



A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER IX.

"And we will have a house in the country—you love the country, you know you do, Maida!—a big place covered with ivy. Will it run to a terrace and peacocks, father?"

Mr. Carrington smiled with generous pity for her doubts.

"My dear Carrie, it will run, as you call it, to a country-seat—two, three, if you want them; and as to terraces and peacocks—"

Ricky rose. He was pale with excitement, and his lips trembled with some other emotion.

"In fact, sir, you are going to become swells, regular swells. I'm very glad, very glad that; but—but—well, swells generally drift towards other swells, and I'm afraid—I suppose—I've been very happy—he looked round the shabby room now thick with tobacco smoke—"but happiness has a knack of stopping abruptly, like a tram-car; and I shan't be fit company for such people of position and importance as you are—"

"Don't make a fool of yourself if you can help it; try, really try, not to," put in Carrie, in the tone of a mother addressing a peevish child.

"My dear Ricky, this change in our positions will, I assure you, make no change in our feelings towards our old friends," said Mr. Carrington, with an odd mixture of geniality and pomposity. "Wealth is given us that we may help those who have not been so fortunate. To prove to you that I am not uttering mere sentiment, let me beg of you to accept a small loan—it shall be a large one if you wish—to help you on your career, a career which, I hope and pray, may be as successful as mine."

His hand went to his pocket-book, containing the notes; but Maida crossed to him quickly and stayed his hand.

"No, no, father! No, no, Ricky,"



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Eczema, Bad Leg, Ring-worm, Salt Rheum, Barber's Itch, Psoriasis, Open Sores and Itching Rash and other skin troubles are caused by myriads of germs at work in the skin. Unless these germs are promptly destroyed they multiply, gnawing their way deep into the sensitive tissue. This is what causes that awful itch, and what seemed a mere rash may grow worse and develop into a loathsome and torturing skin disease with its years and years of misery.

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she said, in her low, thrilling voice "He did not mean it; it was only a joke, was it not, father?"

Ricky had started to his feet, his face suddenly crimson, his lips quivering, and his hands tightly clenched at his sides.

"That's all right," he responded, rather hoarsely. "It was only a joke, of course. I—I think I'll go now. Good-night, girls; good-night, sir! I'm just as glad at the good news, though you did offer me—"

"But only in jest, Ricky?" interrupted Maida, as she pressed his hand.

Carrie followed him outside the door, and, taking hold of the lapels of his coat, looked him squarely in the eyes, though her own were moist and blinking.

"Yes, we're mad, Ricky," she said. "But you can't wonder at it, can you? Isn't it enough to turn anybody's head? But we're not all so mad as to—to insult an old friend. And don't you think it possible, least of all talk it. If you imagine that because by some miracle we have become as offish as a Rothschild that we have been transformed into snobs and intend to let our old friends out—"

The lad's eyes filled with tears, and he caught her hands, and, too moved for mere words, kissed her on the lips.

The blood flamed to her face, then waned and left it pale, and her eyes glowed into his.

"How dare you!" she said. "If you do that again I'll—I'll box your ears!"

Notwithstanding the threat she had not shrunk back, her face was still close to his, and with a lump in his throat, and something hammering at his heart, the boy bent and kissed her again.

She promptly boxed his ears, and pushing him from her with ferocious indignation, ran back to the door; but as she opened it she glanced back over her shoulder, and there was something in the greenish-brown eyes, an exquisite softness and tenderness so new and strange to them, that the boy's heart leapt in his bosom and throbbed as his ears.

Carrie succeeded at last in persuading Mr. Carrington to go to bed, and carried Maida off; but the two girls heard him pacing up and down his room as if he could not rest, and the two sisters were too excited to sleep—too much money, like too little, often brings insomnia. In the morning they all came down, pale but smiling, as persons smile who have pulled off a grande coup.

"I suppose we ought to go to a big hotel at once—to-day," said Carrie. "How tired of bacon and sausages I am! What is it people in our position have for breakfast, Maida? You know more about the aristocracy than any of us."

Maida shook her head. She had been lying awake thinking, while Carrie had been talking, and she was opposed to the idea of an instantaneous migration to a grand hotel.

"I don't know, dear. I've read about plovers' eggs and aspic jelly," said Carrie. "I'm afraid, do you know, that the rich and noble are just as fond of bacon and sausages as we are. How very disappointing it would be if we were to discover that there was very little difference, after all— But what nonsense! Think of changing this grimy room for a house in Park Lane—"

"I could buy the biggest—" began Mr. Carrington.

Maida looked up with her gentle, dreamy smile.

"Don't you think, father, it would be better if we were to take a house in the country to begin with? Think of being in the country instead of London, Carrie! We could take a nice little house—"

"Why should we take a small

house?" interrupted Mr. Carrington in an almost aggrieved tone. "I should think you were about tired of poky rooms and—and low ceilings. I can afford a big house with what do you call it—salons, isn't that right?—big, lofty rooms, with a hall with an organ in it; and stables and—plenty of glass—grow your own strawberries and pines, and—melons. I'll have acres of glass—I'm fond of gardening."

He rose—he had eaten very little, he who usually made the Englishman's solid breakfast—and mechanically looked round for his hat and small bag.

"You are not going to the city this morning, father!" cried Carrie. "Aren't you going to stay and talk over our plans?"

"No, no, I can't; must go!" he responded, restlessly. "Important business to attend to. Why, do you think all this money doesn't want looking after?" He put the question sharply, as if he were surrounded by a band of brigands anxious to relieve him of his vast wealth. "It's more necessary than ever that I should go down to the city; and as to talking of plans, why, you've done nothing else since I told you the news; and, besides my head's swimming—I don't believe that whiskey's a 'special'; ah, I'll have my own cask sent down from Scotland—and my cigars direct from Havana, like Rothschild. But there isn't any reason why you shouldn't go and buy things. Look here—he produced a bundle of notes, counted them as a matter of habit, and tossed them theatrically into Maida's lap—"

"you go and buy what you like. Buy a house, horses, carriages—anything I don't care. I can afford it. And—see that everybody treats you properly—as as a couple of real ladies, as you are, remember. How my head aches! No, no, I won't have any eau de Cologne; it will go off when I get to the city."

It would seem that too much money, like too little, brings headache! Sad reflection, oh, my brothers, who are pining for wealth!

Carrington went down to his office to find a pile of letters awaiting him. The news had spread. The vultures, the begging letter-writers, the company promoter, the hysterical philanthropist who wants only a thousand pounds to complete the sum necessary for the building of a Home for Indigent Plumbers—they were all represented there, on the desk of the newly-made millionaire. He pushed them aside after feverishly opening a few, and turned to the newspaper. He half expected to read that the ship in which Josiah Purley had sailed had met with an accident and put back, and he drew a sigh of relief when he failed to find any such account. Then he went to the heart of the city, the heart that beat with the excited pulsation of the Stock Exchange, and moved about from group to group, listening to the chatter and gossip. It was electric with the news of the Roaring Jane, and his heart beat thickly, suffocatingly, as he thought, forced himself to realize, that he was the owner of the mine which had suddenly revealed its vast wealth. Presently the fact spread amongst the crowd, and he was soon encircled by eager and excited men who congratulated him in one breath, and implored him to "take them into the ring, old man," with the other. Great magnates, with whom, a few days ago, he would have been proud to shake hands, not only shook his, but held them in a warm grasp, invited him to immediate drinks, and future dinners at their clubs.

No wonder that the man's head swam.

Meanwhile, Maida and Carrie put on their best clothes, their very best clothes, and went out—to buy things.

Carrie had taken charge of the bank-notes, and she kept her hand over them in her pocket—as her father, by the way, had kept his hands over them in his—and stared before her with an eager and absorbed gaze.

They drove to Bond Street, Carrie being firmly convinced that it held the most expensive shops; and she was not a little awed and checked by the courtesy and respect with which she was served. She could better have met the haughty staidness of the Oxford Street and Tottenham Court Road assistants with whom she had hitherto done battle, not seldom coming off victorious. But here, in this aristocratic Bond Street establishment they were, wonderful to relate, not only respectful, but kind and not in the least scornful and patronising.

Carrie seemed to think that all the purchases should be for Maida's benefit.

"Oh, Maida! there is a hat that would suit you, I'm sure it would! Isn't it beautiful? Do you think it would fit my sister? Can you make her one like it—quickly—quite at once?" Or she would cry: "Look at that dress, Maida! Now, that's the kind of thing I've had in my mind's eye for you, oh! ever so long. Try it on, dear. Have you got one of those embroidered capes that would suit my sister; a pretty and rather richly embroidered one, you know."

Maida let her go on in this fashion for some time, then in her gentle but firm way, cut in:

"That is quite enough for me at present, Carrie; now we will get some things for you. My sister wants some frocks as pretty as this one we have bought for myself, and some hats, and a long travelling-cloak; and they must all be very nice, please."

"Oh, never mind about my things this morning, Maida," said Carrie, in her off-hand way; but the quiet Maida was not to be put off, and things, beautiful and expensive things, were bought for both the girls.

Then Carrie told the cabman—they had kept him waiting outside the shop, and the piece of extravagance helped them to realise their changed position more than anything else—to drive to a jeweller's a little farther down the street, one of the best and "classiest" jewellers, and Carrie allowed in and demanded to be shown rings and bracelets and a gold watch, all, of course, for Maida; but, as at the milliner's, Maida insisted upon a division of the spoil, and Carrie found herself also provided with the rings and the bracelets and the brooches which women love. There were visits to other shops—do you know what it is to be suddenly let loose on gloves at six shillings a pair after being to "our wonderful bargains, choice kid, one and eleven"—and after a hurried luncheon at one of the dainty shops which are supposed to be presided over by ladies of blue blood, they drove home with some of the purchases scattered round them; and it was delicious to feel them pressing against them.

(To be Continued.)

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SOLD EVERYWHERE

ABBEY'S VITA TABLETS
cases of nervousness—50 Cents a Box

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Telegram Fashion Plates.

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 PRACTICAL POPULAR MODEL.



2070—Ladies' House Dress with Reversible Closing and Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

Percale, linen, linene, drill, gingham, seersucker and chambray are good materials for this style. The fronts are finished so that the closing may be reversed from right to left, or left to right, as in coat style. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 6 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3 yards at the lower edge.

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

A PRACTICAL, COMFORTABLE PLAY OR SCHOOL SUIT.



1592—Dress or Apron with Bloomers for Girls.

This design will readily appeal to the busy mother who appreciates comfort and simplicity. The dress which may serve as an apron and the bloomers will take the place of petticoats. They are ideal for play and school wear, giving freedom of movement and fullness under the dress. For warmth, outing flannel, serge or flannel could be used. Gingham, galatea, percale, repp, poplin, linen and linene are all appropriate materials for these two practical garments. The Pattern comprises both and is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires for a 6-year size 3 1/2 yards of 27-inch material, with 2 1/4 yards for the bloomers.

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Size
Address in full:
Name
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You know yourself that this is difficult, as you have been shopping all over the town lately for many kinds of Hosiery. But then you were buying Cashmere and perhaps heavier wool Hosiery, and these are very high in price. But now we think we can begin to speak to you about Lisle Thread Hosiery, Cotton Hosiery and Half Silk Hosiery.

We Show Excellent Values in These.

On to-day's purchasing we should have to charge higher prices, but we are fairly well protected for some time and we are protecting you.

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Henry Blair

Preserve the leather and make your shoes last longer. These polishes contain no acid and will not crack the leather. They combine liquid and paste in a paste form, and with very little effort produce a brilliant, lasting shine.

The F. F. Dalley Co., Ltd., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Prices, \$3.60 to \$4.50.

Also

Men's Canvas Running Shoes,

Black and Brown,
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The Shoe Men.

Now in Stock:

20 crates CHOICE BANANAS. 70 boxes CALIF. ORANGES— all counts.
50 crates TEXAS ONIONS. 20 crates CHOICE GREEN CABBAGE.
20 brls. CRANBERRIES.

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14 New Gower Street.

War News

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

LONDON, June 15.

The official statement issued last night reads: Early this morning the British forces attacked and captured a further portion of the section of the Hindenburg line still held by the German garrison. The British garrison suffered heavy casualties, but took 43 prisoners. We also captured a few prisoners as a result of our successful raids east of Loos and in the neighborhood of the river Lys. Our own and enemy artillery were engaged during the day north of the Hindenburg line, and at a number of points between Armentières and Ypres. Four German airplanes were brought down yesterday in an air fight; three of them were driven down out of control. Two of ours failed to return.

British forces to-day delivered an attack upon and captured further positions on the Hindenburg line north-west of Bullecourt, despite the resistance of the Germans who suffered official heavy casualties, according to official issued to-day.

ST. DENIS BOMBARDED.

LONDON, June 15.

A squadron of British airplanes bombed the aerodrome at St. Denis in Western Belgium to-day, says an official statement issued to-night. A large number of bombs were dropped on objectives and very good shooting appears to have been made. Many direct hits were observed from main dense columns of smoke arose. All our machines returned safely.

VENIZELÓS TO RETURN TO ATHENS.

SALONIKA, June 15.

It is expected the Venizelistic Government will soon be transferred to Athens and will convene in the Chamber of Deputies. It was elected in 1915, and the followers of the Premier Venizelós maintain it was dissolved illegally by King Constantine.

LOAN OVER-SUBSCRIBED.

WASHINGTON, June 15.

The American people responded to the Government's call for financial aid to finance the war with over-subscription to the two billion dollar Liberty loan in proportions so huge that officials are buried beneath the avalanche of unutilized returns. No man could say at ten o'clock to-night how great had been the nation's answer. Apparently it was overwhelming and beyond the most sanguine hopes of the treasury officials.

CANADIAN FORCES.

OTTAWA, June 15.

A statement was presented to Parliament to-day showing the disposition of the Canadian expeditionary forces. Up to June 4th there were 136,400 Canadian troops in France, 747 in the Near East, 130 at Lucca, and 108,736 in England. Of these, however, only 28,000 were available for immediate reinforcements of the men in France. In Canada there were 17,353 men recruited for the Canadian Expeditionary Forces.

ADMIRALTY STATEMENT.

LONDON, June 15.

An Admiralty statement was issued this evening concerning the destruction made in the German wireless despatch charging inhumanity of the part of the British in failing to rescue the men of the crew of the German torpedo boat destroyer S-20, which was sunk by a British squadron in an attack on the German naval base at Ostend, June 5th. The communication explains that the British were engaged in the rescue found the S-20 had her torpedo boat trained on this vessel while three enemy seaplanes

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