Love That Knew No Bounds. CHAPTER IX.

The rector gave a covert glance at his friend. ("Just a device of that deep young person's to set me free," he explained afterward; "the lads work like Trojans if she's present!") "Oh, come, by all means," he agreed mission Sydney would have left-"are you going by the Dacies'? Then will you take these club papers?" (It was a poor folks' club, mainly kept afoot from the rector's pocket come to me in a muddle, but I'll look in on Monday and set them straight.

"That's how you are going to lux uriate, is it?" laughed Sydney. Ther setting the honeysuckle in a plum trick of gorgetting his food or giving it away-she was renewing her good with politeness, and insisted on carrying the account-books as far as the Gate House; he had seen Dr. Dacie once, and promised to call to-day, so off the two went together.

The gentleman opened the conver sation quite cleverly as soon as the rectory door was closed.

"Mr. Vaughan," said he, "seems find plenty to occupy him even in this sleepy little place;" and Sydney, he lins easily unlocked on such a theme waxed eloquent over the wide labors of their mutual friend; telling of his are, they may turn him into a hero. goodness to the lads under his roo and to herself, with an animated warmth which was-so Richard Drayton thought-extremely girlis and extremely pretty. He brough her to a check, though, by saying Mr Vaughan had boasted of having he to help him.

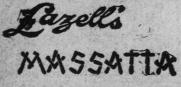
"Me!" cried Sydney, with a stron suspicion she was being made fun o -her home experience had ingrained in her nature mistrust of her own powers-"me, indeed! I am afraid furtively eying this middle-aged flat terer, "you are joking!"

"Not at all," Mr. Drayton hastened to answer her. "I have been hearing of your good offices in countles ways_vours and Miss Dacie's."

"Ah, Mary's now," said Sydney, in stantly acquiescent. "She is wortl something! Why, Mary Dacie is right hand to father and mother and rector, and I don't know whom be sides, and," blazoning out her friend' perfections with a triumph that light ed and vet softened all her own features, "she is not like any one else I know: she is a heroine."

"Have Miss Dacie's lines lain mucl out of the common, then, to earn he such a title?" asked Mr. Drayton thusiasm, and quite ready for more Compared with Sydney, oh, how old weigh that of a couple of raw boys of it.

through all her girl-years without the least share of such pleasures as





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nost girls have. And all through she nas been just what I told you, without ever flagging. They had a great is always bright, always brave, al-

"Always patient, always brave," re- shall I do-go or stay?" neated Mr. Drayton, "Ah, I suppos ine-or hero." And astride that phrase his thoughts seemed silently to travel for some seconds, whither, strangely enough, Sydney followed you want to-improve it."

"You are thinking of that-was it school-fellow of yours-you told me of yesterday?"

"Yes. How did you find that out,

Miss Alwyn?" "Because I had been thinking of him, too, this morning. Perhaps"esitating, for she was on totally unknown ground-"whatever his losses

"H-m!"-Mr. Drayton smiled rimly-'I can't imagine the dawn of hat day yet. I'm afraid it's easier or such as he to be brave than to be patient. And he's lost—"

"His money? All of it?" Sydney each other extremely well. uestioned: even her knowledge of ife told her how often that was the

"Not money alone. Worse." not some one-or-no, not the only person he-loved?"

Such an innocent lighting up of her wn heart's depths was here, Richard Drayton could have smiled at this evelation, so purely womanly. But

"Then." said Sydney, simply, with nuch relief, "he can't be hopeless!" with which dogma they turned in at he Dacies' gate, and Mary, watching esterday, and wondered if this Mr. Orayton, looking down upon her, saw right." it, too. Then her own reflection, very risibly thirty; in a much-worn dress. Alwyn affronted.

Sydney turned to him her whole letermined, with unusual shriking quisitive and ill-mannered. Pray, did could do without her! But alas for so, with her most rare qualm of jealwhile Dr. Dacie hunted out his leader in the newspaper, explaining how 'Miss Alwyn spoils papa by reading eaving the caller, by special permission of the doctor and Sydney, listen-

> That noontime reading-one Sydney's grateful new ways to pay have been to Mr. Drayton's taste. On three successive days in the next week he appeared at the Gate House by Sydney's side, the two always, as Mary Dacie, with a faint aching not

"Mr. Vaughan," he told her, as they my going abroad again. Old roving habits, pull hard, Miss Alwyn. Yet his counsel is always wise. Which

"Stay, certainly," returned Sydney 'There's no place like home." "But suppose I haven't a home?"

"And you think"—with a hung-"you think I might-by and by-when I've turned myself round at Granfylde, find what I want to that end?"

"Then,' said Richard Drayton, I've looked Granfylde over and know sure." how I stand I shall be paying St Clair's another visit."

"And I promise you one welcome,

From her boudoir window Mrs. Al wyn could see, on the other side o the laurel hedge, a masculine felt accompanying Sydney's wide summer "Not," she felt impelled to ask on, straw. With a disfavoring frown she watched the retreating shoulders of her daughter's escort, asking, as Sydney entered irradiated with some bit

"Is that singular friend of Mr Vaughan's never going to leave? He 'ill-bred,' as he is a perfect stranger." "He never feels that with me,

heir approach, thought the girl had an's friends, we seem quite used to each other. The boys say he is a capital fellow, and I think they are

Leonora looked scandalized, Mrs.

"I consider, Sydney, that your molow plain, she looked! For once she I look on this Mr. Drayton as in-

she would not go to meet her girl- he investigate the different parts of friend and—the stranger. They England you have lived in, as he did Best Am Anthracite COAL with me on Friday?" (A stretch of her plan, the next moment her father imagination justified under Mrs. Alcalled. Here were club papers she wyn's private code of the permissi-"No, indeed, mamma, he did not.

We have only talked of St. Clair's shook hands with Mr. Drayton, and knew here. Nothing else. And Mr. Drayton leaves to-day, so he won't



Mrs. Alwyn's. So Sydney got lightly off for her misdemeanors, and he mother resumed the grand suavity which became her so well before the

This was Mr. Edward Duvesne, Miss Villier's health, an dof a message from the countess, over which Mrs. Alwyn silently sung paeans.

"Could she with her daughters spend an hour or two at Oakleigh Place on Saturday? She had had no time to see through the gardens properly last week Lady Comynghan so much hoped they would pay her a second visit while the place looked

well." Here was a flattering discrimination, an appreciative calling to come gagement would have kept her away. But instant acceptance would have been infra dig. So the eye-glass tion; a well-simulated uncertainty compelled a hunt through the dainty morocco "engagement" book, and at last the "Thanks, I think we are free on Saturday. We shall be very happy," was delivered with the best assumption of just moderate gratification Mrs. Alwyn could master. "Noth-"Make haste and find whatever ing at least," she amended her acceptance, "to deter my elder daughter and myself. Miss Alwyn must re-Sydney away Runert would think it strange-a son Mr. Duvesne, of the sort of shy pleasure beaming over his but no relation to my younger daugh-

Statutory Notice.

In the matter of the Estate of Patrick Malone late of St. John's, Cabman Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that all persons claiming to be creditors of, or who have any claim or demand upon or affecting the estate or assets of the said Patrick Malone, are required to send particulars of their claims, duly the Executor of the will of the said Patrick Malone, or to the undersigned fore the first day of May. A.D. 1914: and notice is hereby given that after the said Executor will proceed to dishaving regard only to the claims of which he shall then have had notice

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These Photos

The Newfo Enquiry

THOMAS MOULAND (swe ed by Mr. Hutchings, K. of the S. S. Newfound Her Captain was that morning, except t which was 7 or 8 miles an't say in what direction pany with the full crew o do this. About half v men did not inform me back. I thought they ed dark, and it looked ther was fine, with clear who turned back belon vatches. I with others tephano and reached weather was bad then, e a lot, pretty thick, blo n, went about 1/2 mile, en 3 and 4 o'clock. The r and Jones separated from before dark in the path elled in the morning. Wa king at dark, all hands. T increased, wind blowing ! was a ble milder. We divid bunches, and separate

with orders of master watche en't know for what reason ined with Artaur Mouland! to this may none of our v en out. We stayed there a night and I was there dnesday. The first man of o about norn on Wednesda know his name. During night and Thursday morn

h going clear of the other

ate pans. This was in acc

973 yards Lawn (1155 yards Balacla Ends Dress Goods Savory Roa

