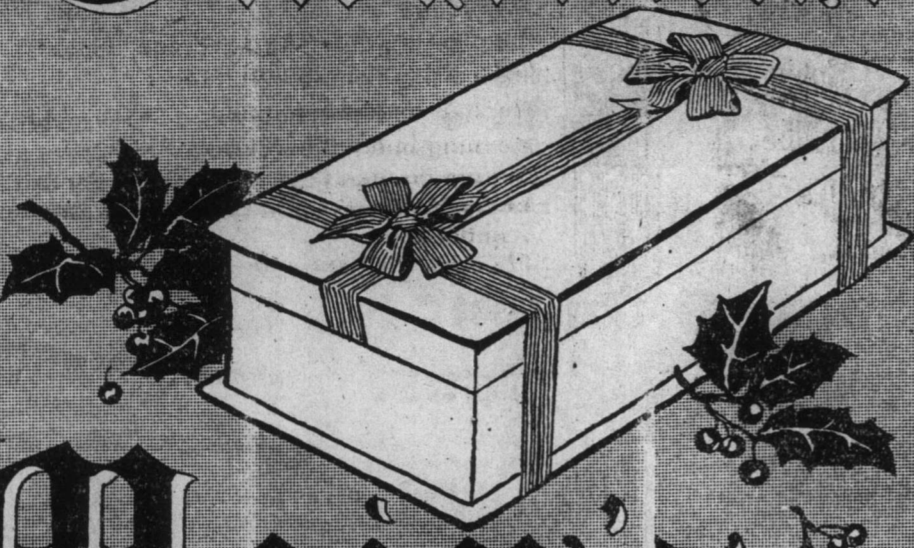


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CHAPTER VI.
AT THE BALL.

"Are you tired?" he asked, as he looked at her slightly flushed face, from which the dark eyes looked forth dreamily.

"No," she replied, "it is such a beautiful waltz."

"One more turn, then," he replied, and again the seductive strains of the waltz took them around the room.

"Now," he said, "you must rest."

With an almost tender watchfulness, he led her to one of the fairy-like bowers that opened out of the conservatories. Olive gave a cry of delight at the glory of the flowers.

"Oh," she said, "how beautiful they are!"

"Let me get you one," said Cravenden, to whom the scene was only fair because she approved of it.

Olive, however, would not allow a single bloom to be disturbed, but sinking down on a seat, looked around appreciatively. Lord Cravenden left her for a moment to fetch her wrap, in case she should feel the cold after the heated ballroom; and she leaned back among the greenery, enjoying the cool, fragrant air and listening dreamily to the strains of the waltz, still floating softly through the night.

Suddenly voices sounded near her, and she saw standing close to her on her right Morgan Verner and her father.

"I am more sorry than I can say," he was saying, and in a voice of deep

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regret. "It was that mischance that made us late. I trust Lord Cravenden did not think us discourteous."

"But," said her father, "poaching, do you say, and mounted?"

"Unfortunately there is no doubt of it. I saw the hare myself—picked it up, in fact—close to his feet. He was creeping under the terrace, doubtless hoping to get off unseen."

"I am heartily sorry," said her father, in annoyed tones. "What have you done with him, by the way, Mr. Verner?"

"Locked him up. We followed him to the Hall, and waited till you had started—I was most particular that there should be no scene to annoy Miss Seymour—and arrested him in your avenue. I assure you that three of my men were knocked out of shape by him. Most violent, he was. I gave him every chance, but he would neither answer any of my questions nor suffer himself to be searched."

"It's a most annoying business," said Sir Edwin, moving a little farther away from Olive, whom he had noticed. "You see, Mr. Verner, Olive has taken a fancy to the fellow, and she will be quite upset when she hears of it."

"I'm sure of that," said Morgan regretfully, "but what could I do?"

"Nothing—of course not," Sir Edwin said, quickly. "Don't think I was blaming you for a minute—you did quite rightly—only I wish it had been anyone else but Reuben Wynter."

They passed on, and as soon as they had gone Olive rose from her seat. Lord Cravenden returned at that moment with her wrap; but his apology for the delay died on his lips when he saw the miserable look on her pale face.

"Miss Seymour!" he exclaimed. "What has happened? Are you ill?"

"With an effort she pulled herself together.

"No, no," she said, as a vivid blush displaced the pallor of her face. "I am better—it was a chill, I think—let us go back to the ballroom."

CHAPTER VII.
IN A PARLOUS STATE.

THE ball had come to an end, the last carriage had driven away, and Lord Cravenden sat on a divan in the smoking room; opposite to him, on a luxurious lounge, lay Mr. Normanby.

"Well," said the latter, breaking a silence that had lasted some time, "have you given up the bad habit of sleeping, Cravenden, or is this the first night at perpetual wakefulness?"

In plain English, do you mean to sit up all night?"

"My dear fellow!" said Lord Cravenden, with a start. "I beg your par-

ty—
"I was thinking."
"Never do that," said Normanby languidly. "It brings crows' feet, and sours the digestion."
Lord Cravenden laughed.
"How do you think the ball went off," he asked, as he lit another cigar.
"Why, capitally," returned his friend. "You scored a success again as usual. Lucky man! for whom the word 'failure' has no meaning."
"Don't say that," said Lord Cravenden, and a shadow crossed his handsome face. "I feel at this moment that my whole life has been a failure."
Mr. Normanby looked up at the ceiling in mock dismay.
"Heavens!" he exclaimed pathetically. "Here's a man who has tried everything, and excelled in all, declaring himself a failure! You have wealth, health, rank, and fame; your name is known in art, music, literature; you have the finest yacht, the swiftest horse, and grow, I believe, the largest turnip, in Europe."
"I am dissatisfied—and a failure," interrupted his host gloomily.
"Your excellent supper disagreed with you, my friend," suggested Normanby.
"No," retorted Lord Cravenden, laughing. "It is not dyspepsia, an old man, I assure you."
"Then," declared Normanby, "it is that next worse disease—a bad case of falling in love."
Lord Cravenden started and flushed.
"What makes you think that?" he said, almost confusedly.
Normanby smiled satirically.
"You have left the claret untouched, your cigar has gone out, that elegant recorder of the fleeting hours has just struck five, and you show no sign of retiring to bed. All symptoms of that universal malady—love."
"What is love?"
"I'm had at conundrums—ask another!"
"Well, then," said Lord Cravenden ingenuously, "what did you think of the belle of the evening—Miss Seymour?"
Normanby laughed lightly.
"So that is the cause of your mental

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indigestion, eh? Well, women are mysteries to me—one and all, fair and dark—but I leave them at that; perfectly satisfied to wonder and admire at a distance. My friend—I am sorry for you!"

Lord Cravenden smiled.
"You talk as if all women were china vases."
"So they are," retorted Normanby, "and as beautiful as they are fragile. We admire them as they stand upon the pedestal—we grieve the next minute, when they fall and are shattered to pieces. Put not your trust in china vases!"

Lord Cravenden rose, and walked restlessly up and down the room.
"Normanby," he said, half sadly, half whimsically, "I think you're right—I'm in a parlous state. I can't tell what ails me. I have all the things which most men desire—yet to-night I feel as if my whole life were one long waste. Prescribe for me, doctor, cure me with thy philosophy."

His friend listened with a peculiar gravity. If women were a mystery to him, so also was Julian Normanby to others. He was the confidant of many, but was familiarly known to none. Wherever this man went, he was made welcome—whether the host were prince or peasant—and yet no one could say whence he had sprung. Money he had, friends he had; history he had none.

"Prescribe?" he said now, as Lord Cravenden stood looking down at him. "Certainly I will. By your mental pulse, you are feverish with visions of a fair face, silky hair and eyes indescribable—very bad symptoms of a very ordinary case. Now for the prescription! Take one horse to-morrow—that is, to-day—and ride over to Bingleigh Hall three times a day."

Lord Cravenden flushed.
"I expect you think I'm a fool, Normanby; but she's the most beautiful woman I have ever met—and—"

"Unfortunately," interrupted Normanby, "she ought to be ticketed 'Sold,' for I think the fair lady, is already disposed of."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Cravenden hoarsely. "To whom?"
"To our estimable friend, Morgan Verner, of the Grange!"
"Impossible!" exclaimed his lordship.
"That's the word every man uses when he hears that a woman he admires is going to marry another," said Normanby, as he rose from the lounge, but Lord Cravenden's face grew pale, and his lips were set.

"Normanby," he said, earnestly, "is this true? Five minutes ago I admired her, but now I swear I love her. Tell me—is there any engagement between her and—Morgan Verner?"
"At present, none," rejoined Normanby, seriously, surprised at his friend's grave face. "Only an arrangement between the fathers, I believe."
"Thanks. I am satisfied now, Normanby. I have an object in life; and that object is to win Olive Seymour for my wife."
"Or admit that you have failed in one thing, at least," was Normanby's reply. "Good night. With your resolution, my dear fellow, I could discover a new world!"

With a cynical smile he left the room.

Arrived at his suite of apartments, Julian Normanby—who, for reasons of his own, did not employ a valet—slowly divested himself of his fashionable coat, then surveyed himself in the long mirror.

"The battle has begun," he muttered. "Which side shall I take, I wonder—I need more money—better position—which shall it be—the banner of Cravenden or Morgan Verner? Fortune favors the strongest, they say. Well, I'll wait—I'll be on the winning side!"

With which prudent resolution Mr. Normanby retired to rest, just as the dawn was flushing all the east.

(To be Continued.)

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Published by Authority.

Referring to the Regulations under date 10th instant, respecting the sale of Household Coal, His Excellency the Administrator in Council has been pleased to amend Regulation 1 so as to permit selling and delivery of one-half ton of soft coal per fortnight instead of one-quarter ton per week, thus avoiding increased cost to consumers through the additional cartage. The amended Regulation will now read:

1. Because of the present serious conditions in the coal producing centres and the limited stock held here, it is hereby ordered that no coal vendor in the City of St. John's shall sell or deliver after this date to any household, family or tenement holder more than one-half ton (1120 lbs.) of soft coal per fortnight until further notice. Any person receiving a supply of coal under this Regulation shall not transfer it to any other person.

ARTHUR MEWS,
Deputy Colonial Secretary,
Dept. of Colonial Secretary,
12 December, 1917.
dec13.15.18.20

Published by Authority

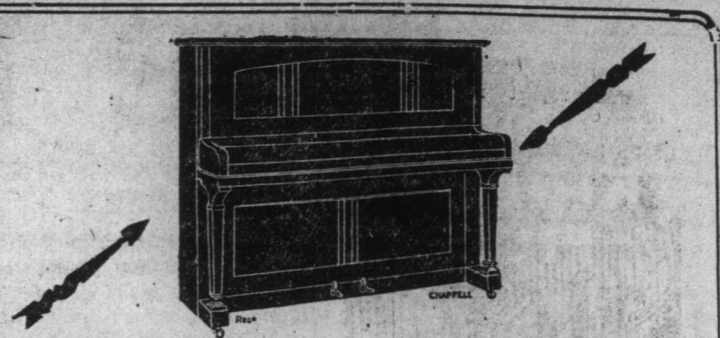
On recommendation of the Tonnage Committee of the Executive Council, and under the provisions of the War Measures Act, 1914, His Excellency the Administrator in Council has been pleased to approve the following Regulations respecting the sale of household coal:—

- (1) Because of the present serious conditions in the coal producing centres and the limited stocks held here, it is hereby ordered that no coal vendor in the city of St. John's shall sell or deliver after this date to any household, family or tenement holder more than one-quarter ton (560 lbs.) of soft coal per week until further notice. Any person receiving a supply of coal under this regulation shall not transfer it to any other person.
- (2) It shall be incumbent upon the coal vendors to establish such machinery as shall be necessary to prevent any person from purchasing from two or more vendors a larger supply per week than he or she is entitled to under these regulations. Any person attempting to obtain a larger supply than he or she is entitled to under these regulations will be guilty of a breach of the same.
- (3) Any person feeling aggrieved by this order shall furnish proofs to the Tonnage Committee that the weekly allowance provided herein is insufficient to carry on his ordinary business or trade, and the decision of the Tonnage Committee shall be final.
- (4) The vendors shall furnish on Monday morning of each week to the Tonnage Committee a certified list of the names and addresses of all persons to whom they have sold or delivered coal during the previous week, and the quantity sold or delivered.
- (5) Any carrier delivering coal to any person other than the person named on his delivery note shall be guilty of a breach of these regulations.
- (6) Any person having a supply of coal in stock shall not be entitled to purchase a further supply until his stock is less than one quarter ton.
- (7) The penalty for any breach of these regulations shall not exceed \$500 with or without imprisonment not exceeding three months.

ARTHUR MEWS,
Deputy Colonial Secretary,
Colonial Secretary's Offices,
10th December, 1917.
dec11.13.15.18.20

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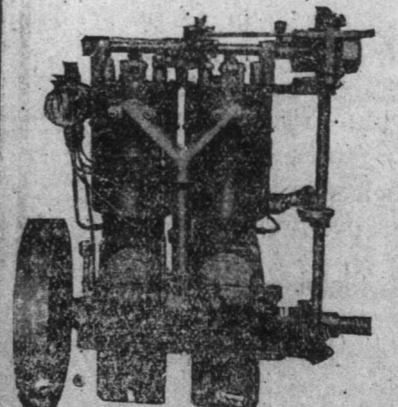
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A "Popular" Verdict

"Keep your minds fastened on this case," said the judge in his charge to the jury, as he told Mrs. De Sauley of the charge of murdering her husband. Apparently the evidence was the last thing and the verdict which the jury did fix was evidence showed that on the night last August this woman armed herself with a revolver and shot her husband dead in the life of a human being, which the law forbids and is punishable. The fact of the case was undisputed, the law was applied to the jury by the court, and the verdict was "not guilty" and acquittal. The jury, by their verdict, found that the woman had done no wrong, and had some lingering doubts as to the rightness of her verdict. She declared that she should be acquitted for it. It need not be said that it is not the intention of the law that a person who takes the life of another shall go scot free. There was no justification for the act to surrender a child into the hands of another, even if the child is not enumerated among the persons of homicide. When the jury moved to the defense of insanity, mental and moral irresponsibility, the moment when the act was committed. Probably there was insanity insanity defense, but the court found that it was not insanity. The prosecution's efforts to convict the defendant failed. The jury, in its verdict, declared that the teaching in the insanity plea was not the law. The court has so abundant evidence in recent years. Plainly it was an emotional dict. The fourth of the defendant's comeliness, above all, her consideration for her children, affection for the child, her skillfully and very properly much, keeping it all the time in view of the jurors; the clear misdoings of the victim, the wretched husband, who was led an evil life, wasted his life, and gave her cause for these seem to have impressed the minds of the jury much more than the evidence. Yet these cases were all quite outside the purview and intent of the law. One of the jurors said to the defendant after acquittal: "We had your husband in the verdict as well as yourself." Another juror said to her: "We're your friends, little girl, in the view of the jury it was your 'little girl,' not a murderer, was on trial before them. The defendant in charge of the jury, and it was up when he said to them: "That was a very good

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