


RUMFORD

The Wholesome Baking Powder



Steadily maintaining the high quality of Rumford for over a quarter of a century has helped thousands of progressive housewives to achieve perfection every bake day.

G. D. SHEARS & SON, Agents.

Happiness At Last;

OR

Loyalty Recompensed.

CHAPTER XII.

"Leafmore," said Mr. Deane, abstractedly. Then with a sudden brightening up of his faculties, he went on eagerly: "You have some wonderful trees at your place, Lord Gaunt. Wonderful! I don't know that out of Scotland, I have ever seen more magnificent firs. Now, did it ever occur to you that great things might be done with the extraction of terebene from the fir? At any rate, it has occurred to me. Terebene is the active ingredient—"

Bobby touched him on the arm, and Mr. Deane turned to him with kind of bewildered impatience.

"What is it, Robert? I am endeavoring to explain to Lord Gaunt that he has an enormous fortune—an enormous fortune—within his reach. Terebene is one of the most valuable products—"

Bobby glanced at Gaunt apologetically and appealingly, and Gaunt with admirable tact, said:

"Thank you, Mr. Deane. Perhaps you will come up to Leafmore and tell me more about it? I'm afraid I must be going now."

"Yes, my lord," said Mr. Deane, and shaking Gaunt's hand absently, he shuffled out of the room.

Gaunt moved toward the door; but as he reached it he looked round, and his eyes rested on the lovely face so dimly seen by the light of the one shaded lamp.

"At any rate, you will come up to Leafmore, Deane," he said. Then he looked at Decima again. "And you too, Miss Deane? I want to show you how comfortable you have made me."

"Oh, we'll come right enough!" said Bobby, heartily. "Eh, Decima?"

She did not answer. They both went to the gate, and Gaunt got on his horse. Then he bent down and held out his hand to Decima.

"Good-night, and—thank you," he said.

His voice had a deep ring in it, which Decima had not heard until now.

"Good-night!" she said, smiling up at him.

Gaunt rode off at a bound, and let the impatient Nero go his own pace—always a fast one; but presently he brought him into a walk by a slight

pressure of the reins; and then letting it lie loose, rode on silently and with an abstracted look. The beautiful face haunted him, her words, "I am glad you have come," rang in his ears softly; and her eyes—were they gray, or blue, or violet?

He roused himself as Nero bore him into the court-yard, and with an impatient start and shake, he handed the horse over to the groom, and went into the house.

His valet was waiting for him, and he looked curiously at his master as Lord Gaunt entered the dressing-room. The man—Hobson by name—had been with him for years, and was deeply attached to him. They had undergone perils and privations together, and looked death in the face side by side; but Hobson had never stepped out of his place, and had remained that wonderful being, a devoted and respectful servant, who sticketh closer than a brother. There was an expression in his master's face which Hobson had not seen for years. It was almost cheerful.

"I'm late, Hobson," he said; "a bad beginning. But I suppose you told them in the servants' hall that I was never to be relied upon?"

"Yes, my lord," said Hobson, simply.

Lord Gaunt smiled, and as he took off his coat, said:

"Thanks! I thought you would. But, Hobson, we must reform—reform. Now be quick."

Be quick.

Hobson glanced at him swiftly. He had not heard that tone for years.

CHAPTER XIII.

The next morning Gaunt went down the village, and the village stared at and watched him from their front door, or from behind its windows, with the deepest interest and a lively curiosity, which promptly developed into admiration. For Lord Gaunt, in a riding-suit, with his whip in his hand, and half a dozen dogs bounding round him or trotting demurely at his heels, looked a very different person to what they had expected.

"Why, he's a young man!" exclaimed Mrs. Topper; "and a Gaunt every inch of him! There's no mistaking your real gentry, Mrs. Murphy. Well, I'm going to drop him a courtesy, and give him 'good-day,' if I'm to be shot for it!" And she made her bob as Gaunt passed the door.

He remembered her, and stopped at once and returned the salutation. He spoke to Mrs. Murphy, and touched his hat in response to the respectful, almost awed greetings of the men outside the inn, and he looked round him with an evident interest, which flattered those who were so closely watching him.

Presently Mr. Bright came trotting after him, and he turned to him with a smile.

"Ah, Bright, I'm taking my first visit of inspection," he said. He glanced at the tumble-down cottage. "It is not altogether a satisfactory one. Now, then, fire away! I see you are charged to the hilt."

Bright looked at him with a mixture of eagerness and apology.

"I don't like to begin to worry you right away, Lord Gaunt," he said.

Gaunt smiled.

"Oh, I'm in the humor this morning, and you'd better seize the opportunity. You want me to rebuild these, I suppose?"

"That's it, Lord Gaunt," said Bright, rather nervously.

"Well, they want it," said Gaunt, curtly.

"If you'd just step inside one of them—"

Gaunt nodded, and laid his hand on the rickety gate of one of the cottages. As he did so, a girlish figure emerged from the door-way like a gleam of sunlight. It was Decima. She was looking over her shoulder and saying something, in her sweet, clear voice, to the woman inside; then she turned her head and saw the two men, and stopped.

"Oh, what luck!" said Bright. "Here's Miss Deane. Now, she knows exactly what's wanted. She has been making friends of the people ever since she came, you know, and— Ah, Miss Deane, if you would be so kind as to come with us for a little while! But perhaps you are busy."

"No," said Decima; "I am only going to meet my brother later on. What is it?"

"What isn't it, rather?" said Gaunt, with an affectation of dismay.

Mr. Bright has got me in his clutches already, Miss Deane; and as if he were not more than a match for me, he has called in an auxiliary force.

Well, so be it. But, as you are strong, be merciful."

Gaunt looked into one room of the cottage. It was about ten feet square, and was occupied by a woman and five children. It was badly lighted, close, and unhealthy.

Decima looked at his appealingly. "It is not fit, is it?" she said.

"It's bad, yes," he assented. "It certainly is not fit for you to go into."

"I! Why, they live here!" said Decima, rebukingly.

"They're used to it; you're not," he retorted, rather curtly. "Do you visit all the cottages? How if there should be some infectious disease—measles, scarlet fever—"

He looked at her almost sternly.

"Miss Deane goes everywhere," said Mr. Bright, quickly and admiringly. "I've told her that she's running great risks, but my warning has had no effect upon her. She is our village angel, Lord Gaunt."

Gaunt knit his brows.

"It is not safe," he said. "I'll pull them all down and rebuild them—all of them. Will that satisfy you, Miss Deane?"

Decima was walking between the two men, and she glanced triumphantly at Mr. Bright, and then gratefully up at Lord Gaunt.

"I know you would," she said in a low voice. "Oh, I am so glad! But then there are the schools. Ah, you must see them! They are almost as bad as the cottages. The children are starved for want of air and ventilation in the summer, and must be frozen in the winter. If you will come—"

"Let us go to the schools by all means," he said.

They entered the crowded, stuffy room, and Gaunt looked round amidst the dense silence of excitement.

"All right," he said. "I see the thing has to be done on a big scale. We'd better get an architect from London, Bright. You—and Miss Deane—can worry through the plans with him. Have what you like, Miss Deane."

Decima was too moved to thank him again. They passed out and came to the church; and Gaunt, glancing at Decima, caught the appealing expression in her lovely eyes. He smiled.

"You want a new roof? And I doubt whether that tower is quite safe."

"It isn't," said Decima, eagerly. "We heard the men say that they are almost afraid to ring the bells—is that to be done, too?"

"Why not?" he said, quietly. "In for a penny in for—several thousand pounds."

"Oh, forgive me!" she said, penitently. "I—I am forgetting that it will cost so much money. What must you think of me?"

"Nothing but good," he returned. "Don't think about the money. I haven't any better use for it than I know of. You had better send for—"

he named a famous ecclesiastical architect—"Bright, and let him work his sweet will on the old place. It's pretty enough to deserve restoring. And now, thank Heaven, here's your brother!" he broke off, as Bobby vaulted over the church-yard stile. "You'll never guess how glad I am to see you, Deane. Come and rescue me from the hands of these Goths and Vandals!"

There was a lightness in his tone which almost startled Bobby.

"They've got at you already, have they, Lord Gaunt?" he said. "I meant to tip you a warning against them. Bright's bad enough, but my sister is far worse. If you let her have her way, she'll pull the place about your ears. You take my advice, and make a stand at once. Deane, my child, these are the things you don't understand alone, run home, little girl, and play with your dolls; better still, get your toiling brother's lunch ready while he shows Lord Gaunt a new fly he has made."

"It is lunch-time!" said Gaunt, looking up at the old clock, and speaking in a casual way. "Seeing that I have been—well, particularly good this morning, wouldn't you like to reward me by coming up to the Hall and eating your lunch with me? Do: it's well, rather solitary up there."

He looked at Bobby, but glanced first at Decima.

"All right," said Bobby, promptly.

"Father—" began Decima; but Bobby waved the objection aside.

"Father takes a biscuit and a glass of sherry in his den, you know," he said.

(To be continued.)

Wash Day and Backache

WASH day is the least welcome day of the week in most homes, though sweeping day is not much better. Both days are most trying on the back.

The strain of washing, ironing and sweeping frequently deranges the kidneys. The system is poisoned and backaches, rheumatism, pains in the limbs result.

Kidney action must be aroused—the liver awakened to action and the bowels regulated by such treatment as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. This favorite prescription of the well-known Receipt Book author will not fail you in the hour of need.

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

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

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



Wash Day and Backache

WASH day is the least welcome day of the week in most homes, though sweeping day is not much better. Both days are most trying on the back.

The strain of washing, ironing and sweeping frequently deranges the kidneys. The system is poisoned and backaches, rheumatism, pains in the limbs result.

Kidney action must be aroused—the liver awakened to action and the bowels regulated by such treatment as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. This favorite prescription of the well-known Receipt Book author will not fail you in the hour of need.

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

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

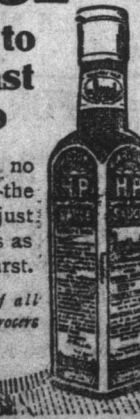
GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributing Agent, Water St., St. John's.

HP SAUCE

Good to the last drop

There is no sediment—the last drop is just as delicious as the first.

Of all Grocers



WRIGLEYS



We eat too fast—
We eat too much.
Eat less—chew it more.

WRIGLEYS

after every meal
aids digestion, cleanses
the mouth and teeth,
sweetens the breath.

COSTS LITTLE BENEFITS MUCH



Sealed Tight —Kept Right The Flavour LASTS!

Grade supplied by MEEHAN & COMPANY, St. John's, Nfld.

SLATTERY'S

Wholesale Dry Goods

are now offering to the trade the following

English and American Dry Goods.

English Curtain Nef.	White Curtains.
English Art Muslin.	Valance Net.
White Nainsook.	White Seersucker.
Children's White Dresses.	Children's Gingham Dresses.
Misses' Colored Dresses.	Ladies' Handkerchiefs.
Gent's White Handkerchiefs.	Gent's Colored Handkerchiefs.


Also a very large assortment of SMALLWARES.

SLATTERY'S DRY GOODS STORE,

Duckworth and George Streets.

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 always 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

Advertise in the Evening Telegram

Will it Wear?

This is a question that the economical woman must needs ask about all her clothes.

When she asks it about a Corset, we answer confidently: It will indeed!—if it is a

Warner's Rust-Proof Corset.

It will wear longer than you thought possible and it is "guaranteed not to rust, break or tear."

Prices from \$3.60 pair up.

Marshall Bros

Sole Agents for Newfoundland.

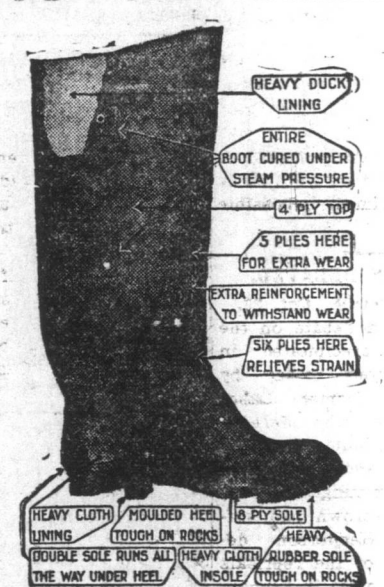
Buy Progress Brand Working Shirts, Pants & Overalls!

Roomy sizes, durable materials, strongly made in our own Factory to withstand hard usage. The materials were bought a long time ago and are priced well below present quotations. This means a considerable saving to you. Keep the home wheels turning by buying local made goods.

NFLD. CLOTHING CO., Limited.

WHOLESALE ONLY.

"EXCEL" BOOTS FOR FISHERMEN



"BEST IN THE WORLD."

Sold by all reliable dealers. Fully guaranteed by

PARKER & MONROE, Ltd.

SOLE AGENTS.

Rylands Brothers,

WARRINGTON, ENGLAND.

WIRE ROPE.

WM. HEAP & CO., Ltd

AGENTS.

Great Clearance Sale!

Our entire stock of

READYMADES, BOOTS & SHOES, MANTLES, MILLINERY and GENERAL DRY GOODS.

clearing at Sacrifice Prices. Sweeping reductions in every department. Terms of Sale strictly cash. No appropriation.

WILLIAM FREW, Water St.

Su

Gov

R

M

C

m

MINING

Upward

miners w

and fire

Thursday

and nine

in crowds

the mine

they were

rescuers

cement w

CANADIA

As a pr

ist's refu

Commerce

of sugar

the price

perhaps

week, ac

EGYPTIA

Leaders

Party will

day to com

members

the govern

demand

framed an

would soo

SERIO

Seven

twenty in

when the

sixty, east

twenty-thr

dred feet

here to-d

have been

section g

wreck, is

accident,

just left

a Cleve

coasting t

came. A

side leap

into a Pu

sides away

The occupa

from their

mass as th

Pullman to

in the air

were force

ing the de

wreckage,

mangled, a

to identify

IRISH

The eager

Irish situ

the House

Arthur He

member of

motion dem

Ireland, v

armed force

ferred prov

clared the

they had t

with the ag

been consi

government.

T

ning

Gift

Mrs

Mrs

Mrs

Wm

Fran

Mrs

Mrs

Miss

W

oct20,12