**OVERCOAT WEATHER.**

We are showing a Superior Line of Coatings in Light and Dark patterns suitable for the chilly evenings, and have also received our first shipment of Winter Coatings, including a Superior Indigo Dye Blue Nap of extra good quality.

As woollens are still advancing, we advise you to order your Fall and Winter Suit and Overcoat now. Prompt delivery and satisfaction guaranteed.

**CHARLES J. ELLIS,**  
High Class Tailor, 302 Water Street.  
feb28,tu,th,tf

**American Steel Export Co.,  
Products and Service.**

Blooms, Billets, Slabs, Angles, Beams, Channel Plates, universal and sheared to all specifications; Merchants' Bar Wire Rods, Sheet Metal Products, Tool Steel, Tin Plate, Pipes and Tubes, Rails, Portable Tracks, Car Wheels, Railroad Supplies, Axles and Forgings, Bolts, Nuts, Washers, Rivets, Spikes, and Shipbuilding Supplies.

**Engineering and Contracting.**

All types of industrial installations, either in part or in whole, for the production of power, or manufacture of any commodity designed and equipped. Electrical apparatus, Refrigeration and Ice-Making plants, Heating and Ventilating, Mining Equipment, Garbage Disposal plants, Fish Meal and Fertilizer plants, etc.

**C. A. HUBLEY**  
ESTIMATES FURNISHED.  
P. O. Box 309, St. John's, N.F.D. Office: Oke Building.

**A Suit or Overcoat at  
Maunder's, selected from  
a splendid variety of  
British Woollens, cut by  
an up-to-date system  
from the latest fashions,  
moulded and made to  
your shape by expert  
workers, costs you no  
more than the ordinary  
hand-me-down. We al-  
ways keep our stocks  
complete, and you are  
assured a good selection.  
Samples and style sheets  
sent to any address.**



**John Maunder,**  
Tailor and Clothier, 822-318 Duckworth Street.

**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 Clarinets, 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 Genuine 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.  
DUCKWORTH STREET.  
may22,s,tu,th,tf

**No Matter How the Fire  
is Caused**

If you're not insured, you're a loser. Take time to see about your policies. We give you the best companies and reasonable rates.

**PERCIE JOHNSON,**  
Insurance Agent.