

Deceived Disowned True as Steel!

CHAPTER XVIII. PROSPECTING FOR GOLD.

"Thanks, Jen," said Wynter lazily. "I reckon this place is about played out; I don't know what you others think," said Ned.

"Which do you advise?" said Jen. Wynter thought for a few moments. "If you try the valley," he said, "it's crowded with thieves, as well we know—why not try the hills for once?"

"We don't know anything about 'em; there may be gold—there may not—then look at the loss of time!" said Jen.

"That's true," replied Wynter, as he filled his pipe. "Who'd go prospecting up there," continued Jen, "on the bare chance of striking gold, while there's a certainty, however small, down here."

"I would," said Wynter calmly. There was a faint murmur of surprise from the rest. "The gold itself is not of much use to me," he went on; "certainty not in small nuggets and bits, such as we have had of late. You know, boys, that I'm one of you, and I won't go unless you give me leave; but if you will, I'll go prospecting up in the hills, and if nothing comes of it, well, you yourselves will be no worse off."

"Look at the danger you run, mate," said Jen. "Well, what of it?" said Wynter, sadly. "You fellows are looking forward to returning to the old country, with money in your hands—I'm not. You have people waiting for you, anxious hearts filled with longing for you—I am alone. Who, therefore, is so fitted to go? Let me go, mates, and I solemnly pledge my word that what gold I find, whether it be in three months or three years, two-thirds shall be set aside for you all. Will that satisfy you?"

The men assented heartily. They themselves, as Wynter said, had too much at stake to waste their time in wandering; while to Reuben it would be as the very breath of life itself. Presently the members of the little camp rolled themselves up in their blankets before the smoldering fire, had one by one dropped off to sleep.

Some two months later, Reuben was still engaged in his self-imposed task of prospecting the hills which lay to the north of the diggers' little camp.

To no one but a man strong of limb and possessing an indomitable spirit, could such a life be endurable; but Reuben was by this time fully inured to hardship of every description. His step was sure, his eyes keen, and his energy untiring. Awake with the dawn, he was at his work, prospecting every likely spot. Any sign of the precious metal was carefully noted, and a chart made of the vicinity.

Too Nervous to Sleep.

Nerves Wrecked by Accident—Was Afraid to Go in a Crowd or to Stay Alone—Tells of His Cure.

London, November 27th.—MUCH sympathy was felt in this city for Mr. Dorsey, who met with a distressing accident when his foot was smashed in an elevator.

The shock to the nervous system was so great that Mr. Dorsey was in a pitiable condition for a long time. He was like a child in that he required his mother's care nearly all the time. He feared a crowd, could not stay alone and could not sleep because of the weakened and excited condition of his nerves.

Detroit doctors did what they could for him, but he could not get back his strength and vigor until he fortunately heard of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

It is no mere accident that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food proves to be exactly what is needed in so many cases of exhausted nerves. It is composed of the ingredients which nature requires to form new blood and create new nerve force. For this reason it cannot fail and for this reason it succeeds when ordinary medicines fail.

Mr. Laurence E. Dorsey, 49 Stanley street, London, Ont., writes: "About three years ago I got my foot smashed in an elevator in Detroit, which completely wrecked my nerves. I doctored with the doctors there, but they did not seem to be able to help me. My nerves were in such a state that I could not go down town alone, or go any place where there was a crowd. Sometimes my mother would have to sit and watch over me at night, and sometimes I could not get any sleep at all. But one day last winter I commenced using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and before I had completely used the first box I could see a difference in my condition. I continued using these pills for some time. The result was splendid. I feel so much better, can sleep well at night, can go out on the street and attend to business like the rest of the people. I am so pleased to be able to tell you what Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done for me, and to recommend it to other people."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, a full treatment of 6 boxes for \$2.75, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations only disappoint.

ill or well, rich or poor. He meant, if only he found gold in sufficient quantity, to return to England and bring the old man back with him, to end his days in a new land and in prosperity. Of Olive Seymour he dared not think; by this time she had probably married Morgan Verner. He bit his lips savagely at the thought. She would soon forget the presumptuous servant who had dared to tell her of his love, even though he had risked his life to save hers.

With a sigh, he turned over and slept soundly for a few hours; then he started up and gathered his few things together, preparatory to starting on a fresh track. He had worked from the north toward the south, and he tried to decide whether now he should turn eastward or westward.

He had to choose between two paths, a steep and a level one. He decided on the level one, and he started out with a heavy pack on his back. He was going to look for gold in the hills.

Reuben felt hastily for his pocket flask and poured some of its contents down the stranger's throat; then, laying the wasted figure down, he stirred up the fire into a flame. In another minute, the man opened his eyes, and raised his head. Reuben turned joyfully toward him, and a smothered exclamation burst from his lips, for the man he had saved was Lord Cravenden.

Pulling his hat well down, so as to hide his face, Wynter bent over the invalid. Lord Cravenden, too, looked up at him, his dark eyes lit with gratitude.

"Thank Heaven you came in time," he said. "You have saved my life." "Don't talk yet," said Wynter, disguising his voice as much as possible. "Wait until I have got you something to eat."

With gentle firmness he made Lord Cravenden drink a few drops more of the brandy; then, taking off his coat, he wrapped it around him, and making a heap of grass into a pillow, strove to add to his patient's comfort.

Lord Cravenden tried to thank him, but Wynter would not let him speak, and set to work to toast a piece of meat which he carried in his waflet. By the way in which the sick man watched the preparation of the rough meal, Reuben guessed that he was starving; and a strange feeling of joy came over him as he thought how very nearly he had refused to obey the mysterious impulse prompting him to search the valley.

With the toasted meat and some bread, he fed Lord Cravenden, breaking the food up into fragments, and Lord Cravenden, greatly restored, looked up at Wynter eagerly. "I don't know when I tasted food last. I missed my footing coming over the hills, and here I've lain. If you had not come—dropping from Heaven, so it seems to me—I should not have lasted another day." He shuddered.

"Don't think of it," said his rescuer quietly. "I am thankful I climbed down." Lord Cravenden held out his hand and grasped Wynter's. "You remind me of some one," he said suddenly; "but I don't think we have met before." He glanced with puzzled eyes into the stern, bronzed face above him, then he shook his head. "Forgive my rudeness, but your face is not the same."

Wynter gave an unconscious sigh of relief. His secret was safe. "Is your camp here?" asked Lord Cravenden, looking round. "No," said Wynter, "it is some distance away. I had a sudden impulse to explore this valley, and so—"

"Saved my life at the risk of your own," put in the other quietly. "May I ask your name?" Reuben hesitated; then he answered: "My name is Wynter."

"Jack—Digger Jack" is the name I am known by here." Lord Cravenden made no comment; it was as if he understood his rescuer's reticence.

"My name is Cravenden," he said simply. "Walter Cravenden. I was exploring this neighborhood—I am a great wanderer—and, coming down that sharp slope, I fell and stunned myself against the rocks at the bottom. I fancy I've injured my arm somewhat badly."

"How long since?" Wynter inquired. "It must be about three days," said Cravenden. "I crawled away into the bush till I reached here, with just strength enough left to make a fire, then lay down to wait for the end. Death was not far off, my friend, when you appeared."

"Let me see your arm," said Reuben abruptly, as if averse to any further expression of thanks. He knelt down and tore away the tattered sleeve, while Cravenden smiled and extended a thin, wasted arm, far different from that which had encircled Olive's waist at the ball, not so many months ago. Reuben carefully bathed and bound up the fracture.

"You are evidently a backwoodsman," said Cravenden. "I am afraid if I were to remain in the world for fifty years I should never acquire the surgical skill you possess."

"Perhaps the skill is peculiar to birth, or early training," said Reuben, without thinking. Lord Cravenden regarded him curiously.

"At any rate," he said, "you were born a gentleman." Wynter moved to the fire, as if he had not heard. "It is time to turn in," he said. "A few hours' sleep will do us both good; then we can make our way back to my tent. Good night!"

"Good night!" said Lord Cravenden gratefully, as he watched his strange companion fling himself before the watch fire and compose himself to slumber.

Lord Cravenden tried to follow his example, but his arm still pained him a little, and thought was busy within him. The face and eyes, the voice of his rescuer haunted him, and yet he could not trace them to any distant recollection. Certainly he did not connect the bronzed face and careworn look of Digger Jack with the pale, bloodstained face of Reuben Wynter, the poacher.

Lord Cravenden had left London the day following his refusal by Olive Seymour, with the resolve that he would never return to England again. With this idea, he had rushed off and booked a passage to the first country that came into his mind, namely, Australia, and the first news that his mother heard of him was that he had arrived in Melbourne. He had travelled on from there, visiting the gold fields and various towns of interest, simply as Mr. Walter Fairfield Cravenden. He had just one letter from Lady Cravenden, in which she dwelt lightly on the misdeeds of Reuben Wynter, the steward, and at great length upon the intimacy of the verifiers with Sir Edwin Seymour, even hinting at a future engagement between Olive and Morgan.

Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Patterns. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A NEW "COVER ALL" APRON. A DAINTY AND BECOMING NEGLIGEE.



1339—Ladies' Kimono Perforated for Sack Length in Straight or Pointed Outline.

This style of garment is easy to develop, and very comfortable. It is nice for cotton or silk crepe, for cashmere, albatross, lawn, dimity, crepe or halizie. The design shows a waist in Empire effect, finished with a heading at its lower edge. The sleeve is cut in one with the body of the waist. The neck is finished low in becoming "V" effect. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large, and will require 4 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for the full length style, and 2 3/4 yards for sack length, for a Medium size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



2042—Ladies' Apron.

This style is fine for gingham, drill, chambray, lawn, percale, alpaca, brilliantine and satin. Back and front portions form panels, to which shaped side sections are joined. A smart collar finishes the neck edge. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small for 23 and 34 inches bust measure, Medium for 36 and 48 inches bust measure, Large for 40 and 42 inches bust measure, and Extra Large for 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a Medium size.

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No. ... Size ... Address in full: ... Name ...

A Good All Round Liniment

that seems to go straight through the skin and reach the pain. That is a good description of **Stafford's Liniment**.

We believe there is no more generally useful liniment. It seems to reach the spot every time. No home should be without a good liniment for use in those emergencies common to all homes calling for a reliable liniment. Keep a bottle of "Stafford's Liniment" in your medicine chest.

For sale everywhere. Manufactured only by **BE. F. STAFFORD & SON, St. John's, Nfld.**

Household Notes. Children velvet street frocks lend themselves to the bustle effect. Newest skirts are so narrow that they allow only the tiniest tops. A novel white collar is made with points for a widow's black frock. Pockets continue to give a military air to the latest sports coats.

WE are still showing a splendid selection of TWEEDS and SERGES.

No scarcity at **Maunder's.**

However, we beg to remind our customers these goods are selling rapidly, and cannot be replaced at the same price.

John Maunder, Tailor and Clothier St. John's, Nfld.

Mammoth Music Sale AT **NEWFOUNDLAND'S MUSIC SHOP.**

50c. and 25c. Music selling at 5c. Rolls, containing 5 copies, at 5c. a roll. All must be sold.

CHARLES HUTTON.

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- The Great War by H. Belloc; 1st Phase \$1.75
- The Great War by H. Belloc; 2nd Phase \$1.75
- The First Hundred Thousand by Ian Hay \$1.75
- Over the Top by Empey \$1.75
- Toward the Goal by Mrs. H. Ward \$1.00
- America and the New World State by Norman Angell \$1.40
- Neath Verdun by M. Genevoix \$1.00
- My Four Years in Germany by Gerard \$2.25
- First Seven Divisions by Hamilton \$1.75
- Soul of the War by Philip Gibbs 75c.
- Happy the Wounded, containing Nfld. Items \$5c.
- The Brown Brethren by Pat. McGill \$1.00
- The Red Horizon by Mrs. P. McGill \$1.00
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JAMES R. KNIGHT Fads and Fashions.

Almost every style is in fashion, but straight-line models are most favored. The mourning dress of black tulle can be fastened with dull silver buttons.



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This style of garment is easy to develop, and very comfortable. It is nice for cotton or silk crepe, for cashmere, albatross, lawn, dimity, crepe or halizie. The design shows a waist in Empire effect, finished with a heading at its lower edge. The sleeve is cut in one with the body of the waist. The neck is finished low in becoming "V" effect. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large, and will require 4 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for the full length style, and 2 3/4 yards for sack length, for a Medium size.

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Before our Stock ces all our vast 'sto to special prices, w to remember that conditions furniture cheaper. Be wise Furniture you need

Mail orders promptly shipped by us.

U. S. Picture ST. JO

Christian Scientists

BROUGHT CASH AND TONS OF FOOD AND CLOTHING.

The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, was quick in response, generous and practical in its assistance to our stricken city.

Halifax, Dec. 21.—Helpful and effective assistance was given during the important period of relief work immediately following the Halifax disaster by a committee of Christian Scientists, representing The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, who hastened to Halifax in a special train plentifully supplied with cash and tons of food and clothing. With headquarters for distribution at Masonic Hall, the Christian Science Relief Committee did general relief work throughout the city, co-operating with the other relief agencies.

As soon as reliable information regarding the extent of the destruction at Halifax was received in Boston, the Christian Science Board of Directors prepared to assist the sufferers. This course was in line with the prompt action taken by the Christian Scientists on previous occasions, when sufferers from great disasters were in need of assistance, notably at the time of the San Francisco fire, the Sicily earthquake, the Ohio flood and the Chelsea and Salem fires in Massachusetts.

The first step of the Christian Science Board of Directors, on learning of the need at Halifax, was to appoint a committee to go there and to use the contribution of Christian Scientists for general relief and to render such other assistance as was possible. This committee consisted of Ralph E. Parker, Mrs. Edith W. Parker, Charles H. Welch, William Bradford Turner,

T. J. EDENS.

10 barrels NEW YORK CORNED BEEF. 5 barrels FAMILY MESS PORK.

Purity Butter! 2 lb. Prints.

CAL. ORANGES. GRAPE FRUIT. PEARS. TABLE APPLES. CAL. LEMONS. FRESH OYSTERS. GRAPES—Blue & Green. FINNAN HADDIES. SMOKED SALMON.

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SCOTT'S EMULSION a rich blood-food and strengthening tonic. It is so helpful for delicate girls it should be a part of their regular diet.

Just as he was about to begin his ascent, he caught sight of a small object fluttering from a crevice. Bending forward, he secured it: it was a man's white silk handkerchief, almost new, with an initial on it surmounted by a crest—C.

Relief in five minutes from all stomach misery is waiting for you at any drug store. These large fifty-cent cases contain enough "Pape's Dispepsin" to keep the entire family free from stomach disorders and indigestion for many months. It belongs in your home.

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