

MAGIC BAKING POWDER advertisement with image of a tin and text: 'MAGIC BAKING POWDER', 'NO ALUM', 'MADE IN CANADA', 'E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED'.

A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER XII.

The women, even the titled ones, were dressed quietly enough; but Carrie caught the gleam of diamonds and felt still more strongly that Maida was right.

As the Carrington party entered, Lady Glassbury came forward to meet them.

"So glad to see you," she said in her frank way. "So sorry we were both out— Then she stopped short and stared at Maida. "Why— It is Miss Carrington, isn't it?" she exclaimed, not loudly, but with evident amazement.

"Yes," said Maida. "It is very kind of you to remember me, Lady Glassbury."

It was the right thing to say, and even in that trying moment Lady Glassbury appreciated it.

"Remember you! It would be quite impossible to forget you, my dear. But I don't understand— How foolish of me not to recognize the name—to connect— And this is your sister? I am so glad."

She looked round, as she shook hands with the men, for Heroncourt. He had not come down yet—he never appeared until the last moment—and she wanted him to help her out.

"Come and let me introduce you to some friends—and neighbors of yours," she broke off, and she led them up to the first group.

The women turned with that well-bred assumption of not having seen the entry of the Carrington party, and the introductions were being made when Heroncourt came into the room with the air of leisurely self-possession which always characterized him. Like most men, he disliked a dinner-party, and there was just a suspicion of boredom struggling with a repression proper to a host on his handsome face.

He saw that Lady Glassbury had lost her usual equanimity about something, and went up to her.

"How do you do, Mr. Carrington—and you, Mr. Spinner?"

Then he moved from Mr. Carrington's flushed face to the ladies. Before he could address them a low cry rose from Carrie's parted lips.

"Why—it's you!" she exclaimed.

He looked at her, then swiftly at the tall, graceful girl in the black lace by her side. For a moment he stood speechless, the color rising slowly to his tanned face. On Maida's face the rose faded for a moment.

WHOOPING COUGH advertisement for Vapo-Cresolene, describing its benefits for coughs and colds.

to white, then slowly ebbed back again.

"Miss Carrington!" he said as calmly as he could, and he held out his hand, and Maida gave him hers. Neither spoke, and it was Carrie's voice that came to their relief.

"Are you Lord Heroncourt?" she said in her frank, girlish way.

"That's my name right enough," he said, smiling gravely at her. "But you—I didn't know—"

"We none of us knew!" broke in Carrie; then she laughed. "And so you are the gentleman—you are Lord Heroncourt? Oh, it is like a scene in a novel, don't you know?"

"I know," he assented, promptly. "You shall explain how it happens that you—you—"

"That we are we!" she flushed for him. "It's quite easy to explain. We have never been anything else but ourselves."

"And I have never been anything else by myself."

"Oh, yes, you have. You have been the 'Mysterious Stranger,'" broke in Carrie, her green-eyes dancing. "To think that you were Lord Heroncourt all this time, and we didn't know it!"

"Dinner is served, my lord," announced the solemn butler, and Heroncourt reluctantly hurried away to take in Lady Walmington.

Maida fell to Sir Edmund. She had been astonished at the dramatic discovery of her unknown knight's identity, and her heart was beating with something other than surprise. Had she been thinking of him? she asked herself. Why should the mere fact of his proving to be Lord Heroncourt send the blood rushing through her veins? She fought against the subtle emotion and forced herself to raise her eyes and look at him calmly, and found his eyes fixed upon her with a strange expression in them. He smiled and looked away again, turning to a friend.

"What a lovely girl!" murmured Lady Walmington, pretending to examine her menu; "and so classically looking! Are those the new people at the Towers? Surprising! I heard that they were quite 'new' people; that girl's a lady, Lord Heroncourt! And what exquisite taste. That simple frock; and no diamonds; and they say that her father is a millionaire! Oh, yes; the girl is a lady."

"Even I can see that," said Heroncourt, almost savagely. "Is Lord Walmington going into the new Cabinet?"

But Lady Walmington was too interested in the Carrington party, and the introductions were being made when Heroncourt came into the room with the air of leisurely self-possession which always characterized him. Like most men, he disliked a dinner-party, and there was just a suspicion of boredom struggling with a repression proper to a host on his handsome face.

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"Awfully kind of Lord Heroncourt to ask us to meet you. We only came back from London yesterday, or Lady Percy would have had the pleasure of calling on you. Hope you like your place; we must do what we can to make it pleasant for you; though we're a slow lot, by Jove! Mr. Carrington going to hunt? You, too, I trust? I'm the master at present; only at present, I hope. We want Lord Heroncourt to take 'em; but it's uncertain whether he stays here. Fine old place this, isn't it? Never come near it but I'm envious. I've got a

Abbey's Effervescent Salt advertisement with image of a bottle and text: 'R for Happy Smiles', 'Abbey's Effervescent Salt', 'is usually recommended by the doctor'.

ABBEY'S VITA TABLETS for Nerves and Blood—50 Cents a Box

pokey damp hole—but you'll see for yourself—"

There was plenty of talking; but Heroncourt was for the most part silent. Every now and then his eyes wandered to the lovely face of the girl who had treated him so coldly, and his mind was going back to the night he had first seen her. What did it mean; in that dimly lit room in Bloomsbury to the brand new splendours of the Towers?

Carrie was seated next Lord Glassbury. It was the first time she had wittingly—met an earl, and for the first few minutes she regarded him a trifle shyly; but no man or woman had succeeded in being for long shy with Glassbury, and very soon he and Carrie were laughing like school-girl and school-boy.

"I say," he said, almost loud enough for Maida to hear, "what a beautiful girl your sister is, Miss Carrie. We don't grow 'em like that in these parts. Wish we did. Do you know, I've got an idea that I've met her before, but for the life of me I can't think where."

"It's very likely," said Carrie, demurely, "but you couldn't have been very much impressed by her if you've forgotten her, could you?"

"That's one to you!" exclaimed his lordship, with a laugh; that made the glasses ring, and surprised Carrie, who had always understood that to laugh so loudly was bad manners. "You're an awfully sharp little girl."

"I am just your height, Lord Glassbury—I noticed that I could see the top of your head when I came in," said Carrie.

"Where I comb my hairs over my bald spot; least, it's not quite bald. It's thinkin' so hard."

"Do you think that the sailor's parrot was bald, Lord Glassbury?"

"The sailor's parrot! Good Heavens! what's that to do with it? Oh, ah, I see! He couldn't talk, but he thought a lot. Hah! hah! Good, good, very good! Look here, Miss Carrie, you must come over and see us. Come and see my pigs—"

"As a frightful example, do you mean?" enquired Carrie. "I never saw so many things to eat in my life as there are here to-night. I'm bored to death of saying 'No thank you!'"

"Then say 'Yes, if you please,' for a change," suggested Glassbury, reaching for his glass.

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ing for a bon-bon box in the centre of the table and upsetting a couple of glasses in the endeavour. "This is more in line, I'm sure."

"No, thank you; I have eaten sweets since I was a child. Oh, they're chocolate almonds! I must! I must! Oh, look at Maida looking at us. Don't laugh, please, Lord Glassbury, or I shall be sent to bed without my supper—"

"Do you mean to say that you'll eat supper after this?" he cried.

"Oh, yes; I'm not so strong as I look, and all the doctors say I must be kept up and not be contradicted. I always take gingerbread nuts to bed with me, so that I may have something to look forward to when I wake up."

It wasn't very brilliant, but it delighted the simple, boyish-minded Lord Glassbury, and before the meal was over, he and Carrie were the very best of friends, and felt as if they had known each other for years.

The dinner seemed interminable to Maida, and unusually long to Heroncourt, but at last Lady Glassbury rose, and the ladies followed her into the drawing-room. Heroncourt, when he had closed the door on them and got back to his place, leant forward and addressed Mr. Carrington.

"Have some claret, Mr. Carrington? A cigarette—we smoke here—I'm a bachelor, you know."

Mr. Carrington filled his glass. His face was rosy red, his eyes were glistening with pride and satisfaction. Not until this moment had he fully realized all that his newly acquired wealth meant. He was seated at the table of an earl, with noblemen and landed gentry all round him.

"Thank you, I don't mind if I do, my lord. As I was saying—he turned to Lord Walmington—"It was done in an hour, as you may say. I'd been watching the thing for months, it's true; but it was done in a moment. The Roaring Jane was worth nothing when I bought her. She's worth now—well, it is not for me to say; but you know the price the shares stand at. And you can't get 'em at that. For a very good reason, my lord! and he tapped his breast-pocket and laughed triumphantly.

Then Heroncourt understood how the change from Coleridge Street to Margton Towers had come about.

The men did not sit long, and the moment they entered the drawing-room Heroncourt went up to Maida.

"This room is hot, Miss Carrington," he said. "Will you come into the conservatory? There are some palms and things there—"

She rose, perfectly calm and with her serene stop on, as Carrie called it, and as he drew the curtain aside to let her pass:

"I want to congratulate you," he said in his direct fashion.

"You mean because my father has become suddenly rich? Thank you, Lord Heroncourt!" she responded.

"I didn't know that you were at the Towers," he went on, "or I should have called before. Miss Carrington, are you sure that you have quite forgiven me for—for that night?"

"Quite," she said, with her rare smile. "Indeed, I had almost forgotten all about it—ah, but that is ungrateful!"

(To be Continued.)

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Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A PRETTY "PARTY" OR "BEST" DRESS.



2080—One could make this of dimity or dotted Swiss, of lawn or batiste. It is also nice for crepe and albatross, challie and lawn. In wash silk, with a finish of smocking, it will be very pleasing. The lines are simple and very little trimming will be required.

Lace edging and insertion, or bands of embroidery would make a pretty finish. Flouncing or bordered goods could be used for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. It requires 2 3/4 yards of 27-inch material for a 4-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A PRACTICAL, CONVENIENT MODEL.



1425—Ladies' House Dress, with Long or Short Sleeve.

For utility, comfort and convenience, this design has much to commend it. It closes in coat style, with the centre fronts overlapping. This assures easy and practical adjustment. An ample pocket is arranged over the side front. The waist is finished with a neat collar, and with cuffs for sleeve in short length. The long sleeve is dart fitted. The dart fulness may be cut away and the opening, thus made, be finished with a facing and underlap for buttons and buttonholes or other fasteners; then the sleeve may be turned back over the arm when desired.

The Pattern is good for ging-ham, percale, lawn, seersucker, soisette, madras, dimity, drill or linen. It is cut in 7 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 3/4 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

No. ....

Size ....

Address in full:—

Name .....

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List of Letters Remaining in the G.P.O. to June 19th, 1917.

A. Antle, John C., Franklyn Avenue Atwood, Miss Beatrice, c/o Mrs. Stirling, Gower St. Anthony, Mrs. Mary, Spencer St.

B. Barnes, H. c/o Mrs. Stirling, Gower St. Barnes, Wm., Long Pond Road Bailey, A., Convent Square Bartlett, Miss Jessie, New Gower St. Bragg, James, Flower Hill Barnes, Miss N., LeMarchant Road Barter, Miss D., York St. Bartlett, Miss Jessie, Gower St. Bagges, Joseph, card Berwick, Ralph, care Gen. Delivery Byrne, T. J., Nagle's Hill Bourne, B. R., card Butler, A. S., Freshwater Road Butler, John T., New Gower St. Burke, Miss Sarah F., Charlton St. Buggden, Miss L., New Gower St. Butler, Ralph, Monroe St. Button, Miss Edith, Gower St. Bragg, Miles, Wickford St. Bragg, Wm., card Butler, B., card

C. Campbell, M., Signal Hill Clarke, John Clark, Miss S., Victoria St. Crew, Thomas, care G. P. O. Crew, Solomon Critch, Charles Colton, Mrs. M. Coombs, Miss Annie F. Cole, Miss Flora, Military Road Coleman, Miss Mary, Catherine St. Colbert, James, Gower St. Cumley, Miss Katie, care G. P. O. Cronan, Mrs. Ann, New Gower St. Cook, Mrs. P. G., Duckworth St.

D. Davidson, A. P., care Gen. Delivery Deschamp, R. G. A. Dwyer, Mrs. J., Casey St. Driscoll, Hubert, Hamilton St. Driscoll, Thomas, Hamilton Avenue Driscoll, Gordon, card Doran, Mrs. Laura Duncah, Mrs. Bannerman St. Duff, Miss K., Gower St. Duggan, Mrs. Bridget, Theatre Hill Duncan, Mrs. John, care G. P. O. Day, George E.

E. Eales, Miss G., care G. P. O. Earle, A. M., card, care General Delivery Earle, Arthur, care Post Office Erickson, S. R., care Gen. Delivery

F. Fallon, Mrs. S., Cochrane St. French, Charles, Alexander St. Field, Mrs. Harry, red, Cabot St. Foster, Mrs. Henry, Livingstone St. Fogarty, John, care Gen. Delivery Foley, Mrs. Patrick, Codner's Lane Forster, Leuther Furrle, John

G. Grant, Mrs. Wm., card, Pennywell Rd. Grace, Miss Agatha, Bond St. George, Archibald, care G. P. O. Geary, George, East House Lane Gillard, E., Water Street Groves, Harvey Guy, J., card Gunnerson, Jos. Goss, Frank Grant, Miss Lillian, Lime St.

H. Hartley, F., Water St. Harrim, Miss J., Quidi Vidi Hall, Mrs. J., John Street Hamilton, Mrs. R., card Hennebury, Mrs. James, Boncloddy St. Hayes, Mrs. Thos., c/o East End of New Road

I. Hartley, Mrs. Annie Harvey, Miss K., Barnes' Road Harding, Laurence, George's St. Harding, Mrs. E., Brazil's Field Hallett, Thomas, Bond St. Henderson, Hector, Duckworth St. Hewitt, Miss Gladys, Allandale Rd. Hiscock, Edgar, Water St. Hiscock, Miss Frances, Gill Place Hill, Harvey Holley, Mrs. S., Clifford St. Howell, Miss Nellie Hobbs, George, care G. P. O.

J. Jones, Joseph Janes, William, St. Jarvis, Miss Hannah, Codner's Lane Judge, Joseph, Pennywell Road Jackman, M. R., Knight St.

K. Kennedy, John, Angel Place Kearsey, Mrs. Annie, Pennywell Rd. Kiele, Donald King, James A., card (p) Knight, Mr., East Square Knox, Jack, Holdsworth St. Knowling, Mrs. King, Miss Mary, Patrick St.

L. Lewis, W. J., Pennywell Road Long, Mrs. M. E. Lodge, Heber

M. Maney, Mrs. John Martin, G. C., care Gen. Delivery Martell, Arthur H. Matthews, Walter Mahar, James, Sr. Masters, Charles Mason, John Meyers, Mrs. Emma, South Side Mitchell, Mrs. Rose Miller, Miss Lillie, Brazil's Square Milley, Frank, Pennywell Road Monlon, Miss K., card Moss, Wm., Fleming St. Mundle, Fred, E. Murphy, Miss Annie, Livingstone St. Murphy, Mrs. M., Prescott St. Martin, John, South Side Battery.

N. Neil, Mrs. James, c/o Mrs. Stamp, Lime St. Nelson, Mrs. Water St. Nickerson, Miss K. Norman, Mrs. Thos., card Barnes' Road Nolan, Miss Mary E. Noel, Alexandra, Patrick St.

O. Oldford, John O'Keefe, card O'Neil, V., Water St. O'Neil, Pte. Martin (The next of kin) O'Brien, Miss Meta, Nagle's Hill Osborne, A.

P. Faynes, Mrs. P., Spencer St. Farrell, Mrs. P., Long Pond Road Parsons, Mrs. B., Water Street Parsons, Herbert, care G. P. O. Parsons, Miss F., Freshwater Road Patey, Reuben Parnott, Miss Mabel, 16 Street Perry, Mrs. L., Water St. East Percy, Edward, care G. P. O. Perless, Albert B. Perry, A. J. Peddie, Josiah, care G. P. O. Pearson, Miss Emma, Hagerly's Lane Phillips, Miss Maggie, James' St. Price, Miss Edith, Duckworth St. Porter, Miss Annie, Springdale St. Power, William, G. Power St. Parsons, Mrs. Matilda, McEugall St.

R. Robert, George, Freshwater Road Ross, Mrs. C., Hamilton St. Robbins, Miss Daisy, Spencer St. Rose, Cecil T. Roach, Joseph, care Col. Cordage Co. Rogers, Wm. J., Springdale St. Rowe, James, Allandale Road Rogers, George, Oxen Pond Road Ross, Master W. H., House Lane Roach, M., Water St. West Rogers, Joseph, Springdale St. Rogers, Edmund (Surveyor)

S. Sparks, Miss L., Hamilton St. Sharpe, L. L. Star, Mrs. F. P. Saint, Miss H., card, Hayward Ave. Senior, Mrs. James, Convent Lane Slesed, George, care G. P. O. Searle, Miss P., Spencer St. Spencer, Archibald, Field St. Sheppard, Miss A. E., George St. Shoppard, Miss May, Spencer St. Siskans, E., Boat House Lane Simmons, Joe, card, Pilot's Hill Smith, Robert, Larkin's Square Smith, Mrs. Sarah, Gower St. Smith, J. W. Smith, Wm., Monroe St. Snow, E. J. Snow, E., New Gower St. Scott, Walter Squires, Helena E. Sinnott, Miss L. Smith, J. B. Strickland, Miss M., Brine St.

T. Tracey, Mrs. Mary, Flower Hill Tetford, James Tilly, Miss A. P. Tobin, William, care Gen. Delivery Trowbridge, Mrs. E., McKay St. Thomam, Miss G., Pilot's Hill

U. Walsh, Martin, Long Pond Road Wadding, John Walters, James Way, Mrs. N., Queen St. Walsh, Miss Thome, Military Road West, Garland, care Gen. Delivery Whelan, W. J., Flower Hill White, Thomas, care Gen. Post Office Wells, D., card Walsh, T., Pope St. Wells, Mrs. Isaac, c/o Gen. Post Office Whelan, Miss D., Catherine St. White, Mrs. R., care G. P. O. Whiffin, Miss Sarah, LeMarchant Rd. Wiseman, Willis, c/o Gen. Delivery Williams, Mrs. Mary, Cuddihy St. White, Mrs. G. C., 4 King's St. Williams, Mrs. Harold, Hamilton Ave. Williams, Miss B., Blackmarsh Rd.

Y. Young, Herbert, Freshwater Rd. Young, George R. J. ALEX. ROBINSON, P. M. G.

How About Your Kerosene?

Do you need it any old kerosene, for getting out of order? Or are you sure to get SKIPPER KER...

&lt;