



MOIR'S Chocolates

A picnic for two

Made by Moir's Limited Halifax Canada

F. V. CHESMAN, 178 Water Street, St. John's, Newfoundland, Representative.

A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Robert sprang to his feet and caught at her hand with a low cry of satisfaction and joy; but Maida snatched her hand from him and shrank back to the wall.

"No, no, don't touch me," she said, as he reached for her hand. "All right," he said; "I beg your pardon. I didn't mean to—I have treated you well, with every respect—but I forgot for the moment—Ah, you don't know what it means to me!"

His face was flushed, his hand shook as he caught up a burning brand, waved it into a flaming torch, and went outside, locking the door behind him. He half-strode, half-ran to the head of the valley and coo-eeed.

No answer came excepting that of the echo of the hills. He coo-eeed again, and again the mocking echo was the only response; and he ran a little farther on and sent a string of coo-ees reverberating through the valley. The echo died away slowly, followed by the intense silence which reigned over the wild place.

With an oath, he knocked the torch against his boot, so that the flame rose again, and ran back towards the hut. A horse neighed, and the sound raised a suspicion in his mind, and he ran to the spot where he had tethered the horses; only one remained, and he knew that the Reverend Ronald Smythe had stolen the horse and gone off on it.

Robert stood with the torch hanging limply in his hand, as if the blow had overwhelmed him and deprived him of every ounce of strength; his knees almost shook together as a wave of disappointment and impotent rage swept over him.

Maida had consented, in a few short minutes she would have been his wife; and now, at the critical moment, when victory and success were in his grasp, his happiness was dashed to the ground by the flight of the mean bound in whom he had confided! The sweat stood thickly on his brow, across which he drew the back

of his trembling hand. He was possessed by a mad desire to pursue the man, to drag him back, compel him to perform the ceremony, and then shoot him; but he knew that, with the start Smythe had gained, pursuit would be futile: he had stolen Robert's horse.

Robert was awakened from his stupor by a peculiar noise; Maida was beating against the door with her hands. He drew himself up, unlocked the door, and entered, Maida drawing back from him and looking beyond him with terror-stricken eyes, for Robert's face was terrible in its anger and moroseness.

"Where—where—?" she breathed. Robert shrugged his shoulders. "The scoundrel has gone. I told him to wait in the valley; he has gone, stolen my horse. I am sorry—!" He swore. "If I could only get him! But it was not my fault: why did you wait so long? See what you have done for yourself!"

"No, no," she panted. "You will let me go now! We will go back to Milda Wolda—no one shall know what has passed—I promise! Oh, you will, you must, have pity on me; you cannot be so dead to all pity, so unmanly—you will let me go!" He shook his head.

"If I let you go now, I shall lose you forever. You wouldn't forget this night's work, you'd hate me, most like, worse than you do. Besides, you forget. I tell you the fellow has taken my horse; we can't go. We must stay here the night."

She sank on the sheep-skin and wrung her hands and for the first time the tears welled to her eyes and she sobbed and wept bitterly. The sight of her tears nearly drove the man mad, and he strode across the hut and flung himself down on his knees beside her and tried to draw her tear-wet hands from her face.

couch, her hands covering her eyes, her whole form shaken with a shudder.

He did not offer to pick up the revolver, scarcely glanced at it; but he drew a long breath and looked at her strangely.

"You might have killed me; you had your chance then. I shouldn't have complained. I'd rather die by your hands than live without you. But now you know how it is with me, that I mean to go through with this business. Leave off crying. I'll do you no harm. If my presence is so hateful to you, I won't inflict it upon you. You've got to stay here, stay here until I track that hound of a parson down and bring him back; but I don't want to make you more unhappy than I can help. You can have the hut to yourself; I'll keep watch outside."

She drew a breath of relief. "Thank you," she said, almost inaudibly; but with something like gratitude, so great was the relief from the tension with which her nerves had been strung.

He looked round the hut. "Make yourself comfortable as you can. Here, lie down and let me cover you up—"

"No, no!" she breathed, putting her hand to keep him off; and she lay down and drew a rug over her. He stood and looked at her, with knit brow and closely clenched teeth; then he went outside, and, raising her head and holding her breath, Maida heard him lock the door. She sank down again shivering with fear and exhaustion.

Presently her eyes fell on the revolver which, under the stress and strain of his emotion and excitement, he had actually forgotten.

She rose and listened, then she stole on tip-toe across the hut, got the weapon and returned to the couch with it, concealing it within the folds of her habit. The minutes passed—at times they seemed hours, at others fleeting moments flying all too rapidly.

After awhile her eyes closed with the sleep, the thin sleep, of exhaustion. She dreamed that she was back in England, back at the Towers; that she and Heroncourt were walking hand in hand through the wind-swept plantation; his eyes were on her face; his voice, eloquent with love's accents, was making music in her ears and echoing in her heart. A smile of joy and perfect happiness passed over her pale face.

Then she awoke with a start; Heroncourt's form and voice vanished and left her desolate; and in their place she heard Robert Broseley pounce up and down outside.

quietly; but every now and then there came a break in the song, and she grew thoughtful—she was thinking of Ricky, and wondering whether he would come out to Australia.

Dear old Ricky! How long it seemed since she had seen him! It was nice of him not to have forgotten them. She sighed as she thought of Maida and her life-sorrow; but Maida was growing stronger every day, and in this uncertain life of ours there is always a chance that the Fates may smile upon us. Hope springs eternal in the human breast; and—who knew?—some turn of the wheel of fortune might bring Maida and Heroncourt together again.

When she had got a rather large bunch of flowers, she began to feel hungry, and remembered Robert. She looked round and found that she had wandered some distance up the valley; it is wonderful how far one can unconsciously wander when one is in pursuit of flowers or trout. But she was not uneasy, for she thought that Robert would be lying down beside the horses, smoking his eternal pipe, and waiting for her. She went back slowly, pausing now and again to watch a bird skimming across the sky or a fish jumping in the shallow pools; but she reached the halting-spot presently, and, to her surprise, found only her own horse tethered; but she jumped to the conclusion that Robert had gone for a little ride, and, getting her little packet of sandwiches from her saddle-pocket she carried them down to the stream and ate them slowly and with an appetite born of her ride and ramble.

That she should fall asleep was only natural in such an air; and she slept the sleep of the young and the just-awaking with a start to find that her horse still stood there solitary and that no Robert was in sight. But she was still not alarmed; it was comparatively early; Robert might return at any moment. It was rather ungalant of him to leave her in this cavalier fashion, and she resolved to inform him of the fact in a few choice sentences: Robert was very much better equipped than he had been at their first acquaintance, but she told herself that there was still room for improvement. This was all very well; but as the time passed and he did not return, she began to grow slightly uneasy. The night would fall suddenly; it was a fairly long ride to Milda Wolda, and she was not quite certain of her way.

(To be Continued.)

DOES IT PAY TO ADVERTISE? It is just as customary now for a man to have a package of chewing gum in his pocket as it formerly was to carry a case of cigarettes. Chewing gum is now known as wall in England, France, Russia, Japan, China and Africa as it is in America.

William Wrigley, Jr., of Chicago, is the man responsible for the popularizing of chewing gum throughout the world. He started in business on little capital, but placed every available cent he could spare over and above operating expenses in advertising—his business grew, grew until it spread all over the civilized world. Today Wrigley is a millionaire several times over. His advertising for 1917 totals to a million dollars—how many million will it bring back to him?

And, by the way, six years ago Wrigley established a small plant on Scott Street in Toronto. About eighteen months ago he launched a large space advertising campaign in the Canadian newspapers. Did it pay? Well, he recently had to erect, at a cost of \$500,000, a new building about ten times the size of the old plant on Scott Street. Wrigley admits that the result were beyond his expectations.

BRIDGETON, N. J.—"I cannot speak too highly of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for inflammation and other weaknesses. I was very irregular and would have terrible pains so that I could hardly take a step. Sometimes I would be so miserable that I could not sweep a room. I doctored part of the time but felt no change. I later took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and felt a change for the better after the second day. I took it until I was in a good healthy condition. I recommend the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a remedy for all women as it has been used with good results."—Mrs. MILFORD T. CHAMBERS, 24 New Street, Bridgeton, N. J.

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as a convincing evidence of the excellence of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a remedy for displacements, inflammation, ulceration, backache, painful periods, nervousness and kindred ailments.

The Government and the Profits Tax.

Editor Evening Telegram. Dear Sir,—Your editorials condemning the action of the Legislature in trying to force that detestable act through which they term an excess profit tax have aroused a feeling of indignation among a large section of the people, for, while we feel that it is absolutely necessary to cope with our war expenditure, we also realize that by this act of the National Government an attempt is made to institute class legislation here, and not only that, but to mark a dividing line between the Merchants and the People who at the present are pulling by the happy conditions that exist.

But those miserable, narrow-minded, selfish politicians must live by their wits, must grab money from the people, and, the surest and safest way to do so, in their opinion is by splitting the parties, assailing, by raising a howl against the merchants, the welfare of the masses. They say if the Rich do not go in the trenches and fight they will not go in the trenches and fight. Cast your eyes over the wealthy families in this country and you will soon see that they have given their sons just as the Poor have given theirs. For the prattling, tinkering, small-minded politician and soap box orator to try and fact the People by such trashy appeals is a direct insult to our intelligence. It may have been allowed by our forefathers but it won't go down with us. Such means, unscrupulous tactics have had their day in this country and are now as dead as a door nail. Let the people be on their guard. Do not allow yourselves to be carried away by the loud mouthings of those who, let three months ago, were without moving a finger to raise the taxes on the Rich, and who now pretend to be serious about their actions since the war broke out. I believe, object to paying their lawful taxes but should be at the front, still they do not, but they do object to their being taxed and lawyers and politicians who are in the habit of being allowed to go scott free. They object to being taxed while rich individuals who are the backbone of the workingmen go scott free. Some of those men go not alone should be paying taxes but should be at the front, still they are permitted to blaze about the town in their autos, and, forsooth, go while the Merchant who risks every cent he has, and more, in a precarious business like the fishery, must be hounded down and charged with disloyalty. Talk about knocking out Germanism and Kaiserism, why it is fight here, fight there, in the People's House where the example of Justice and fair dealing should be set for the People. This game was indeed clumsily hatched. The People saw through it as quickly as it came into being, and so glaringly unjust is it, that the Champion in Chief, the Editor of the Herald, is apparently dumb-founded as to what way to deal with it in his paper. If it was a just tax we would have flaring headlines, but the Hon. P. T. McGrath is wise enough to know and feel that to boost it up with his strong approval would be to make himself a laughing stock.

Who are the men who will accept the questionable honor of accepting a seat in the Legislative Council in order that this unjust act may be forced through the Chamber. I do not believe a man will be found with soul who would put him there to use him, "Honourable," why ever time he would hear the word it would remind him that he sold his manhood and his honour to act the part of the mercenary hireling. I hope no Newfoundlanders will so degrade himself at a time like this when manliness and courage is being fought and bled for.

Once more I say to my fellow countrymen—Be on your guard. A deep plot is on. They hope to win by arousing hate in your breast for the merchant.

It lies with you. Think it over. Play your part without fear or favor. Yours truly, ONE OF YOURSELVES. St. John's, Aug. 11th, 1917.

Shorthand Medals. Sloan-Duployan Competition Results. In the last Semi-Annual International Shorthand Competition of the Sloan-Duployan Shorthand Society (Headquarters, Ramsgate, England) a total of nine medals was awarded. Three of the awarded have been gained by Newfoundland competitors. In Class II, for the best specimen in Reporting Style, silver medals have been gained by Miss Grace Fleming, of the Convent of Mercy, St. John's, and by Miss Elizabeth Dohbin, of the Presentation Convent, St. John's. In Class III, for the best paper at 100 words per minute, a gold centre medal was awarded to Miss Ella Steele, of 100 Water Street, St. John's. This is the second occasion upon which Miss Steele has been successful, as in the previous competition a silver medal in Class II, was gained by this lady.

Mrs. Glynn, 40 Barter's Hill, wins the 4th prize of \$5.00 for Stafford's Lucky Number Competition, No. 1386. (See advertisement.)—aug4,17

CAPE RACE, To-day. Wind E.N.E. Light, dense fog. S.S. Portia passed in midnight; nothing heard passing to-day. Bar. 29.80; ther. 73.

A Table of Tables! We give here a Table of Tables of all descriptions that are now in stock in our Furniture Dept. PARLOR TABLES, WRITING TABLES, LIBRARY TABLES, OCCASIONAL TABLES, WORK TABLES, DEN TABLES, CARD TABLES, KITCHEN TABLES, and EXTENSION TABLES. The latter, of Golden Oak and Mahogany, can be obtained in different designs, round or square shape, and are capable of 6, 7 or 8 feet extension. All Furniture sold by us is guaranteed for perfection of finish and quality. U. S. Picture & Portrait Co., HOUSE FURNISHERS.

NO MATTER HOW THE FIRE IS CAUSED if you're not insured, you're a loser. Take time to see about your policies. We give you the best companies and reasonable rates. PERCIE JOHNSON, Insurance Agent.

SUGAR! ON THE SPOT AND TO ARRIVE. HARVEY & CO., LTD.

Your Business Success in 1917. Men's and Boys' Suits, Overalls, Shirts, etc. DO IT NOW.

Newfoundland Clothing Co., Ltd. September Patterns and Fall Fashion Book on Sale. A free pattern, your own choice, with Fashion Book. CHARLES HUTTON, Sole Agent for Newfoundland.

Beauty of t... BECAUSE they clog the pores... The healthy action of... There is no beautifier of the skin... Apply the ointment at night... Dr. Chase's

Our Baseball PLAGIARISED AND... CHAMPIONSHIP (I) TO-MORROW... The result of the to-morrow night's game will be a most potent factor in deciding the Championship.

LEADING RUN GETTERS. This time is now getting short... W. Cooney... F. Brien... S. Jenkins... P. Dobbin... P. Grace

THE DUGAN MIXUP. This is the title by which Dugan's new historic play when his book recently hit the ball, is now known. Many heated arguments have taken place since whether it was a really batted ball or not.