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BAUER & BLACK Limited Toronto, Canada Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Blue-jay Stops Pain—Ends Corns Instantly

At all Druggists. Also Blue-jay Dental Plasters

A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"If what you say is true and you have married that young lady, you're more to repent of than most men. Stay still there, or, by Heaven! I sha'n't be able to keep this trigger straight."

He had backed to the door as he spoke and opened it quickly and looked it, for Robert had left the key in its place; then he went to the horses and was about to loosen the one with the lady's saddle, but changed his mind and mounting, rode away leading the other. Robert sprang to the door at the sound of the disappearing horses and ran a few steps after them; then, realising the futility of pursuit, he stopped, and flinging up his hands, broke into loud curses; for in the silence of that vast solitude something seemed to whisper mockingly that he had lost Melinda forever.

David Jones rode on and gained the Melbourne track. When he reached the farm at which he had previously made enquiries, he was received as if he were expected.

"The two ladies you were asking about rode by here this morning," said the farmer. "One was a very pretty lady, and the other—her sister I should take it—was a young gel with her hair down. Going to Melbourne, they said. My missus persuaded them to take a bit of food and I gave the horses a rub down. I didn't tell 'em you were enquiring after them; least said the soonest mended."

"I'm thinking that's about the most handy proverb that was ever invented," said David Jones. "You did the right thing. I've got to go after those ladies, and I'm going to ask you to do me the favor of sending this little mare to Melinda Wolda with a line or

two of a note. I'll pay for it like a man."

He wrote on a slip of paper: "Mr. Robert Broseley is at the western hut," and gave it to one of the men to take with the horse. Then he started on the girls' trail. His horse was a good one and fairly fresh, and he would have caught them up long before they got to Melbourne; but the god of Chance was against him; the horse cast a shoe at the tenth mile, and he had to walk it to the nearest smith's, another ten miles; the smith, the prodigal son of an English nobleman, shod it so badly that after awhile the horse went lame. David could not buy another for love or money, and had to give the horse a day's rest.

He reached Melbourne at last, and went straight down to the docks, for something told him that the girls would make for England; at any rate, he could not be wrong in enquiring if they had sailed. He was not long in learning the truth. An obliging clerk at the shipping office turned up his ledger and found that "Miss Carrington and Miss Carrie Carrington" had sailed by the "Ariadne" that morning. They were alone.

The little man went out of the office and sat on a bulkhead and smoked a pipe deliberately. Then he went back to the office and enquired when the next vessel sailed for England, and, ascertaining that he could obtain a berth in one which sailed in two days' time, booked his passage.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Sorrow seldom kills a strong man. Before very long Heroncourt was about again, and, though he was still weak, he insisted upon taking his share in the heavy work which had been caused by the partial destruction of the house and the defection of so many hands; but though he recovered his strength slowly, there was something that he had not recovered—the great hope of his life, the joy and pleasure in life itself.

He went about his work mechanically; his face, still thin and haggard,

wore an absent-minded, pre-occupied expression. He ate little, and only slept when he was physically exhausted.

He had intended announcing his engagement to Dartford; but on the day he had asked Lucy to be his wife, she had implored him not to do so, and when he had asked her to give him a reason, she could only repeat her request. Heroncourt had been to weak to argue, and she had her way. She, too, had recovered, but she was still pale, and there was a look in her eyes, a wistful expression, which was scarcely that of happiness. As she still seemed weak, Dartford had given her leave to go away for a change to a neighboring station—if neighboring is not the wrong word when such distances are considered—and somewhat to his surprise, for he guessed that there was some understanding between her and Heroncourt, and had more than a strong suspicion that she was in love with him—she accepted the offer of a change with eagerness. Heroncourt was so busy that he did not see very much of her during the day; and in the evening, when they might have been together for a short time, she kept away from him, pleading, when he gently remonstrated with her and accused her of doing so, that there was so much work, that she had no time, and similar excuses.

Heroncourt's manner towards her was full of the gentlest chivalry; he treated her with a respect and reverence which he would have accorded a lady of his own rank; he would not allow her to wait upon him—she sure Baxter aided him in this—and the evening before her departure he got her to himself for a few minutes and again asked her to let him announce their engagement.

It was late in the afternoon and they were walking side by side through a small wood which had been planted by a former owner of the station, and Heroncourt took her hand—it was very thin and almost white now—as he spoke to her.

"We can't go on like this, Lucy," he said; "it isn't fair to you, or to me, for that matter. You must let me tell Dartford and the rest. Why should you not? They ought to know, everybody ought to know. Come; if you refuse I shall think you are sorry for having accepted me."

Her hand quivered in his and she cast a glance at him, an eloquent glance, which he, gazing straight before him, did not see.

"Why should we not be married at once?" he went on. "We could go to Melbourne, or perhaps we could find a clergyman nearer—"

She drew her hand from his and passed it across her eyes and trembled.

"No, no; not yet!" she said, half-fearfully. "It is too soon; I—I do not want to be married yet."

"But why not?" he urged. "Are you not sure of yourself, my child?" The "my child" was significant enough even to her. He had not called her his dearest, his love.

"Perhaps I am not," she said. "Oh, I can't tell, I don't know. Don't ask me, don't press me. My mind is all in a whirl; I can scarcely realize that you—you want me to be your wife. You will give me time to try and feel that it is real?"

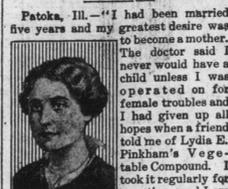
Her eyes were full of tears and she spoke so pleadingly that Heroncourt could do no other than yield. He took her hand and put it to his lips with a kiss that was full of the gentleness of protection; but there was no passion in it, and the girl, unphilosophical as she was, knew that there was none.

"Don't cry, Lucy," he said. "It shall be as you wish. I only seek your happiness. Of course, I want to marry you at once—why should I not, seeing that we are engaged? But I won't worry you. It isn't fair. You are alone, or almost alone, in this wild place, and it is right that I should study your wishes. But when you come back—"

"Yes," she said, catching at the suggestion with a feverish eagerness, but with a sigh. "When I come back, you shall tell them all; we will be married then, if you still wish it."

DESPAIRING WOMAN NOW HAPPY MOTHER

Mrs. Stephens Did Not Need The Surgical Operation.



Patoka, Ill.—"I had been married five years and my greatest desire was to become a mother. The doctor said I never would have a child unless I was operated on for female troubles and I had given up all hopes when a friend told me of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it regularly for some time, and I am in better health than ever, and have a healthy baby girl. I praise your Vegetable Compound for my baby and my better health. I want all suffering women to know that it is the sure road to health and happiness."—Mrs. GEORGE STEPHENS, R. F. D. No. 3, Patoka, Ill.

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his terrible business. I don't know why you are so nervous, so fearful, are you afraid that I shall not make you happy? I shall try all I know, Lucy."

"Ah, yes; I know!" she said in a low voice. "I am not afraid of that. But—but—I—shall I be able to make you happy, Mr. Tudor?"

"There is no fear of that," said Heroncourt; and he spoke in all honesty. "Any man would be happy with the love of such a sweet, brave, good girl as you, Lucy. But you mustn't call me Mr. Tudor. I am Owen to you; I don't like to hear you address me so formally."

Her lips mutely formed the Christian name.

"I will try," she said. "It is so strange, so hard to believe—" "Yes, you must try," he said. Then, thinking it best, he began to speak of the affairs of the station, and she recovered her self-possession.

Heroncourt took out his pipe, and they walked along, and his proximity to her brought her a quiet happiness that was not wholly happiness; for every now and then, as she glanced at him and saw the change which had come into his face since the night he had returned from Melinda Wolda, her heart ached, and she had difficulty in checking a sigh.

They walked on through the wood, Heroncourt talking and she listening, and, as they emerged, Heroncourt saw a horseman riding towards them.

"Now, who can that be?" he said, with some surprise. "We don't expect anyone. He is a stranger, by his appearance and the way he rides. It's a young man," he added, a minute or two afterwards.

"I'll go," said Lucy, with her new-born timidity. But Heroncourt laid his hand upon her arm and stayed her.

"No, no! Why should you?" he said. "Why should you be ashamed of being seen with me?"

She remained and stood behind him, biting her lip nervously; but, as the horseman rode up, she drew back and slipped into the wood, but was near enough to hear the new-comer utter an exclamation of amazement.

"Heroncourt!" he cried. (To be Continued.)

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2142—For linen, gingham, lawn, chambray, galata, drill, khaki, gabardine and serge, there is no style so appropriate as this. The blouse is of the slip-on style and the skirt is joined to an underwaist. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 4 1/2 yards of 27-inch material for an 8-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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ZAMBUK WAR NEWS

Messages Received Previous to 9 a.m.

HOSPITAL BOMBED. On the French Front, Aug. 23— incendiary bombs which were dropped by German aviators on two hospitals behind Verdun on Sunday evening killed 10 wounded men, one woman nurse and 19 trained male nurses, and wounded 48 male nurses and inflicted further injury on patients suffering from wounds received in battle.

GAINS MAINTAINED IN FLANDERS. LONDON, Aug. 23.—

All yesterday's gains were maintained in Flanders and added to in spite of violent German artillery firing and counter attacks. The advantage of yesterday's success is greater than the advance of the few hundred yards it suggests, for we are now fighting for high ground dominating the whole tactical position.

Northern Belgium and we have now broken off another slice. The greatest altitude of the ridge is towards the east of Inverness Copse, whence it trends northeast, and naturally the enemy is concentrating his utmost to retain this commanding position. In this bitter fighting the extent of the German casualties cannot be judged by the normal calculation of the ratio of prisoners to the rest of the losses, because in a struggle like this character prisoners are bound to be few. The German high command is sacrificing reserves recklessly in its policy of immediate and incessant heavy counter attacks. No fighting is more costly. The Hun assaults are reeling under the smashing blows at Lens and in Flanders where they have massed their troops to the weakening of other parts of the line. The magnificent success of the French at Verdun is causing the German concern, and there is reason to believe the Crown Prince is calling upon Prince Rupprecht for succour. The weather has again broken and is raining heavily.

DEMANDS REFUSED. ZURICH, Aug. 23.—

Germany has replied to the Argentine note, which demanded compensation for the torpedoing of Argentine ships and a pledge from Germany that she would abstain from

And the Worst of

