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## Happiness At Last,

### Loyalty Recompensed.

CHAPTER XIV.

Yes, that was how he would work it. She should be just an angel of light to him. He would go on loving her, but as the sailor loves the beacon star that lights him home through the storm; as the light that burns in the shrine of a saint. Inspired by that love, he would keep his life clean and sweet; he would devote it to her. He would be her slave, would do everything she wanted done for the place and the people.

"Yes, that is how it must be," he said, with a deep breath. "There is no hope for me. The child would never love me, even if I were only her own age and free. Very good. Let me accept that. I will never let her suspect, and she shall never know. It would only pain her, and, God knows, I would rather die a thousand deaths than she should suffer a moment's pain."

He laughed discordantly.

"What a pity one can not die when one likes," he said, bitterly. "It would be so easy a way out of it. But I've got to live—and I cannot live without her!"

The dinner-bell rang, and he went and dressed. Hobson looked at the haggard face anxiously and wondered what was amiss. He knew nothing of the great mistake but he suspected the existence of some hidden sorrow in his master's life, and he wondered whether it had cropped up again, for he had noticed the change of late for the better in Lord Gaunt's manner and appearance.

Gaunt went down to the elaborate dinner, but he could not eat, and presently he rose and went out into the air.

There was a faint moonlight; a nightingale was singing on one of the trees on the lawn. He saw Decima's face in the soft light, he heard her voice speaking through the bird's. Presently he got his hat, and, half

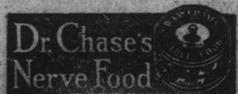


## Could Not Sleep

Mr. Earnest Clark, Police Officer, 338 King St., Kingston, Ont., writes:

"For three years I suffered from nervousness and sleeplessness. I believe my condition was brought about by overwork. I had frequent headaches, neuralgic pains and twitching of nerves and muscles. I had indigestion, was short of breath and easily tired. I commenced a treatment of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and seven boxes of this medicine cured me of all my symptoms. I am now feeling one hundred per cent. better than I was, and have to thank Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for the good health I am now enjoying."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.75, all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.



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

mechanically, went up the avenue and along the road to The Woodbines.

As he reached the house and stood in the shadow of the trees on either side of the road, he heard the piano, and then her voice—the clear, sweet, girlish voice which echoed in his heart all day. She was singing one of the simple songs she used to sing to Lady Pauline, and every note, as it floated out to him, struck upon a chord in his heart and filled him with the pain of intense longing.

He went home again, with the sweet, girlish voice ringing in his ears. But he would not go into the house, and he paced under the firs in the plantation until the dawn began to gleam beyond the hills.

"I love her!" was the thought that ached in his heart. "I love her; but she shall never know. She shall never know."

In the morning some plans came down by post. He had promised to take them to her. Should he do so? He prayed, thirsted for a sight of her. Why should he not go? He would begin the watch over himself.

After breakfast he went, with the plans in his hand, up to The Woodbines. As he reached the gate he heard voices—Decima's and a man's—and then he saw her and Mr. Mershon in the garden. He had met the young man once or twice, and exchanged greetings with him; but it had so chanced that he had not seen him and Decima together. He looked over the gate, and there was Mr. Mershon holding a chrysanthemum while Decima tied it to its stick. Decima wore a sun-bonnet like—and yet how unlike—Mrs. Topper's, and, as she bent over the plant, she was laughing, evidently at Mr. Mershon's awkwardness. And the young man, with his hat on one side, was looking up at her with an intent expression in his small, sharp eyes.

A pang shot through Gaunt's heart. "My God! I am jealous!" he said, between his clinched teeth, and his face grew set and stern.

He tried to soften it as he pushed the gate open and entered, but Decima, as she looked up and uttered a faint cry of welcome, saw the look and opened her innocent eyes upon him.

"Oh, Lord Gaunt, is it you? And have you brought the plans—is that them in your hand?"

"Yes, I've brought them," he said, trying to smile. "But it doesn't matter. Don't let me interrupt you."

She looked at him with a faint reproach in her lovely eyes.

"Why, we are only tying up some of the chrysanthemums. As if they were of any consequence! Let me see them! I do so want to see them! But what is the matter?" she broke off, as she looked up at him with a sudden grave questioning.

"Nothing—nothing," he said, hastily for he felt Mr. Mershon's sharp eyes upon him.

That gentleman dropped the string and glanced at his watch. He disliked, and was a little afraid of Lord Gaunt, of Learmore.

"—I think I'll be going," he said, looking at Decima.

She had opened the plans and seemed quite absorbed in them.

"Oh, will you not stay? Well, goodbye, and thank you. We have tied up ever so many, haven't we?"

"Yes," said Mr. Mershon. "Good-morning, Lord Gaunt." As he went out of the gate, Gaunt looked after him.

"Do you see much of Mr. Mershon?" he asked, and cursed himself for asking.

Decima looked up from the plans absently.

"Yes, oh, yes. He is here nearly every day. He has business with father. I don't understand what it is; it is all a mystery to me—and, to father also, I expect. But what is the matter? You—you look so pale and tired."

She drew nearer to him, with child-like affection and confidence, and laid her hand upon his arm.

And the strong arm, lean and muscular, the arm which had known no quiver nor uncertainty even when it had been raised in the face of death itself, had hard work to keep itself steady under the fingers which touched him so innocently.

"I've—I've had a bad night," he said, forcing a smile. "I used to suffer from insomnia, and I got an attack of it last night."

"Oh, I am so sorry," she said. "Come and sit in my arbor and rest for a little while." Her hand closed on his arm, and she led him gently to a rustic summer-house in the worst state of repair. "Sit there and rest," she said. "You shall not talk, or even think. And I will look at the plans. Say!" she ran to one of the garden borders and picked some sprigs of

lavender, "smell those! Are they not sweet?"

She held them up to him, and, unseen by her, he touched them with his lips. Then, with the innocence of a child, she sat close beside him and unfolded the plans again.

Her arm touched his—the summer-house was a very small affair—he could almost hear the beating of her heart; and his own heart throbbed in harmony.

"They are beautiful!" she said, nodding at the plans, as a child nods at a picture-book. "How clever a man must be to draw them like this! Look at that tower!" She opened out the plans so that they rested on her knees and his. "There's a bell in that tower, of course. Will it run, as Bobby would say, to a bell, Lord Gaunt?"

"Oh, yes; it will run to a bell," he said, mechanically, for her hand was touching his arm, and all his senses were throbbing.

"Will it? I am so glad! And that is the big school-room. What is the size? But I am worrying you, and I meant you to rest!" she exclaimed, remorsefully.

"It is not worrying me," he said. "There are the plans. If you like them, we'll pass them."

"Oh, I think they are beautiful!" she said. "And the school-house is too sweet for words! I should like to be school-mistress!"

"Yes!" he said; then the green jealousy gnawing at his heart forced him on. "Do you like Mr. Mershon?"

Decima opened her eyes upon him innocently.

"What has Mr. Mershon to do with the schools?" she said. "Like him? Oh, yes, I suppose so. I never thought, never asked myself the question. But now I come to do so, yes, I think I do. How foolish that sounds! Aunt Pauline used to say that I should never master syntax. He is very good-natured, you know; only this morning he promised me fifty pounds toward the boys' play-ground and gymnasium."

"Why did you ask him?" he said, almost roughly. "I would have given you all you wanted."

"I know you would," she said, simply; "and that is why I didn't ask you. You have done so much. Besides, it is only fair that Mr. Mershon should spend some of his money for the benefit of the people among whom he lives. He is very rich, you know."

"Is he?" he said. "I don't know anything about him." Then he got ashamed of his petulance, of his jealousy, for her eyes were seeking his with a rather pained surprise. She had never before heard his speak in this tone. "Oh, I dare say he is a very nice young fellow. I'm—I'm rather boorish and ill-natured this morning. I always am when I don't sleep."

In an instant her face melted, so to speak, with a tender sympathy which smote him to the heart.

"I know. You could not be really unkind or unjust to any one, I think, Lord Gaunt."

"Oh, couldn't I?" he said, grimly.

"No. It was only because you are tired that you were hard upon Mr. Mershon—if you were hard. For, after all, what have you said? Lean back—see, you can just lean back—and rest, quite rest."

She leaned back to show him the way, and the branches of the ivy and clematis caught in her hair. She laughed as she tried to disentangle them.

"I forgot my hair; but you need not be afraid—yours is too short."

"Can't you get it undone?" he said. "Let me try, will you?"

"Thanks," she said at once. "Mind you do not bring it all down; it is apt to come down at a touch. You see, I've not had it up very long."

His hand shook as he attempted to free the soft, silky coil from the branch that clung to it lovingly. His breath came fast, and he brought about the catastrophe against which she had warned him.

(To be continued.)

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The reason women write such letters to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. and tell their friends how they are helped is that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has brought health and happiness into their lives. Freed from their illness they want to pass the good news along to other suffering women that they also may be relieved. If there are any questions you do not understand write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

## Big Smokes.

Tobacco worth \$124,000 was destroyed the other day in less than an hour by fire at Bordeaux Chamber of Commerce depot; and three tons (valued at \$2,300) were similarly destroyed while being smuggled across the Belgian frontier on a motor lorry. The French Customs post, about a mile outside the village of Berthen, was rushed by the smugglers, but the officers gave chase on motor cycles, and a running fight followed. The lorry burst into flames, but whether this was by design or by a police bullet penetrating the petrol tank is not known.

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## Fashion Plates.

### A SIMPLE DRESS FOR WORK OR LEISURE.



Pattern 3094 cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 4, 44 and 46 inches bust measure is here shown. For comfort, convenience and attraction, this model has much to recommend it. The lines are simple, and the garment may be made for service, or as a "porch" or "afternoon" dress. Foulard, taffeta, serge, gabardine, crepe de chine, voile or poplin would be nice for a "dresy" dress. Developed as a work dress it would look well in gingham, chambray, linen, lawn or percale. Size 38 requires 6 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. Width of Skirt at lower edge is about 2 1/4 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

### A POPULAR MODEL.



Pattern 3366 is portrayed here. It is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 4 1/2 yards of 40 inch material. Braided serge or duvetyne would be attractive for this style, or satin, taffeta, tricotine, and velveteen. The dress measures about 1 1/2 yard at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

NOTE:—Owing to the continual advance in price of paper, wages, etc., we are compelled to advance the price of patterns to 15c. each.



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