



A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"She is splendid, but mad!" said Mr. Coburn.

"Yes; but it's the kind of madness which defies us sane men," retorted his partner.

It is to be feared that Mr. Coburn swore under his breath, perhaps for the first time in his life.

"We must go to this man at once and make the best terms we can. Unfortunately for everybody concerned, poor Carrington left no money to anyone excepting the two girls; if he had done so, the other legatees or legatees could have disputed this deed of gift; at any rate, there would have been some proceedings which would have afforded us time. But, as it is, this girl will succeed in ruining herself; and not a soul can prevent her!"

Half an hour after the lawyers had gone a telegram came for Carrie. She ran with it to Maida's room.

"Ricky has got the rooms, Maida," she said. "There is time to catch the two o'clock!"

Maida covered her face with her hands for a moment. Then she

stretched them out with a gesture of assent.

"We will go!" she said.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Heroncourt was tramping slowly through the plantation in which Maida had so nearly met her death, and in which he had avowed his love for her. It was raining in a drizzling and uncomfortable fashion, so that he could scarcely keep his pipe alight; and he trudged along with the collar of his shooting jacket turned up, his head bent and gun under his arm. Every now and then a pheasant rose and whirred well within shot; but he merely glanced at it in a listless fashion, as if he had forgotten that he had come out for the Englishman's pastime, to "kill something."

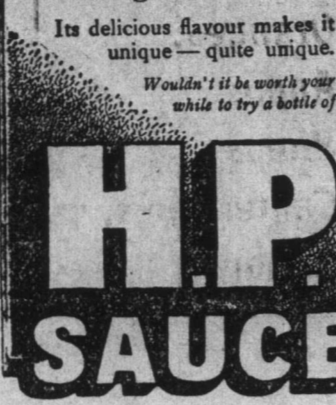
A month has passed since Mr. Carrington had been carried to his grave in the little church yard, a month which had told pretty severely upon Heroncourt. He looked thinner, his face was haggard and worn, that expression of care which distinguishes the faces of those who are fighting against a bitter sorrow; the happy light had left his eyes, and there were lines about his mouth which carking care draws with a depth and precision which the most skilful draftsman might envy.

He had lost the hope which is the light of life. His love for Maida had absorbed his whole being, and having lost her he felt like a shadow moving amongst shadows in this dreary pageant which we call the World; and his present misery was accentuated and intensified by the happiness which had been his only a few short weeks ago.

He was living alone at the Court, for Glassbury had been compelled to go back to town to attend to his political duties—he was in the Cabinet again, and there was an autumn session—and, of course, Lady Glassbury had accompanied him. They had begged him to go with them; but he had refused, for he knew that if he went to London he would haunt Colebridge Street—and Maida had refused to see him.

It was better for him to remain at the Court than to show his haggard face at his club, to meet the curious, though sometimes sympathetic, eyes of his friends and acquaintances; be-

No more home-made Chutney or Tomato Catsup for me—that is what everybody says when they have tried H. P.—the new sauce from England



In delicious flavour makes it unique—quite unique. Wouldn't it be worth your while to try a bottle of

Now and again he wandered to the Towers, which was now closed and silent as a tomb, and where the caretaker—an individual as gloomy as the place itself, eyed him with an awed curiosity. Day after day passed in this way, until the life became intolerable, and he felt that he must go to London, if only to be near Maida, to breathe the same air.

He and Baxter went to his rooms, and Heroncourt walked round to the Glassburys. Ethelreda was at home, and could scarcely refrain from starting when she saw his face, could not refrain from muttering a shocked exclamation.

"Oh, Byrne!"

"Have you seen her again?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"No; she will not see me. And, Byrne, she is quite right."

"I must see her," he said.

"You cannot. You cannot force your way into the house. Byrne, you must be patient; you would only pain and torture her by the sight of you. Do you think I do not know?" she added, with a sigh.

"I must see her; if only from a distance," he said, stubbornly. "I am simply starving for a sight of her. That sounds like a love-sick boy, doesn't it? But, by Heaven, it's the simple truth!"

Lady Glassbury was silent for a moment, then she said:

"She is residing at the Heathcotes to-night; you shall come with me—but, Byrne, you will not attempt to speak to her? You will promise me? Ah, Byrne, you see I love her as well as you, and I cannot have the poor girl made more unhappy than she is. You must keep out of sight, or she will break down; perhaps be made ill, and so unable to work."

"I promise," he said; "but I must see her."

He went with Lady Glassbury to the Heathcotes. It was a "small and early," but of course it was late and the rooms were crowded. He took up a position in a corner, almost hidden from view, and waited. He had to sit through several items of the programme, and then Maida appeared. The blood rushed to his face at sight of her, then ebbed back to his aching heart. She was dressed in black—his heart ached afresh at the thought that she would have to face the world, work for her living in this public way, in these early days of her mourning—and she was very pale; but she looked lovelier than ever, and the desire for her throbbled in his every vein. Her appearance stilled the conversation, as usual, and everybody watched her eagerly.

Grief had not robbed her of her wonderful art; indeed, her sorrows had endowed her with an additional force, that of experience, and she recited with a power and an intensity which held the audience spell-bound. He himself was carried away by her power; but as she finished, the sense of her personality came back upon him, and he scanned her with a lover's eagerness and minuteness. The black dress was unrelieved by a single ornament, excepting the plain gold bracelet which he had restored to her; and this link with the past brought a lump into Heroncourt's throat. How could she forget him while she wore that? "Oh, my darling!" almost broke from his lips.

(To be Continued.)

Fruits do not necessarily have to be canned with sugar. With sugar at its high price now, it is best to can the fruits without it and sweeten to taste when opened.

have driven a plough or turned brick-layer with profound satisfaction—if he could have Maida to go home to after his day's toil.

He went home and dressed for dinner, and the faithful Baxter, whose devoted, old heart ached for his master, noted Heroncourt's listless pre-occupation. Heroncourt scarcely ate anything at dinner, which was served with due state by the butler and a couple of footmen, who placed the many dishes on the table, and removed them, for the most part, untouched; and after the pretence of a meal was over, Heroncourt called for his overcoat and tramped up, and down the terrace until he had worn himself out, and could face the silence of his own room, where he would probably lie sleepless until the morning.

TO-NIGHT'S BASEBALL.

To-night's ball game between the B. I. S. and Cubs should attract a large gate, as apart from the exciting clash expected, the entire proceeds are for the Orphanage funds. The winners will play yesterday's victors at the Garden Party for the H. D. Reid Cup, Major Montgomerie and Mr. Cheaman will umpire, with Messrs. Osterbridge and Mullings in charge of the score sheets. The game starts at 7 o'clock with the following players:

B. I. S.	CUBS.
Carew	Hall
Brazie	Clouston
French	Catcher
1st Base	St. John
Brien	Duggan
2nd Base	Canning
3rd Base	Thomas
McGrath	Short Stop
Williams	Roberts
P. Grace	Right Field
C. Grace	Carter
Centre Field	Channing
Left Field	Miller

YESTERDAY'S GAME.

Yesterday afternoon's preliminary Mount Cashel baseball game between the Wanderers and Red Lions for the H. D. Reid Cup, attracted a large number of fans, and much to the surprise of even their most sanguine supporters, the Hiltz crew put it all over last year's champions by a score of 8 runs to 1. The absence of Punky Brown in the box for the blue-and-white aggregation no doubt considerably weakened their team as the Lions found Britt quite easily and in 4 innings piled up 7 runs on him. Hartnett replaced him in the 5th, and for the 3 innings held them to 1 run. The surprise of the evening, however, was the magnificent twirling of Nuts Ellis for the Lions. Nuts has been a tried and true pitcher since the inception of the League, and no one imagined for a moment that he could do effective work on the mound. The ineffectuality of McSkall and injuries received by Cooney, forced them to take a chance on Ellis, and his work yesterday afternoon made all supporters of the team sorry that his services were not requisitioned at the beginning of the season. He has a very fast ball with a vicious break, and the inability of the Wanderers to find him was proved by the fact that he had 9 strikeouts to his credit, whereas Britt hailed for 2 only, and Hartnett 1. Features of the game were Heath's long hit for 3 bags, and Mullings' two bagger. Brien and Berteau pulled a clever double play in the 5th. The Red Lions being the winners will therefore be one of the contesting teams at the Garden Party on Wednesday, where they will clash

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Our Baseball Column.

PLAGIARISED AND OTHERWISE.

with the winners of the B. I. S. Cubs game to-night for the Reid Cup. The game was handled to everybody's satisfaction by "Chief" Cheaman and Major Montgomerie, while Messrs. Ring and Grace had charge of the score sheets.

BOX SCORES.

Red Lions	0 0 4 3 0 1 x-8 runs
Wanderers	0 0 1 0 0 0 0-1 run
RED LIONS	A.B. R. H. E.
Power, 1b	3 1 2 0
Quick, 2b	2 1 2 0
Ellis, p	2 0 1 0
Hiltz, c	2 1 2 0
Buckingham, 2b	3 0 1 1
Mullings, ss	3 0 2 1
Rolls, cf	2 1 1 0
Jenkins, lf	3 1 1 0
Heath, rf	3 1 0 0
WANDERERS	A.B. R. H. E.
McCrindle, 3b	3 1 1 2
Berteau, 2b	3 0 0 0
Ford, c	3 0 2 1
Hartnett, 1b	3 0 3 1
Brien, ss	3 0 1 0
Jerrett, lf	3 0 0 0
Britt, p	3 0 1 0
Dobbin, rf	3 0 0 0
Balfour, cf	2 0 0 0
Miller	1 0 0 0

Miller replaced Balfour for the Wanderers in the 7th.

SUMMARY.

3 base hit, Heath; 2 base hit, Mullings; Strikeouts, Ellis 9, Britt 2, Hartnett 1; Bases on ball, off Britt 2; Hit by pitcher by Britt 1, by Hartnett 2, by Ellis 1; Hits, off Ellis 8, off Britt 11, off Hartnett 2; Double Play, on Jenkins and Rolls, Brien to Berteau.

Evening Telegram Fashion Plates

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Patterns Cut. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

...A SMART SUMMER FROCK...



Waist—2125. Skirt—2105.

Comprising Ladies' Waist Pattern 2125 and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 2105. Shantung in a natural shade with figures in green and red was used in this instance. The model is nice for white or colored linens, for batiste, voile, embroidered and bordered goods. The waist pattern 2125 is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt 2105 in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. For a dress in a medium size, it will require about 5 1/2 yards of double width material. The skirt measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot. This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH pattern, in silver or stamps.

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2101—Gingham, drill, serge, linen, chambray, poplin, repp and gabatea are nice for this style. The closing is at the side. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a 3-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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Size

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Obituary.

WILLIAM J. ENGLISH.

Mr. W. J. English, proprietor of the 'Bell Island Miner', passed peacefully away at one o'clock yesterday morning. Mr. English, for the past two years has suffered from an old complaint which eventually terminated in his death. He was in his 55th year and was one of the old school of printers and studied the case with his father the late Joseph English, who at one time published the Weekly Advocate. Later he was attached to the staff of the Colonist and for several years was foreman of the Daily News. Besides being an expert printer he was also the author of several poems. For upwards of ten years Mr. English has been a resident of Bell Island, where he was held in the highest esteem by all who knew him. His publication, though small in size, had a ready sale among the miners, for to them and to the people of the Island William English was a staunch friend. Left to mourn is a widow, five daughters, two brothers, Joseph, in the city and Valentine in the United States, to whom the Telegram offers deep sympathy.

NEW CUSTOMS ORDERS.—With the work of salving the valuable cargo of the big liner Kristiansford, wrecked at Mistaken Point, going on, the Customs authorities have taken precautions to protect the tariff. Accordingly the Customs boatmen are instructed to board all local schrs. now arriving until further notice. Several loads of the salvaged cargo, including sugar and flour, have reached here since yesterday.

Overeating is a dangerous habit which is caused by allowing the appetite to roam at will without a check. If a law could be passed requiring the owner of every appetizing drive it with a Mexican bit, the waiter would listen to the after dinner chatter with more interest and the members of the medical fraternity would have to take in washing in order to pay the rent.

In pioneer days overeating was practiced to an great extent. At six o'clock dinner of nine courses and there was little incentive for a man to go out and become tired and congested with free victuals. There was not so much variety in the line, either. There would be overeating to-day if people had to eat the cold, still remains of a

A deep sense of melancholy looms near the waistband.

of corn-meal must three times a week, was so often the case with our forefathers.

Overeating is generally accompanied by a deep sense of melancholy.

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OVEREATING.

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