



A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER VII.

Purley seated himself on the extreme edge of a chair, turning his cap over and over nervously and blinking at Carrington's face, which he could not see very plainly for Carrington had purposely turned his chair so that his back was to the light.

"I am sorry to come back and bother you again, Carrington," said Purley, deprecatingly; "but it's just this way: after I'd left you yesterday evening I happened to run up against a man I know. He was coming out of a restaurant in that thoroughfare; there's such a lot that I was quite confused-like, trying to make up my mind which I'd go into—"

Carrington tried to conceal his devouring anxiety under an air and attitude of ease, but his feet shuffled impatiently. Purley went on in his slow, hesitating fashion, which Carrington felt would drive him mad: "His name is Gilmore—Bob Gilmore—don't think you ever met him?"

Carrington shook his head. "I was out with him in Australia, and rather took a fancy to him. We'd got rather a good spec on in the cattle-ranching business, but something turned up at the last moment, as usual. Since then he's struck out for himself and seems to have done fairly well. He seemed pretty glad to see me, and though he'd just had his dinner, he went in with me and had a snack whilst I was eating mine—which is a kind thing for a man to do; for when you've just had your own grub you don't seem to care to watch other people feeding—least ways that's my experience. He told me what he'd been doing since we parted, and it 'pears that he's got a tidy ranch out there, and a good-sized herd. He seemed flush of money, sported a watch-chain as thick as a cable and a diamond ring and pin—you know the style, Carrington?—and after a bit he made me a proposal. He offered to take me on as a kind of partner. I was to invest a small sum and go over there with him. He ain't married, and feels rather lonely, you see; and we always did get on very well together."

Carrington's heart beat thickly. The shares! Had he parted with the shares? Did he know their value? "I told him that I wasn't figuring as a capitalist just now; that I was down on my luck, in fact."

Carrington smothered a sigh of relief and covertly wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"He was took aback for a minute or so, but after we'd had another whiskey he made me an offer. He said that if I'd pay my passage out and invest, say, fifty pounds, 'not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith'—they were his words—he'd take me on as partner, but on the understanding that I should stick to the thing. He'd kind

of got the idea that I was sort of changeable. Strange kind of idea, wasn't it?" added Purley, with genuine surprise.

Carrington smiled in a mirthless way.

"Well, you are given to roaming, Josiah," he said. "But go on." "He said that it was to be understood that I should settle there, so's to look after the place when he fancied a run to Europe. It's an out-of-the-way spot, ever so many miles from the next station, and it 'pears that the postman doesn't call every morning, if he calls at all. But that kind of place I like; gives you plenty of room to move about in and plenty of time to think. I hate town."

"Did—did you close with him?" asked Carrington, speaking with difficulty.

Purley fumbled with his cap, and looked at Carrington with mild surprise.

"How could I?" he asked. "I ain't got the money. It would take a couple of hundred pounds, reckoning fare and outfit. No, I couldn't close with him. I wish I could. But it was too good to refuse definitely—"

"Yes, yes," assented Carrington with suppressed eagerness.

"I thought you'd say so," continued Purley, mildly. "I asked Gilmore to give me till to-morrow morning, eleven o'clock; and I—I came on here to see if there wasn't a chance of your helping me. You know you said it was up and down with a citizen, and though you was down yesterday I thought you might be up to-day."

Carrington nodded encouragingly. "I did think of offering him them shares," said Purley, ruminatingly. "But somehow I didn't like to. If they wasn't any use to you, they wouldn't be any use to him."

Carrington held his breath, the blood was rushing up to his head, and the veins in his forehead were swelling. "It's a good chance for me," said Purley, "and if I could take it, it would be a kind of settlement. To tell you the truth I am tired of wandering about, and I should like to settle down for the rest of my life. I thought, perhaps, you might be able to strain a point and lend me the money. I'd pay you back—part of it at any rate—out of my first receipts. I wouldn't bother; but I don't know anybody else to go to. I don't know anyone else in London, excepting Gilmore, and I only ran against him by chance."

Carrington turned his chair round to the table and ostentatiously got out his bank-book and appeared to consult it. He was praying for calm. What should he do? The man was ignorant of the fact that he was more than a millionaire; could he—Carrington—take advantage of that ignorance? The man was an old friend of his, and stood by him faithfully in the old days. To take advantage of him would be the worst kind of meanness. And yet the temptation to do so was terribly strong. Visions of vast wealth and all that he could do with it floated before his eyes. His fondness for and pride in the two girls increased the force of the temptation. He could do so much with the money. Of what use would it be to Josiah Purley? Fancy him with a million! It is ridiculous! Whereas he—Carrington—could do so much. Maids and Carrie were eminently fitted to shine in good society, to wear good dresses, rich jewels. He saw them splendidly clothed, carrying everything before them—his beautiful Maids, the light-hearted, pleasure-loving Carrie!

Carrington was standing almost behind him, and he turned upon the man with the sudden gesture of a wild animal despoiled of its prey.

So intense was his excitement and disappointment that he almost cried out; but he restrained himself. And it was as well that he did so; for Purley, after fumbling in one of his side-pockets, produced the pocket-book containing the shares.

"Here they are," he said. "I must have shifted them last night. I might have had my pocket picked in the streets." Carrington's blood ran cold with the idea, and he stretched out his hand, but drew it back cautiously. "Not that it would have mattered much, for the shares ain't worth anything, and there is nothing much else in the book."



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Still undecided, still throbbing under the temptation, he turned his chair round again, with his pass-book in his hand.

"I think I could manage it, Josiah," he said. "It is a splendid offer, and would just suit you; of course I see that, and I should be sorry for you to lose it. It's the chance of a life-time. Oh, no, you must seize it. I must make a little sacrifice and help you."

Purley cast a grateful glance at him. "It's very kind of you, Carrington; but it's like you. I knew you'd let me have the money if you could; and I'll let you have it back as I say. Meanwhile, I'll give you an I O U—you won't refuse that this time."

Carrington's heart sank and his hands grew clammy. Not a word about the shares. How was he to get them? At the prospect of losing them the temptation grew stronger, and he felt at that moment that he must have them all.

It is thus that the devil gets us; he's far too artful to swoop down upon us all at once; we should be too shocked by a sudden sight of the bait. He steals on us by degrees, so that we gradually get used to the crime he is luring us on to. And a big sin grows less by contemplation. A couple of days ago, if anyone had told Carrington that he would in forty-eight hours be capable of robbing a man of a shilling, Carrington would have been indignant and would have knocked the informant down—if he had happened to be a smaller man than himself; but now, as he stared at the floor, his great desire was to get hold of those shares, to rob his old friend.

"I don't know about an I O U," he said, doubtfully. "Two hundred pounds is rather a largish sum. As a strict matter of business I ought to have some security, oughtn't I, Josiah?"

"You ought," assented Purley in his slow way. "But I ain't got any security, and you know that."

Carrington rose and got out of reach of the man's eyes. "Well, there are those shares of yours," he said with a small laugh. "You offered me them yesterday. I might hold them—not that they're of any value—you say so yourself, don't you?"

Purley nodded. "Nary a cent," he said. "If you'd like to have them, say so."

"I may as well," observed Carrington, nonchalantly. "All right," said Purley. "I've got 'em here." He put his hand in his breast-pocket. "No, I haven't. I must have left them at the hotel."

Carrington was standing almost behind him, and he turned upon the man with the sudden gesture of a wild animal despoiled of its prey. So intense was his excitement and disappointment that he almost cried out; but he restrained himself. And it was as well that he did so; for Purley, after fumbling in one of his side-pockets, produced the pocket-book containing the shares. "Here they are," he said. "I must have shifted them last night. I might have had my pocket picked in the streets." Carrington's blood ran cold with the idea, and he stretched out his hand, but drew it back cautiously. "Not that it would have mattered much, for the shares ain't worth anything, and there is nothing much else in the book."

He held the shares out, and Carrington forced himself to take them slowly; and, with an air of indifference, tossed them on the table.

"I will give you an open cheque, old man," he said, and began to draw one; but presently he stopped. The man might discover the value of the shares and would come and redeem them; in any case he would repay the loan and demand the return of his shares. He—Carrington—was as far off getting possession of them as ever. His hand shook and he made a huge blot on the half-written cheque. Should he offer to buy half the shares? There would be a large fortune for each of them; but what was the use of a large fortune to Josiah Purley? He would not know what to do with it; he would be much happier away in the solitary ranch. Who knew? such a large sum of money might ruin him. He might take to drink—gambling. It was just such men as Josiah Purley who went a mucker when a large sum of money fell into their hands. He hesitated for a moment or two, then the devil conquered and got him hard and fast.

"Look here, Purley," he said, in a casual kind of way, and glancing over his shoulder. "I don't quite know what to do about these shares. I'm not anxious to hold them—there might be some liability—"

"There might," assented Purley, "but it ain't very likely. Who's going to stir up the old mine? The Roaring Jane has done her last roar. I'm sorry; for I put a lot of my heart into her."

(To be Continued.)

Could Not Lift Stick of Wood

World Almost Faint From Severe Pain in Back—Doctors Could Not Get the Kidneys Set Right.

Benton, N. B., June 12th.—A great many people suffer the results of deranged kidneys and do not understand the cause of trouble or the way to obtain cure. The writer of this letter suffered excruciating pains in the back and in vain his physician tried to cure him. For some reason or other his medicines did not have the desired effect.

Mr. E. C. Oils, Benton, Charlton County, N.B., writes: "I am glad to let you know how much your medicine has done for me. I suffered from my kidneys, which at one time were so bad I could not lift a stick of wood without getting on my knees, and then would almost faint from the pain in my back. I consulted a doctor about it, and he gave me some medicine, but it did not help me. My brother, who is a merchant, and carries all your medicines, advised me to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I got one box, and they helped me, so I got another one, and kept on until I had taken five boxes, which cured me. I have had no trouble with my back since, and am never without Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in the house. Last night I also suffered from piles. I used three boxes of your ointment, and it cured them. I can certainly recommend Dr. Chase's Pills and Ointment."

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ON THE FARM.

The farmer gladly toils all day, producing things we need, and in the fall he'll thresh his hay, and sell his nutmeg seed. The farmer's hogs are fine as silk, and they're acquiring sunburn; some between the farmer and the crowd, and so we pay the good long green and groan and swear aloud. I like to see the farmer get high prices when he can; he earns his coin in toil and sweat, he is an honest man. But 'twixt the farmer and the push, the speculator stands, a robber reaching for the cash with both his greedy hands. And though the land with plenty teams, there's famine all around; by speculators and their schemes our weary souls are ground.

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H. M. Attorney-General

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NOTICE.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that all creditors and other persons having any claims or demands against the Estates of Deceased Soldiers of the Newfoundland Regiment and of Deceased Sailors of the Newfoundland Royal Naval Reserve, the official notification of whose death shall have been first published in Newfoundland on or subsequent to the 1st day of March, 1917, are hereby required to send particulars in writing of their claims or demands to the undersigned at St. John's, Newfoundland, on or before the expiry of two months from the date of the first publication in Newfoundland of the official notification of death; after the expiry of said period of two months the assets of said Deceased Soldiers and Sailors will be distributed having regard only to the claims and demands of which notice shall have been given, and the person or persons responsible for the distribution of said Estates will not be liable for the assets of said Deceased or distributed to any person or persons of whose claims or demands notice shall not have been given in accordance herewith.

Dated this 27th day of March, 1917.

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GEO. NEAL

Newfoundland Boy at the University of Toronto.

Editor Evening Telegram.
Dear Mr. Editor,—It will doubtless be of interest to the people of Newfoundland to know that while the Terra Nova have been doing splendid academic work in many Universities of Canada and of the Old Land, while many have been distinguished themselves by deeds of valour on the battlefield, the students who have been called to represent their native land at the University of Toronto have been upholding the honour of their country and the College that sent them there.

In friendly encounters on the college campus our boys have shown themselves stout muscles and strong arms, and in college classes they have proved themselves not one whit inferior in scholarship to Canadian men. In a large University where over 4,000 students are enrolled each year the standard is high, and one must expect to meet able competitors; these can certainly be found in every class, yet our men have adapted themselves well, and in several instances have had the honour of leading their classes in University work.

Among recent graduates we mention the following named in Arts:—H. J. Goodyear, M.A.; John Line, M.A., B.D.; W. R. Mumford, M.A., B.D.; Alice Fenwick, B.A.; H. Colish, B.A.; W. G. Day, B.A. In Medicine:—C. P. Fenwick, M.D.; J. V. Follett, M.D.; J. C. Richardson, M.D.; H. M. Mossell, M.D. In Dentistry:—Ariel Benson, D.S.

This year's class contains the name of not fewer than six men from Newfoundland. Of these Edwin J. Pratt has received the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Dr. Pratt has been doing research work along psychological lines. His thesis written on the psychology of the New Testament has been highly commended by the University Board of Examiners, and they have already had a more worthy candidate for the Degree.

W. G. Day, of Old Perlican, qualified for his M.A. Four other boys—Alex Lacey, of Botwood; Stephen Butt, of Lunenburg; Thomas Ashbourne, son of Wm. Ashbourne, J.P., of Twillingate; Louis G. Hudson, son of A. G. Hudson, of Lower Island Cove, were granted standing as Bachelors of Arts.

All these men have done well, some having led their classes in the Honours lists. Lacey and Pratt hold gold medals for work in the philosophy course; Lacey holds a medal for work in Oriental languages; and A. Lacey for first class honours in Modern Languages. All are now filling positions of trust and responsibility. Pratt and Lacey have found places on the staffs of Canadian Universities. A. Lacey has recently been offered a position as instructor in French at Victoria College, and L. G. Hudson has been temporarily appointed to the staff of the Methodist College, St. John's.

These students are the product of our schools and colleges. As the Arts graduates, except Line and Mumford, are ex-pupils of the Methodist College, St. John's, they have recently left the Associate and Articulation classes of their Alma Mater for the more advanced work of Canadian Universities, and they are proud of the Principal and the teachers who instructed them and sent them forth. It might also be added that women at Toronto have not been lacking in patriotism. The theological students, W. J. Arms, N. Cole and F. G. Veir, have all three volunteered and are now serving the King.

Of this year's graduates A. Lacey, B.A., is engaged with men eminent in medicine and psychology, who are successfully treating paralyzed and disabled soldiers by use of massage and suitable apparatus for exercising atrophied muscles; Stephen Butt, D.S., is doing valuable work as Sergeant-Major in a branch of the Canadian Officers Training Corps, at Toronto; and Thomas Ashbourne, B.A., has gone overseas to receive a commission in

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