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A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER XXXII.

His brain, not very acute, set to work. After all, she was here, unprotected, far away from civilisation, subject to no other man's influence; could he not so wrest circumstance as to gain possession of her? He vaguely formulated a dozen plans, but none of them proved acceptable. That night he did not join the ladies under the verandah, but sat and drank until a late hour, and then went unsteadily to bed.

When he awoke the next morning, after a half-drunken slumber, he realised that it behoved him to be cautious. He had promised Maida that he would say nothing more of his love for her; he must be discreet and watchful. Something might turn up to help him, to place her in his power. Accordingly, the next day, he almost avoided her, and when he met her at meals and at other times, he was just friendly and no more, and, naturally, Maida was reassured. She thought that he had accepted her refusal, that he had become resigned. But, all the same, she worked up her old recitals and studied some new ones.

On the third day Robert Broseley rode out to one of the out-stations. He was to be away three days; his mother, and even Carrie, who found him amusing, deplored his absence, but Maida was more relieved than words can tell. The out-station lay at a considerable distance from Milda Wolda, and Robert met with an adventure. That is to say, he came upon a sundowner, who was tramping with his bundle over his rifle, towards the hut in which Robert was to sleep that night.

The sundowner wore a rusty, black coat and the fragments of a white necktie, and had an appearance, an expression about him different to the ordinary tramp.

He pulled up beside Robert's horse, and regarded him askant.

"Any station near?" he asked.

"Yes; Milda Wolda," replied Robert. "Are you in search of work?"

The sundowner nodded, and sat down on his haunches by the roadside, and Robert eyed him interrogatively.

"What can you do?" he asked.

The man looked round vacantly and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Most things," he replied. "I can turn my hand to most anything."

"You look like a new chum," said Robert. "What was your lay over there?"

He nodded his head in the direction of England.

"Over there, and over here, too, I am a parson," said the tramp. "I've seen evil days. I was a missionary, but things have gone wrong with me."

cattle-running. In fact, I'm useful at most things."

Robert leant back on his horse's hind-quarters and regarded him as the well-to-do man regards his brother in misfortune. Then, suddenly, an idea shot into his head: he was always thinking of Maida.

"You are a parson, are you?" he said. "A regular parson, I mean? What's your name?"

"My name is Ronald Smythe. And I am in Holy Orders," said the tramp, with a ludicrous assumption of dignity. But it was not ludicrous to Robert Broseley.

"You mean that you can christen and—marry, and all that?" said Robert.

"Of course," assented the man, with increased dignity. "Don't I tell you that I'm in Orders."

Robert Broseley, still leaning back on his horse, gazed across the plain vacantly. A nebulous plot was forming in his brain.

"Look here," he said. "I can give you some work—it's only out-station work; but I'll pay you well: you are sure you are a parson?"

"I am a member of the Established Church of England," said the man, with an air of pomposity which, even at that moment, tickled Robert.

He tossed his flask to the man. "Have a drink," he said.

The Reverend Ronald Smythe took a long drink at the whiskey and waited expectantly.

"Look here," said Robert. "I'm thinking I can find you something to do. You might look after an out-station of ours—I'm Robert Broseley, of Milda Wolda."

"I've heard of you, heard of Broseley," said Mr. Smythe.

"And heard no harm of us, I dare say," said Robert, with a touch of hauteur.

"That's so," responded Mr. Smythe, taking out a pipe and hunting for his tobacco-pouch, which proved to be empty.

MOTHER OF FOUR CHILDREN

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Expectant mothers should profit by Mrs. Cloyd's experience, and trust to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Free confidential advice had by addressing Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Free confidential advice had by addressing Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

MacCleod. "Ready, aye ready." "It wasn't the MacCleod's," said Maida, gently.

"Never mind," said Carrie. "It's a good enough motto anyway. 'Where are we going, Mr. Robert?'"

"I thought of going to the shepherd's hut," he said.

"Oh, no more picnics!" remonstrated Carrie. "I was nearly suffocated with the smoke last time."

"Oh, no," he said, quickly. "We'll just ride there and back; we shall be in, in time for lunch."

"It will be a sharp ride," remarked Carrie, as she left the room to put on her habit.

They started half an hour afterwards. Robert strove to be amusing as they rode along side by side; but every now and then he fell into profound silence and his dark brows gathered over his small black eyes.

When they had got about half-way to the hut, he pulled up and said: "There'll scarcely be time to reach the hut. What do you say if we make for the point and go round that way?"

"I'm willing," said Carrie. "I'm ready for anything so that we are back for lunch, for I feel the premonitory signs of absorbing hunger."

He laughed grimly and they rode on. When they had come to the point to which he had referred, he said: "We'll dismount here and give the horses a rest."

Carrie leapt from her saddle and as usual began to gather some of the flowers which starred the plain.

Robert Broseley watched her with knitted brow. Then he said, suddenly: "They're only scrubby things you have got; there are better in the valley beyond. You wait here, and I will get you some."

He rode away from her, and when he was hidden from her sight by the bend of the hill he turned his horse and rode, still out of her sight, towards Milda Wolda. He reached there an hour later. Maida was sitting under the verandah, thinking deeply, wondering how she should break her departure to Mrs. Broseley, who, she knew, loved both her and Carrie as if they were her own.

Robert Broseley pulled up his horse on his haunches and leapt from the saddle, and Maida rose intending to avoid him by going into the house; but he stopped her by a gesture.

"Don't go, Maida—Miss Carrington. I've something to tell you; it's bad news."

"Bad news!" echoed Maida. "Oh, what is it—Carrie, where is she?"

"It's about Carrie," he said. "Don't be alarmed; there's nothing to be frightened about. She has met with an accident—sprained her ankle—she is at the shepherd's hut—where we were the other day, you know."

Maida pressed her hand to her heart and bit her lip.

"I must go to her. Mrs. Broseley—"

"No, no," he said. "Don't alarm my mother. It isn't safe to frighten her—a sudden shock—she is not strong—as you know. If you'll come with me—you can take care of her."

He stood before her, his lids hiding his burning eyes, his lips tightly compressed.

Maida had no suspicion of his evil intent.

"I will come at once," she said, struggling to calm herself and keep her self-possession.

"Right," he said. "Just slip upstairs and get your habit on without my mother knowing. Don't be frightened—it's only a strain."

"I am not frightened—but—Oh, Carrie!" breathed Maida.

She ran upstairs and slipped on her habit and came down to him. No one had seen her; Mrs. Broseley was in the kitchen. Robert had got her horse saddled and was waiting for her round the corner of the house. She mounted—his great hand shook as he lifted her into the saddle—and they rode off.

(To be Continued.)

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William Frew Advertise in the Telegram

Capt. LeDrew Defends Himself

Editor Evening Telegram. Dear Sir,—I am writing you in reply to your paper of August 4 in which I was accused of leaving passengers behind at Portugal Cove. I am writing this in justice to myself and wish to state the facts of the case as they really were. Previous to doing I wish to say that I consider to be a most cowardly way to attack a man in the public press by using either an assumed name or a non-existent name. It is possible that the party (or parties) who wrote the letter have not got the courage of their convictions? If not, why not be manly and sign their name (or names), then I would at least have the satisfaction of knowing to whom I am replying. As it is in the dark, as it were, however, the true facts of the incident are as follows: On the day in question I waited at the wharf in Portugal Cove until the returning steamer and mail on board. On receiving the said passengers and mail (and there being no prospect of passengers in any way), I backed the steamer into the stream, which has always been (and still remains) the custom. After having backed away from the wharf and being turned around, thus heading for Bell Island and at the time being fully one-quarter of a mile on my way to Bell Island, I was notified that "cars were coming over the hill." This was the first and only notification I received regarding any "prospective passengers" having been left behind. Had I been notified previous to leaving the Cove that evening that returning passengers and others were on their way, I would have most willingly accommodated them; but as it was, I was notified, and as I said before, when I got the passengers and mail on board I went about my business. I trust that this explanation will be satisfactory to everybody concerned. It is truthful in every particular. You are all liable to make mistakes in this (apparent) on-duty course of duty. I shall be grateful if you will be kind enough to give this reply the same amount of publicity as that which was given to my accuser's accusations. I beg to remain, Sir, truly, JOHN E. LEDREW, Master S. S. Othello.

[The writer is mistaken as to an anonymous letter in our columns. The item published in the Telegram was not contributed by any correspondent under any name.—Ed.]

EASY WORK.

It's easy for the man who's rich to talk like some sages to fellow toiling in the ditch, some talk for meager wage to tell them that a 11 wealth dress, a frost, pretty near that everything a total loss.

FROM THE WRECK.—The sea Mary Cashin, Capt. Harvey, escaped port yesterday with another load of freight salvaged from the wrecked ship Kristiania. The 3rd Prize of \$10.00 for Stafford's Lucky Number Competition was won by Mrs. Parsons, 96 Springdale St. Lucky number was 1556.—aug3,17

BULL RUN

BY CARL ED

He'll Go to the Willie House If These Auto Agents Don't Let Up Just a Bit On Him!