



**A reminder**  
Lest you forget that box of  
**MOIR'S Chocolatés**  
Made by Moir's Limited Halifax Canada

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

**A Child of Sorrow.**

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"Water? Here, I don't know whether you ought to have it, and I don't give it to you without Lucy. It would be more than my life's worth, for she'd be like a tiger-cat over her whelp. I'll send her."

Lucy came in, pale and calm, but very gentle. She gave him a small quantity of water; and, as he took it, he looked at her long and steadily; then he turned over and closed his eyes.

Perhaps he had not been altogether unconscious all the time; for certain little things came back to him, as it were: the touch of her hand, the touching of her hair against his cheek, the look that beamed from his eyes. Love has a knack of radiating, of making itself known to the dullest and the most insensible, by such touches, such looks.

He turned to her, again, his eyes resting on hers musingly, as if he were pondering something.

"You've been very good to me, Lucy," he said in the hollow voice of fever and weakness. "You've pulled me through this; you've—he moistened his lips and stretched out his hand, cool enough now, but still shaking—"you've been an angel, not only now, but all through this business—an angel; better! a woman—a true woman! By Heaven! I think you're the best, the truest girl in the world; and there aren't many of them! Lucy, would you like to be my wife? I'm a poor, broken-down wretch, with half my life wasted, with the other— But if you'll take me for what I am, I'll be grateful, and try and make you a good husband. What do you say, my girl?"

She had sunk down beside him, her hands clasped, her lips set, her face which had been pale, now burning with a blush, now pale again.

"No, no!" she panted. "You don't know what you say, I—I your wife? Oh, no, no! You don't mean it. You don't know what you're saying—the fever—"

"The fever's gone, I'm sensible enough," he said, gravely. "Sensible enough to know your worth. You are worthy of a better man, Lucy; but if you'll take me—"

His hand sought hers and took it in his weak grasp. She shook all over like a leaf.

"Let me go!" she breathed. "You must not—I cannot—"

"You mean that you do not care for me, that you do not love me? Oh, well, that is easy enough to under-

stand; but I'm sorry; for my own sake, mind you. Come, say 'Yes, Lucy. For it seems to me that I belong to you. Take the life you have saved twice. Come, Lucy."

He tried to draw her to him, but he would have been powerless to have done so; it was her love, her overwhelming love, that swayed her to him and drew her head upon his breast.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

When David Jones had got well out of sight of the Dartford station, he quickened his pace and rode—not for Milda Wolda, but in the direction considerably to the south of it, and after a long ride struck the Melbourne road. It was the only road from the city to Milda Wolda, and, as may be imagined, was very little used. Every now and then David got down from his horse and examined the track, and presently he came upon the recent hoof-marks of a horse, one horse; this puzzled him, because as there were two ladies, there should be two horses. He pondered over this while his own horse was resting and feeding; then he rode on again, and after awhile he reached a station on the track, where he was accorded the usual welcome. He put up his horse and took a meal, and while he was smoking his pipe with great zest, he asked a few questions casually: were many people on the road, who had passed lately? and so on.

"No; we have not had many travellers lately," said his host; "in fact we have had a rather slack time. A man rode by yesterday, a man on a black horse, a good 'un. He looked like a kind of parson, and said he was going to Melbourne."

David Jones pricked up his ears. Could this be the parson who had married Robert Broseley to Miss Carington?

"Any ladies with him?" he asked.

His host shook his head.

"No; he was quite alone; he only stopped for a bit and a sup; said he was in a hurry. I haven't seen a lady on the road for a goodish time."

"There is no other way of getting to Melbourne, say from Milda Wolda?" asked David Jones.

He was answered in the negative.

"This is the only road; in fact, it is the only road to anywhere; you'd have to go over the hill, and that would be a fool's line. Why, what's your hurry?" he asked, as David Jones rose, knocked out his pipe and tightened his belt.

"I've got to be getting on," said the little man, simply; and, thanking his host, he mounted and rode on; but after a mile or two he made a detour and rode back towards Milda Wolda, carefully examining the road, at intervals; but there were no signs of any horse excepting that of the parson.

He rode and rested, saving his good animal, as only an Australian and an Indian know how, and after awhile touched the Milda Wolda property; but he kept away from the station and rode up one of the slopes which gave him so complete a view of the plain that it would be very difficult for anyone to cross it without David Jones seeing him. He was picking his way along the slope, when his sharp eyes caught sight of something white fluttering beside the stream below.

He sat and looked at it for a moment or two and then he rode down to it. It was the piece of paper in which Carrie's sandwiches had been wrapped, and the little man's sharp eyes soon traced out her and Robert's footsteps and the marks of the horses' hoofs. But here he was faced by another problem; for one set of hoofs went in one direction, to Milda Wolda, and the other, after following them for some time, branched off on a line at right angles. After considering this problem, he decided to follow the track of the smaller hoofs which he judged to be those of a lady's horse. That a lady had been there, where he had seen the paper, was certain, for beside the paper was a thin piece of string; and David Jones knew that Robert Broseley was not the sort of man to tie up sandwiches, even if he went so far as to wrap them in paper. But why only one lady? where was the other?

He was riding on as he turned this question over and over, and presently he came upon the hoof-marks which proceeded from the direction in which he was going and which got mixed up with the marks which he was following; they were, too, evidently made by the same shoes whose tracks he had found on the Melbourne road.

"The parson again," he muttered. "He came to meet her, whoever she is; and he's gone, by jingo, and left her to go on without him. That's strange!" He pulled at his grey beard and rubbed his head reflectively. "And where's she going? There's no station in this direction, there's nothing that I know of; and it don't lead to nowhere. Well, I'll soon see. A lady riding solitary and alone and going—nowhere!"

His horse was beginning to show signs of weariness and he had to ride slowly; the sun was sinking, night-fall would be upon him; and the problem still unsolved! Then, suddenly, in the midst of his perplexity there arose the neigh of a horse; his own pricked up its ears and answered joyfully, and the little man's heart rose again; for something told him that the neigh came from the horse he was following.

Now, all unconscious of the approach of a rescuer, Carrie and Milda sat hand in hand waiting for and dreading Robert Broseley's return. After he had left them the two girls had clung together, almost speech-

less, for some minutes. It was Milda who first recovered her self-possession; and, reversing the usual order of things, it was she who soothed Carrie, instead of Carrie soothing her.

"I'm all right, indeed I am all right, dearest!" she assured her. "I was only frightened—oh, very frightened—but I am not afraid any more, now that you are here. How did you find me, how did you come?"

Carrie told her, and Milda listened, repressing a shudder as she realised how cunningly Robert Broseley had plotted her capture.

Then she told Carrie all that had happened to herself, and, as she went on, Carrie's threatened collapse passed away and gave place to a burning anger and indignation.

"The villain! the scoundrel!" she exclaimed. "He must be mad to think that he could force you to marry him. You marry him, while Byrne—"

The crimson flooded Milda's face, and she drew a deep sigh. If Byrne could only know the peril she had been in, was still in!

"And he will come back," said Carrie; "come back with that man, the clergyman! But he can do nothing now, now that I am with you; a hundred clergymen should not marry you to Robert Broseley, while I am here. But what shall we do, Milda? We are shut up here, we are prisoners. Think of it, and this is the twentieth century! It's more like a novel than the truth. Is there no way of getting out?"

She sprang to the window and shook the heavy shutter, but it was strongly barred from the outside, and, of course, resisted all her efforts to open it. The thick door stood as steadily, and she came back to the fire and looked round her despairingly.

"And I am so hungry!" she said, presently, as if she could not help it. "And you, Milda; when did you last have anything to eat? I suppose he doesn't mean to starve us; or was that part of his plan?"

She went to the locker and uttered a cry of satisfaction as she lifted the lid.

"No, there is some food here," she said; "here are some biscuits and some dried beef and some tea. Come, we are better off than I expected."

She made some tea and put out the food on the table, and persuaded Milda to take some.

"Here is a piece of bread, but there is nothing to cut it with."

She looked round the hut for a knife, but there was nothing nearer to one than an axe, which lay in a corner, covered by some mealy sacks, and had evidently been forgotten.

She broke the bread and moistened it with some of the tea, and they ate that and some of the biscuits. And then they sat before the fire, hand in hand, too tired, too oppressed by anxiety to talk. The hours passed; Carrie felt herself falling asleep, but shook herself and sprang to her feet. It would never do to sleep; she wanted to meet Robert Broseley all alert, with all her wits awake. She fell to pacing up and down, like a prisoner indeed, and in the course of doing so she moved the rug on the couch and caught sight of the revolver.

"Why, what is this?" she exclaimed, looking at Milda.

Milda coloured, and her face went pale and her lips set resolutely.

"It is his," she said. "I snatched it from his belt. I—I nearly shot him."

"You did!" exclaimed Carrie, flinging her arms around her and giving her a hug. "But why didn't you quite? I would have done so."

"I did better," said Milda, almost inaudibly. "I kept it for myself."

Carrie shuddered.

"But we've got it still!" she said, setting her teeth, her eyes flashing. "I shall have no scruples, as he will find. We've got this revolver and we've got—yes, there's the axe there."

Milda looked at it absently; then she sprang to her feet and caught up the axe.

"Carrie!" she exclaimed, her eyes alight, her bosom heaving with sudden hope. "The axe! And we never thought of it! Oh, how stupid women are compared with men! Don't you see?"

(To be Continued.)

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(To be Continued.)

**Evening 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 PRACTICAL, COMFORTABLE AND POPULAR UNDERGARMENT.



2158—Muslin, cambric, lawn, batiste, satin, silk and crepe may be used for this model. The ruffle supplies fullness at the lower edge. The garment may be finished in drawers style, or serve as a chemise, or chemise petticoat.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 35-38; Large, 40-42; and Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size Medium requires 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material.

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

A CHARMING DRESS FOR PARTY, DANCING AND BEST WEAR.



1937—Junior Dress.

This model could be attractively developed in blue or pink crepe, crepe de chine or messaline, with a waist of chiffon, mull, net or lace. The over-blosure forms a tunic over the skirt. It is cut in deep points in back and front, outlining the waist, which may be full or plain, over the front. The sleeve is nice in wrist or elbow length.

The dress may be developed without tunic and over-blosure. It is good for serge, gabardine, poplin and wash materials, nice for taffeta and cloth combined, and would be lovely in satin and chiffon. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 3 3/4 yards for the dress and 3 yards for the over-blosure, for a 14-year size, in 27-inch material.

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

ASK FOR MINARD'S LINIMENT AND TAKE NO OTHER.

**Public Notice!**

The attention of the public is called to the seriousness of the COAL situation.

There is at present in St. John's a quantity of coal ready for immediate delivery. Those who are able to stock coal for the coming winter would be well advised to secure same immediately.

Coal which has to be stored for autumn delivery is liable to be much more expensive because of possible shortage of supply, shortage of tonnage and because of an additional charge for cost of storage.

Buy now and you not only save money for yourself, but you help to keep the price of coal from soaring to an excessive figure during the Winter and early Spring when navigation is closed.

R. A. SQUIPES,  
Colonial Secretary.

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**Sale of Hats and Millinery.**

BOYS' WHITE, KHAKI and COLOURED COTTON HATS, now only 19c. each.

BOYS' STRAW MAN-O-WAR HATS, now only 19c. each.

LITTLE GIRLS' STRAW HATS. Special values at 25c. and 30c. each.

All Ladies' and Misses' White, Cream and Coloured Straw and Tazel Hats

left in stock, all reduced to

**Less Than Cost**  
to clear.

Whilst we are making you these special prices on Hats, we will also give you Cheap Millinery to trim same, for during this Hat Sale we offer

All Flowers and Feathers in stock at a Discount of Twenty Per Cent.

**HENRY BLAIR.**

September Patterns and Fall Fashion Book on Sale.

A free pattern, your own choice, with Fashion Book.

**CHARLES HUTTON,**  
Sole Agent for Newfoundland.

"CLOVER LEAF" TOBACCO, 10c. Plug.

"WEDGE" Positively the Best in Newfoundland 17c. Cut.

"MILK MAID" Black Chewing Tobacco, 7c. Plug.

**A. V. Duffy,**  
New Gower Street.

Advertise in The Evening Telegram



**Blood Purifier**

SO INSIDIOUSLY does blood-poisoning creep upon a person, that it is often a simple wound. By promptly applying Dr. Chase's Ointment you thoroughly antiseptic, and that no serious development.

Mr. Torger Olson, Melfort, Sask., on my finger in thrashing, and it was to the doctor twice, and he says they didn't help. The sore grew worse away up over the shoulder. It was finally, I read of Dr. Chase's Ointment box and I had only applied it twice and got another, and the two boxes and the healing qualities of Dr. Chase's phenomenal success as a cure for forms of skin disease which defy all

**Dr. Chase's**  
60 cents a box, all dealers, or Edman, use, go to the druggist who does not. Trade supplied by GERALD S. John's, Agent for Nfld. Samples

**Duty.**

When the Budget is read in the Parliament House And the eloquent ministers there Expound to a listening open-eyed crowd Of the Exchequer's need of repair; When brains in a labyrinth lost for an hour, Grow dizzy with figures that stun, That's the time when a measure of duty is sprung. Not a bit like the duty you wrought, Soldier man, Not a bit like the duty you've done, Soldier man.

But it is of the kind That counts most, do you mind, So the men at the counting house say: The duty you've done in the teeth of the foe Doesn't count at the Customs to-day, Soldier man, Root down in your pockets and pay.

When you crouched in the trench for the fanl command, When you yelled on the wrecked barricade, When over the plain swept the red hurricane And you led in the deadliest raid; In that hour of blood when ye rushed thro' the wood, Tho' the Boches were there two to one, When the hot breath of hell from the batteries fell, There a full share of duty you've done, Soldier man, There a full share of duty you've done, Soldier man.

But what worth is it now What you did anyhow? What e'er the despatches may say, The duty you've done in the teeth of the foe Doesn't count at the Customs to-day, Soldier man, Root down in your pockets and pay.

**Everyday Etiquette.**

"I spent the week end at the lovely country home of the Deans, and I feel so sad to think I cannot return their hospitality. You see, I have no home to entertain my friends in. I do wish

**And the Worst is**

