



## A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER XXV.

"But we shall find it in your bill, I hope, Sir Jeremiah," said Mrs. Broseley, who was not without a rough-and-ready kind of wit.

"You certainly will," retorted Sir Jeremiah, with a laugh, as he trotted out of the room.

He came to see Maida every day, but notwithstanding his skill, the cough still haunted her, and a strange apathy and indifference sat like a heavy weight upon her heart and mind. She was too weak, too voiceless, to fulfill her engagements, and, though she hid her anxiety from Carrie, she began to fret. If she were not able to go on with her reciting, what would become of them? The week passed, and on the Saturday Mrs. Broseley's magnificent appointed carriage drove up to Cole-ridge Street.

Sarah said "Not at home," as usual; but Mrs. Broseley laughed, and, slipping half a sovereign into Sarah's grimy hand, panted up the steep stairs.

"I've come to see your sister," she said to Carrie, who stared with surprise at her; "an' I've come to see you. You're a good girl; I knew it the first time I saw you. Your sister's very ill; she wants a change. I'm goin' to give it to her, 'Sir Jeremiah has told me all about it. Australia's the place for her, an' I'm goin' to take you both there."

"Maida will never go," said Carrie. "Australia!" echoed Ricky, who had just dropped in—he was always dropping in—and no one can tell how welcome his presence was in this hour of doubt and darkness.

"To Australia, young man," said Mrs. Broseley. "An' what's the matter with it? You turn up your nose as if you slighted it."

"Mr. Clark didn't turn up his nose," said Carrie. "Nature's done it for him already."

Mrs. Broseley laughed and dilated upon the advantages of Australia, while Carrie went up to prepare Maida for the visit.

"If you've got any influence with these young ladies, Mr. Bark—"

"Clark," said Ricky.

"Well, Clark. You try and persuade them to come with me. It's a fine country, where you're sure to move an' breathe, which I'm sure you 'aven't got 'ere. An' if I were you, I'd go but there an' try my fortune. Look at Broseley—that's my husband; p'raps you've 'eard of 'im—"

Ricky nodded, for, like everybody else, he had heard and read of the great Australian millionaire.

"Tim went out there without a penny in his pocket, an' he's worth—oh, well, never mind. But talk o' your landed gentry, eh? We've got more land than any other 'nakes put together. Oh, I may go up, may I?" To Carrie who had just returned from Maida. "I've just been talkin' to this

young friend o' yours. Australia's the place for a young man with brains."

"But he hasn't any, dear Mrs. Broseley," said Carrie, sweetly.

Mrs. Broseley went up to Maida's room, and, bending over her, kissed her in motherly fashion.

"My dear," she said. "I have come to make all the arrangements. We start on the twenty-ninth. You can be ready by that time? I'll help you get your things—but, there you won't want many. You leave it to me. You shall come out o' this damp an' foggy London o' yours into the bright an' clear air. You'll soon pick up your 'ealth there. Why, bless your heart, I've known people who were declared to be at death's door—an' you are a long way from that—carried out to Australia an' came back perfectly bloomin', perfectly bloomin'!" "Now, don't argue, my dear," as Maida opened her white lips to suggest difficulties and obstacles. "There is nothin' to keep you 'ere; an' as to obligations, why, if you like to follow your profession over there an' recite at the big cities, after you've got yourself strong an' well, at Milda Wolda—that's Tim's station—you can do so."

Maida did not know what to say; her eyes filled with tears and she turned her head away. It was not of herself that she was thinking, but of Carrie. If she—Maida—were unable to recite, what would become of Carrie?

"You are very kind," she said, in her low voice, her violet eyes, eloquent with gratitude, turned upon the fat, red, good-natured face. "I do not know what to say. It has taken me by surprise—"

"Most things do, I find," said Mrs. Broseley, with a smile. "You say 'Yes, my dear. I should love to have you. Why, we'd make a sort o' queen o' you out there. Come, now; listen to what Sir Jeremiah says—an' he's mighty cute, is Sir Jeremiah, an' do you say yes."

"I will say yes, Mrs. Broseley," said Maida.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"I don't think this a proper kind of land for good people," remarked Carrie.

The two girls were sitting under the verandah which ran all round the great log house of the Broseleys' station. The house was bathed in a sunlight so intense, so clear and penetrating, that it seemed to mix with the clear, fine air and enter into one's lungs. Before the two girls stretched the wide plain dotted here and there with enormous trees and speckled at intervals by some of the vast herds which owned Timothy Broseley—once journeyman plasterer, not an Australian magnate—as lord and master. The Broseley acres ran for miles upon miles; they were the pick of the district, well watered, with undulations on one side of which the thousands upon thousands of cattle could browse in summer, the other providing a shelter during the winter months. Every squatter and cattle-raiser envied Tim Broseley his magnificent run and the luck which had helped him to obtain it.

But it is not all luck, and certainly not all beer and skittles, that goes to make up the life of an Australian rancher; hard work, any amount of common sense and no little business shrewdness and astuteness are required if fortune is to be wrested from the clenched hand of fate. Tim Broseley had all these qualities, and, added to them, a dogged patience, a stern determination to win, which had enabled him to watch and wait with the tenacity of purpose which is the

characteristic of the race from which he sprung; John Bull may not always be as swift as the Continental greyhound, but he's a good 'un to hold on when once he's got his teeth into a thing. Tim Broseley had hung on like grim death; from small beginnings, his wealth had grown until it had now become enormous. But notwithstanding his vast riches, Tim was not very much changed; a little stouter and much greyer than the journeyman plasterer who had trudged a sore footed sundowner across the arid plains a matter of twenty years ago, he was just as plain of speech and unpolished as his wife, whom he was old fashioned enough to still love. Though he had a magnificent house in Melbourne, he was never quite happy there, and was much more at home and at his ease in the big wooden bungalow, which he had helped to build with his own hands, and from which he could look around upon his broad domain and watch his countless flocks moving to and fro like specks upon the horizon. He was always happiest there; and stole away from the big, grand Melbourne house whenever he possibly could, and Mrs. Broseley was very much of his mind, though she liked dispensing hospital-ity to the Melbourne big-wigs and spending lavishly with the shops in George Street.

Of course she was now out at Milda Wolda, as the station was called, playing hostess to Maida and Carrie; and Mr. Broseley was there also. They had one son—the daughter had died; and it may be said with absolute truth that the old people would rather have lost all their money than the only daughter, upon whom they doted. This son was not a very bright specimen; he had not inherited his father's innate good qualities or business capacity, nor his mother's sweetness of temper and generous nature. He was a big fellow, but coarsely made, as was only natural; and the coarseness, extended to his nature, which showed every now and then through the thin veneer of an Australian's education begun rather too late in life; for the Broseleys' fortune, like most antipodean fortunes, had come all of a rush, and the boy's early life had been spent in poverty and hardship by the share of the family struggle, at first for bread and then for the money which is the butter which makes bread palatable.

His name was Robert. He was dark, almost swarthy with dark eyes that were rather too small for his type of face, lips suggestively and unpleasantly full, but fortunately hidden by a heavy moustache, and a square jaw indicating a certain determination which chiefly displayed itself in getting his own way. Big hands and huge feet and anything but a graceful gait gave him a look of awkwardness which was atoned for by his great strength; it was said that when he was fit—that is to say, when he kept clear of the whiskey and those amusements which the fast youth of Melbourne delighted in—Robert could hold his own with any man in Australia. He had been known to pick up bodily a man larger than himself and sling him clean over his shoulder; this sounds easier than it is, and if anyone doubts the difficulty of the feat, let him try it and be convinced.

Robert would have liked to have spent his whole time in Melbourne or to have gone to England; for, unlike his father, he was not fond of work,

Pour a little

# H.P. sauce

on your plate

H.P. is thick, fruity, and delicious — can be taken with the meat just like mustard.

and had a large taste for spending money; but old Tim had old-fashioned notions, and considered that every man should at least earn his salt though he got his beef for nothing. So Master Robert had to put in a certain time on one of the many runs. He was manager for this father, received a good salary and a large commission on the proceeds; had as many horses as a king to ride and drive, and was more or less happy in his own sweet way.

At this present time he was visiting a distant station; but he was expected home, and Mrs. Broseley, who worshipped him, and was, of course, blind to his faults, was all in a flutter of maternal anticipation. She had talked much to the two girls of her big and, as she called him, "andsome boy," and Carrie, at one rate, was rather curious to see him.

"No, it certainly isn't a proper place for good people to live in," she said, leaning back in her rocking-chair and rocking herself lazily as she surveyed, through half-closed eyes, her servicable pair of feet, which were encased in the lightest of canvas slippers. "Because, you see, they never want to die; and the place is so beautiful, the air is so champagne, and there's such a general feeling of being always on the spree that even the goodest people would drop out of the way of longing for heaven. The simple fact is, my dear Maida, that no one knows what really living is until he or she has been in Australia in the summer time. It's hot, I grant you; but I like the heat. Do you remember that man in that book of W. D. Howell's who, when they tell him that it's so hot in Florence that if he stays through June he will be able to cook an omelette in the sun in the centre of the piazza; said that he should like nothing better than cooking omelettes by solar means in the open air? That's exactly how I feel about the heat. Besides, there's something in the air that helps one to bear it; and isn't it delicious to laze here in the shade of this jolly verandah and to feel that other poor wretches have to trot around? And if I felt the heat ever so much, I shouldn't complain when I look at you and see what the change has done for you already. I don't go so far as to say that you have exactly grown fat, but there certainly would not be any chance for you in the living-skeleton line now; and yesterday I fancied—it must have been fancy or drink—that there was a touch of color in your face; and did you laugh last night, or was it merely the echo of my own idiotic chuckle? Seriously, Maida, if—I—how happy one could be the past, how happy one could be.

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## Evening Telegram Fashion Plate.

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

A PRETTY GOWN.



2111—This dress will be nice for dotted mull, novelty silk, crepe, challie, voile, batiste and messaline. It is also suitable for gingham, chambray, lawn, bordered goods and flouncing. The skirt measures about 27 1/2 yards at the lower edge. The fronts meet over a vest that could be made of contrasting material. The sleeve is shirred at the wrist where it forms a soft ruffle.

The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for an 18-year size.

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A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

No. ....

Size .....

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Name .....

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we can give you something that will still be pretty good wearing goods at low prices, viz:—

MEN'S WHITE BALBRIGGAN UNDERWEAR. Stock limited; 45c. garment.

MEN'S WHITE FURUS UNDERWEAR, worth 75c., at 45c. gar.

MEN'S NATURAL BALBRIGGAN UNDERWEAR, all sizes at old values, at 75c. garment.

MEN'S NATURAL BALBRIGGAN UNDERWEAR. Stock limited; old values, at 75c. garment.

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in MEN'S ENGLISH WOOL CASHMERE UNDERWEAR.

These are odds and ends of old stock that cannot be matched to-day except at prohibitive prices, and as we cannot furnish all sizes, we are marking same down to low prices to clear.

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## War News

### Messages Received Previous to 9 A.

TARNOPOL OCCUPIED BY GERMAN-SERIOUS MENACE TO RUSSIANS.

LONDON, July 23.—The occupation by the German army of the city of Tarnopol in Eastern Galicia, is reported. The capture of Tarnopol, if confirmed, presents a serious menace to the whole Russian front. The telegram from Tarnopol is about 25 miles behind the positions occupied by the Russians when the German counter-attacks began last week. Unless Russian forces to the north and east can carry out a rapid retreat, they will be threatened from their rear by the advancing Germans.

### CONDITIONS ON RUSSIAN FRONT

PETROGRAD, July 23.—That chaotic conditions are prevailing on a part of the Russian front was disclosed in a telegram from Premier Kerensky, the Provisional Government and the Council of Ministers and Soldiers' Delegates to the Executive Committee and Council of the Provisional Government with the Second Army on the western front. The telegram denounced the inauguration of measures to combat the disorganization. They unanimously recognized the situation demands extreme measures and efforts for everything can be risked to save the revolution from catastrophe. The commander in chief on the western front and the commander of the second army have been ordered to fire on deserters, runaways. Let the country know the truth, let it act without mercy. It find enough courage to strike the who by their cowardice are deserting Russia and the revolution. Referring to the threatened disaster telegram says: "Most of the military units are in a state of complete organization. Their spirit for the offensive has utterly disappeared. No longer listen to the orders of their leaders and they neglect all obligations of their comrades, even being by threats and shots. Some of the elements voluntarily evaded positions without even waiting for the approach of the enemy."

### RUSSIANS ATTACK, BUT

PETROGRAD, July 23.—The Russians yesterday drove the Germans near Kovno and north of the Pina marshes, sent the Teuton lines to a distance two miles and captured 1,000 men, but developments toward a success are being jeopardized by the weakness and instability of the train detachments.

### RIISING SUPPRESSION

LONDON, July 23.—Despatches received at the Embassy here state that the Petrograd is considered suppressed. Those who participated in the disturbances are being arrested and disbanded, and the city is being patrolled by troops. In places shooting from windows is being suppressed, but drastic measures are being taken to prevent insubordination or criminal agitation.

### DAYLIGHT BILL UNPOPULAR

OTTAWA, July 23.—Daylight Saving is not over popular with the members of the Ontario Sir George Foster moved the reading of the Daylight Saving bill to-day and piloted it into Canada but the measure met with opposition that its future is in doubt. Of a dozen members who opposed the matter, only two had heard praise for it. The opposition came from the farmers who maintained they had all the daylight needed and a change in the clock would mean that it would be more

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