

SEND SINGLE MEN FIRST.



Union of Attested and Married Men" in one man, attested under the Derby scheme, are full of his pledge to send single men of military rank Lord Derby agreed to urge the Government Courier Pictorial Service, in conjunction

unable to give an account of himself. He had almost a week's growth of beard, and was covered with mud and chalk. He was placed in a motor car and taken to comfortable quarters. The soldier must have kept himself alive by catching water as it trickled from the side of the well.

The Cornwall sea fisheries committee states that the fishing season has been one of the best ever recorded from a monetary point of view. Abnormal prices have been realized. Owing to men being on active service the fleets are smaller than usual, and on one of the St. Ives boats the youngest man is over 60 years of age.

A superstitious belief prevalent in some of the rural districts of Devonshire, that it was unlucky to cut a baby's nails, was referred to at a recent meeting of the Devon Nursing Association. In one case a woman whose husband is at the front, had allowed her baby's nails to grow for a twelvemonth. The result was that the little one's face was terribly scratched.

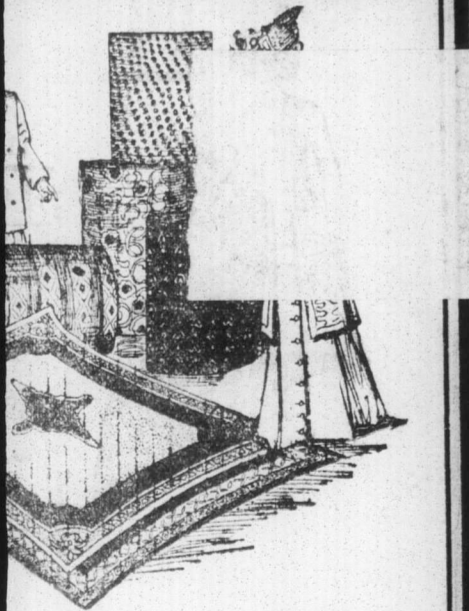
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received a large shipment of Rugs and Carpets. They are so fortunate enough to purchase before the prices. The sizes are all here:

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Advertising

is the foundation of all successful enterprises—and a good advertiser recognizes the value of a good medium. Try

Courier Classifieds

Elaine the Fair
A Serial Story of Absorbing Interest.

The man looked doubtfully at his best employer, but the gentleman signed to him to obey, and when the two moved away he followed at a little distance.

Lucy despoised her box in the cloak room and paid for it, and as she gave a small tip to the porter asked—

"Is there any quiet respectable hotel near where I could get a room for the night?"

"I don't know, ma'am. I am a stranger here myself," he said indifferently, and turned away.

Lucy put her hand in the pocket of her dress to feel if the purse containing the bulk of her money was safe. The gentleman who was unobtrusively observing her saw her start and flush, and then grow white and frightened. She felt her pocket over and over again. She opened a little handbag she carried, and took out a couple of shillings and a few coppers and looked at them despairingly.

"My pocket has been picked," she cried, running after the porter, who was lingering near. "My purse is gone."

"You should have taken better care of it, miss. You will never see it again."

"Oh, what shall I do? Where shall I go?" But the man was gone in answer to a summons from a superior officer.

Though Lucy was young and inexperienced, she was neither a coward nor without solid judgment. She felt she must do what she would have given much to avoid. There was one person in London who she knew would gladly help her. She had meant they should be strangers for the rest of their lives. She had promised it should be so, but the difficulty in which she found herself obliged her to break her resolve. It was impossible she should stay all night on the platform, now fast becoming deserted. She made up her mind to go to Lisabel Beresford, who lived near the exit from the station and looked up and down the street. The cab-stand was at a little distance and was nearly deserted. She timidly hailed a four-wheeler, but when the man heard her destination he declared himself "engaged."

Perplexed and beginning to be frightened, she was again met by the gentleman who had befriended her before was addressing her. His manner was perfectly respectful, and there was something about him which made her instinctively trust him.

"Excuse me! You want a cab? Allow me to call one! It is late, and I am afraid you may have some difficulty in getting home."

"Oh, thank you!" she said gratefully. "I did not know what to do."

They walked on a few yards, and her companion signed to a hansom and put her in.

"What address?" he asked.

She gave it to him mechanically. He started slightly and looked as if he were going to speak, but changed his mind and gave the address to the cabman. Then, with a pleasant "Good night!" he was gone.

She was sorry she was more lonely and desolate than before. He was more like a friend than a chance acquaintance. She was sure he was a gentleman, and he had seen that she was a lady in spite of her shabby dress and being unattended at that late hour.

She had a considerable distance to go, and she had time to conjure up a thousand fears and surmises before she arrived at her destination.

"Here you are, miss," said the cabman, opening the door. "Shall I ring?"

"No, thank you," said Lucy nervously. "How much is more fare? I am afraid I have not much!"

"The gentleman paid me, miss; it's all right! I'm off home!" He whipped down the street.

Lucy went slowly up the steps of the mansion and rang the bell. The door was instantly opened by a servant in livery. He looked inquiringly and somewhat suspiciously at her. Lucy's heart sank.

"Is Miss Beresford at home? Will you kindly take her my card and say I wish to see her?"

"Miss Beresford is not here," said the man, beginning to do down the door, "and if she was, she doesn't see visitors at this time of night."

Lucy held the door desperately.

"Where is she? She would wish me to wait for her."

"No doubt, young woman, but there is no use waiting, for she isn't in London. She has gone down to Brighton, and won't be back for a week."

At this moment a carriage drove up, and a footman in the same livery as the one at the door let down the steps and assisted a lady in a white opera-cloak to alight. Lucy turned eagerly towards her as she ascended the steps.

"I am Lucy Carden," she said. "I came up to London from Brighton by a late train, and unfortunately I had my pocket picked and am left with only a few pence, so that I am unable to go to an hotel. I came here, knowing that Miss Beresford would take me in for the night. The man said she was from home, but may I ask you to extend so much hospitality to me as to give me a supper? I have no money and know no one else in London. I have not even sufficient to take me back to the station."

Here Lucy faltered, for Mrs. Beresford's stony face had not relaxed, and she was gathering her skirts around her to pass on.

"May I ask what motive you had for leaving Brighton so suddenly?" Lucy hesitated and Mrs. Beresford continued—

"I have been deceived in you, like others. Can you deny that you were summarily dismissed by your late employer? No, you cannot! I had a note before going out from the Principal, giving me her reasons fully for the step she had taken, and express-

you had not seen me?"

"Don't think of it any more. Hello, officer!" he called to a policeman passing, who looked suspiciously at the pair standing by the lamp post and the waiting cab.

He drew the man aside, and a short colloquy ensued; then he returned to Lucy.

"This officer is on his way home, but he will first take you to a quiet hotel he knows of and will put you in safe keeping. You must promise me to remain there until I communicate with Miss Beresford, and she comes to you. There must be no more midnight wanderings, no more romantic adventures," he said in his kind voice.

"I will promise with all my heart!" "I hope you believe I am grateful, but I can never tell you how grateful!"

"That's all right! This is in Lisabel's name, and you can arrange it with her"—slipping some gold and silver into her hand.

She silently accepted. Then he put her into the cab, and the policeman pointed the box beside the driver. Lord Brixton raised his hat, and as the cab drove away Lucy saw him in the brilliant light of the lamp. A yard or two farther on a party of gipsy men came round a corner and needed towards the spot she had just left. She shuddered and hid her face in her hands.

CHAPTER XVI.

The next morning Lucy Carden was sitting in one corner of the big, dimly coffee-room of the hotel in which she had found refuge through the kindness of Lord Brixton, when a telegram was handed to her. She had slept badly, and now a strange lassitude clung to her. Her spirit had long been harassed, she was delicately organized, and her body had given way under the long strain; she languidly tore open the orange-colored envelope and read:

"Had a telegram from B. this morning. Am coming up at once. Expect me about one o'clock. Have spoken to no one of our business. Shall be so very glad to see you again. Don't fail to wait for me.—L. Beresford."

How good he had been! What would have happened to her if he had not taken such pains to help her in her need? Lisabel was, indeed, a happy girl, for Lucy had read his secret in the softening of his voice and the light in his eye when he spoke her name. They deserved the happiness that was coming to them, but for her—all that was gone by forever.

She wondered idly what had become of Sir Everard Denham. Did he ever think of her now. He had been strong and true, but fate had been against him, and no one could fight long against fate. She smiled faintly at the thought. She had thought of it all now. She had fought passionately against her lot; she had suffered agonies of grief and loneliness; she had put all she prized away from her; she had lived hardily, and worked incessantly; and now she smiled in wonder as she thought of these things.

Why had she endured it, when it turned out to no use? She cared for none of these things now. All she wanted was quiet and rest.

(To be Continued)

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