



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

A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER VI.

"Better," she said, with a little shrug of her shoulders. "You need not be there very long; besides it will be rather a good show than otherwise."

"What do I care for shows?" he asked.

"That Miss Carrington is going to recite," she said. "Glassbury said you liked her the other evening."

"Oh, very well, if you insist."

"I do," she said, with a smile. "Don't be late. Tell them to drive me home."

Heroncourt walked away, half-regretting his promise and wholly displeased with himself. Why should he go and see and hear the girl again; and why hadn't he told Lady Glassbury of the adventure on the pavement and his visit to Coleridge Street? The girl was getting on his nerves.

He lunched at his club and in the afternoon set out moodily for Manchester Square. Lady Dorrington's rooms, spacious as they were, were already crowded when he entered, and he had some difficulty in getting to Lady Glassbury. The latest pianist was playing Wagner, so that Heroncourt, with the rest of the crowd, was free to indulge in conversation.

"It was kind of him," she said; "but was it wise of you to accept?"

"You mean that I shall miss it when I have to turn out again?" he said, gravely.

"Yes; it will be hard for you. You'll have got used to the place—grown fond of it. But perhaps you

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will not have to leave it—at any rate for long."

There were one or two heiresses present, and as she spoke her eyes wandered over them.

"For Heaven's sake, leave that idea of yours alone—at any rate until I am driven right into a corner," he said, grimly.

At that moment the talking suddenly ceased, and Maida went to the piano. There is nothing so successful as success. Many of those present had heard her at Lady Glassbury's and were prepared to be pleased. Her triumph was complete in every sense; but no one of the audience was more impressed and affected than Heroncourt, though he did not applaud, and managed, by a great effort, to retain his usual impassive expression; but the effort irked him, and, as Maida took her encore, he rose and made his way to a conservatory adjoining the big room. A portion of the audience had overflowed into it; but, a little apart and by herself, sat Carrie, her hands clasped tightly in her lap, her girlish face all alight with joy and satisfaction. Unnoticed by her he went and stood beside her, and stood quite still until Maida's recitation was over; then he said:

"You must be very happy, Miss Carrie?"

She started and turned to him swiftly; then, as she recognized him, she smiled with surprise and a frank welcome.

"Oh, is it you?" she exclaimed. "Happy! I should think so! Didn't she do it beautifully? Isn't she wonderful?"

"She is," he said. "Your sister is a genius, Miss Carrie."

"She is going to do something else," said Carrie, craning forward eagerly; "but they are going to let her rest awhile. Isn't it a triumph? Of course, I always knew she would succeed. And doesn't she look beautiful?"

Heroncourt did not smile at the girlish enthusiasm, but nodded, gravely.

"Your sister ought to be on the stage," he said. "No! I beg your pardon; she shouldn't."

Carrie looked up at him with a glance of comprehension.

"Oh, no; that would be far too common for Maida," she said. "She wouldn't like it; neither should we. Of course she would succeed on the stage; but—well, we are poor but proud. Maida can always be herself while she just recites like this. Besides, the stage would be too hard work for her; not that she isn't strong, though she looks so delicate and fragile. Maida is really a fraud in that respect," she added, with a little confidential nod. "Of course, she would earn more money at the theatre; and that's of importance to us, because we are poor—as you saw when you called the other day."

"I am afraid I committed a breach of etiquette the other day," he said. "Your sister was displeased." Carrie coloured slightly.

"Well, yes, she was," she admitted, with her usual candour. "Maida has some very strange ideas—no, they are quite proper ones. You see, you are a stranger; though, of course, you went to her aid the other night and found her bracelet. Did you see that she has got it on to-day? You are quite a stranger in the ordinary sense—we don't know your name."

At that moment Maida began again, and they were both instantly silent. In the thunder of applause and her excitement Carrie, quite forgot him, and she sprang to her feet to await Maida. The slim figure approached them. There was a slight flush on Maida's face, her deep grey eyes were glowing with her triumph, and Carrie sprang forward and grasped her arm with a deep drawn "Oh, Maida!"

Maida pressed Carrie's hand, and was about to speak, when she caught sight of Heroncourt, and she checked herself; her brows drew together and she turned her eyes from him coldly.

Heroncourt saw the expression felt the coldness. He knew that he ought to walk away; but somehow he could not. He felt that he must speak to her.

"May I join my congratulations with your sister's? may I express my gratitude, Miss Carrington?" he said. Maida scarcely looked at him.

"Thank you very much," she said. "Carrie, we may go now."

"You will let me get you a cab?" he asked, with as much respect, and indeed, reverence, as he had ever addressed any woman in his own class; but Maida made a little gesture of refusal.

"Thank you; there is no need," she said; "we can get one quite easily ourselves."

She walked away from him, and Carrie followed her. But Carrie paused for a moment and looked back at him with a half-appegetic, half regretful expression on her eloquent face, and with a moue on her lips, as if she would say, "You see? It's no use. I can't help it. It's not my fault!"

Heroncourt responded with a no and a little smile; but the smile was rather a grim one. The girl had a good as cut him. It was quite certain that whenever and wherever he might meet her again, he would have no right to address her.

By the time they reached home it was the hour at which Mr. Carrington generally returned for high tea; but he was not there. At that moment he was seated at his desk in the grimy little office with his head upon his hands. He had had a very bad day. He had succeeded in raising a loan at his bank, and had transacted a little business; but most of the time he had wandered about the city and along the streets of the Strand in which the small hotels favoured by country folk and Colonials most abound.

He knew it was no use looking for Josiah Purley, yet he could not refrain from the futile search. He had come back to the office instead of going home to tea, because he knew that he could not face the two girls. He was looking a wreck of his former self; the sleepless, haunted night, and the tollsome day, with its futile hunting, had painted dark shadows under his eyes and graven deep lines about his mouth. The sherry bottle and a glass stood on the table, and the bottle was empty. He had eaten nothing all day, and the cheap and rather fiery wine had half-muddled him. He felt confused and bewildered, vaguely conscious of the doom which threatened him, and of the fortune which he had missed; and the sun filtering through the dusty window-pane made the room hot and his brain heavy. Presently his head began to nod, and after awhile it fell on his arm which leaned upon the table and he sank into sleep, a deep, but uneasy sleep, in which he saw, like a vision, his own ruin, a vivid presentment of the bankruptcy court and his own death. His two girls would be left fatherless and penniless; he dreamt that he saw them wandering hand in hand about the London streets.

His dream was suddenly dispersed, and he was awakened by a deprecatory touch on his shoulder. He raised his head slowly and turned his heavy, sleep-laden eyes; then he sprang to his feet, and gripping the chair, as if to keep himself from fall-

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ing, stared and gasped. "Purley!" he exclaimed.

Josiah Purley stood and looked at him with a deprecatory and apologetic expression.

"You've—you've come back!" panted Carrington.

"Yes, I've come back—couldn't help myself. Sorry to intrude, Carrington; sorry to bother you."

Carrington struggled for self-possession, and moistened his lips, glancing at Purley's commonplace, apologetic face furtively.

"That's all right," he said. "Glad to see you. I—I was just taking a snooze. Been very busy all day. Sit—sit down."

"Was he still dreaming? Could it be possible that the man stood there before him in flesh and blood?"

"Why had he come back? Had he learnt the value of the shares? Did he know that the Roaring Jane was worth millions, and that he possessed nearly all of it?"

These questions darted through his mind. He felt sick with suspense, apprehension, the throbbing of an impossible hope.

"Sit down, old man," he said, forcing a smile. "What's the news?"

(To Be Continued.)

Nerves Weak Head Hysterics

Orilla Lady Tells of Her Pitiable Condition When the Nerve Food Way and She Became Sleepless, Irritable and Excited.

Orilla, Ont., June 11th. — There is an abundance of proof found right here in Orilla that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is unrivalled as a means of forming new, rich blood and building up the exhausted nervous system. At this season almost everybody feels the need of restorative, tonic treatment to keep up vitality and ward off the tired, languid feelings. This letter will give you some idea of the splendid results to be obtained by using this great food cure:—

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2089—Crepe lawn, percale, albatross, cashmere, silk and satin are nice for this model.

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NOTICE.

Estates of Deceased Soldiers and Sailors.

Persons having the custody or knowledge of the existence of WILLS or other testamentary documents of Deceased Soldiers and Sailors, are requested to communicate with the undersigned.

R. A. SQUIRES,
H. M. Attorney-General
Address: St. John's, Nfld. mar28,29,30,31,m,t

NOTICE.

Estates of Deceased Soldiers and Sailors.

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 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.

R. A. SQUIRES,
H. M. Attorney-General
Address: St. John's, Nfld. mar28,m,t



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Atlantic Fleet

Most Powerful Sea Force the Flag is on Edge shop of War — Turning Out chantment in

With the United States Atlantic Fleet, May 24.—The big ships of the most powerful fleet ever under the American flag, when visited by a respondent of the Associated Press through arrangement with the Committee on Public Information, were working day and night to bring about the defeat of Germany on the sea. Ready for battle, they are spending the waiting period turning out ships and men.

The fleet, temporarily, is a workshop of war. Already it is turning out one of its finished products, the guns on American armed merchant ships. Its other products, the United States will use to feed the Allies—will be ready as soon as the ships are ready.

Five-inch guns, the kind principally used against submarines, are being by the hundreds. On the decks are turrets house long fourteen and twelve inch rifles—three or two on a turret. On high platforms guns are ready for defense against airplanes point to the sky. Brass is always shining, steel is always polished, paint is always new, decks are always white from scrubbing.

The men behind the guns have been shipmates in the war—they were manning the merchant ships when the man submarines. And other shipmates now are on duty aboard the destroyers operating with the British and French fleets. The men with the Atlantic Fleet are working to prepare themselves to avenge the killing of their mates.

Here's what happened the other day: A crew was practicing with a five-inch gun. A bluejacket about 17—he still had down on his chin—was pointing. He grasped handles of a broad brass wheel; his eye was steady at the end of a long shaft, through which he saw the target. His duty was to keep the gun on the target, so it might be fired any time. Around this beardless youth were grouped other gunners ready to fire when his crew had completed its part.

First Shot Hits.

The breach snapped open, the shell was thrown home, the breach was hurled back in place, and then the buzzer, operated from the fire control station, sounded; there was a flash, a roar, the hiss of a projectile speeding through the air, and the soldier his of compressed air, hissing smoke out of the gun. Miles away the projectile struck the target.

"Guess that's bad," said an old man-o-war's man looking on intently at the third shot, as the gun crew got the range and the pilot of white water leaped into the air. Suppose that had been a submarine and—

The buzzer, the roar of the gun, and the hiss of air interrupted him.

"Another hit! That's some shooting."

And the Worst is

