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## A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER XXIII.

At the turn she stopped and looked down at him, with all her soul in her miserable eyes. He was standing, as she had left him, white to the lips, his brows drawn as if he were in physical agony. He waited until she had gone on her way again, then he tore his hat from the stand and got into the open air. Everything seemed spinning round him; his heart was racked with the impotent raging against Fate. For he knew what kind of girl she was, that her resolution was as strong as her capacity for love; that the very greatness of her love for him would give her strength to persist in the course she had taken. He was half-mad with grief and despair, and he threw up his clenched hand as if in defiance of the gods who had dealt him so heavy a blow. Scarcely knowing whether he was going, he strode across the lawn and almost ran against Mr. Spinner, who had been waiting for him, and now emerged from a sidewalk.

"This is terrible business, my lord," he began.

Heroncourt regarded him vacantly; then, with a nod, was about to go on;

but Mr. Spinner trotted beside him. "I am sorry to intrude upon your lordship at such a moment," he said, with a mixture of nervousness and temerity; "but business is business; and this has come so suddenly upon us—I think I have a right, my lord, to ask what course you intend to adopt. I suppose I may say that—that the engagement with Miss Carrington will be broken off unless—she abandons this absurd idea of hers? Very noble of her, and all that, of course; but I've no doubt your lordship has talked the matter over with her and persuaded her to give it up. In that case, everything—business matters—will go on between you and me, my lord, as smoothly as before. All she has got to do is to abide by her father's will and stick to it."

Heroncourt had scarcely been listening; but the man's meaning at last burst in upon him. He turned with a fierceness which caused Mr. Spinner to shrink back, as if he dreaded a blow.

"Miss Carrington will adhere to her resolution," said Heroncourt, "and I, being an honest man, uphold her." Then his face worked and his hands clenched. "Man! Man!" he cried, hoarsely. "Why do you come to me now? The marriage—it is broken off—No, no! it shall not be—For God's sake leave me! But you threaten me—is that so? Then do your worst. Out of my sight!"

He strode on, leaving Mr. Spinner

red in the face and gasping, but raging at heart.

When Carrie came up she found Maida seated in a low chair, her hands clasped tightly, her eyes fixed on vacancy; yet not vacancy, for she saw Heroncourt's white face before her, heard his despairing voice.

Carrie went to her and knelt beside her.

"You have sent Heroncourt away, Maida," she said, and she managed to keep her voice steady; for she knew that it was Maida who now needed comforting.

"Yes, he has gone," said Maida. "We have parted."

"Oh, Maida!" Carrie's voice broke for a moment. "Then it is all over? All the money has gone, we are poor again? Oh, it is so hard to believe, to realise—and yet you are quite right. We could not have kept it. It is only of you and Byrne that I am thinking; it is so hard for you. It seems to me that it is always hard to do right; I wonder why? Why should you suffer like this; why should he? Oh, forgive me, Maida dear; I am only making it worse for you, and I want to help you! We are poor again, but it doesn't matter, not the poverty. We can work; you have your reciting, and I—oh, there are ever so many things I can do—if it were only not necessary for you and Byrne—but I won't talk of it, you mustn't think of it, Maida!" She sprang to her feet and pushed her hair from her forehead and drew a long breath, as if she were making up her mind to face the music.

"Maida, we'll go back to Coleridge Street! Yes; that's what we'll do. They know us there and they'll be glad to have us back. How delighted Sarah will be. Why, all this will seem like a dream." Her eyes filled with tears, but she turned away, as she thought, not of the wealth and the luxury that had taken to themselves wings, but of Heroncourt and her sister's broken heart. "Just like a dream; like one of those dreams in the 'Arabian Nights,' when the man wakes up and finds that he has been asleep and has kicked over his basket of crockery. And perhaps it will all come right."

Maida shook her head, and smiled the piteous little smile, which masks an aching heart, aching with despair.

"Yes; we will go back to Coleridge Street, Carrie," she said. "I thought that all was lost; I forgot that I had still got you. Forgive me, dearest!"

She drew Carrie to her; but Carrie, knowing that they were both on the verge of breaking down, drew herself from the loving arms.

"I want Ricky, I must have Ricky!" she exclaimed. "He shall manage it for us. That's the best of Ricky—you can always rely on him when you are in trouble. Wait here, dear."

She went down-stairs and found

Ricky pacing up and down the hall. He turned to her with an expression of dismay and anxiety on his boyish face.

"How is she?" he asked anxiously.

"Bad!" replied Carrie, with her old curtness; for she was forgetting all in her anxiety for Maida. "Everything has gone smash, Ricky—no, don't speak; there isn't time. I want you to help us. We've got to leave here!"

"Why, of course!" she retorted. "This place doesn't belong to us! It belongs to Mr.—Mr.—I forget his name. Everything belongs to him. We are poor again—no, don't speak; I've got to do all the talking; it comes natural—we are going back to Coleridge Street."

Poor Ricky tried to look overwhelmed and aghast; but a treacherous feeling of relief and gladness was making his heart beat—much to his shame.

"To Coleridge Street?" he echoed.

"Yes; you go and catch the first train and go and see if the rooms are vacant. If they are not, get some others in the same street. Wire to me the moment you settle matters—to me, mind."

Ricky went for his hat and coat, and she helped him on with the latter. As she did so, she caught sight of his face, and, despite all the terrible trouble which weighed upon her, a smile stole to her lips and into her eyes; for, try as he would, Ricky could not look crushed and overwhelmed, nor keep an expression of treacherous relief and gladness—at any rate, satisfaction—from his frank countenance.

"You needn't look so hilarious, Ricky," she said.

He crimsoned and cast down his eyes; then he raised them to hers courageously, almost defiantly.

"It's true," he said. "I'm ashamed of myself; but—don't you understand, Carrie? All these months past you've—you've seemed to be slipping away from me—the money made the difference. I felt as if I were losing you; and now—now you are poor again. Oh, I'm a bad lot!"

"That's no news," retorted Carrie. "I've known that all along. Get them to put a dog-cart to, and wire to me the moment you know."

Then her voice broke and her lips quivered.

"Oh, my poor Maida!" she wailed.

He took both her hands in his and pressed them against his heart; but he could not speak, and he turned and ran out of the hall without another word.

An hour later, Lady Glassbury begged Maida to let her come in. Maida was calm—terribly calm—but looked almost worn out. Lady Glassbury took her hand and held it.

"I have been to the Court—I have seen Byrne. He has told me—Oh, Maida, he is heart-broken, almost out of his mind!"

Maida looked at her steadily.

"Do not tell me!" she said, as if Lady Glassbury had stabbed her. "But tell me this—no, look me in the face; answer me as one true woman should answer another: Have I done right?"

"There was a moment of silence, an intense silence. The two women looked at each other, Maida as if she were reading Lady Glassbury's soul. The answer came at last; word after word, slowly, as if they were wrung, forced from the trembling lips.

"You have done quite right. God help you both!"

Maida and Carrie slept together that night; and, worn out by the strain she had undergone, Maida slept soundly. Soon after breakfast, Mr. Coburn and his partner arrived, and Maida went down to them at once.

The two men remonstrated and argued; Mr. Coburn even waxed wrathful and indignant; called her quixotic, absurd, hysterical.

She listened patiently, almost meekly, and in the end they found her as immovable as she had been on the preceding day. Everything was to be given up to Josiah Purley; if Mr. Coburn would not take the necessary steps, she would be reluctantly compelled to employ some one else. Her calmness, her dignity, her strength of will amazed and bewildered the two men of law. They took their departure almost in silence.

(To be Continued.)

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## LOWER CANADA COLLEGE MONTREAL.

## The Torpedoplane.

Zeebrugge, Cuxhaven, Wilhelmshaven, and Kiel are the only points where the German offensive on sea, and not now under check and control by the Allies. Kiel, near the Baltic terminus of the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, and Wilhelmshaven are great vital stations where the German navy has taken refuge almost continuously from the beginning of the war. The German sea power, with the high-lying exception of the submarines, may be said to be under control of the Allies, but from Cuxhaven the mouth of the Elbe and from Zeebrugge in Belgium, German submarines issue forth for their forays against the commerce of Great Britain and France.

There is a growing belief that the torpedoplane is the only weapon which the Allies can make effective against these German naval bases, or any one of them. An attack upon ships of war upon Kiel, Wilhelmshaven, or Cuxhaven is impossible because of powerful land defenses and seas of mines, the safe lanes through which are known only to the Germans. Zeebrugge can be attacked only from the air because of the shallow water which extends several miles from the coast. That the torpedoplane, invented by Rear Admiral Dudley A. Fiske and patented by him in 1912, can be successfully used in naval warfare has been demonstrated two occasions. Four Turkish ships were sunk in the Sea of Marmora by British torpedoplanes in August, 1915. A German torpedoplane destroyed the British steamer Gena near the English coast on May 1 of the present year. The Germans and the English have been quick to avail themselves of this American invention; we have peated a frequent experience in seeing foreign Powers make use of American inventions which advance the military naval art, while we ourselves neglect them.

Zeebrugge is a little over 75 miles from the British coast. Cuxhaven and Wilhelmshaven are less than 50 miles from Heligoland, the great German island fortress which protects the coast. It is the belief of Admiral Fiske that from a sea base of British archipelago established 50 miles west of these three German bases might be tried out with destructive effect. Torpedoplanes could easily make the distance from England to Zeebrugge in their work and return. At that point it is believed that they might destroy many submarines by hovering in the offing, where, owing to the shallow water, the U-boats would be unable to submerge; for five or six miles they would be in plain sight of the foe.

Mr. Park Benjamin, who is a very old authority in naval matters, is confident that the torpedoplane is the only promising means at the present moment" which the Allies can employ to destroy the nests from

## And the Worst is Yet to Come

