



A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Well enough, I hope, to call me Byrre or Heroncourt without my title," said Heroncourt, quietly.

Mr. Carrington coloured with pride and pleasure.

"Thank you, Heroncourt," he said, faltering a little over the novel familiarity. "I'll communicate with my lawyer at once—it's Mr. Spinner, as of course you know. And now, I daresay you're anxious to get back to Maida. I needn't say that from this moment you're free of the house, as they say; just treat it as your own, and come and go as you please. And look here, my lord—I mean Heroncourt—I daresay you find me rather rough and ready, just a little what you might call free. I'm a city man, and we're not much at manners round about Coleman Street—my old office. I keep it for auld lang syne, though, mind you, I might have the swaggiest office in the city if I liked; but I mean well. And don't you class me with my gels, especially Maida, who's a lady every inch of her, and equal to the highest of them."

"There is nothing the matter with your manners," said Heroncourt, concealing his pain at the elder man's disparagement of himself. "They're a great deal better than those of the men of my set—I mean the men I know. And as to Maida—ah, well!"

He got outside—Mr. Carrington laid a benedictory hand on his shoulder and gently pushed him—but Carrie had carried Maida off to her own room, and only Ricky was left on the terrace staring rather moodily at the view. Heroncourt went up to him and held out a hand.

"I want to introduce myself," he said. "My name's Heroncourt."

"Ah, yes, I know. I've seen you at the office, Lord Heroncourt," said Ricky, already beginning to melt under Heroncourt's frank manner and pleasant smile.

"And you are Mr. Clark—the Ricky of whom I've heard so much," said Heroncourt. "I'm awfully glad to make your acquaintance; and I hope you've got your congratulations ready, Clark."

Ricky, who was more than half-inclined to be jealous of this titled prospective member of the family which he had grown to regard his own, melted completely.

"Yes, I do congratulate you, Lord Heroncourt," he said. "Maida is—but I daresay you know what she is a great deal better than I do. But she's—they're both the best girls the sun ever shone on. I've known them for years; and Carrie—well, Carrie has been a mother to the rest of the family."

Heroncourt glanced at him shrewdly, and Ricky coloured painfully.

"—And Maida—why, if you were a king you'd need congratulating, and might be proud of winning her."

Heroncourt linked his arm in the lad's and led him down the steps.

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"You couldn't have put it better—if you tried," he said. "You and I are going to be great friends, Clark—that is, if you'll let me. Now talk to me about Carrie. Have a cigar; I want one myself badly. You're an old friend? By Jove! I envy you. I've known—Carrie such a little while."

Ricky blushed and laughed, and the two wandered across the lawn watched by Carrie and Maida from the window of Maida's room.

"Now, tell me all about it!" she had exclaimed, as she forced Maida into a chair and stood over her with loving threatening. "To think of it! To think of it! You awful creature, to deceive us all—even me—with those quiet, mousey ways of yours. Mousey! Why, you're a perfect cat, a Persian, with your soft deceitfulness. Don't you think I'm going to let you off, to throw my arms round you again and kiss you congratulations, till you've told me everything—"

"Not everything, Carrie!" pleaded Maida, meekly.

"Well, not everything, perhaps," yielded Carrie. "I suppose you couldn't. But to think of your accepting him, when all the while you have been treating him so coldly; keeping him at arm's length as if you didn't like him rather than otherwise. And to accept him at once, and all in five minutes!"

"Oh, but I didn't," said Maida, piteously. "I—I refused him—"

"Refused him!" echoed Carrie, with a little shriek.

"At first," faltered Maida, with downcast eyes. "I—I didn't know whether—whether I loved—liked him or not at first. And then in saving me—"

"That's the second time he has saved you. They say it is unlucky to save people—oh, forgive me, Maida!" Carrie broke off, remorsefully.

"He had been wounded by a branch, and—and he would not take my handkerchief, and—and I asked him to let me wipe away the blood from his face—and I was so near to him, and he looked into my eyes, and then— Oh, I can't tell you any more. I dare not! It is too sacred," she hid her eyes in her hands for a moment.

"But I knew then. It all flashed upon me, seemed to spring up in my heart, here"—she put her hand to her bosom—"and I knew that I loved him."

"Of course you did. How could you have helped yourself. Why, no woman could. I'd defy her, if Lord Heroncourt looked at her with eyes of love, and spoke to her as—as I can imagine he spoke to you. Oh, Maida, you lucky, lucky girl! Aren't you happy?"

"Happy!" Over Maida's face spread a light which seemed like that of the morning sun shining upon a lake. "I am so happy that I am—almost afraid!" Her voice fell to a whisper. "Afraid lest it should be all untrue, just a dream; or lest the gods should be envious of my happiness and take it away from me. Do you think they will, Carrie?"

"Not they; they know their business better," assented Carrie, confidently. "They like to see the good happy, and you're the goodest of the good. To think of it! You will be Lady Heroncourt, the Countess of Heroncourt!"

"Yes," assented Maida, absently.

She was not elated by the prospect of her future rank; did not think of it. "But that's of secondary consideration: what comes first is that he is so—so splendid; so altogether noble and great. Oh, you happy, lucky girl! There is no one like him!"

"Not even Ricky?" murmured Maida, with sweet mischievousness.

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"Are you alluding to Richard Clark?" demanded Carrie, with an air of mingled surprise and indifference. "I fail to see where he comes in; besides, comparisons are odious, as the copy-book says. Oh, Ricky is all right, or will be, if he won't be an idiot and prance round us on his new hobby-horse—pride— But how pale you look! And I'm keeping you from going to him. He's there on the lawn with Ricky, and though he's talking away as though he'd nothing on his mind—nobody, I mean—he keeps glancing up at the window—"

"I—I don't think I'll go down," said Maida, with newborn shyness. "I—oh, Carrie, dear! I want to be alone to think, to try and realise that—that he loves me—me!"

Carrie's own eyes were moist as she knelt beside her and kissed away the tears of overbrimming joy.

"I'll go and tell him and send him away. And oh, Maida! I'll ask him to come to dinner and bring the Glassburys with him; there's plenty of time. I'll make the dinner half-past eight. Oh, I shall break down myself presently, I know I shall. I hope Ricky will let me get up a quarrel with him; it would just relieve me and save me from making a fool of myself."

"Not coming down!" Heroncourt's face fell, but it brightened again as Carrie added the invitation to dinner.

"That's good and nice of you, Carrie," he said, taking her hand. "That's one of the privileges I've secured, Clark—I can call her 'Carrie,' without the Miss; and I believe I've got another one—haven't I, Carrie?"

He drew her towards him and bent to kiss her cheek; and Carrie, drawing back at first, leant forward and suffered the kiss, with a demure glance at Ricky from the tail of her eye.

"Yes, but only twice," she said. "Once upon the engagement, and once at—the wedding. Ricky, you might have turned your head away, I think! But boys never have any sense of decency. Dinner at half-past eight, Lord Heroncourt! Oh!" as he walked away on air, "isn't he delightful?—and so big and handsome! I do admire him altogether."

"So do I—especially his cheek," commented Ricky, looking wistfully at hers.

Heroncourt could scarcely think as he went his way to the Court. Reflection is not for such a moment: it was simply, "She is mine, mine, mine!" running like quicksilver through his heart and brain.

"Is Lady Glassbury in the house?" he asked of the butler.

"In the kitchen, my lord."

"The kitchen!" echoed Heroncourt. "Yes, my lord. Lord Glassbury has caught a trout—"

Heroncourt laughed—he only needed a very small joke to make him laugh at that moment—and went to the kitchen. Lord Glassbury was standing in his shirt-sleeves, as if he were a fishmonger, anxiously superintending the weighing of a trout which must have at least reached half a pound, while Lady Glassbury, whom he had captured, stood by with the tolerant patience and resignation of the good wife.

"Sure it isn't more: sure you've got the right weight? That's a pound."

"N-o, half a pound, my lord," said the chef, reluctantly. "I shall cook

it a la Provençal—he will go farther, I think, my lord."

"Hallo, Byrre! Hi! Look here! I've caught the chap! Beauty, isn't it? And I lost one ever so much bigger—must have been a couple of pounds. Just feel him; splendid condition, isn't it? Pity I lost the other," etc.

Lady Glassbury had looked at Heroncourt's face, as he entered, and had drawn back a little from the light of the window.

"Splendid!" said Heroncourt. "But say, look sharp and dress. We're all to go over to the Towers to dinner. You will, won't you?" he turned to Lady Glassbury.

"Right ho!" responded Lord Glassbury. "Always ready for a dinner at the Towers; jolliest little girl I know—Carrie! I've got a good mind to take her my trout—"

"Oh, no, my lord! In the Provençal fashion he will be—superb; you will see," put in the chef. "Do not take him."

"All right, Saunders," said his lordship, much gratified.

Heroncourt followed Lady Glassbury to the drawing-room, and she turned and looked at him.

"Well?" she said.

He did not affect to misunderstand her.

"Yes; I have asked her. She has promised to be my wife," he said, his face flushing.

But her eyes were downcast.

"Every woman can understand why her face was pale and her lips quivered. She was a good wife, a pure and honest woman, but— Is it possible to love two men at the same time? This man, who stood before her with his happiness radiating from him, had been loved by her since his boyhood, had loved her in a fashion; and though she had urged him to do what he had done, the loss of him cost her— Can any but a woman guess how much?"

"I—I am glad!" she said. "Glad! glad! Byrre, you have made me very happy!"

And no doubt it was because she was happy that, when she had got to her room, she fell across her bed in a torrent of tears and choking sobs.

(To Be Continued.)

Household Notes.

Place screw-eyes in the tops of mops and other cleaning utensils—then they can be hung neatly on hooks.

Always scald out your flour bin before putting in a fresh supply; it will save the new flour from becoming musty.

The advantage of having a baby sleep in a hammock is that you can wrap him as much or as little as is necessary.

People are beginning to discover that the pods of young peas and the tops of carrots are not merely edible, but palatable.

Nerves Weak Head Hysterics

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

Orilla, Ont., July 3rd.—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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"Some years ago my nerves got the better of me. I became so bad that on one occasion, during a thunder-storm, I had a severe attack of hysterics. Then I became anxious about my condition. It was sleeplessness and nervous debility that were my trouble. Some nights it would be 1 o'clock before I could get to sleep. Knowing the good results obtained from the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, I commenced a treatment. I took about seven boxes, and gradually I could feel my nerves becoming steady and my appetite returning. I could sleep well, and stay alone without any difficulty. Some little time ago I commenced losing in weight, and I began using the Nerve Food again as a tonic. I used only two boxes, and recovered the weight I had lost. I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and when I see anyone looking ill or nervous I say, 'Get busy and use some Nerve Food.'"

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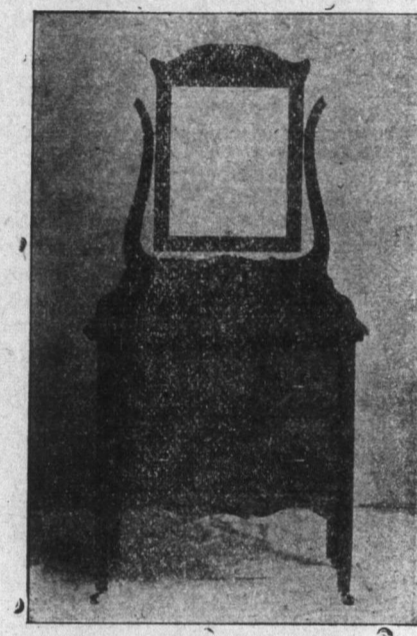
OUR SEMI-ANNUAL CLEAN SWEEP



Begins

Monday, July the 2nd.

We have been delayed getting our Furniture but it is now coming to hand, and in order to avoid a clash with Fall shipments we are going to have a Clean Sweep Sale. Nothing will be reserved, all must go. This will not only include shipments from abroad, but include a large assortment started for us in Factory in Building, but owing to rush orders in other lines they have been delayed getting it out. With the duty and freight saved you can save at least 20 to 30 per cent. on buying same, and in the meantime encouraging Home Industries. Be patriotic as well as economical and buy goods made at home. We list a few of the many lines offered:

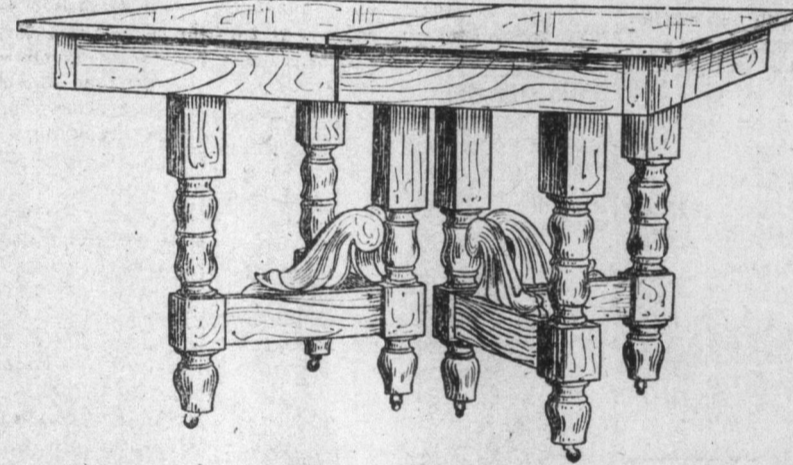


We have a large selection of Bureaus & Stands ranging in price from \$8.50 to \$50.00, in Golden and Surface Oak, also Quartered Sawn Oak, that we offer during this Sale at Greatly Reduced Prices despite the serious advance in the foreign market.

It will pay you well to buy now even if you didn't want it for months.



We have a large assortment of TABLES—Extension, Centre and Toilet, and make to order any size required.

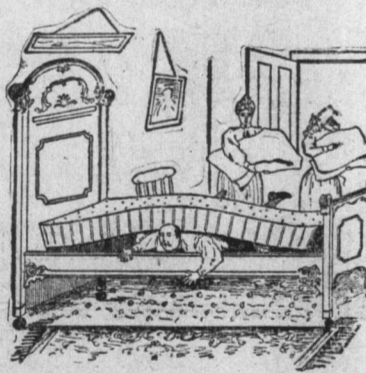


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Your Boys and Girls.

Has the birth of your baby been registered? If not, you should see to it that this duty is performed without delay. It may come time be of great importance to your child that there be in existence an accurate legal record of his birth, date, place and parentage.

Such a record serves to establish his age beyond question, and through this his right to the legal period of schooling and freedom from labor. It may also serve to establish his disputed inheritance and to establish for him various property or legal rights which may be in dispute. There are numerous instances where the lack of this sort of record has been the cause of serious losses of inheritance and of educational and other rights.

It is, in most States, required by law that the doctor, or other attendant at birth shall report to the registrar of births, but as this duty is not infrequently neglected, parents should investigate to see whether it has been done properly in the case of their children.

The complete registration of all births is indispensable, not only to the individual, but to the State and Nation.

Household Notes.

Cream pie is greatly improved by putting marshmallows on top of the cooked filling just before spreading on the meringue.

Delicious muffins or gems are made by stirring into the batter made for ordinary gems a cupful of raisins, currants or chopped figs.

Prunes washed, steamed and stoned, then filled with sweetened whipped cream and crushed macaroons make a novel dessert.

Turkish pilaf can be made with one cup of rice boiled and mixed with two cups of hot stewed tomatoes, and served with salt and pepper.

Butter and cream sauces for vegetables can often be dispensed with. Properly cooked and seasoned with salt and butter, most vegetables are best served in their own juices.

Any good cold fish can be used for salad if flaked, seasoned with pepper and lemon juice, and served with young radishes and French dressing.

To make coffee butter icing, stir six ounces of butter with fourteen ounces of fine icing sugar until it is the consistency of cream; add by degrees strong coffee to taste; spread between cakes like jam.

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