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**A Child of Sorrow.**

CHAPTER XXI.

He drew back, and watched her with longing, wistful eyes as she entered her room. Then he went down stairs to Glassbury.

"I have sent some men to take down those arches and things," said Glassbury. "Ethelreda will, of course, stay the night—will stay through it all. My poor old chap! How is Maida? You have seen her—spoken to her?"

"Yes," said Heroncourt, his head bent, his brows knit, with grief and a mental questioning. "I have seen her and spoken to her. She is—yes, calm. She does not realise it yet—she—almost frightens me. There is something strange about her—She will not let me touch her, comfort her." Glassbury laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"My dear fellow, she is completely knocked over. I know what it means. Women are like that when they are over-wrought. Ethelreda—Lady Glassbury had come into the hall to them—go up to Maida; she is with Carrie."

But Lady Glassbury shook her head.

"Not yet," she said. "They are better alone. Byrne, you look white as death; you'll be ill."

She drew him into the drawing-room, where Ricky and Mr. Spinner were waiting for news, Ricky looking as white as Heroncourt, and eyeing Lady Glassbury wistfully.

"How is she, Lady Glassbury?" he asked.

"She is with Carrie. Carrie is asleep," said Lady Glassbury.

"Asleep?" murmured poor Ricky. "I am glad of that."

It was after Carrie he had inquired. Mr. Spinner stood with his hands clasped behind him, his head bent,

looking grotesquely like some queer bird on a perch.

"Terrible business!" he said, in an undertone, and addressing no one in particular. "So sudden! Seemed in the best of health—or nearly so. Fortunately all his affairs are straight; splendid man of business! Happened to know he made his will in a quite regular way and properly executed, a week or two ago; administration will be quite easy. Everything quite straight. Just sent a man down to the town for an undertaker; someone must see to these things; very sad, very sad! Glad to be of any use. Great loss to the county; go liberal, and—energetic. We miss him in the city; had a hand in ever so many things. Stupendous estate—million—two—more, perhaps. Very sad, very sad."

Maida found Carrie still asleep, though her sleep was broken by moans and sobs. Maida sat beside the bed, her hands tightly clasped in her lap, her face white and set, her eyes gazing vacantly into the past and the future. She had lost her father, the father she had loved so dearly; she had lost the newly-gotten wealth. Ah, but that was nothing; the wealth had never been very sweet to her; she herself, would let it go without a pang. But had she not lost something else?

A pang went through her heart like the stab of a knife. They were poor now, as poor as they had been a few months ago; Byrne could not marry a woman who was poor. She had lost him.

Her lips quivered, a sigh broke from her, and she felt as if a weight were crushing down upon her heart. Perhaps, not until that moment, did she know how much she loved him. Why, his very presence made the joy of her life; to be able to look at him, to feel his eyes upon hers, meant happiness. And she had lost him. She would have to separate from him. They would be parted and see each other no more. Parted! It was as if her heart were to be torn from her bosom. To live for all the rest of her life without him; without the touch of his loving hand, the kiss, the passionate kiss of his lips, the murmured words of love! Oh, it was not to be borne. Death itself would be preferable. And yet it must be! Justice, the justice to which her father had assented by his last look, had stepped between them with upraised sword. The ill-gotten money had given Byrne to her; the ill-gotten money, which had taken to itself wings, would bear Byrne away with it.

She rose and paced the room, her hands writhing together in mute agony. Suddenly, mechanically, she stepped before the bureau, and, scarcely knowing what she did, took out the papers and deeds which Mr. Spinner had given her. Still as mechanically, she carried them to the electric light, and, purposely, turned them over. She read her name and Byrne's amidst the legal phraseology:

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Try a bottle of H.P. to-day.

**BRITISH MADE**

They were joined in this insistent parchment, their living hearts were to be parted. As mechanically, she took up another paper. It was headed "Memorandum of agreement between the Earl of Heroncourt and Archibald Spinner."

She looked at it with dull eyes, at first not understanding its meaning; but gradually it dawned upon her. It was an agreement by which Heroncourt promised to pay Mr. Spinner a large sum on Heroncourt's wedding-day.

She knew that Mr. Spinner had given it to her by mistake with the other papers. She shuddered and let the paper fall and stood looking at it. It emphasised the barrier which had come between them.

How could Byrne pay this money if he married her, ruined and penniless? No, this agreement made her course still more clear. She was poor, as poor as she had ever been in the old days; Byrne must marry a rich woman. She had lost him. "All is lost save honor," she said to herself, with a bitterness of misery and despair, as she threw herself on her knees beside the bed and hid her face in her hands.

CHAPTER XXII.

The death of the great millionaire had been so sudden that almost before the county had had time to realise that he had vanished from the scene, the funeral was upon them.

Never in the memory of even the oldest inhabitant had there been such a funeral.

He was to be buried, in accordance with a wish he had once expressed, in the little churchyard at Heroncourt; and the church itself was indeed so small that it could not contain the large number who came down by special train from London, and flocked from all parts of the neighborhood, to attend the obsequies of the man who had sprung into notoriety in a day, and had passed away after only a few months' enjoyment of his vast wealth.

It was in vain that Maida and Carrie both tearfully begged that the father they had loved, notwithstanding his weaknesses, perhaps because of them—for, oh, my brothers and sisters, do not run away with the idea that we are loved for our virtues or our talents; it is more often for those little weaknesses at which our friends laugh and which we in secret deplore—should be committed to his rest in modest and humble quietude. His death had created a sensation in the financial world, leaders had been written about his swift uprising and down-cutting, and not only representatives of the companies and affairs in which he was connected, but a large number of others, impelled by curiosity, helped to swell the crowd which surged through the little churchyard and crammed the sacred edifice where the timid rector, scared to death by the excitement and the sensation, read the service in nervous accents.

The strain of all this would have been stretched beyond the point of endurance, and Maida and Carrie would have broken down altogether but for Lady Glassbury. She was that truest friend—the one in need—and she remained at the Towers and watched over the two girls as an elder sister might have done.

Carrie's grief was pitiful to witness; but Maida's demeanour impressed Lady Glassbury by its quiet

fortitude and unyielding repression. The girl's manner troubled Lady Glassbury, and filled her with a sense of foreboding; for she had once or twice in her life before met with instances of this unnatural calm, and remembered that they had, in all cases, been followed by an utter breakdown.

Heroncourt was more troubled even than Lady Glassbury; for Maida still kept him at arm's length.

"Something seems to have come between us," he said, as he stood in the drawing-room of the Towers on the morning of the funeral. "She seems to—yet, to actually avoid me; and when we meet she will scarcely speak; and when she does, speaks to me as if I were—were just a friend and no more; and not a great friend at that."

Lady Glassbury looked at his pale face and knitted brow sympathetically.

"It is the sudden shock, Byrne," she said, soothingly. "She is fighting against her grief for the sake of Carrie; but you'll see, she will break down after the funeral, and then she will come to you—ah, yes! she will come to you naturally, as a woman comes to the man she loves. Wait and be patient, Byrne."

The two girls followed their father to the grave, passing through a lane made by the great crowd, who cast glances of respectful pity at the closely veiled figures. Heroncourt stood near them by the grave, with Ricky on Carrie's side. Once the boy had to take her arm, she trembled and shook so with weeping; but there was no need for Heroncourt to support Maida, whose tears flowed silently, and whose form stood immovable and statuesque; but, though he drew her arm within his as he led them to their carriage, she seemed quite unconscious of his presence, and made no response to his tenderly whispered words of love and consolation.

The two girls went to Maida's room for a short rest; but it could only be a short one, for the reading of the will was to take place after lunch, and of course they would have to be present.

Maida sent away the maid, and, with her own hands, took off Carrie's hat and heavy veil.

"You must try and be strong, Carrie, dear," she said, forcing her own voice to be steady. "You and I are alone in the world, and must help each other to bear the burden of our sorrow. And there is something more, Carrie, dear. There is something I have to tell you. I have kept it from you as long as I could; but you must know it now. You will promise to be brave and to try and understand—but, ah! you will understand; you will feel as I do, and know that we must do it—not only for our sakes, but for his. Listen, Carrie, dear, and don't speak, if you can help it, until I have quite finished."

(To be Continued.)

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

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2115—This apron may serve very well as a house dress, and with the "cool" neck and sleeve, is especially attractive for warm weather.

The Pattern is nice for chambray, gingham, linen, drill, percale, alpaca, Jean or sateen. It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 22-24; Medium, 26-28; Large, 30-32; Extra Large, 34-36 inches bust measure. Size Medium will require 5 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

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<b>OX TONGUE, POTTED MEATS. (Glass.)</b>	<b>CAKES—</b> Moir's, Johnston's.
<b>JACOBS'—</b> Ginger Wafers. Ice Wafers. Cream Crackers.	<b>DURKEE'S SALAD DRESSING.</b>

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**TO-DAY'S Messages.**

**10.30 A.M.**

**THE MESOPOTAMIA DEBATE.**

LONDON, To-Day.

When the debate on Mesopotamia was resumed in the House to-day Sir Archibald Williamson, a member of the Commission which investigated the Mesopotamia campaign, defended his findings. Full justice could not be done the report, he said, without considering the evidence on which the Commission acted. If the details were published they would deepen the sad impression created by the report. Premier Lloyd George expressed regret at the resignation of J. Austen Chamberlain, Secretary for India. He was surprised at the action of the Secretary but it was part of the sensitive honour that animated all Chamberlain's motives. The Premier added that every attainable remedy had been applied to meet the deficiencies of the system which were called forth in the Mesopotamia report. As affecting individuals, the point was whether they made the best of the system with which they had to work. If they were guilty, punishment ought to follow; but before being punished they were entitled to a fair, impartial and judicial review of the facts. The soldiers concerned were legally entitled to a full investigation, and nobody could doubt that the civilians were entitled to the same protection as the soldiers. Lloyd George thought the inquiry suggested by the Government was the best method, but if the House desired a statutory inquiry the Government would acquiesce. The Government did not desire to shield any person responsible for the catastrophe in Mesopotamia, the Premier said, but was bound to point out that for the latter part of the three or four days the Army Council, the chiefs of the Army and War Cabinet and both Houses of Parliament had been engaged in discussing methods which had nothing to do with the practical prosecution of the war, and all this time events on which the whole future of civilization depended were happening. In conclusion the Premier begged the House to realize its responsibilities and to urge and help the Government get on with the war.

**SOLD ATTEMPT BUT WILL FAIL.**

AN ATLANTIC PORT, To-Day. Eleven neutral steamers loaded with grain and other cargoes, which could not be exported except under license from President Wilson's embargo proclamation becomes effective on Monday, cleared from this port to-day for European ports without British letters of assurance, and will attempt to run the Allied blockade.

**TO RUN THE BLOCKADE.**

AN ATLANTIC PORT, To-Day. The neutral ships to risk the blockade are ten Dutch and one Scandinavian. They have been lying at the docks here for some time while waiting for orders to be issued from the British authorities the usual letters of assurance which would permit passage to their destination. Besides rain the ships carry a great quantity of meat cake and other cattle feed, included under the terms of the embargo proclamation. No statement is available to-night from those directly interested in the transaction, but it is presumed that the shipping companies decided to take a chance on the British blockade and Admiralty Courts if necessary.

**LL INVESTIGATE GERMAN AIR RAIDS.**

LONDON, To-Day. Premier Lloyd George and General Smuts will undertake a general investigation of German air raids over London.

**TOWED SPANISH STEAMER TO PORT.**

LONDON, To-Day. The Spanish steamer Eolo was towed

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**BULL RUNN**

