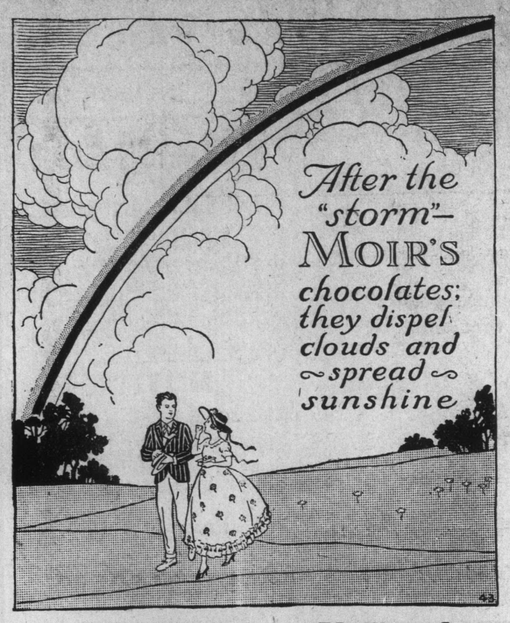

F. V. CHESMAN, 178 Water Street, St. John's, Newfoundland,
Representative.

A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"My dear, it is well known; all the world and his wife know it. I tell you that they were always together; he used to take her to the theatre and concerts, to go out with her everywhere. Of course Lord Glassbury put in an appearance now and again, and everything was quite proper," she laughed a little, mocking laugh. "Why, she's stopping at the Court now. Certainly Lord Glassbury's there with her; and it's all right, though, I suppose it's secretly in accord with the convenances: people are so lax nowadays to what they used to be. But, all the same, if I were Miss Carrington I should not like it and I should keep my eyes open. You know there is nothing that holds so fast as one of those boy-and-girl attachments, especially when they are carried on for so many years. Did you see Lady Glassbury looking at Lord Heroncourt during dinner, and notice the expression of her face? It was just the look a woman has when she is going to lose her man forever."

To her credit, the other woman murmured a remonstrant "Oh!"

"But Lord Glassbury," she said, "he seems so happy. He was talking and laughing across the table to that bright little Carrington girl; surely he doesn't—"

Mrs. Trefoyle shrugged her shoulders with that eloquent shrug which conveys so much.

"Oh, he is not the only complaisant husband," she said, with a little significant laugh. "Besides, he trusts his wife. She is not the woman to go wrong even for such a beau signor as Lord Heroncourt; but that she is devoted to him there can be no doubt; and I daresay if Lord Glassbury had carried his complaisance so far as to shuffle off this mortal coil, Lady Glassbury would have become the Countess of Heroncourt—and notwithstanding Miss Carrington's beauty. And she is really lovely, isn't she? I can't tell you how much I admire her. Such exquisite style, too. It will really be a shame if Lord Heroncourt doesn't cut himself clear from his old attachment and devote himself to her. Of course this is quite **entre nous.** I am sure I don't know why I have spoken so freely; but the affairs of other people are so interesting, aren't they? Especially when one knows them very well." She did not know Lady Glassbury at all, and had met Heroncourt that night for the first time. "It's getting rather chilly. Shall we go in?"

They passed into the drawing-room, but Maida still remained. Her face was burning, her heart was throbbing, but not with doubt of Heroncourt or Lady Glassbury, but with indignation; not for one moment during the conversation had any doubt of him or of her assailed her. She was too confident of his love, the love that spake in every tone and every glance. She felt that she knew him to the inmost heart, that he loved her and her alone. But though one may be invulnerable even to a deadly poison, it may have power to irritate, and Maida quivered like a sensitive leaf. The air seemed suddenly chilled, the brightness of the stars had become dim. The woman's gossip was of no account, the terrible inferences she drew of no weight; but the facts remained: Lady Glassbury and Heroncourt had been great friends. It was true he had made no secret of their friendship, but it was also true that Maida had seen them together at the houses at which she was reciting: that she was staying at the Court.

She struggled against the insidious poison, and turning suddenly, reentered the drawing-room, and, obeying an irresistible impulse, went up to Lady Glassbury and sat beside her.

Lady Glassbury turned to her with the gentle smile which she seemed to reserve for Maida.

"Are you tired, dear?" she asked. "What a successful dinner it has been. As a rule, I hate these huge dinners, these big functions. But this has gone off so well. Your recitation helped it. How beautiful it was! And how beautiful you are, dear, tonight!" She put her hand upon the girl's arm and looked at her with a smile that had something wistful in it. "No wonder Lord Heroncourt is such a happy man!"

Something—perhaps her desire to impress upon herself the worthlessness of Mrs. Trefoyle's scandal and gossip, impelled Maida to say:

"We are to be married next month, Lady Glassbury."

Lady Glassbury did not start—women of her class are not given to starting or ejaculation, and shun every indication of emotion—but her face went pale, and though she smiled, it was her lips only; her eyes had a startled and pained look; and Maida could not fail to notice both the pallor and the expression of the eloquent eyes.

"So soon, dear?" said Lady Glassbury. "But why not? Why should you wait? You are young enough, it is true; but Lord Heroncourt—ah, well! he is young, too—but there is no reason why you should not be married at once; indeed, every reason why you should. Next month! My dear, you don't want me to wish you happiness; you know that I do so with all my heart."

"Thank you," said Maida, with her almost Puritan simplicity and directness. But why had Lady Glassbury's face suddenly paled, and why had her eyes looked so strained?

The guests were going. Mr. Carrington and Carrie, stationed in the hall, were saying good-night; there was the bustle and stir of departure. Of course Heroncourt lingered to the last; he was going to walk home to the Court, and he drew Maida into one of the anterooms—there were too many of them at the Towers—and put his arm round her.

"Good-night, my beloved!" he said. "You have crowned yourself with laurels to-night. Good Lord! what have I done to deserve you? When I thing that you, with your infinite grace and beauty, with your genius belong to me, I ask myself what I have done to win such perfection. But oh! my dear, I love you with all my heart and soul! Maida, I have never loved any other woman. I lay my life at your feet."

Some demon prompted her to murmur:

"No other woman? Think, Byrne!"

He met her gaze unflinchingly.

"No other woman," he said, almost fiercely. "Why do you ask?"

"Nothing," she said. "It does not matter. Oh, Byrne, go on loving me for I cannot live without your love!"

He tore himself away from her—literally tore himself—consoling himself with the reflection that within a month, a short month, she would be his.

But much may happen in a month.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was a busy month. Under any circumstances the getting together of her trousseau is a matter of importance to every girl, even to the girl with only a few shillings to spend; to Maida, with practically an unlimited sum at her disposal, the business seemed a tremendous one. But to Carrie it was a labour of love, and she threw herself into it with all her wonted energy and excitement.

Lady Glassbury had come to their assistance, and had insisted upon them paying her a visit to Glassbury House, from whence they could make their attacks upon the shops. Maida had accepted the invitation, but with a certain inward reluctance, for she could not altogether get rid of Mrs. Trefoyle's gossip. Her belief in Heroncourt was unshaken; but still—That is the worst of scandal; however absurd and groundless it may be it clings like an evil vapour. But Maida was reassured, if she had needed any reassurance, by Lady Glassbury's evident affection for her. She was sweetness itself to both of the girls, but more especially to Maida, whom she treated as a sister. She went with the girls to do their shopping, and introduced them to all her friends with something like pride; for, indeed, she was very proud of Maida's beauty and grace and the ineffable charm which cast its spell upon all with whom she came in contact.

Heroncourt also found it necessary to be in town, for the family lawyers and Mr. Carrington's were engaged upon the settlements, and, as usual, had a number of questions to ask and details to arrange. He came to Glassbury House every day, and very often accompanied the ladies to dinners and receptions, concerts and theatres. He was bored no longer, and all his friends declared that he was a changed man; there was happiness in his face, in his voice, in his very gait and bearing; and his pride in Maida was almost amusing: it was that of the man who had found the pearl above price, the great ruby.

Mr. Carrington occasionally ran up, but he spent most of his time in the city looking after the gigantic affairs in which he was concerned. He, too, was radiant and full of satisfaction, though he was not particularly well. The fact was, the man was working in these days of his wealth almost as hard as he had worked in the days of his poverty, and his rather florid colour was giving place to that peculiar pallor which marks most of the city men. Maida was the first to notice the change in him, and one evening, when he had been overcome by a sudden faintness at dinner, she had made him promise that he would consult a famous physician. The promise had only been extorted after a great deal of pressure, for he had pooh-poohed the idea that there was anything the matter with him.

"It's nothing but the heat," he declared; "we don't often get it as hot as this in autumn; and then the weather's so changeable; it's cold one day and hot another; I dessay it's only a chill."

He went to the famous physician the next day, and though he was rather grave and quiet when he came back, he made light of the doctor's opinion.

(To be Continued.)

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS
If you feel 'OUT of SORTS' 'RUN DOWN' 'GOT the BLUES' SUFFER from KIDNEY, BLADDER, NERVOUS DISEASES, CHRONIC WEAKNESS, ULCERS, SKIN ERUPTIONS, PILES, write for FREE INSTRUCTIVE MEDICAL BOOK on these diseases and WONDERFUL CURES effected by THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY, No. 1, No. 2, No. 3 THERAPION and decide for yourself if it is the remedy for YOUR OWN ailment. No 'follow up' circulars. Send stamp address envelope to Dr. LECLERC Mfg. Co., HAVERSTOCK RD., HAMPSTEAD LONDON, ENG. THERAPION either No. Price 2/9 LEADING CHEMISTS

WONDERFUL TALE OF AN ACTRESS

Struggled with Sickness and Discouragement; How Relieved.

Dayville, Killingly, Conn.—"I shall be glad to have every woman know what I know now, after using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Although I am only 24 years old, I have suffered for the past eight years. I hated the doctors, for a doctor told me to give up the stage where I was playing with my husband. I had bearing down pains, my health failed me, and I could not work on the stage, and wasn't able to tend my baby or even get around myself. I was always downhearted and discontented with the world, and only lived for the sake of my little girl. The doctor said to move to some quiet little town away from the noisy city, and I might be able to live and feel well, so I went to Dayville in November. At that time I was so sick I could not walk around, and my husband kept house and I stayed in bed. One day in January I read your advertisement in a newspaper, and I sent for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and started taking it. Within two weeks time I was a different woman, could get around, and felt so good that it was a pleasure to do my housework. I felt contented and happy, and now am the picture of health, and am tempted to return to the stage. We appreciate my health as the most precious thing on earth."—Mrs. H. L. KLENETT, Box 85, Killingly, Conn.

Household Notes.

Ground rice is excellent for cleaning white cloth. It should be applied with a piece of clean white flannel, left for two or three hours, and then well brushed and shaken.

It is not generally known that a tablespoonful of vinegar, put into the water when poaching eggs, will keep them from breaking.

To make a faded cotton dress pure white, boil it in water which has half a cupful of cream of tartar to two gallons of water.

A delightful filling for a screen can be made very cheaply by using some picturesque wall paper stretched on heavy cotton backing.

Rusty irons should be heated, rubbed on a piece of beeswax tied in linen, and then with a coarse flannel cloth sprinkled with household salt. This will give a polish like glass.

A good furniture polish is eight ounces of sweet oil, four ounces turpentine, two ounces ammonia. Apply with a cloth and polish with a woolen cloth.

Have a good steam cooker if you possibly can—you can cook five vegetables and a ham shoulder at once in the very dishes you may set on your table.

Prune salad can be made by filling cooked and stoned prunes with Neufchatel cheese and arranging them on lettuce leaves. Serve with salad dressing.

Stewed figs are delicious served with cream. To stew figs, first stew them until tender, and for one pound of figs add one-fourth cup of sugar and let simmer six or eight minutes.

When potting plants, put a piece of coarse muslin over the hole in the pot before putting in the bits of stone and sod, which keeps the drainage good. The muslin prevents the earth from washing away.

Lazell's
MASSATTA

A NEW AND TOTALLY DIFFERENT TALCUM POWDER

Not only softer, smoother, more satisfying than any other, but distinguished by the "True Oriental Odor," a fragrance inimitable in its subtlety and charm.

In addition to Massatta, we carry a complete line of Lazell's Famous Specialties, including the most exquisite Perfumes, delightful Toilet Waters superb Creams, and Powders of unexceptionable excellence.

At all Druggists, St. John's, Nfld.

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 SET OF SERVICEABLE CAPS.

2116—These models are nice for silk, satin, poplin, cravenette and other rubberized cloth. They are ideal for motoring and traveling.

The Pattern includes the three styles portrayed. It is cut in 2 sizes: Medium and Large. No. 1 will require 1 yard, No. 2 will require ⅞ yard, No. 3 will require ⅞yard of 27-inch material for the Medium size.

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

SOME NEW THINGS FOR THE BABY.

9163—Infant's Set, consisting of a Cap, a Sack, a Night Gown and a Dress.

Muslin, cambric, flannel or flannelette will do nicely for the night gown, while lawn or nainsook is suitable for the dress, with embroidery, tucking and lace or edging for decoration. The sack will look well in silk, cashmere, flannel, or flannelette, and the cap is suitable for lawn, silk of "all over" embroidery. For the dress of flouncing, it will require 1¾ yard of 36-inch material with 1¼ yard of plain material for yoke and sleeves. Of nainsook or lawn 36 inches wide it will require 2¼ yards. The gown will require 2½ yards of 24 or 27-inch material. The cap, ½ yard of 18-inch material. The sack requires ⅞ yard of 27-inch material.

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

No. . . . . .

Size . . . . . .

Address in full:—

Name . . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

The Middleman's 'Bit.

New York World: In Montreal the milk-dealers are still charging winter prices for milk—11 cents per quart—though they have lowered the price they pay the farmer and dairyman 23 cents per gallon. Charging the consumer 44 cents per gallon for milk which cost them 23 cents indicates that Canadian milkmen have little, if anything, to learn from New York milkmen. Some of these days, perhaps a different rating as to the value of the middleman's services will prevail, and then the high cost of living will takek a fall.

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

A
Antle, John C., Franklyn Avenue

B
Barnes, H.
Barnes, Wm., Long Pond Road
Bailey, A., Convent Square
Bragg, James, Flower Hill
Barnes, Miss N., LeMarchant Road
Barter, Miss D., York St.
Bartlett, Miss Jessie, 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
Critch, Charles
Cole, Miss Flora, Military Road
Coleman, Miss Mary, Catherine St.
Cumley, Miss Katie, care G. P. O.
Cronan, Mrs. Ann, New Gower St.

D
Davidson, A. P., care Gen. Delivery
Deschamp, R. G. A.
Driscoll, Hubert, Hamilton St.
Driscoll, Thomas, Hamilton Avenue
Driscoll, Gordon, card
Doran, Mrs. Laura
Duncan, Mrs., Bannerman St.
Duggan, Mrs. 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,
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
Grieve, 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., Quidi Vidi
Hall, Mrs. J., John Street
Hamilton, Mrs. R., card
Hennebury, Mrs. James, Boncloddy St.
Hartley, Mrs. Annie
Harvey, Miss K., Barnes' Road
Hallett, Thomas, Bond St.
Henderson, Hector, Duckworth St.
Hiscock, Edgar, Water St.
Hill, Harvey

J
Jones, Joseph
Janes, William, ——— St.

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
Maney, Mrs. John
Martin, G. C., care Gen. Delivery
Matthews, Walter
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
Mundle, Fred. E.
Martin, John, South Side Battery.

N
Neil, Mrs. James,
c/o 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.
Perliss, Albert B.
Perry, A. J.
Peddle, Josiah, care G. P. O.
Phillips, Miss Maggie, 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.
Searle, 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
Squires, Helena E.
Sinnott, Miss L.,
c/o 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
Waddling, 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, c/o 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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Remember you have a musician of long experience to select a Piano or Organ for you at prices and terms that cannot be beaten.

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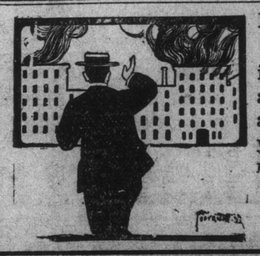

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Impressive Ceremony.

YOUNG LADIES RENOUNCE THE WORLD.

Yesterday morning at 8.30 a solemn reception and profession took place at the new novitiate of the Order of Mercy, Littledale. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop, assisted by Rt. Rev. Mgr. McDermott, V.G., Revs. Frs. Coady, Rawlins, Greene and Dubordieu. A large number of the relatives and friends of the new recei- ved and professed young ladies were present, besides many members of the communities of the Order from various parts of the Colony, with the Mother General and the Council.

The function was deeply impressive and profoundly soul-stirring. The scene before the Sanctuary as each young life sacrifically offered itself to God, and renounced all the attractions of the world, made an impression on all present that can never be forgotten. Never perhaps before in the history of the Colonial Church was such a large number received in any order on the same day, and consequently the day was one full of significance, and pointed to the abundant fruit grown from the tiny plant sown on Newfoundland soil by the first intrepid nuns who came, braving the dangers of the Atlantic, with the intention of foundation. It was indeed a fitting celebration for the Diamond Jubilee year of the Order in the Colony and was more appropriate than bands or blare.

It is just 75 years ago since Mother McAuley, the Foundress of the Institute of Mercy, sent her daughters to this mission, and all her hopes and prayers have been more than realized. The mission has been gradually extending its work and its usefulness, and is an added pleasure for the Institute to have, besides a large increase in its members, also in this jubilee year the privilege of two new foundations—one at Bell Island in the east, and one at Bay of Islands in the west.

After the ceremony the sermon was delivered by the Bishop of St. George's, in part as follows:—Taking as text from Matt. XI. 28, 29, 13, "Take up My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, Who am meek and humble of heart, for My yoke is sweet and My burden light." He spoke of humbleness to adequately describe the glowing thoughts within the minds of the onlookers at such a scene as they had just witnessed. It was, he said, "a little bit of Heaven," and made one feel that it was well to be present. He pictured the sad state of a world wearied and war-worn world, of selfishness abroad, charity almost dead; and then he presented the thoughts of hope, and that all was not sordid when such a young and joyous band in self-abasement, left father, mother, friends, the pleasures of life to do good to others. They had shown the world that the unselfish spirit of the old Church still lived in one of its essential characters. The religious state was a part of the genius of historic Christianity, and from the very beginning belonged to the note of the church called "Holy." It was, too, the lone privilege of the c

M
UNDE

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Full stock to hand in Stanfield summer weights of seasons at best, and if you investment and will be th

IF YOU WANT

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MEN'S WHITE POROUS
MEN'S NATURAL BALBR old values, at 75c. garme
MEN'S NATURAL BALBR ed; old values, at 75c.

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in MEN'S ENGLISH

These are odds and ends to-day except at prohibitiv sizes, we are marking sa

We have good values HALF HOSE.

Henr