

# MAGIC BAKING POWDER



## A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Heroncourt stared at the young fellow reining up his horse none too skillfully; then he, too, uttered an exclamation of surprise.

Ricky slid off his horse, but stood the young man.

Ricky slid off his horse, but stood gaping at Heroncourt, and at last took his outstretched hand mechanically. "I can't believe my eyes, Lord Heroncourt," he said. "It can't really be you!"

"Lord Heroncourt!"

Lucy waited for no more, but, with throbbing heart and a thousand conflicting thoughts and emotions pressing upon her, ran away through the wood.

"Yes, it is I, right enough, Ricky," said Heroncourt, wringing Ricky's hand, and smiling as he had not smiled since the night at Milda Wolda. "But it is I who can scarcely believe my eyes. How is it you are here? How did you come?"

Ricky wiped his brow, for he was hot with his ride and the excitement of the meeting.

"Oh, I—I came over," he said, blushing as deeply as his tan would permit. "No room for an energetic young man in England. I wanted to see Australia. Besides—aren't there a place called Milda Wolda near here?" he added shyly.

Heroncourt, of course, understood. The flush died from his face. The sight of Ricky had brought back with cruel vividness old times and past happiness. Ricky had come after Carrie, might find her and win her; but Milda was lost to Heroncourt forever.

"Yes," he said. "I know why you have come. But tell me more; tell me all about yourself."

"Oh, there isn't much to tell," said Ricky. "I got tired of office work, and old Spinner has got more of a boulder than ever; and he and I had a tiff. But I should have come out if we hadn't. I couldn't stick there any longer. But you are scarcely looking well, Heroncourt," he broke off; "you are looking thinner and— and out of sorts generally."

Heroncourt jerked his head in a casual way.

"Oh, I'm all right," he said. "I've had a touch of fever. What other news is there? I'll tell you mine presently. How are all our old friends in England, the Glassburys? We exiles always expect to hear home news first."

In truth, he shrank from speaking of Milda and Carrie. He had been trying to forget Milda; but now all the bitterness of despair was sweeping over him again.

"Oh, they're all right," said Ricky. "Lord Glassbury has got the Foreign Office. Lady Glassbury asked me to dinner just before I came away. We talked of you and Milda nearly all the time. Of course, she doesn't know where you are; nobody knows. I say, how amazed she'd be if she knew that you were here near Carrie—I mean, Milda! You've seen them, of course."

"I'll tell you all about them presently," said Heroncourt, wearily, and checking a sigh. "No, I've not seen them. I am here, helping to run this station. We are going to it now; it is not far. Get on your horse again; I'll walk beside you."

"Just hold him a minute, will you?" said Ricky; "he's a fidgety beast, and has nearly been the death of me; but I'm learning to ride; a fellow's got to ride out here, hasn't he?" he added, with a touch of pride which at another time would have amused Heroncourt. "And have you been here all the time?"

"Yes," said Heroncourt. "I'm afraid they think badly of me, for making a bolt of it; but it was the only way. You, who know the whole business, know that. You won't see us at our best," he went on hospitably. "We've had some trouble with the hands here, and they managed to burn us out; but you are more than welcome."

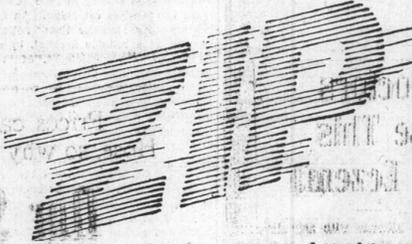
They went through the wood, Ricky giving the London news and Heroncourt listening, but rather listlessly. He had quite forgotten Lucy: significant fact! They reached the house. Heroncourt sent Ricky's horse round to the stable and took him into the living-room, to find, with a start, Lucy there and laying the cloth.

Heroncourt's impulse was to say, "This young lady is my future wife, Ricky." But Lucy's large eyes looked at him appealingly, as if reminding him of his promise, and he was forced to check the impulse. He was so absorbed in welcoming Ricky and making him comfortable, that he did not notice the curious expression on Lucy's face. It was like that of one who has been startled by some sudden in-



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formation. Baxter came in a moment or two afterwards, and naturally started at sight of Ricky.

"Hallo, Baxter!" cried Ricky. "Why, this is as great a surprise as seeing Lord—"

Heroncourt laid his hand on Ricky's arm and stopped him.

"Hold on," he said. "I forgot to tell you that I bear a different name here. I am not Heroncourt, but Owen Tudor; you'll understand why." Ricky nodded; he was getting used to surprises. Baxter brought the dinner in and waited assiduously on Ricky whom he was evidently glad to see; and Ricky told him some of the English news. Lucy did not appear again. When the meal was cleared away Ricky, getting out his pipe, said:

"How far is it to Milda Wolda? I want to go on there at once; and I want to know what I am to do, say, about you when I see them."

"You won't see them at Milda Wolda," Ricky said Heroncourt. "You must brace yourself for disappointment. They have left Milda Wolda; they have gone to Melbourne."

Ricky's face fell and he let the match die out without lighting his pipe.

"To Melbourne!" he echoed, with the keenest disappointment. "How long ago? When I heard from Carrie last she said nothing about leaving."

Heroncourt was silent for a moment. He could not bring himself to speak of Milda's marriage; he knew that he should betray himself, felt that in this new flood of emotion set flowing by the sight of Ricky he should break down.

"They left suddenly," he said, at

last. "They have gone to Melbourne; you can follow them there; it is not a long journey." He thought bitterly how willing he would be to traverse the earth if Milda were waiting for him at the other end. "You can start to-morrow; I'll fit you up, help you all I can."

"I—I think I will," said poor Ricky. It was a hard game of hide-and-seek for him. To have come all that way to find that Carrie had, so to speak, crossed him in his journey! "Yes, I think I will. I—oh, I must see her."

Heroncourt nodded. No, there was no need for him to speak of the marriage; they would tell him when they saw him. Dartford came in and gave Ricky a welcome.

"I heard that a friend of yours had turned up, Tudor," he said. "I'm glad to see any friend of yours. Hope you will make yourself comfortable, Mr. Clark; wish you had found us as snug as we were a little while ago; but we'll do the best we can for you, show you the country, and so on."

"Thank you very much," said Ricky, faltering; "but I must start for Melbourne to-morrow."

(To be Continued.)

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## Thought Upon

A friend of mine, writing from Canada, contrasts our apparent unanimity of public opinion in Newfoundland with the great racial and political upheaval which is about to take place in Canada on the enforcement of the Compulsory Military Service Act. Of course my friend thought the people are behind our so-called National Government. This has set me thinking. Are we not appearing in a false light to our Canadian cousins? Is not this apparent unanimity caused by the very lack of public opinion and indifference of our people to public matters? We have come to a very serious crisis in the history of our government. For the first time since we have been granted responsible government we have no opposition in our Legislature to the powers that be. The people are satisfied with this state of affairs, and we have no means of knowing they are not, this may result indefinitely and become a menace to the commonwealth. The present Coalition Government cannot be said to have any mandate from the people to rule. The Morris Party which received a majority of the seats in the election of 1913 did not receive a majority of the votes cast. Knowing that they had lost the confidence of the people they resigned office last July. The F. P. U. Party, nominally led by Dr. Lloyd, but really by Mr. Coakley as Dictator, then formed with Sir Edward Morris what they call the National Government. Neither of the factions can now claim justly that they have a mandate from the people to carry on the government. They have submitted no policy or manifesto to the people. When the two parties united, it was confidently expected that the object was to introduce a selection of men for the Regiment. Their failure to do so was very disappointing, especially to the people of the outposts.

Not only have they failed to carry out the wishes of the people in this respect, as expressed by the people in various ways, and chiefly through the Methodist Conference, but they have shown gross neglect to the returned soldiers. Many of our people have recently returned from Canada. They are loud in their praise of the treatment Canada has extended to her disabled soldiers. They bitterly contrast it with the treatment our own boys receive. The Government is leaving the private citizen to provide the returned soldier with employment. Canada has long ago introduced an order that

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