



A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The dinner was a magnificent one. The vast room, much improved and subdued by the girls' taste, was filled by a brilliant company. The women had come in full war-paint, and diamonds and emeralds and rubies scintillated and shot fire in the softened light. There were too many courses, too many servants; but the fact did not seem incongruous when Mr. Carrington's wealth was taken into consideration. He sat at the end of the long table loaded with massive plate and glittering with Venetian glass, his face flushed, his eyes sparkling with triumph and prosperity; and his face grew redder and his eyes brighter whenever he glanced at Maida and caught the flashing of the diamonds he had hidden her wear.

"Look at father," whispered Carrie to Ricky, whom she had contrived to have next to her. "Doesn't he look like a turkey-cock, a dear, handsome turkey-cock, of course. And Byrne—if he doesn't take off that smile someone will presently slip up on it and hurt themselves."

"He's got something to grin about," said Ricky, gloomily. "He's got the woman of his heart."

"Perhaps you'll have the woman of your heart some day, Mr. Clark," she retorted. "And you needn't spend the whole of the time before that day comes looking as glum as an undertaker or a skeleton at the feast."

Ricky shook his head despondently. "I don't happen to be a belted earl," he said, moodily. "I'm only a clerk in a lawyer's office."

"Why, you might be lord chancellor some day," said Carrie.

"Shows how precious little you know about it," he responded. "They don't make lord chancellors out of solicitors."

"Then go to the bar," she said. "I do; every day, to the bar of the King's Head, where I get my lunch."

But presently his moodiness melted under her coaxing—and no one better than Carrie, in the world, understood the art—and he delighted and amused her by running com-

ments on the people and their conversation. "Who's that girl the Percys have brought with them?" he asked, in a whisper—of course carefully avoiding looking at the lady alluded to, who sat opposite him. "She reminds me of one of the Gaiety songs: 'Half a yard isn't enough to make a dress for a lady.'"

"But you forget she's an artist," she said, mischievously.

"An artist?"

"Yes; don't you see she paints? She comes from London; she's on a visit to the Percys. She's Mrs. Trefoye. She's a grass-widow—husband out in India."

"I should stay in India if I were he," growled Ricky.

"And yet she looks very nice," remarked Carrie, critically. "And Lord Glassbury looks very much amused."

"I daresay," remarked Ricky, cynically. "She's been talking scandal to him ever since dinner began."

"And will do so until the end, no doubt," said Carrie. "You're surely not going to have another ice, Ricky? What a greedy boy you are!"

"Some persons are also cool enough they're cold enough already!" he retorted, with a glance at her radiant face.

"Some persons are also cool enough especially in one place—their cheek," retorted Carrie, in a whisper. "And now I suppose," as Maida gave the signal and the ladies rose, "you'll play havoc with the almonds and raisins and maron glace, at which all you men turn up your noses—until we've left the room."

The men did not remain long with the almonds and raisins and claret, and their black clothes soon toned down the brilliant dresses in the drawing-room. There was the usual playing and singing, through which Mrs. Trefoye's clear, sharp voice was heard distinctly as she flitted all over the room with her little budget of London stories and the repartee peculiar to the smart set to which she belonged; and presently—"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread"—she flitted up to Maida, who was seated on a lounge with some of the dowagers, and said, with a mixture of audacity and deference:

"Oh, Miss Carrington, do recite for us; we are all dying to hear you! I'm afraid you'll think it awfully brazen of me to ask you; but nobody

but poor little me seems to have the courage to do so. Do be sweet, now; we shall all be so grateful!"

Maida hesitated for a moment; then, thinking it would be ungracious of her to refuse, and dreading that, if she did so, Mrs. Trefoye would be persistent and make a fuss, she went to the piano, from which everybody moved so as to leave her space, and recited for them. Byrne alone stood near her, and his pride in her beauty, her youth, and her wonderful gifts, shone eloquently in his dark eyes. He never heard her without being moved at the first time; and as she finished he moved away without a word.

Though they were all anxious for an encore, Maida smilingly shook her head, got one of the young girls to the piano, and, under the general movement and conversation, went to the tall window opening on to the terrace. The window was open, for the night was warm, and she stepped out and stood, leaning on the stone balustrade and looking up at the stars. They seemed to be smiling at her as they knew and sympathised with the joy in her heart.

To be his in a month! How good Heaven was to her!

She was so absorbed that she did not hear the rustle, the frong-frong of a silken skirt; and she almost started when Mrs. Trefoye's clear voice, which, though it was lowered to a discreet whisper, was carried distinctly on the night air to Maida, said to a lady who had come out with her:

"Oh, yes; she's very beautiful. She's not my style. I like something a little less fragile and spiritual, with more of the world, the flesh, and the devil about it; but some men are wonderfully smitten with that type. And of course she is superbly dressed; those diamonds must have cost a small fortune; but the Percys tell me that the father is enormously rich. What a lucky match for Lord Heroncourt! You know he's next door to a pauper, my dear."

"Really? I didn't know. I only came down to the Walmington's the other day. How wonderfully handsome he is!—every inch a nobleman! He reminds me of the Middle Ages; knights in armour and all that kind of thing. He seems very much in love with her; he could scarcely take his eyes off her all dinner-time, and as he stood at the piano while she was reciting—oh, well, he looked like a man in a trance," said Mrs. Trefoye's companion.

Maida was listening, yet not listening; but by this time she had, of course, gleaned that they were speaking of her and Heroncourt, and she looked towards the window, intending to return to the room; but the two ladies whom she had unwillingly overheard moved, and, by the rustle of their skirts, she thought they were going back to the drawing-room; but they were only settling themselves more comfortably for the greater enjoyment of discussing their hostess; it used to be considered bad form, but the smart set of nowadays has changed all that, and it is considered quite justifiable by them to libel their neighbors, especially their neighbors' wives, and more especially if they can do so skillfully enough to keep clear of the law courts.

To reach the window, Maida would have had to pass the two women, and she shrank from mortifying them by revealing her presence. She thought she would move farther down the terrace; but Ricky and Carrie were leaning over the balustrade a little lower down, and—was not Maida herself in love? So she remained where she was, hoping that the conversation would cease or that someone would come out and interrupt them.

"Oh, I daresay he's in love with her," Mrs. Trefoye went on, with a little yawn; "though you never can tell; men are such actors nowadays, especially when they want anything. If I were Miss in Carrington's place I should be very doubtful of his adoration. I should never be able to forget that I was immensely rich and that he was cruelly poor, and should be afraid that he was marrying me for money, especially if I knew much about his past—but perhaps she doesn't."

"What do you mean?" asked the other lady, with evident curiosity.

"Oh, well, I daresay he's no worse than most men," said Mrs. Trefoye,

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Wouldn't it be worth your while to try a bottle now?

with a fine air of charity; "though they used to call him 'Mad Vaser'—he was Viscount Vaser, you know; but of course everyone knows his *affaire du coeur*. It has been the one affair of his life, and I must say that I pity Lady Glassbury."

She had lowered her voice; but Maida heard her plainly, and would have gone up to them and interrupted them or have returned to the drawing-room; but she seemed unable to move, and stood there looking straight before her, filled, not with fear or even the first movements of jealousy, but with an indignant wonder. Maida knew little of the smart set and its peculiarities; she had never met a person like this Mrs. Trefoye.

"Lady Glassbury" said the other lady, her whisper thrilling with morbid interest and curiosity. "I don't know anything about her; I have never met her; I have never heard of her."

"Really? How strange! But you have been abroad, haven't you? She was the lady who sat next to Lord Walmington. A very beautiful woman with fair hair and fine eyes. Looks ridiculously young—quite a girl, indeed. She was a very great beauty, and could still give points to many of our girls."

"And she and Lord Heroncourt?" murmured the other lady, invitingly.

"Have been devoted to each other since they were children. Oh, it is quite an open secret. When he was Lord Vaser they were always together; he was quite a tame cat as they say, at Glassbury House. Everyone knows that he would have married her, only that they were too poor. Perhaps they would have married in spite of that, but Lord Glassbury came along and offered himself, and, of course, her people would not let her refuse him."

"And you think—"

Mrs. Trefoye shrugged her too obvious shoulders and fanned herself with a languid air of confidence.

(To be Continued.)

Everyday Etiquette.

"If one is writing a letter to a business house, what is the best form to use at the close of the letter?" asked Grace.

"Any of the following are correct: 'Yours very truly,' 'Yours truly,' 'Very truly yours,' 'Yours respectfully,'" answered her uncle.

\$50.00 in Cash Prizes

With every 25c. purchase at either of our Drug Stores, Duckworth St. and Theatre Hill, you receive a numbered ticket, and if you are holding a lucky number at the time the numbers are drawn (July 31st) you win one of the Cash Prizes we are giving away.

1st Prize \$20.00
2nd Prize \$15.00
3rd Prize \$10.00
4th Prize \$ 5.00

P.S.—The above does not apply to "wholesale" buyers, but only the "Retail Cash Purchases" made at our two stores.

These prizes will be drawn by two prominent business men on the above mentioned date.

DR. F. STAFFORD & SON,
Theatre Hill,
STAFFORD'S PHARMACY,
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Stafford's 3 Specialties:

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MINAR'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.

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 PRETTY DRESS FOR THE SCHOOL GIRL.



2121—Brown linen, embroidered in colors, was used for this model. The model is made with a long waist, somewhat on moyenage lines. The plaited skirt is gored. The sleeve may be made in the new bell shape, or finished at wrist length, with a smart tab.

The Pattern is good for wash fabrics as well as for silk and cloth. It is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 will require 5 1/2 yards of 32-inch material.

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

A STYLISH ATTRACTIVE MODEL.



2122—Of all popular styles, there is none more comfortable or pleasing than a one-piece model. As here portrayed the skirt section is fitted with wide plaits and joined to a long waist, in moyenage style. The collar may be finished in straight or notched outline; the sleeve in wrist or elbow length.

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. The skirt measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot, with plaits drawn out.

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

No.
Size

Address in full:—
Name

A cross-saddle riding habit must be more perfectly tailored, if anything, than any of the others.

The Red Cross nurse's bonnet is somewhat imitated in smart little toques for shore and mountain wear.

The big tulie hats are enchanting for receptions, and one of the prettiest is of black silk with a crown of silver lace.

List of Letters Remaining in the G.P.O. to July 3rd, 1917.

- A**
Antle, John C., Franklin Avenue
- B**
Barnes, H.
Barnes, Wm., Long Pond Road
Bailey, A., Convent Square
Bragg, James, Flower Hill
Barbes, Miss N., LeMarchant Road
Barter, Miss D., York St.
Bartlett, Miss Jossie, Gower St.
Baggs, Joseph, card
Berwick, Ralph, care Gen. Delivery
Byrne, T. J., Nagle's Hill
Bourne, B. R., card
Butler, Ralph, Monroe St.
Button, Miss Edith, Gower St.
- C**
Clarke, John
Cruteh, Charles
Cole, Miss Flora, Military Road
Colesman, Miss Mary, Catherine St.
Cumley, Miss Katie, care G. P. O.
Cronan, Mrs. Ann, New Gower St.
- D**
Davidson, A. P., care Gen. Delivery
Deschamps, R. G. A.
Driscoll, Hubert, Hamilton St.
Driscoll, Thomas, Hamilton Avenue
Driscoll, Gordon, card
Doran, Mrs. Laura
Duncan, Mrs. Banerman St.
Duggan, Mrs. Bridget, Theatre Hill
Duncan, Mrs. John, care G. P. O.
Day, George E.
- E**
Edles, Miss G., care G. P. O.
Earle, A. M., card,
care General Delivery
Earle, Arthur, care Post Office
Erickson, S. R., care Gen. Delivery
- F**
Fallon, Mrs. S., Cochrane St.
Fogarty, John, care Gen. Delivery
Forist, Luther
Furrie, John
- G**
Geary, George
Griffe, Mrs. John
Gillard, E., Water Street
Groves, Harvey
Guy, J.
Goss, Frank
Grant, Miss Lillian, Lime St.
- H**
Hartery, F., Water St.
Hartrum, Miss J., Quill Vidi Hall, Mrs. J., John Street
Hamilton, Mrs. R., card
Hennebury, Mrs. James, Boclough St.
Harley, Mrs. Annie
Harvey, Miss K., Barnes' Road
Hallett, Thomas, Bond St.
Henderson, Hector, Duckworth St.
Hiscock, Edgar, Water St.
Hill, Harvey
- J**
Jones, Joseph
James, William, card
- K**
Kearsey, Mrs. Annie, Pennywell Rd.
Knight, Mr., Square
Knox, Jack, Holdsworth St.
- L**
Lewis, W. J., Pennywell Road
Long, Mrs. M. E.
Lodge, Heber
Louis, Eli
- M**
Mancy, Mrs. John
Martin, G. C., care Gen. Delivery
Matthews, Walter
Masters, Charles
Mason, John
Moyers, Mrs. Emma, South Side
Mitchell, Mrs. Rose
Miller, Miss Lillie, Brazil's Square
Milley, Frank, Pennywell Road
Morton, Miss K., card
Mundie, Fred E.
Martin, John, South Side Battery.
- N**
Neil, Mrs. James,
care Mrs. Stamp, Lime St.
Neilson, Mrs., Water St.
Nickerson, Miss K.
Norman, Mrs. Thos., card
Barnes' Road
- O**
O'Neil, V., Water St.
- P**
Parrell, Mrs. P., Long Pond Road
Parsons, Mrs. E., Water Street
Parsons, Miss F., Freshwater Road
Penny, Miss L., Water St. East
Percy, Edward, care G. P. O.
Perkins, Albert B.
Perry, A. J.
Peddle, Josiah, care G. P. O.
Phillips, Miss Margie, James' St.
Porter, Miss Annie, Springdale St.
Power, William, 6 Power St.
- R**
Roberts, George, Freshwater Road
Rose, Cecil T.
Roach, Joseph, care Col. Cordage Co.
Roach, M., Water St. West
Rogers, Joseph, Springdale St.
- S**
Sharpe, L. L.
Starr, Mrs. F. P.
Soaric, Miss F., Spencer St.
Spencer, Archibald, Field St.
Sheppard, Miss A. E., George St.
Simmons, Joe, card, Pilot's Hill
Smith, Robert, Larkin's Square
Smith, Mrs. Sarah, Gower St.
Smith, J. W.
Smith, Wm., Monroe St.
Snow, E., New Gower St.
Scott, Walter
Smitres, Helena E.
Sinnott, Miss L.,
care Mrs. Knowling, Circular Rd.
Smith, J. B.
Strickland, Miss M., Brine St.
- T**
Tobin, William, care Gen. Delivery
Thomas, Miss G., Pilot's Hill
- W**
Walsh, Martin, Long Pond Road
Wadding, John
Walters, James
Way, Mrs. N., Queen St.
Walsh, Miss Thonie, Military Road
Whelan, W. J., Flower Hill
White, Thomas, care Gen. Post Office
Wells, D. J., card
Whelan, Miss D., Catherine St.
Whiffin, Miss Sarah, LeMarchant Rd.
Wiseman, Willis, care Gen. Delivery
White, Mrs. G. C., 4 King's St.
Williams, Mrs. Harold, Hamilton Ave.
- Y**
Young, George R.
J. ALEX. ROBINSON, P. M. G.

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War News

Messages Received Previous

WAR REVIEWS

NEW YORK

After checking the list of the German Crown Prince and his Champagne, the French offensive and succeeded in getting out their lines in the Mont Haut and Mont General Petain's men held spite four strong against them and which with heavy loss, Sweden took from operations north of the Aisne the Crown Prince and his Champagne west of Mont southeast of Tahure famous recent heavy attacks of the Dames. Petain's German effort by attacking in reducing the line to the east of the Teuton attack. The captured prisoners but counter attacks, showing Germans attached imposed French gains on the French front and especially the curve in the French line of Soissons violent attempts are in progress. The little infantry activity encounters and raids.

A great artillery battle gress on the front where they made their sudden advance week. Near Zborow and Zlochoff and Brezany to the Polish and German gains were the opposing lines and Zmorog and both Pripetka Germans are also active. Awakening of activity on the Roumania are increasing. Lestchi German attempts with Russians were answered tillery.

Northwest of Solon on the Italian surprise attacks met gain ground. Austrian attacks were beaten off success.

RUSSIAN REPULSE RUMORS

BERLIN

The battle in Eastern Europe between the Teutons and the developed fresh to-day the night's pause from yesterday's artillery action and the assaults by the Russian Zborow and Komuchy and any, broke down with heavy the enemy, according to the official this evening.

EXPECT PEACE PROPOSALS

LONDON

Rumors are persistent in informed political class that Bethmann Holweg, the Imperial Chancellor, is here.

T. J. EDEN

Nothing but the Choicest Eatables

- Monday, June 25, 17
- N. Y. CHICKEN
 - N. Y. CORNED BEEF
 - CAL. ORANGES
 - TABLE APPLES
 - BANANAS
 - CAL. LEMONS
 - CHEERRIES
 - FRESH TOMATOES
 - CUCUMBERS
 - NEW TURNIPS
 - NEW CABBAGE
 - FRESH COCOANUTS
 - BERMUDA ONIONS

- PURSE-PLEASING PRICES**
- Tomatoes, No. 3 tin
 - Pork & Beans, No. 3 tin
 - Macaroni, Best
 - Fry's Cocoa, 1/2 lb. tin
 - Shredded Wheat Biscuit, 15c
 - Syrups, full wine 6th
 - Strawberries, 1/2 lb. tin
 - Corn Syrup, 2 lb. tin
 - Asparagus Tips, 3 lb. tin

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