



A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER XV.

"It's Heaven's own truth!" he said, strenuously, yet fighting for quiet and calm, for in the exquisite and sweet gravity of her attitude and expression all vehemence seemed absolutely sacrilegious. "But let it pass. I don't expect you to care for me. But I had hoped, hoped even while I fought against my love for you; there was always a thought within me that I might win you, that in time I might get you to care for me—even just a little, just enough to get you to marry me. I knew that if you did so, that if we were married, I could make you love me. And now when I had won you a little I meant to speak, and not till then. But now I have spoken—too soon!—the sight of you alone amongst those falling trees, the dread that harm would come to you— Ah, you can understand, you would understand, if ever you had loved anyone. And now—what will you say? Are you going to send me away? Do—do you think you could ever come to care for me?—just a little, enough to be—my wife?"

His voice dropped at the last words so that it was almost inaudible, as if he were smitten by the magic words with the awe of joy too great for realisation.

She turned her face from him, then forced herself to turn it again and look at him. There was a faint trouble in her eyes, and yet a subtle uncertainty, tender as the rising dawn shyly breaking through the summer night.

"I—I don't know. Oh, forgive me! I ought to answer you—I—I ought not to hesitate. But, indeed, I don't know. I never thought that—that you—anyone—would care for me. I have never thought of—love; there



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have been so many other things—my work— Ah, but that is finished now. And when you spoke I was stilled; I—I think I am too startled now to think, to consider. Are you thinking that I am unreasonable, unkind, in saying this?"

"No, no!" he said, hoarsely.

"Indeed, I am very grateful. Yes, I am grateful that you should—care for me, and—want me to be—your wife."

Her eyes fell for an instant, but she raised them again bravely.

"I wish, yes, I wish that I could say 'Yes.' But I am afraid, I might be wrong, and then—ah, then, it would be wicked; it would be cruel, if I found that I was mistaken. Oh, how cold and ungracious it sounds; but—you understand."

"Yes, yes," he said, turning his eyes away so that she might not read the bitterness of his disappointment in them. "I quite understand. It's only what I deserved, what I expected. If I'd had time—but I've spoiled my chance. See here, Maïda—I beg your pardon—Miss Carrington—if you're not offended, anyway, perhaps you won't let this break our friendship—"

"Oh, no, no!" she assented, quickly, then she looked at him with troubled eyes; "and yet perhaps it would be better—"

"No, no!" he broke in. "For God's sake don't take your friendship from me, don't deprive me of all hope! Let us go on as we have been going on, just—just friends. I'll promise not to worry you again—well, until I see there's some chance for me; and—and no one need know anything about it. It shall be just as if I had not spoken."

"You are very good to me," she said, gratefully. "I feel that I am weak and foolish not to know my own mind. I—I think it is because I do not like losing your friendship. You have always been so kind to me, even from the first," she explained, with a sweet humility that nearly drove him mad with the desire to take her in his arms and crush her against his heart; but he set his teeth, and held himself in check by a mighty effort.

She drew her hand across her brow and rose.

"Shall we go now?" she said, gently. "They will miss me and be alarmed—they knew I was going through the plantation."

"Yes, yes!" he assented. "You ought to have gone long before this. It's like my selfishness to have kept you all this time!"

"Selfishness! Ah—you are not selfish. I have learnt that—"

She stopped suddenly, for she had turned to him, and she saw a streak of blood, a trickle of blood running down his face. The sight of blood always affected her deeply.

"What—what is that?" she said, suppressing a shudder.

"What is what?" he asked, innocently. Then, as he saw the direction of her eyes, he put his hand to his face and felt for a handkerchief. "Oh, I got scratched by one of the boughs," he said, apologetically. "I'm afraid it looks rather horrid; I'm sorry. I've lost my handkerchief—I broke off, looking round for it."

She drew out hers and held it out to him; but he almost shrank back.

"No, no! I couldn't think of it. I'll wash it off in the stream. It's nothing—not of the least consequence."

He was turning away to find the stream, but suddenly, and yet slowly, she put her hand on his arm.

"Will you not take my handkerchief?" she said. "Are you so—so angry with me?"

Her eyes were uplifted to his with a sweet humility and imploration, and again the almost irresistible desire to snatch her to him assailed him.

"Angry? Good God, no! I am angry with you! Oh, no, no, you don't know what love is. You're right!"

He turned away again, but the gentle touch of her hand still held him as if it were a chain.

"Then you will let me—let me wipe it away for you?" she said in a low voice and with a shy, faint blush.

She put up her hand with the handkerchief and touched his blood-stained cheek in all innocence, her other hand still resting on his arm. She felt it tremble, felt his breath coming in labored path; then she be-

gan to thrill with a strange, delicious thrill that quivered all through her. Her eyes met his—eloquent with the passionate, unspoken prayer of love—her own became suffused and faltered; her tremor increased, her lips parted slowly, as if she found it difficult to breathe; then, as if she could not help herself, she dropped forward, her head drew nearer and nearer to him, and at last rested on his breast.

A low cry burst from his hot, parched lips and his arms went round her and crushed her to him; crushed her so tightly that he well-nigh hurt her. Then he took her head in his hands and held it so that he could look into her eyes; eyes that she could scarcely lift, so heavy were the lids that sought to cover them from his piercing gaze; and the gaze of wonder and throbbing joy and trembling doubt.

"Maïda!" he cried, hoarsely. "What is this? You are not playing with me? Ah, no, you wouldn't do that! But—oh, God! tell me quickly!—it isn't pity!—just pity!"

The blush grew to crimson on her face, then left it pale as the driven snow.

"No," she whispered, as if shame were weighing on her tongue. "It is not—pity. I—yes, I love you! I did not know—I was startled, uncertain, but—I know now!"

He could not speak for a moment, then, as he pressed her to him again he spoke her name, and speaking it, calling upon her, as soul calls to soul, he bent his head and kissed her on the lips.

She closed her eyes and hid her burning face against his breast, then she raised her head and shyly, tremulously put her lips to his.

As if the storm winds had been dispersed and driven to the caves of the wind by the God of Love, the sky cleared, the winds dropped and the sun came out and shone down in a benison upon these two, who, unlike our first parents, had entered their Paradise and not been expelled from it—yet.

They were seated on the bank again hand in hand; the shyness, the timidity that wait upon the first moment of the great discovery had fallen upon Maïda, and Heroncourt was filled with the awe that follows upon such a conquest—the conquest of a pure woman's heart—as his. They had scarcely spoken since she had yielded herself by that kiss, that voluntary token of her heart's surrender, but eyes and hands can talk a sweeter love's language than even lips, and every moment of those wonderful moments Maïda had been learning, realizing, how deeply, how unspokeably she loved him. His nearness wove a spell of happiness that coliced round her heart; the thought that he must go even a few paces from her, that they would have to part if even for a few hours was a positive pain. It was so strange a joy to sit there with him; and yet they must go!

She turned her eyes to his.

Couldn't Keep Back Tears.

When the Nervous System Breaks Down—Queer Feelings in Back of Head Caused Much Alarm.

Midland, Ont., June 20th. — Collapse or breakdown of the nervous system leaves one in a most pitiable condition. Strong, healthy-looking women, and men, too, will weep from helplessness and despair.

The case reported here was a most severe one, as is indicated by the hysterical condition, the pains in the back of the head and the futility of the many treatments used.

This is further evidence that the regular and persistent use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for a reasonable length of time will positively restore the most exhausted nervous system.

Mrs. S. Sharp, Midland, Ont., writes: "About eleven years ago I had a serious nervous breakdown, and was so bad at times that I could not keep back the tears. I also had a queer feeling in the back of my head. Sometimes I seemed to be going backwards. I could not do any sewing, and finally could do no work at all. I tried other remedies and doctors' medicines, but they only gave me temporary relief. Last Fall I commenced using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and had not taken very many until I found I was getting better. I kept on taking them, and am at present greatly improved. I am now able to do my work, and they have strengthened me splendidly. I can highly recommend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for nervous trouble of any kind."

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"It is late."

"Is it?" he said, as if he had lost all count of time. "I don't know. I"—he laughed, a low laugh of apology—"I can scarcely realise where I am—what is happening. Maïda, if you were to tell me that I had dreamt all this—that you did not love me, I should believe it; for the other, the truth, is too wonderful. Tell me again—"

"I have told you so often," she murmured, with a faint, tremulous smile. "I love you. Ah, I like saying it. I shall say it to myself after you have gone, after we have parted. And we must part now. I must go home—"

"And you think I will let you go alone!" he said, derisively. "Of course I am going with you, to tell your father, to ask him for you. For you! Think of it—I can't! To think that you will be mine; that I have won you! I wonder what he will say?"

She looked at him with smiling gravity.

"He will say 'yes,' why should he not, Lord Heroncourt?"

"For numberless reasons, Miss Carrington," he said, with loving mockery. "Lord Heroncourt," indeed. My name is Byrne—ah, you didn't know it. Think of it! Not even my name! But you know it now; and call me by it."

"Byrne," she said, shyly.

"It's the best name in all the world now that you've spoken it," he said. "I know yours; I've thought of you by it for a long time—like my cheek, isn't it? And that's the sweetest name among women's—Maïda! It's music. Oh, your father will cut up rough—he ought to! I'm a pretty kind of son-in-law. Do you know how poor I am—that I'm up to my neck in debt—"

"I do not care," she said, simply. "If you were as poor as Job, and maimed and blind, you'd still be you!"

He caught her to him.

"Who taught you to say just the one thing the man who loves you likes to hear? You witch!" he said. "Well, I'm as poor as Job, if not maimed and blind. We will have to live in one of the cottages—the tumble-down cottages you shine in like an angel sometimes—"

"Very well," she said. "And you shall work in the fields and I will have your dinner ready for you—"

"You are picturing happiness," he said. "Yes, we must go. How I hate it. Look at the sun; it smiles on us, Maïda!"

"All the earth is glad; I think," she murmured, shyly, and looking round; "and there is something singing in my heart sweeter than the birds—"

(To be Continued.)

Household Notes.

When the aluminum pan becomes dark, boil discarded tomatoes or the skins in the pan and it will become white.

Lettuce eaten with oil and salt only is quite possible for people who cannot safely eat acid.

A good housewife watches what is left over on the table and is guided by it in her planning and buying.

When making fruit salad, the fruit can be prevented from turning dark by squeezing a lemon over it.

A hood of gay cretonne for the back of the dining-room chairs is a comfortable thing in summer time.

Rub a freshly cut lemon into a soiled sponge, then rinse in warm water. The sponge will be like new.

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 STYLE FOR SILK OR WASH FABRICS.



2122—Ladies' One-Piece Dress.

This popular design is easy to develop and suitable for any of the prettier summer fabrics. Bordered goods could be used, or embroidered flouncing. The tucks could be omitted. The sleeve is quaint in wrist length with the ruffled edge and new and smart in its bell shape. The dress measures about 2½ yards at the foot. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 8 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

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

A SMART "POCKET" DRESS FOR THE GROWING GIRL.



2106—In brown chambray with trimming of check or plaid material to correspond, or in linen, with embroidery on collar and other trimming pieces; this style will be very attractive. The pockets may be omitted. The skirt is plaited.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 3½ yards of 44-inch material for a 10-year size.

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Men's and Boys' Suits, Overalls, Shirts, etc. DO IT NOW.

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List of Letters Remaining in the G.P.O. to June 19th, 1917.

- A**
Antle, John C., Franklin Avenue
Atwood, Miss Beatrice,
c/o Mrs. Strirling, Gover St.
Anthony, Mrs. Mary, Spencer St.
- B**
Barnes, H.
Barnes, Wm., Long Pond Road
Bailey, A., Convent Square
Bartlett, Miss Jessie, New Gower St.
Bragg, James, Flower Hill
Briggs, Miss A., LeMarchant Road
Barter, Miss D., York St.
Bartlett, Miss Jessie, Gower St.
Bugden, Miss L., New Gower St.
Berwick, Ralph, care Gen. Delivery
Byrne, T. J., Nangle's Hill
Bourne, B. R., card
Butler, A. S., Freshwater Road
Butler, John T., New Gower St.
Burke, Miss Sarah F., Charlton St.
Butler, Miss A., Freshwater Road
Bugden, Miss L., New Gower St.
Butler, Ralph, Monroe St.
Button, Miss Edith, Gower St.
Bragg, Miss, Wickford St.
Bragg, Wm., card
Butler, B., card
- C**
Campbell, M., Signal Hill
Clarke, John
Clark, Miss, Victoria St.
Crew, Thomas, care G. P. O.
Crew, Solomon, A.
Critch, Charles
Colton, Mrs. M.
Combs, Miss Annie F.
Cole, Miss Flora, Military Road
Coleman, Miss Mary, Catherine St.
Colbert, James, Gower St.
Cunliffe, Hubert, Hamilton St.
Crouan, Mrs. Ann, New Gower St.
Cook, Mrs. P. G., Duckworth St.
- D**
Davidson, A. P., care Gen. Delivery
Deschamps, R. G. A.
Dwyer, Mrs. J., Casey St.
Driscoll, Hubert, Hamilton St.
Driscoll, Thomas, Hamilton Avenue
Driscoll, Gordon, card
Doran, Mrs. Laura
Duncan, Mrs., Bannerman St.
Duff, Miss K., Gower St.
Duggan, James, Bridget, Theatre Hill
Duncan, Mrs. John, care G. P. O.
Day, George E.
- E**
Eales, Miss G., care G. P. O.
Earle, A. M., card
Earle, Arthur, care Post Office
Erickson, S. R., care Gen. Delivery
- F**
Fallon, Mrs. S., Cochrane St.
French, Charles, Alexander St.
Field, Mrs. Harry, ret'd, Cabot St.
Foster, Mrs. Henry, Livingstone St.
Fogarty, John, care Gen. Delivery
Foley, Mrs. Patrick, Codner's Lane
Forist, Luther
Furrie, John
- G**
Grant, Mrs. Wm., card, Pennywell Rd.
Grace, Miss Agatha, Bond St.
George, Archibald, care G. P. O.
Geary, George
Grieve, Mrs. John
Gillard, E., Water Street
Groves, Harvey
Guy, J.
Guernsey, Jos.
Goss, Frank
Grant, Miss Lillian, Lime St.
- H**
Hartery, F., Water St.
Hartum, Miss J., Quidi Vidi
Hall, Mrs. J., John Street
Hamilton, Mrs. R., card
Hennebury, Mrs. James, Bonclody St.
Hayes, Mrs. Thos.,
East End of New Road
Hartley, Mrs. Annie
Harvey, Miss K., Barnes Road
Harding, Laurence, George St.
Harding, Mrs. E., Brazil's Field
Hallett, Thomas, Bond St.
Henderson, Hector, Duckworth St.
Hewitt, Miss Gladys, Allandale Rd.
Hiscock, Edgar, Water St.
Hiscock, Miss Frances, Gill Place
Hill, Harvey
Holley, Mrs. S., Cliflard St.
Howell, Miss Nellie
Hobbs, George, care G. P. O.
- J**
Jones, Joseph
Jans, William, card
Jarvis, Miss Hannah, Codner's Lane
Judge, Joseph, Pennywell Road
Jackman, Mrs. P., Knight St.
- K**
Kennedy, John, Angel Place
Kearey, Mrs. Annie, Pennywell Rd.
Kieley, Donald
King, James A., card (P)
Knight, Mr., Square
Knox, Jack, Holdsworth St.
Knowing, Mrs.
King, Miss Mary, Patrick St.
- L**
Lewis, W. J., Pennywell Road
Long, Mrs. M. E.
Lodge, Hober
- M**
Maney, Mrs. John
Martin, G. C., care Gen. Delivery
Martell, Arthur, care Gen. Delivery
Matthews, Walter
Mahar, James, Sr.
Masters, Charles
Mason, John
Meyers, Mrs. Emma, South Side
Mitchell, Mrs. Rose
Miller, Miss Lillie, Brazil's Square
Milley, Frank, Pennywell Road
Moulton, Miss K., card
Moss, Wm., Fleming St.
Mundie, Fred E.
Murphy, Miss Annie, Livingstone St.
Murphy, Joe, Prescott St.
Martin, John, South Side Battery.
- N**
Neil, Mrs. James,
c/o Mrs. Stamp, Lime St.
Nelson, Mrs., Water St.
Nickerson, Miss K.
Norman, Mrs. Thos., card
Barnes Road
Nolan, Miss Mary E.
Noel, Alexander, Patrick St.
- O**
Oldford, John
O'Keefe, A.
O'Neil, V., Water St.
O'Neil, Pte. Martin (The next of kin)
O'Brien, Miss Meta, Nangle's Hill
Osborne, A.
- P**
Paynes, Mrs. P., Spencer St.
Parrell, Mrs. P., Long Pond Road
Parsons, Mrs. E., Water Street
Parsons, Herbert, care G. P. O.
Parsons, Miss F., Freshwater Road
Patey, Reuben
Parrott, Miss Mabel, 16 Street
Penny, Miss L., Water St. East
Perry, Edward, care G. P. O.
Perlis, Albert B.
Perry, A. J.
Peddle, Josiah, care G. P. O.
Pearson, Miss Emma, Bagey's Lane
Phillips, Miss Maggie, James St.
Price, Miss Edith, Duckworth St.
Porter, Miss Annie, Springdale St.
Powers, William, 7 Flower St.
Parsons, Mrs. Matilda, McDougall St.
- R**
Roberts, George, Freshwater Road
Roud, Mrs. C., Hamilton St.
Robins, Miss Daisy, Spencer St.
Rose, Cecil T.
Roach, Joseph, care Col. Cordage Co.
Rogers, Wm. J., Springdale St.
Rowe, James, Allandale Road
Roberts, George, Oxen Pond Road
Ross, Master W. H.
Roach, M., Water St. West
Rogers, Joseph, Springdale St.
Rogers, Edmund (Surveyor)
- S**
Sparks, Miss L., Hamilton St.
Sharpe, L. L.
Starr, Mrs. P. P.
Saint, Miss H., card, Hayward Ave.
Senior, Mrs. James, Convent Lane
Steed, George, care G. P. O.
Searle, Miss F., Spencer St.
Spencer, Archibald, Field St.
Sheppard, Miss A. E., George St.
Sheppard, Miss May, Spencer St.
Skane, E., Book House Lane
Simmons, Joe, card, Pilot's Hill
Smith, Robert, Larkin's Square
Smith, Mrs. Sarah, Gower St.
Smith, J. B.
Smith, Wm., Monroe St.
Snow, B. J.
Snow, E., New Gower St.
Scour, Walter
Squires, Helena E.
Sinnott, Miss L.,
c/o Mrs. Knowing, Circular Rd.
Smith, J. B.
Strickland, Miss M., Brine St.
- T**
Tracey, Mrs. Mary, Flower Hill
Teiford, James
Thiley, Mrs. A. P.
Tobin, William, care Gen. Delivery
Trowbridge, Mrs. E., McKay St.
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
West, Garland, care Gen. Delivery
Whelan, W. J., Flower Hill
White, Thomas, care Gen. Post Office
Wells, D. J., card
Walsh, T., Pope St.
Wells, Mrs. Isaac, c/o Gen. Post Office
Whelan, Miss D., Catherine St.
Wills, Mrs. R. R., care G. P. O.
Whiffa, Miss Sarah, LeMarchant Rd.
Wiseman, Willis, c/o Gen. Delivery
Williams, Mrs. Mary, Cuddihy St.
White, Mrs. G. C., A King's St.
Williams, Mrs. Harold, Hamilton Ave.
Williams, Miss B., Blackmarsh Rd.
- Y**
Young, Herbert, Freshwater Rd.
Young, George R.
- J. ALEX. ROBINSON, P. M., G.**

JUST
Rice
Bagoes

Dried
Fruit
2000
Prunes

HARVE

Our Ba
PLAGIAR

BETTER ENGLI

The "dopist" in this column that in yesterday's column of this paper indirectly better English in reporting. All wrong, kid. Only means can describe a punk ball. Wednesday's exhibition means brilliant.

Although, at that, what takes two, breezes a couple wrecks the next back of a treaded barrier for a four with the sacks soured, the writer of any baseball spill the facts so the average swallow 'em with his morning. Pure English should swallow a camel. Rolo!

We notice that we want to furnish a dictionary of baseball terms. Here are a few but owing to the shortage which the whole world is fronted, we will be unable the whole list in book form is over.

BASEBALL DICTIONARY
(For the benefit of the FAN:—A bug; squirrel; cranium cripple.
BLOOMER:—Winter leg man candle; second try.
A SKULL:—A bird in only from the cars south of horse of the head.
THE CAN:—Getting the requested to take the streeted.
The following "scientific" generally applying to UMLYPTODON:—An extinct which was encased in arrian brain.
AMOEBA:—A microbe void of intelligence.
PARALLELOPIPEDON:—that is so square that it's JUDGE JEFFREYS:—a judge noted for the industry decisions.
ORNITHORHYNCHUS: with a bill.
YOGI:—A Hindu mystic ways being impossible to SIBERIAN FLOPHOUSE:—a line with a fearfully loud OPAQUE:—Unable to see through.
PITHECANTHROPUS:—connecting link between SLANG VS. CORRECT EN:—Editor Baseball Column notes on the baseball game much appreciated if one stand the verbiage of the. The fact must be appreciated that we have not yet reached here. Would not be give us these reports in English. When anyone "dies at first" it is exceed cult for us, the ordinary spect