



A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER X.

"But when I heard of your good fortune I said to myself: 'Now is the opportunity to make Mr. Carrington's acquaintance, of seizing this occasion of congratulating him.' My name, my dear Mr. Carrington, is Spinner—Spinner & Peckloft. My late partner is, I ought to say, moved to another world—"

"Yes, and I expect he regrets it, too, if it's as warm as he deserves," was Ricky's parenthesis.)

"And I am left alone to represent the firm as well as I can. Now, of course, you will, with your well-known acumen, have jumped to the conclusion that my visit is not one of mere curiosity—may I say friendship? My dear sir, you are right, as I am sure you nearly always are. It is not out of friendship only. It has, I confess it, an element of business. You will say, 'Why not come to my office, in office hours?' And you would be justified. But, Mr. Carrington, I ventured to give myself the pleasure of calling on you because I hoped to make the acquaintance not only of yourself, but your charming family." He poured upon the two girls a smile, a corner of which even took in Ricky, who moved uneasily, as if the corner were sharp and had hurt him. "Having done so, I will, with your kind permission, proceed to acquaint you with the object of my business."

"Pray sit down," said Mr. Carrington, wiping his forehead as if, in his excited condition, the effort to follow the soft flow of words, lit up by the electric smile, were rather a trying one. "Girls, you can run up to your own room for a little while—"

"By no means, I beg, I implore of you to allow them to remain!" exclaimed Mr. Spinner, beseechingly. "I venture to think that the young ladies will be interested in what I have to say. Indeed, I am hoping that we shall be able to form a little council in which their advice and assistance will be invaluable."

He leant forward on the edge of his chair and folded his hands on the brim of his hat, which rested on his knee, and smiled from one to the other like a bird of prey smitten by a benevolent impulse.

"Now, my dear sir, I am candour itself. It is, if I may say so, my strongest and my weakest trait."

"That's the red light—the danger signal. When he talks about his candour, look out!" muttered Ricky.)

"—And I confess at once that I have my little interests to serve—we lawyers always have, you know." He drew his lips back in a noiseless laugh that showed every gleaming tooth. "I have my little profit to make. You, as a business man—and what a business man you are, my dear Mr. Carrington; the Stock Exchange knows well!—will expect that. And now to come to the point. Mr. Carrington, I am right, rumor is

right, when it says that you have suddenly become possessed of a large fortune?"

Mr. Carrington lolled back and nodded—a beautiful nod of would-be modest triumph.

"Just so. Directly I heard of it I said to myself: 'Archibald—my name is Archibald—here is an opportunity of rendering a good and worthy man a service, of doing as you would be done by—'

"(As if he ever lost a chance of doing anybody!" growled Ricky.)

"—I said, 'here is this gentleman suddenly become the master of vast wealth. He will no doubt be somewhat embarrassed by his unexpected good fortune; the change in his circumstances necessitates a change in his surroundings, his abode, his environment. He will want many things, and want them quickly—in fact, at once. Amongst them will be a house, an estate suitable to a man of his position.'"

Mr. Carrington, whose brain was gradually cleared, looked up sharply.

"Oh, it's a house," he said, in a business-like voice. "I didn't know you were an estate agent, Mr. Spinner."

"That's one for the Hyena; but he'll slide out of it, you'll see," said Ricky.)

Mr. Spinner promptly slid out of it by swiftly ejaculating with delighted eagerness:

"I'm not! I'm not! And yet I am going to offer you a house just as if I were. And so I save my client the agent's commission. Now, why do I do this? you will naturally ask; and I reply, because I have advanced money on this house, and it is to my interest it should be sold. Now there is an instance of my candour."

Maida had been quietly pouring out the tea, and had brought him a cup, and he had paused to take it, stirring it softly and eyeing the slice of bread and butter as if he had caught it by some clever ruse of his own contrivance.

"It is a most delightful place in a spot which may be called paradisaical. It is a perfect specimen of the modern mansion; a vast and noble pile erected regardless of cost by a client of mine who some years ago made a fortune out of fish; but who—unfortunately has since lost it in flux. This transient life is full of sad and strange fluctuations, Mr. Carrington. It is of red brick with stone facings—modern Queen Anne—a most wonderful and charming place, situated in a glorious park of nearly two hundred acres. There is a hall of spacious dimensions, admirable reception rooms, up-to-date stables, gardens of great extent and beautifully laid out. There is nearly an acre of glass—he grew grapes and pines by the tons—there is a noble billiard room, of course; two lodges, cottages for the gardeners and coachman and other outdoor servants—in short, it is the ideal place for a gentleman like yourself who has suddenly acquired a large fortune; and it is to be sold for half the sum it cost."

He drew his breath through his closed teeth and smiled round upon his silent and rapt audience as if he were entitled to enjoy the effect of his flood of eloquence; then, setting down his cup and saucer, drew a photograph from the breast-pocket of his frock coat, and with a preliminary wave, as if he were saying, "Observe my candour!" extended it to Mr. Carrington.

Mr. Carrington took the photograph, and as he looked at it his color rose and his eyes sparkled, though he lowered his lids guardedly, and Maida and Carrie went to him and examin-



ed the thing over his shoulder. Ricky remained by the window regarding his worthy employer with moody and suspicious eyes.

"Oh, what a beautiful place, Maida!" exclaimed Carrie. "And how big and grand! Look at the turret with the clock, father! And there's a terrace! And the trees—and the lawn: think of tennis, Maida!" Her voice dropped to an eager whisper. "Oh, father, buy it; do buy it!"

Mr. Carrington checked her with a little warning cough.

"Nice place," he said, with an assumption of indifference, though his heart was beating with the desire of it. "Yes, nice place. Where is it?"

"In a place called Honacilife, in Devon, on the borders of Cornwall. There is a magnificent—a magnificent—view of the Cornish hills from the terrace. The sea is exactly seven and a half miles from the lodge gates. It is a lovely county; a poem, my dear Miss Carrington. The society—"

"Ah, yes, the society now?" Mr. Carrington interrupted, with the air of a man who must have good society or die.

"—Is in every way first-class. You have nobility on all sides. It is one of the most aristocratic localities of the most aristocratic county in England. Lords of the soil, my dear Mr. Carrington, like yourself, like yourself—if you purchase Marston Towers."

"Is that the name of it?" breathed Carrie. "Marston Towers. How—how grand it sounds!"

"It is worthy of a grand name, my dear young lady," remarked Mr. Spinner, solemnly. "When you see it—which I trust you will soon do—you will admit that the nomenclature is in every way appropriate."

"(The Hyena swallowed a dictionary in his early youth and has never digested it," muttered Ricky.)

"What is the price of it?" asked Mr. Carrington in the casual tone of the nibbling purchaser.

Mr. Spinner mentioned a sum which made Mr. Carrington sit up and Ricky utter an exclamation which he unsuccessfully attempted to mask under a sharp attack of coughing.

"Good gracious!" said Mr. Carrington. "That's a stiffish amount!"

Mr. Spinner extended a hand pleadingly.

"My dear sir, it is. I admit it. But not another word respecting the price shall be said until you have seen Marston Towers. My dear Richard, that is an appalling cough of yours; pray do not neglect it. A neglected cough often leads to serious complications. Now, Mr. Carrington, I am very anxious to sell you the Towers; because I shall get back the money I lent the present owner, of course—of course; and I am so confident that it is just the thing that will suit you that I propose to myself the pleasure of showing it to you as soon as possible. What do you say, Mr. Carrington, what do you say to running down to-morrow? There is a train leaves Paddington—"

He stopped, as Maida bent over her father, who was gazing at the photograph with covert eagerness.

"Isn't it a little too large, father? There are only three of us."

"And it would take a good deal to furnish it, and a long while. We want a place at once, Mr. Spinner," said Mr. Carrington.

Mr. Spinner smiled with bland satisfaction.

"My dear young lady, no place is too large nowadays. You will soon have friends enough to fill it. Furniture, did you say, Mr. Carrington? My dear sir, the place is furnished from cellar to attic—magnificently furnished by Waring. It is quite ready for occupation. There are servants in charge. I shall wire to them to have a few rooms ready to-morrow." He rose and waved his hat as if he were precluding a conjuring trick quite too ridiculously easy. "I'll leave you the photograph. I assure you it does not do the place justice. You can't see the stables, nor the glass-houses; and there is the lack of coloring; but it will give you a suggestion, an idea of the situation and the architecture. Then we meet at Paddington at ten-fifty? It will be a charming little trip—charming!—whether you purchase the Towers or do not; but—at, well, I am confident that you will. My dear Richard, I will not tear you away from your friends."

He smiled himself out of the room, leaving the quartette gazing at one another in thought too deep and excited for words.

"Oh, father, you will buy it!" cried Carrie, with a long breath.

"Had we not better see it first," said Maida, with her dreamy smile, and smothering Carrie's hair soothingly.

"Of course, of course!" responded Mr. Carrington in a firm voice; but he could not take his eyes off the photograph.

"And where does Mr. Spinner's game come in, Ricky?" demanded Carrie, turning on his suddenly.

Ricky, with his hands thrust in his pockets, shook his head in Cassandra fashion.

"Don't know yet; but that there is some game, something he's got up his sleeve over and beyond selling the place, I'll take my affidavit."

Mr. Spinner met them at Paddington at the appointed time, and proved a most entertaining and amusing travelling-companion. He had engaged a first-class compartment, for which he had thoughtfully taken the tickets, and a well-appointed carriage, of rather too brilliant a kind for the county, met them at the station. The drive from it to the Towers was, as Mr. Spinner kindly pointed out, extremely beautiful; and the house itself, when they caught their first glimpse of it, literally took Carrie's breath away.

(To be Continued.)

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OFF FOR FRANCE.—Capt. Strong, of the Tug Company, received a message from his son, Lieut. Charles Strong from London, on Sunday last, stating he was leaving for the front. Charley is one of few of the first five hundred now left in the service.

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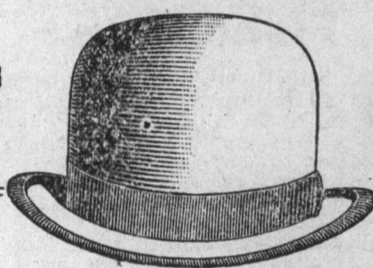
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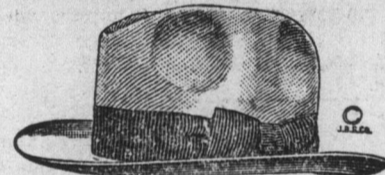
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War News

Messages Received Previous to

LAURIER AND REEF

OTTAWA.

Before crowded galleries noon, Premier Borden moved reading of the Militia Bill. Mayor Martin, of member for St. Mary's Division, a dramatic plea, presenting petition from Montreal against conscription. A do-rolls of documents, carried made up the petition. Borden there was no new part the bill, but merely an impromptu selection. He only thirteen minutes, and a prompt decision. Sir Wilfrid Laurier assured the Prime Minister the discussion would be moderated from the Opposition that they would endeavor to take the measure even though didn't agree with it. He at the Militia Act does not did apply to sending troops abroad. If the people were to vote on the proposal he rejection. He quoted Sir Robert's speeches to prove that promised there would be no session. Referring to Borden's coalition he said it should be made before the principle was decided upon. He spoke reasonableness of the labor mind for conscription of was declared it would be only fair to refer the measure to a plebiscite for decision. He moved by Hon. Mr. Oliver, that sure be referred to the premier Borden's Compulsory Service Bill follows: "This consideration of this Bill be until the principle thereof by means of a referendum and approved by the electorate." It has been said that a referendum could not be taken the soldiers could not vote. nonsense, the soldiers were they must vote and it must I repeat, concluded Sir Wilfrid when the true verdict of the Canada is taken, every citizen submit to the law, and whether from our province other part of Canada, whether to the law or not, will Hon. Geo. Foster, speaking of the Government, declared under no consideration stand delay that would be occasion referendum.

THE GERMAN SUBMARINE PAIGN.

NEW YORK.

An Associated Press despatch Washington to-day says: "The man submarine toll of British ships since February shown from official British compiled here to-day is 322 more than 1,600 tons and 15 than 1,600 tons. British shipping vessels sunk in that period 78. Records for sailing were incomplete, but a third total was 78. The subs. in given attacked 399 ships fully. The weekly percentage successful attacks ranged from 75. During the last week the seven days ending with it was 53. The arrivals and to British ports since the submarine campaign began had aged about 2,500, but these Channel sailings. British not give the tonnage of ships but officials here say that 5,000 would be a fair average for more than 1,600 tons destroyed putting the total average for smaller ships at 5,000 to total loss during slightly less four months of submarine would reach 1,745,000 tons of 250,000 tons less than the world's shipping output during

BULL

