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For Constipation

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Nujol works on an entirely new principle. Without forcing or irritating, it softens the food waste. This enables the many tiny muscles in the intestines, contracting and expanding in their normal way, to squeeze the food waste along and out of the system.

It is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take. Try it.

"Regular as Clockwork"



## Happiness At Last!

OR

### Royalty Repealed.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Gaunt prayed for death at that moment, for this terrible solitude in the midst of the roaring waves was infinitely worse than death. Then his senses left him, and with "Decima!" upon his lips, he relaxed his hold on the spar.

When he came to, he found, to his amazement, that he was lying in a comfortable berth in a luxurious cabin.

Two men were standing beside him. They exchanged a look, and nodded as Gaunt opened his eyes. Gaunt looked round and sighed. At that moment he was not particularly glad to come back to life.

"All right now?" said one of the men who was watching him. He was a young fellow with a pleasant voice and a pleasant smile. He was dressed in yacht costume and was smoking a cigarette.

"Where am I?" asked Gaunt, with an effort.

"On board the 'Sea Wolf,'" replied the young fellow, "my yacht. We picked you up early this morning. You've been wrecked, I suppose?"

Gaunt nodded.

"Better not let him talk awhile," broke in the second man.

"All right, doctor," assented the young fellow, cheerfully. "You go to sleep if you can," he said to Gaunt. "You'll be all right after a snooze. We'll leave you quiet."

Gaunt closed his eyes again and slept. When he awoke he found the young fellow standing beside him with a basin of broth.

"Get outside this," he said. "The doctor—he's a friend of mine and has come this trip with me—says that you'll pull through all right."

"Thanks; I've no doubt I shall," said Gaunt, not very cheerfully. "May I ask to whom I am indebted?"

"Oh, that's all right," replied the young man. "My name's Dobson. I'm taking a cruise in this yacht of mine. We lost our reckoning in that fog-

## HOW WEAK WOMEN ARE MADE STRONG

Mrs. Westmoreland Tells in the Following Letter.

Harrison, N. Y.—"When my first child was born I did not know about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and had a very hard time. I read in the newspaper about the Vegetable Compound and when my second child came I took it and was well during the whole time, and childbirth was a hundred times easier. Ever since then I have used it and would not be without it for the world. I do all my work and am strong and healthy. I am nursing my baby, and I will take the Vegetable Compound as it keeps a woman in good health. You may publish my testimonial for the good of other women, if you choose to do so."—Mrs. C. WESTMORELAND, Harrison, N. Y.

Women who suffer from displacements, irregularities, inflammation, ulceration, backache, headaches and nervousness should lose no time in giving this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial, and for specific advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

and it's lucky we did, or we shouldn't have come across you."

"I was a passenger on board the 'Pevensey Castle,'" said Gaunt. "She drifted on a sand bank." He spoke with difficulty, and Mr. Dobson had sense enough to stop him.

"All right," he said. "Tell us all about it when you're more fit. Try and go to sleep again. There's nothing like sleep for your case, so the doctor says. I've brought you some books and papers if you can't manage a doze."

He left the cabin, and Gaunt tried to sleep; but his head ached too much, and presently he took up one of the papers.

He turned it over mechanically, and was putting it down again, when his eye was caught by a heading in large type:

"The tragedy at Prince's Mansions. Verdict of willful murder against Lord Gaunt."

He read the account in a kind of stupor, and had the paper still in his hand when Mr. Dobson re-entered the cabin.

"How have you been getting on?" he inquired. "Been reading the paper? That's right."

"Yes," said Gaunt, quietly. "I have been reading the account of the—murder at Prince's Mansions."

"Ah! terrible affair that!" cut in Dobson. "They haven't got that Lord Gaunt yet, more's the pity!"

"No," said Gaunt, raising himself on his elbow. "I am Lord Gaunt, Mr. Dobson. How soon can you take me back to England?"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The news of the wreck of the "Pevensey Castle" did not reach London until some days after the sad event; but, when it did, it created a sensation only inferior to that which had been caused by the murder in Prince's Mansions.

The boats had reached the harbor of Mogador in safety, and the rescued passengers had given a full and touching account of the founding of the ill-fated vessel and the heroic conduct of the captain and Lord Gaunt. That they had both been drowned, no one seemed to entertain any doubt, and on the principle of speaking nothing but good of the dead, Lord Gaunt's crime was forgotten for the moment in admiration for his heroism.

The papers came out with the whole story, and leaders were written, dilating with editorial unctious upon the dramatic aspect of the affair, and the poetical justice which had been dealt out to, as the writer called him, "this unfortunate nobleman." They all of them, however, failed to inform their readers what the captain had done to deserve death. But that was a mere matter of detail.

To Decima, lying white and wan in the darkened room, no tidings of the outside world were permitted to reach. She had received consciousness, but she lay 'twixt life and death, in that condition of mind and body which resembles stupor. All danger, however, was past; her youth and strength had fought the battle for her and won it, and, as the doctor said, it was only a question of time and careful nursing. For the latter Lady Pauline could be relied on, and gradually the vacant expression of Decima's eyes changed to one which, although it was sadder, displayed some faint interest in life.

On the day the news of the loss of the "Pevensey Castle" and Lord Gaunt's death was running like wildfire through the land, Decima turned to Lady Pauline, and said:

"I suppose I am not going to die, Aunt Pauline?"

Lady Pauline took the now-white hand and patted it softly.

"I hope not, dear," she said. "No; you have been very ill, but you are quite out of danger now. I hope that in a few days I shall be able to take you down-stairs. And then we will go

to Walsfield. You would like to go there, would you not?"

Decima thought for a moment, then she replied:

"I think I would rather go home. Father must miss me. And Bobby will be coming home, and—and it is more comfortable for him when I am there."

"We will see," said Lady Pauline, gently. "We will ask the doctor."

Decima was silent for a moment, then she turned her eyes away, and asked:

"Have you seen Mr. Mershon, aunt?"

"Yes," replied Lady Pauline. "I have seen him, and I have told him what you wished him to be told."

Decima breathed a sigh of relief.

"Thank you, Aunt Pauline. I—I am afraid he was very angry, was he not?"

"He was," said Lady Pauline, laconically. "But we will not talk of Mr. Mershon, dear. I trust that he has gone out of your life for henceforth."

"Oh, yes, yes!" she cried. "I—I could not marry him!" She shuddered. "He was very kind, and I—I am grateful to him; but I could not marry him—now!"

She turned her head away and closed her eyes, and Lady Pauline, who thought she was asleep, looked sady at the white face. How much longer could the story of the murder and Lord Gaunt's death be kept from Decima; and what would be its effect upon her? She must know sooner or later; the air was full of it, the newspaper boys were yelling it through the streets.

Later in the day Bobby came in. He was terribly upset, and scarcely master of himself.

"You've heard the news, Lady Pauline?" he said, as he entered the drawing-room.

He had never been able to address her as "Aunt."

"Yes," she said. "It is terrible; and yet—"

"I know," said Bobby, with a kind of groan. "You are thinking that he has escaped a trial for murder, and—perhaps the—conviction?"

Lady Pauline nodded, and sighed.

"He never did it!" said Bobby, fervently.

"No; I don't think he did. But we need not discuss that, Robert. I was thinking of Decima."

Bobby drew a long breath.

"She will hear of it directly she gets about again," he said.

"Yes," said Lady Pauline. "That is inevitable. It will be better that she should hear it from us."

"Ah, yes; but who's to tell her?" he demanded.

"I and you," she said, with her usual courage. "She will hear it better coming from us than from strangers. I think she will be strong enough to-morrow. Will you come, in the afternoon, please? I asked her this morning whether she would like to go to Walsfield, but she seemed to want to go home."

"To father—yes," said Bobby. "That's like Decima; she thinks of every one before herself. Father will want her, too, for he's in trouble again."

"What trouble?" asked Lady Pauline.

Bobby groaned.

"Oh, Mr. Mershon has cut up rough. It's that confounded—I beg your pardon, Lady Pauline!"

"There is no need for profane expressions, Robert," she said. "But go on."

"It's that unfortunate company, the Electric Storage, you know."

"I don't know; but no matter."

"It seems that the governor is indebted to Mr. Mershon; it's rather a large sum; and Mershon's lawyer, Mr. Gilsby, has written to the governor—well, demanding payment. Father has given Mershon bills, you know."

Lady Pauline sighed.

"I will help your father to the best of my ability, Robert," she said. "I must go up to Decima now. Come to-morrow, and if she is strong enough, we will tell her about—about Lord Gaunt."

(to be continued.)

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If you have a severe cough or chest cold accompanied with soreness, throat tickle, hoarseness, or difficult breathing, or if your child wakes up during the night with cough and you want quick help, try this reliable old home-made cough remedy. Any druggist can supply you with 2½ ounces of Pinex. Pour this into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup. Instead of sugar syrup, if desired. This recipe makes 16 ounces of really remarkable cough remedy. It tastes good, and in spite of its low cost, it can be depended upon to give quick and lasting relief.

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Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and is probably the best known means of overcoming severe coughs, throat and chest-colds.

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The S.S. ROSALIND will probably sail from New York on December 12th, and from St. John's on December 22nd.

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All passengers for New York MUST see the Doctor in person in the ship's saloon one hour before sailing.

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Under the Honeymoon (fox-trot).  
Because (baritone solo).  
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Little Grey Home in the West.  
A Farewell.  
The Greatest Lad We've Ever Had.  
The Bells of St. Mary's.  
Where the River Shannon Flows.  
Come Back to Erin.  
The Music of the Wedding Chimes.  
Gates of Gladness (one-step).  
Cupid's Garden (intermezzo).  
Hearts and Flowers (intermezzo).  
An Old Garden.  
Bedouin's Love Song.  
Kilima Waltz.  
Hilo March.  
Horsham Medley.  
Jig Medley.  
Reel Medley.  
It's Nice to Get Up in the Morning.  
Peggy (fox-trot).  
Shadows Waltz.  
The Merriest Man Alive.  
Me-Ow.  
The Vamp.  
It Takes an Irish Heart to Sing an Irish Song.  
A Little Bit of Heaven.  
Preacher and the Bear.  
When You Come Home.  
The Advance Guard March.  
Paddy's Reel (piccolo).  
Pat in America.  
Dankie's Holiday.  
Dancing Dan Jig.  
The Advance Guard March.  
A Perfect Day (tenor and male trio).  
Carry Me Back to Old Virginia (soprano with male trio).  
Old Black Joe (male quartette).  
One Sweetly Solemn Thought (contralto and tenor).  
Prepare for Action (military band).  
Elegie (tenor solo in French).  
Bardella (fox-trot).  
William Tell (overture).  
Cavatina (violin solo).  
Abide With Me (baritone with orchestra).  
On Miami Shore (for dancing).  
Etc., Etc.

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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, 1915, 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 Charities by virtue of the said Act.

By order of the Board,  
J. W. WITTERS, Chairman.  
H. M. WOSDELL, Acting Secretary.

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