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## PURE

## Happiness At Last!

### Loyalty Recompensed.

CHAPTER XIX.

He nodded, with a kind of bitterness in his heart, for he saw that he should no longer have Decima himself. She had made an impression on the society of the place. The next instant he felt ashamed of himself.

"I am a selfish brute!" he thought; then aloud:

"You will like her," he said. "She has very few friends; and it will be very kind if you will call on her."

"I shall certainly do so," said Lady Ferndale. "How happy she looks!"

Gaunt followed her eyes, and nodded grimly. Decima was dancing with one of the handsomest young men, and one of the best dancers in the room; and there was a faint rose tint in her face and a happy light in her eyes.

He stifled a sigh. Well, why should she not be happy?

A moment or two later he rose, almost abruptly, and crossed the room to the buffet which the butler had extemporized.

Some men were standing there, drinking champagne. Among them was Mr. Mershon. He was leaning against the table, his glass in his hand, his eyes fixed on Decima. His narrow face was pale, and his nostrils had a pinched look about them, and Gaunt, as he glanced at him, was struck by his expression.

Gaunt got himself some wine. "Not dancing, Mr. Mershon?" he said.

Mershon started, and his eyes dropped instantly. "I am going to dance the next," he said in a strained voice, and moved away.

"When the waltz was over, he went to Decima and asked for the following one."

"I am engaged for that," she said. She was panting a little, and there was a happy smile on her lips; for she had enjoyed her dance.

Mershon bit his under lip. "Perhaps you are engaged for all?" he said.

"Oh, no!" she replied. "I don't know how many there will be, but I am only engaged for the next two. I will give you the third, if you like."

He jotted it down on his cuff, bowed, and moved off, and going to a recess, stood there and watched her covertly.

Presently Mrs. Sherborne came up to him.

"Why don't you dance with her?" she said. "She is making a sensation. It—it will turn her head."

He stifled an oath, and glanced at her savagely.

"Do you think I can't see it? Why do you come and worry me?"

"Don't be angry with me, Theodore; I can't help it," she said in her low, nervous voice. "I—I wish you had

spoken to her before. It will not be so easy after to-night."

His oath was audible this time, and she shrunk away from him. He remained in the same place for a minute or two, still watching Decima, then he went to the buffet and got some more wine. His face did not gain any more color, but a light began to burn in his sharp small eyes, and his lips twitched, for he was an abstemious man as a rule, and he had drunk far more than his usual quantity already.

Gaunt moved, it might be said that he wandered, about. There was a smile on his face, but it was a fixed smile, and too grim for mirth. At last, as if he could not keep away from her any longer he went up to Decima.

"I've come to beg for a dance," he said. "Will you give me the—the next?"

"Oh, I am so sorry!—I mean—she faltered—'I am engaged to Mr. Mershon.'"

Her late partner rose, and bowed and left them, and Gaunt sat down in his place beside her.

"Give me one—the first you have," he said.

"It is a long way off," she said, regretfully. "Why—didn't you ask me before?" she had almost ended with innocent reproach.

Gaunt could have finished the sentence for her.

"There are so many other—younger men who are anxious to dance with you," he said.

There was unconcealed reproach in her eyes as she raised them to his.

"And I am host, and must surrender the best to my guests," he added, quickly.

She laughed softly.

"What an outrageous compliment!" she said.

"Was it?" he said, rather grimly. "Are you happy?" he asked, suddenly, his eyes seeking her face with something of their love-hunger revealed in them.

The question startled her.

"Yes," she said; "very happy! It is all so bright and beautiful—the music."

She looked round and laughed with innocent delight at the brilliant scene: "I am glad," he said in a low voice. "It was worth doing."

"It is such a great success," she said, after a moment. "All are so evidently enjoying themselves. Lady Roborough says that your party will never be forgotten."

"It will not—by me," he commented.

"And you, too, must be happy!" she said, glancing at him.

"I am—very," he said; but there was something in his tone, in the look of his eyes, that troubled her.

"You deserve to be," she murmured softly and a little shyly. "You are so unselfish; you have taken all this trouble to give pleasure to others."

He folded his arms and gripped them above the elbows tightly. Her frank, innocent praise of him, the soft sweet voice, the deep eyes "were getting on his nerves." He felt that if he stayed near her much longer he should lose the power of self-restraint. He forced a smile, and got up from the lounge.

"I save my modesty by flight," he said. "You would make a saint of me, and all the while I know that I am—"

He left the sentence unfinished and walked away.

Mr. Mershon's dance came, and with it that gentleman. He offered her his arm without a word, with just one sharp glance from his guarded eyes, and they started.

He was not a bad waltzer by any means, but either he had not got Decima's step, or the emotion which was pressing on him, made him unsteady and confused him, for before they had gone the round of the room he had lost the time, and presently came to a full stop.

"It—is hot, isn't it?" he said, looking just below her eyes, "and the room is crowded." It was not. "Wouldn't you like to sit down for a little while?"

"Oh, yes!" said Decima, promptly. She would not have very much enjoyed a waltz with Mr. Mershon even if their step had matched perfectly; and she was glad to be released. He led her through the great glass door at the end of the room, into the palm-house, and they sat under a marble nymph. The light from the lamp in the hand of the statue fell upon Decima's face, and Mr. Mershon glanced at her in silence for a minute or two. He had paid several visits to the buffet but he was not in the least intoxicated; and the wine had only served to give him a kind of spurious, desperate courage.

Decima leaned back and fanned herself. She was scarcely conscious of his presence, but was listening to the waltz and thinking of—Lord Gaunt. The tone of his voice haunted her; and she was wondering what made him so sad and grim in the midst of the general gaiety.

Then, suddenly, Mr. Mershon broke in upon her reverie.

"Rather a fine place, Leafmore," he said. His voice, sharp and thin, yet not quite so sharp and metallic as usual, jarred upon her.

"Yes," she said, simply.

He stroked his clean-shaven lips and looked critically about him through half-closed eyes, and then glanced covertly at her.

"I shouldn't mind having a place like this," he said, meditatively.

"You have a very—she could not say beautiful—"grand house already, Mr. Mershon."

He shook his head.

"Yes; but it's rather commonplace. It's new, you see. I should like an old house, something after this style. I think I shall buy one; there are always plenty in the market. Why do you smile?" he added, quickly.

Decima laughed softly.

"Because you said that as others say it when they are referring to quite a trivial, inexpensive thing," she replied, candidly.

"Well; it wouldn't break me," he said, coolly. "I might just as well spend my money that way as not. The only thing is, it would be rather large for—a bachelor."

"Lord Gaunt is a bachelor," she remarked.

His face darkened for an instant; then he smiled and nodded toward the ball-room. She looked and saw Lord Gaunt with Lady Blanche Ferndale upon his arm. He was looking down at her as he talked, with a smile on his face, and the girl's eyes were returned to his with a pleased expression in them.

"He won't remain a bachelor very long," said Mr. Mershon. "They say that the Ferndales' daughter will be the mistress of Leafmore."

Decima looked at Lord Gaunt and Lady Blanche with a sudden contraction of the brows.

"She is very beautiful—very!" she said, under her breath.

Mr. Mershon nodded.

"Yes; but I didn't ask you to come here to talk about them," he said, with a kind of desperate abruptness. "I don't take any interest in them or—any one else but myself and—and another person."

Decima turned her eyes upon him with faint surprise.

"What a strange speech!" she said, with a smile. "I don't in the least know what you mean!"

"You don't?" he said, incredulously, and with a side glance at her. "Don't you know that the only person I take any interest in is—you?"

Decima neither blushed nor started, and the smile was still on her lips, as she said:

"In me! That is very kind of you, Mr. Mershon. I suppose it is because you are so great a friend—you see so much—of my father."

He looked at her and lowered his eyes quickly. Gaunt would not have doubted her innocence and sincerity for a moment, but this man was of different metal.

"Not altogether," he said. "Yes, I'm a friend of your father's, a true friend; but—but, if I am, it's because of you."

Decima looked at him with a slightly puzzled air, and he went on, not hurriedly but slowly, as if he had rehearsed his words.

"I've known you some—some weeks now, Miss Decima"—she frowned unconsciously at the Decima—"and it's only natural that I should have grown to care for you—to love you, in fact."

Now, let it be remembered that no man had ever spoken of love to her; that she had, unlike most girls, never thought or dwelt upon the great mystery. She scarcely knew what it meant; but she knew enough to shrink at the sound of the word in Mr. Mershon's voice. The color left her face and her lips grew very grave.

"That's how it is with me," he went on, after a pause. "I've fallen in love with you, and I want you to be my wife."

The very suddenness of the thing lessened the shock, strange as this may sound. If she had been at all prepared, had suspected what was in his mind, there would have been time for the repulsion—almost horror—to have stirred within her. As it was, she sat half stunned and bewildered. Her silence did not daunt him. Mr. Mershon was accustomed to getting what he wanted, sometimes by guile, sometimes by force, sometimes by sheer dogged persistence. He meant getting this lovely girl—anyway.

(To be continued.)

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Aspirin is the trade mark (Newfoundland-Registration No. 761) of Bayer Manufacture of Mosaicacetate-dealer of Salicylicacid.

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### NOTICE.

Under and by virtue of "An Act respecting the General Hospital" (6 George V., Cap. XIX.), and with the approval of the Governor-in-Council, the Board of Governors of the St. John's Hospital hereby give notice that they have fixed and prescribed the following scale of fees to be levied from and paid by all persons who occupy beds or undergo treatment at the Hospital. The scale is to come into operation on the 1st day of January, 1921.

#### SCALE OF FEES.

Every person receiving treatment in the General Hospital shall, after December 31st next, pay fees according to the following scale:

Persons admitted to the public wards \$1.00 per day; persons occupying private rooms \$10.00 per week, in addition to the daily fees of \$1.00.

Every applicant for admission to the Hospital must bring with him or forward to the Superintendent of the Hospital certificate signed by a duly registered physician that such applicant is a proper subject for Hospital treatment.

Under the provisions of the General Hospital Act, 1916, all patients who are unable to pay fees shall be required to bring with them a certificate of their inability to pay, which shall be signed by the resident Relieving Officer, or where there is no such officer by a Justice of the Peace, or Clergyman or other responsible person. The fees of such patients thereupon become payable by the Commissioner of Public Charity by virtue of the said Act.

By order of the Board,

J. W. WITHERS, Chairman.

H. M. MOSEDELL, Acting Secretary.

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### NOTICE.

#### TO CONFECTIONERS.

Herbert James of St. John's, Confectioner, as trustee of the insolvent estate of George W. H. H. and Chesley Pafford, is prepared to receive tenders for the purchase of each of the following businesses as going concerns:

1. Green Lantern, Theatre Hill.

2. Oyster Bay Parlours, New Gower Street.

3. Pafford's Fruit Store, New Gower Street.

Full particulars, together with stock sheets, fixtures, etc., may be obtained at the offices of F. F. Fearn & Co., Ltd., 200 Water St., St. John's, or from the undersigned.

Tenders should be addressed to the said Trustee at the said offices in a cover endorsed "Tenders for Business" and should be delivered not later than noon on Saturday, the 6th day of November, 1920.

The highest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted.

St. John's, October 27th, 1920.

LESLIE E. CURTIS, Solicitor for Trustee.

Bank of Nova Scotia Building, St. John's.

oct27,tf

### NOTICE.

I wish to announce to my friends and the general public that the business known as Snow & Dooley, Cleaners, Pressers and Dyers, has been discontinued from this date, November 2nd, and I will not hold myself responsible for any work left at Lamb's Building to be cleaned, pressed, dyed or repaired. In future I will carry on my Cleaning, Pressing, Dyeing and Repairing over McKinlay's Plant, Lime Street, and will give every job, large or small, the greatest attention. As there has been some dissatisfaction in the past, it has been necessary to make this announcement. Hoping for a share of your patronage in the future.

(Sgd.) J. J. DOOLEY, Over McKinlay's Plant, Cor. Lime St. & LeMarchant Rd.

sep21,code,tf

### NOTICE TO OUR CUSTOMERS.

For several years we have been the sole packers of Ambrose James' Celebrated Salmon. This year we are packing under the name of James Norris & Son. We take this opportunity of thanking our customers for their patronage in the past and will guarantee them as good an article in the future when they buy Crown Brand Salmon (the all Red Tin), packed by Jas. Norris & Son, Conche.

J. H. ROBERTS is our Distributing Agent in St. John's, and will be pleased at all times to quote prices, etc.

JAS. NORRIS & SON, sep25,s,m,h,lm

### The Cosmopolitan for November.

America's Greatest Magazine, with stories by America's greatest writers—Galsworthy, Beach, Lincoln and others.

Also OTHER MAGAZINES OF GREAT INTEREST.

Popular Mechanics, Scribners, The Blue Book, London, The Delinicator, Modern Priscilla and the leading Fashion Journals with patterns.

Get in touch with us and be up-to-date in your reading matter.

Dicks & Co., Ltd.

The Booksellers.

Don't forget the Grand Masquerade Ball at the C. C. C. Hall on Thursday night, Nov. 4th.

nov1,4f

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## Colin Campbell, Limited.

oct26,code

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Christmas Stockings, Crackers, and Fancy Bon Bons, Large Assortment English Toffees, A Full Line Peek Frean's Biscuits, 5 lb. Bottles of Boiled Goods, all Flavours.

Campbells Soups, Fray Bentos C. C. Beef, St. Charles Cream, Purity Milk.

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### Japanese Eager for Education.

School days have commenced again in Tokio and it is more noticeable than ever how inadequately the country is provided with institutions of higher learning. Waseda is said to have received eighteen hundred applications for which there are 150 places in one of the higher courses. They have over three thousand applications each for several of the departments in preparatory courses where there are places for about one hundred. Kelo has three thousand applications, excluding the medical college, and other educational institutions, such as Meiji university, Chuo university, and Nippon university, all have the same story.

## EDSTROM & O'GRADY

Plumbers, Steam and Hot Water Fitters, 66 PRESCOTT STREET.

We have just received a shipment of Register Grates in oxidized and brass finishes; assorted patterns and sizes.

Call and inspect our stock while the assortment is complete.

N.B.—We will also attend to any plumbing or heating work you may require to have done and guarantee satisfaction.

oct19,tf

Advertise in the Evening Telegram