

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER V.

He sat at the door, and Corrington sat gazing at it, clutching the arm of his chair, his face white, the sweat slowly sattering on his brow, his lips beginning to tremble.

"The Roaring Jane! The Roaring Jane!" The words roared in his ears louder than any Jane ever could have done. "The biggest this, for years!"—and half an hour—; was it an hour?—ago the owner of the greater portion of that mine had stood in that room; more, had actually offered him nearly the whole of that mine as security for a paltry five-pound note! And he had refused it! Josiah Purley's luck had turned indeed.

Let us be just. Carrington's first thought was of his old pal. Then he began to think of himself. Was it not natural? The man was in difficulties, was on the brink of ruin. He had been in actual contact with this vast and overwhelming wealth. Why, he might have bought the whole—say half—the shares for a small sum, the miserable seventy-five pounds he had to his credit at the bank. With half the shares he would have been rich—with a quarter even; and then there would have been enough left to more than satisfy Josiah. Great Heaven! what a chance he had lost. His two girls would have been provided for—"provided for," the words were ridiculous, they would have been rich, enormously rich. What a chance he had let slip! But was it too late? He would go to Purley, and, taking advantage of his own knowledge and information, as he had every right to do, would buy, say, half the shares, would give all he possessed for them.

He started up, looking for his hat, forgetting that it was already on his head, the perspiration literally dripping from his brow, every limb quivering with excitement; then, suddenly, as he made for the door, he stopped dead short, and something like physical sickness assailed him, and he sunk against a chair and groaned.

Where was he going? Where? He didn't know Purley's address! Like a fool he had let the man go without asking him; he had been almost glad to get rid of him. To be rid of a multi-millionaire! How should he find him? Purley had left no clue, had no friends in London, had probably put up at some small hotel; would probably be off in a few hours for the other end of the earth. Oh, he must follow him, find him!

He bolted down the stairs at the risk of his neck, and rushed down Coleman Street as fast as he dared; he took this turning and that, his eager eyes looking in every direction. Some hours elapsed before he dragged himself back to the grimy little office with rage and disappointment tearing at his heart-strings. For, indeed, one may as well look for the proverbial needle in a bundle of hay as hope to find a stranger in the crowded thoroughfares of the city of London.

CHAPTER VI.

He went home at last. The girls and Ricky had not yet returned from

the theatre; and he was glad, for he knew the sight of his worn and haggard face would alarm them and provoke their anxious questions. He wrote, "Rather tired, have gone to bed," on half a sheet of note-paper, stuck it in front of the skeleton-clock which ticked aggressively on the mantel-shelf, and dragged himself up to his room.

He was exhausted in body, mind, and spirit; but he could not sleep; the thought of the fortune he had lost, which he had literally let slip out of his hands tortured him. They say that Fortune knocks at every man's door once at least in his life. Fortune had knocked at his, and he had let her in—but to turn her out again.

He heard the three young people come in; they were evidently in the best of spirits, laughing and talking; Ricky's clear, boyish voice mingling with Carrie's contralto note. The sound of their laughter filled him with misery. He was a ruined man; he would leave his daughters unprotected; they would have to work for their living; and if he had only secured a portion of these shares, even a small portion, they would have been rich—heresses. It was enough to send him half-mad; indeed, he listened to the voices and laughter down-stairs in a kind of hysteria; and when the usual scuffle arose between Ricky and Carrie, and the former, again, as usual, was bundled out, he started up in bed under the nightmare's impression that he had got the shares, that Purley had come back for them, and that they were scuffling together for their possession.

He came down in the morning with an assumed cheerfulness, but his wan face was at once noticed by Maida as she bent over him to kiss him. "Are you ill, father?" she asked. "No, no, no, my dear," he said, almost impatiently; he was all a quiver with irritation; "only a little worried. Things are not going very well in the city, and—er—er—we are all a little anxious."

Maida stroked his hair soothingly. "I am sorry, dear," she said; "but you must not worry."

"It's not for myself I care," he said. "I know, father; but you need not be anxious about us—at least I think not. You know I am earning some money now at my—my profession. It looks as if I am going to be very prosperous." She glanced at an open letter which lay beside her plate. "And I shall be able to help you—help with the housekeeping. Perhaps we might even have a little house of our own presently."

He shook his head gloomily. "The house I see before me is the workhouse," he remarked.

The life of a city man, like a switch-back, consists of ups and downs. The girls had often seen him depressed before, and they were not as distressed as they might have been. He scarcely ate any breakfast, but took his hat, umbrella, and small black bag, and went off with a heavy step.

"Father seems down in the dumps this morning," Carrie remarked. "What's that letter beside your plate, Maida?"

Maida took it up with a little smile. "Good news," she said. "I am to recite at Lady Darrington's 'At Home'

this afternoon, in Manchester Square. She was at Lady Glassbury's and heard me. She will give me ten guineas."

Carrie executed a war-dance with the bread-knife in her hand. "Maida, your fortune's made. You are getting a connection. A connection is everything."

"I wish I'd told father," said Maida. "It might have cheered him up."

"My experience is that nothing will cheer a man up when things are going against him on the Stock Exchange," remarked Carrie, sapiently. "Maida, may I come with you this afternoon? Of course you'll do the things you did at Lady Glassbury's—Now, what do you want?"

This was addressed to Ricky, who entered the room with a swaying and faltering gait, his tall hat in his hand, his forehead bunched up in a handkerchief.

"Have you got such a thing as a bottle of soda-water?" he demanded in a feeble voice. "You see before you the wreck of a once-manly form. This comes of drinking lemonade late at night. Just looked in to see how you are this morning," he went on, whipping the handkerchief from his head, smoothing his hair, and resuming his ordinary sprightly appearance. "Jolly evening last night, wasn't it? Guv'nor gone? 'Fraid things on 'Change are looking rather quishy. Hope he hasn't been badly knocked. By the way, I didn't tell you yesterday that my worthy employer, Spinner, has advanced rather a largish sum to Lord Heroncourt—without security, too. I drew up the papers. I am watching this case closely, as the detectives say. Am expecting a startling denouement. Maida, you look more beautiful than ever this morning. Carrie, my child, why do you come down to breakfast without brushing your hair? Allow me to do it for you. I do not possess that useful article, a pocket-comb; but perhaps this will answer her purpose."

He took up a fork, made a feint of approaching her, then, as she prepared for defence, left the room, laughing triumphantly.

An hour or two later, Heroncourt was walking through the park beside Botten Row. He was more than usually thoughtful, and two things had got possession of his mind. One was the fact that he was going to spend some months at Heroncourt, for which he felt so sudden an affection; the other was his visit to Coleridge Street and his mixed reception there. Carrie, the younger girl, had been pleasant enough, but Miss Carrington's manner had been definite and emphatic. Perhaps for that very reason his mind dwelt upon her. If she had been over friendly and gushy with gratitude, he would not have given a second thought to her, much as he admired her; but she had not only displayed more than the reserve of the women of his own class, but had shown him quite plainly that she did not desire his acquaintance.

He knew that it was just as she should have behaved; so she had won his respect as well as his admiration. As he was crossing the drive a victoria pulled up abreast of him, and, looking up, he saw Lady Glassbury leaning forward to speak to him. He went up to the carriage, and she gave him her perfectly gloved hand and smiled approvingly.

"You are out early to-day," she said. "I am glad I have met you. I want you to come to the Dorringtons' this afternoon."

"Good heavens, why?" he asked—for she knew how much he disliked the ordinary At Homes.

She laughed. "Because, for one thing, you will have the pleasure of seeing me; and for another, because you ought to go out now. Byrnie; you ought to be to looking round."

He frowned as he retorted, with a touch of impatience and irritation: "You mean that I ought to take my place in the marriage market, like a

slave offered for sale. I shan't come." (To be Continued.)

In the Supreme Court.

Between Steer Brothers, Plaintiffs, and Simon Butler, Administrator of the Estate of Henry Wiseman and Mary Wiseman, Defendants.

By virtue of a Writ of Venditioni Exponas in the above cause to me directed, I will sell by public auction at my office in the Court House at St. John's, on Tuesday, the 12th day of June inst., at 12 o'clock noon, ALL that piece or parcel of land situate in the town of St. John's aforesaid, near Sheehan's Shute, and bounded as follows: On the East by a lane leading to Sheehan's Shute; on the South by land of one Doyle; on the West by land occupied by Sheehan and Kavanagh, and on the North by land occupied by one Caul, with the dwelling house (consisting of two tenements) and all other buildings and erections thereon, with all appurtenances.

For conditions of sale and further particulars apply to

JAMES CARTER, Sheriff, or J. A. W. W. McNEILY, Solicitor, Temple Building, Duckworth Street, St. John's. June 7, 31.

Public Notice!

His Excellency the Governor having given assent to an Act respecting certain changes in the hours of the day and night to be cited as "The Daylight Saving Act, 1917," the public are hereby notified that, under the provisions of the said Act, on the evening of Sunday, 10th June, at nine o'clock, all clocks are to be put on to ten o'clock, and time thereafter will continue as at present from day to day until the last Sunday in September next. This shall be known as "Newfoundland Time," and shall be applicable to the whole Colony.

J. R. BENNETT, Colonial Secretary. Colonial Secretary's Office, June 8, 1917. June 8, 31.

NOTICE!

We have been instructed by Michael E. Martin, Esquire, of this City, that large quantities of pitprops and other timber belonging to him and piled for shipment at various places in the electoral district of Twillingate have been unlawfully taken away and converted to their own use by various fishermen and schooner owners resident in and about the localities referred to.

Notice is hereby given to all persons concerned, without prejudice to Mr. Martin's right of action in respect of such pitprops and timber as have already been taken, that any trespass, destruction, removal or injury hereafter done by any person or persons to or of any such pitprops or other timber, the property of our client, will be prosecuted with the full rigour of the law and without further notice. St. John's, May 29th, 1917.

HOWLEY & FOX, Solicitors for Michael E. Martin. May 29, 1917.

Grove Hill Bulletin

NOTICE.

Our Business Hours are 6 a.m. to 6 p.m., except 8 to 9 a.m. and 1 to 2 p.m. (meal hours). Positively no orders taken at meal hours or after 6 p.m. Closed all day on Sunday.

Terms: Strictly Cash. Phone 247.

J. McNEIL, Waterford Bridge Road.

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of the finest quality, our own make. Every one guaranteed to be of Solid Gold. All sizes, and prices ranging from

\$3.00 to \$16.00.

Be sure and buy your Wedding Ring from the

RELIABLE JEWELLERS,

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Ring Measuring Cards Sent on Application

NOTICE!

S. S. PORTIA will sail for usual Western Ports on Wednesday, June 13th, at 10 a.m.

Freight will be received tomorrow.

BOWRING BROTHERS, Ltd., Coastal Mail Service.

Rolled Oats AND Oatmeal,

IN BARRELS AND HALVES.

WHOLESALE ONLY.

Harvey & Co., Ltd.

Here and There.

DIANA AGAIN REPORTED.—The e.s. Diana, en route for the Labrador, left Wesleyville at 12.10 p.m. yesterday. A number of fishing crews for various fishing stations joined the ship at Catalina at the last port of call.

FOR SALE—Several Schooners suitable for ocean transportation and coastwise; also Tug-boats, Barges and Steamers. Address DAVID W. SIMPSON, Ship Broker, 282 State St., Boston. May 14, 6m.

STEAM ROLLER BREAKS THROUGH STREET.—At 11 a.m. to-day the city steam roller, in charge of Engineer William Stamp, broke through the road at the foot of Hutchings' Street, about 10 feet off Water Street. The accident was caused by the earth, which covered an old-fashioned sewer, caving in, thus embedding the right hind wheel two feet beneath the surface.

ORDERED TO BE LASHED.—A 12 year old lad, who has a hatred for his home and frequently has given the police trouble, was before court to-day charged with being a loose and disorderly character. He has a fondness for making the streets his place of abode, and after last midnight was found by two police officers wandering about and was taken to the lock-up. He was given an order to-day to get two strokes of the birch switch, and if that proves ineffectual the dose will be doubled next time.

Calves' liver that is overcooked is dry. It should be taken from the pan as soon as it changes from red to light brown.

DRESSMAKING in all the latest styles, Ladies' Full Gored Costumes and Dresses from \$1.00; Ladies' Wrappers from 50c.; Children's Costumes, Dresses and Coats from 25c.; Pinafores, Underwear and all plain sewing from 10c.; Boys' and Girls' Coats from 50c. MRS. O'BRIEN, 14 Cabot St. May 29, 31.

KEEP MINARD'S LINIMENT IN THE HOUSE. MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DAN-DRUFF.

No "Fair Weather" SKIPPERS

SKIPPER Kerosene is any weather, powerful and uniform.

Every drop the same—Better for Newfoundland. Clean burning and your carburetor comes mile or by the year.

STANDARD of NEW YORK Franklin's Agencies, Ltd.

WEEK-END

sent there are building construction, at different vessels, ranging from and fifty to three hundred. These figures give an average three hundred tons, or eight thousand. In rig they are or three-masted, and if their spars will be five to eighty-five feet.

ost of these vessels will be fifty to forty thousand tons, which gives an average of a thousand five hundred to a total value of three hundred twenty-five thousand dollars. In standing rigging they will require from twenty-five to three thousand dollars, and an average of twenty-five and fifty lbs. which gives a total of twenty-seven thousand lbs.

urpose of these figures is that the building of these vessels implies, and is a boon to the industry of Newfoundland. It means that hundreds of thousands of dollars are being indirectly, and that the industry is mostly on a cash basis, so means that the art of ship and ship-fitting and construction locally be saved from us. We were an expert people and rigging ships, but we abandoned this branch of industry.

our Corset Service

ainty of success

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—and it will be

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The polish that's easiest to use—the shine that's hardest to lose.

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BLACK - WHITE - TAN 10¢

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Combine both liquid and paste, thus requiring but half the effort to get a brilliant, lasting shine. They contain no acid and will not crack the leather.

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