

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

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



## Happiness At Last;

### Loyalty Recompensed.

Decima, who had been taught by Lady Pauline to accede to any request, unless it were unreasonable or wrong, went at once to the piano, and Mr. Mershon followed her. She knew all her songs by heart, and she sang "The Message." Sung it not with the professional air which so many women aim at, but glibly and sweetly. Mr. Mershon stood beside her, leaning on the piano, his small, sharp eyes fixed on her face with the expression which a man wears when his heart is in the look. All unconsciously, she glanced up at him as the song finished, and caught the look in his eyes. It was as if a cold, icy hand had been laid upon her heart, and she rose and stood a little apart from him.

"Will you not sing again?" he said. "Do!" And for an instant his eyes sought hers.

Decima unconsciously moved away from him and nearer to Bobby.

"No—I will not sing again," she said, almost coldly. "It must be getting late, Bobby!"

Bobby came up to her, there was a little more talk, and then she managed to convey to him that she really wanted to go.

Mr. Mershon himself saw them into the fly.

"I hope this won't be your last visit to The Firs, Miss Deane," he said, and his thin fingers closed round hers.

Decima made no response, and the fly drove off. Mr. Mershon returned to the drawing-room and leaning his arm on the carved mantel-shelf, looked at the silent woman who was bending over her embroidery again.

"Well!" he said at last, sharply.

She glanced up at him nervously.

"Well, Theodore?" she said, timidly.

"What do you think of her?" he demanded. "Isn't she beautiful, lovely? Is there any girl, woman, like her in all the world?"

"She—she is very beautiful, very sweet," she assented, under her breath.

Mr. Mershon laughed.

"I'm glad you think so," he said; "for I mean to make her my wife."

Mrs. Sherborne raised her head and opened her lips, but no sound came.

"Well, what have you to say? Why the devil don't you speak?" he said, with the sudden fury of a weak nature; and he looked as evil as a malicious monkey, as he glowered down at her with his small eyes glowing excitedly. "You hear? And you've got to

help me. You've got to make a friend of her; get the right side of her. You've got to sing my praises to her. You understand?"

Mrs. Sherborne moistened her lips and cast a deprecatory glance at him.

"She—she is very young, Theodore," she said.

"Young! I like her all the better for that. D—n it, you don't suppose I should be such an ass as to fall in love with an old woman? And I've fallen in love with her, I tell you."

"She—she may not consent. I—I mean, she seems to have some will of her own, Theodore. I have been talking to her."

"Consent! Will of her own!" he said, with a sneer. "You are an idiot! Do you suppose I'm depending upon her sweet will only? Not me. I know a better game than that. She'll consent fast enough. You wait and see. I've got her tight enough; or, if I haven't got her already, I shall have her in my grip presently!"

#### CHAPTER XVII.

A week passed, ten days; but no Lord Gaunt appeared. Decima had ceased to go to the Hall, but she met Mr. Bright every day in the village, and that gentleman's face grew longer and less cheerful each time.

"I can't make it out, Miss Deane," he said on the eleventh day. "He said he would come at the end of the week—he may have meant month; it's just possible that I may have misunderstood him. But I've got everything ready. You'd be surprised at what I've managed to get done in the last few days, you would indeed! And he hasn't come after all."

"He may come in a day or two," said Decima.

She too felt a little, just a little disappointed.

"Do you think so?" he said, catching at the hope eagerly. Then he shook his head. "I don't know. It's just as likely that he won't come at all. Though he promised, and a promise is a promise with him. I know that. And he doesn't write; and I don't know where to write to. I've sent word to the lawyer that the place is ready—that is, as far ready as I could get it in the time, and they have written that they don't know Lord Gaunt's address—that he's away from London. I'm almost in despair; for, you see, he may have gone to Africa after all."

"I hope not, for your sake," said Decima, gently.

"Say for all our sakes, and his own most," said Mr. Bright. "Well, I am not going to give up hope, and I'm keeping on at the slave-driving. You should see me hounding on the workmen! They think me no end of a brute and bully. Going your rounds? Ah, you've flattered down on the place like a ministering angel, Miss Deane! I hear you praise me wherever I go. I've just left the Robins' cottage, and that poor sick girl of hers had the tears in her eyes when she told me of your goodness to her. Well, I won't say any more if you don't like it, and I beg your pardon. I'm off to the Hall. There's a new grand piano just arrived; that looks as if he meant coming."

He bustled off rather more cheerfully, and Decima went her way. Perhaps Lord Gaunt would not come after all. Yes; she would be sorry if he did not, she told herself.

But though Lord Gaunt were still absent, the Deanes ought not to have been dull, for they saw a good deal of Mr. Mershon and his sister. Scarcely a day passed but that gentleman strolled down to The Woodbines.

He generally went straight to the laboratory, and Decima could hear her father talking—Mr. Mershon always appeared to play the listener's part—in his rapid, nervous way.

Once or twice she went in—not knowing Mr. Mershon was there—and found him sitting on the bench as she had seen him on his first visit, his chin in his hands, his attitude like that of a monkey, and his big cigar in his lips.

Sometimes she met him in the garden, and he would stop and talk to her in short, disjointed sentences, his small, sharp eyes scanning her face when she was not looking at him, to be quickly averted when she turned her frank, guileless eyes upon his face.

Several times The Firs carriage, in all its magnificence—and newness—dashed up to the gate, and Mrs. Sherborne would come in and sit in the drawing-room and talk to Decima in her nervous, constrained fashion; and on all the visits she begged Decima to go for a drive with her.

Decima did not very much care for Mrs. Sherborne, though she pitied her—why, she could scarcely have told—and several times refused the drive; but one afternoon Mrs. Sherborne begged so hard, that Decima accompanied her.

But she was sorry that she had done

so, for all Mrs. Sherborne's talk was of her brother.

"Theodore is so—so clever," she said, glancing at Decima nervously and yet curiously. "He was always clever as a boy. We all used to say that he would make his mark and do great things. I don't suppose there is any one in the city more—more successful and respected"—she paused a moment—"more admired than he is."

Decima did not know what to say, and so remained silent; and after another glance Mrs. Sherborne went on still more nervously:

"He has made a great deal of money. Theodore is immensely rich—but I dare say you can see that."

"Oh, yes," said Decima. "It must be very nice to be rich—for those who care for money," she added.

"You don't care for it, my dear?" said Mrs. Sherborne, with some surprise.

Decima smiled.

"No; why should I? Does money bring happiness?"

As she spoke, she thought of Lord Gaunt. He was immensely rich, and—well, his sad, weary face rose before her, and she sighed.

"I don't think it does. Of course, I do not know very much about it."

"No; you are very young and inexperienced," said Mrs. Sherborne. "But you know everybody wants to be rich; everybody struggles and strives for money—more money."

"Yes, I know," said Decima; "and it seems so foolish. If it does not bring happiness, what is the use of it? Why, see how happy some, most, of the poor people here are! They are always cheerful. I hear the women, even the poorest, singing as I go into the village, and the men whistle as they go to their work."

"Then you wouldn't care to marry a rich man, my dear?" asked Mrs. Sherborne.

The speech jarred upon the girl. She had not thought of marriage, and her innocent heart, shrunk from the woman's questioning.

"I don't know—I have not thought. Not if it were only because he was rich. Oh, I do not know! See how lovely that tree looks with the red sunset upon it!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Sherborne; and she was silent a moment, then she said, as if she felt constrained to continue the subject: "We have often wondered why Theodore has not married. Of course he is quite a young man still, but—well, men, especially very rich men, marry at an earlier age than his. And he must have met so many nice—so many beautiful women, who—would have been glad to marry him. Don't you think it is very strange?"

"It is," said Decima, growing very weary of the topic. "Perhaps he has not seen any one he cares for."

Mrs. Sherborne glanced at the lovely face with its unclouded eyes.

"Perhaps that is it," she said. "But he will some day. I hope she will be a—nice girl."

"I hope so for your sake," said Decima.

"She—she will be able to have everything she wants—everything she can desire," said Mrs. Sherborne, in a dry, mechanical tone, as if she were repeating something she had carefully rehearsed. "Theodore is liberal enough when—when he cares for any one. He will spend money like water to—to—gain his object. Yes, his wife will be able to buy anything she may fancy."

"That will be very nice for her," said Decima, unsuspectingly. "And now may we turn and go back, please, Mrs. Sherborne? I like to be in some little time before dinner."

Mrs. Sherborne looked at her sideways, sighed, and ordered the coachman to drive back to The Woodbines. She had done her best but against the girl's absolute innocence and unconsciousness Mrs. Sherborne's hints and suggestions glanced off like arrows from a coat of mail.

"Halloo! been out in the Mershons' chariot?" said Bobby, as Decima came into the house. "What's it feel like, sitting in such a gorgeous vehicle, and staring at the backs of two richly dressed funkies? Did you fancy yourself a duchess, Decie?"

Decima laughed and shook her head. (To be continued.)

## 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

St. John's

### When You Break Your Glasses

and you have not got a second pair, you naturally want to have them repaired without any delay. This is where we can be of service to you, by prompt and efficient attention to all kinds of Eyeglass and Spectacle repairs.

### We Duplicate Broken Lenses

and in most cases can do it same day as left with us.

Mail orders given quick despatch.

**T. J. DULEY, & Co., Ltd.**

The Reliable Jewellers,  
ST. JOHN'S, NFLD.

### If a Testator

although seeing the benefits to be derived from a Trust Company's administration, hesitates about cancelling any appointment he may have already made, the Montreal Trust Company can be named to act with the Executor or Executors already appointed, in this way the Trust Company co-operates with the Testator's appointees in the administration of the Estate.

This plan is very acceptable when the Testator's wife is named as Executor. Few women have the necessary business training to enable them to carry on the administration of an Estate, but with the co-operation of the Montreal Trust Company the Testator's wife can be appointed with full assurance that the Estate will be well looked after.

### Montreal Trust Company

Sir Herbert S. Holt, President. A. J. Brown, K.C., Vice-Pres.  
11 Place d'Armes Square.  
St. John's, Nfld., Branch, Royal Bank Building.  
sep28,1yr,eod C. E. JUBIEN, Manager.

### Prepare for the Cold.

"Jack Frost" will be coming again soon. See that he gets a warm reception by having Gooby & Hammond call and put your furnace or hall stove in order.

### We Do Only First Class Work.

Get our prices on Stoves, Stove Pipe, etc., and convince yourself they are the best. We also have on hand a number of Second-hand Cooking and Hall Stoves, selling cheap.

### GOOBY & HAMMOND,

Tinsmiths and Sheet Metal Workers,  
sep11,2m,aod 92 DUCKWORTH STREET.

## 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.

"You can't make a silk purse  
out of a sow's EAR"

Any more than you can expect good bread of flour made from poor wheat and low standards of milling.

If you are having trouble with your baking just try

## Windsor Patent

Because it's made from the right sort of wheat,

By the best equipment obtainable, and up to a definite ideal of quality.

## Headquarters!

## Black Oats, Hay, Bran.

IN STOCK:

1700 Bales Prime Timothy Hay.

P. E. I. Black Oats.

White Oats, 102's and 136's.

Bran, Whole Corn.

Cornmeal and Gluten Meal.

At Lowest Prices.

## GEO. NEAL, Ltd.

## Rylands Brothers, WARRINGTON, ENGLAND.

## WIRE ROPE.

## WM. HEAP & CO., Ltd

AGENTS.



### Applied After Shaving

Keeps the Skin Soft and Smooth

MANY men suffer from irritation of the skin as a result of shaving. With some it assumes a form of eczema and becomes most annoying and unsightly.

By applying a little of Dr. Chase's Chamomile Lotion after shaving the irritation is overcome and such ailments as Barber's Itch and Razor's are cured.

Sole & Gen. Agents, Newfoundland

## Dr. Chase's

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



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