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CHAPTER XXI.

ALONE IN THE WORLD.

"You will think me a coward," she said; "but my father and I were all in all to each other."

"I think you are the bravest girl I have ever met," said Cravenden warmly. "But now, just try and eat this, it will keep you from fainting with hunger, at any rate."

She took what he offered her obediently.

"I think I had better have a look around while you rest, and see if my friend is in sight. You are not afraid to be alone, are you?"

"No," she said, sadly, "you will not go far away, I know."

Lord Cravenden's eyes gleamed.

"I will stay close at hand," he said. "I only wish I knew whether we were near a place of shelter."

Mary pondered. "No," she said. "I don't think we are within fifty miles of any farm. We shall have to camp out."

Lord Cravenden looked at her. She spoke in quite a matter-of-fact tone, as if camping out with an utter stranger was a thing of everyday occurrence. He saw that she was utterly innocent and resigned to her fate.

"I will make up a fire," he said, "under these rocks, and you must rest. Then tomorrow we will try to reach some place of shelter, and you must let me help you. Perhaps your father is safe, after all. Don't forget my friend is there."

Her face brightened at his words; and he stopped to tell her all about Reuben, and how, by means of his plan, she had been rescued.

His sympathy seemed to cheer her a little; and, having seen that she was as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, he went to the head of the ravine to look for Reuben, whose absence he felt unspeakably.

There were no signs of any human being or any house in the vast solitude; and, with a sigh, he retraced his steps.

Having tethered his horse, he went back to his companion. He found Mary had fallen asleep, her sweet face resting on her hand; and her wealth of hair once more unbound, flowing over her neck and shoulders like a silken cloud. With a reverent touch, he drew the saddle blanket, which he had found strapped on the horse, more closely over her, and, treading lightly, made his way to the stream.

At its side he watched through the hours of the night, wondering why this unknown Australian maid should have stirred feelings and awakened memories which he had thought dead forever.

Lord Cravenden little knew that the girl to whom he had offered his life so fervently but a few months back—Olive Seymour—was almost in as great a need of a friend as Mary Castle; for each day brought her nearer to the hated marriage with Morgan Verner.

The amiability which had always characterized Sir Edwin, had now merged into weakness; and as the constant dropping of water will wear away the hardest stone, so the influence of the Verners had slowly but surely obtained the mastery over his pliable nature.

With grief, none the less intense because it was hidden, Olive saw that Bingleigh Hall, and all pertaining to it, was gradually merging into the Grange. Scarcely a day passed that John Verner did not visit the Hall, and he was invariably accompanied by his steward and confidant, Mr. Griley.

Olive disliked the Verners, but old Griley she disliked still more; the very sight of his sinister, wrinkled face filled her with horror, and though he always greeted her with every mark of respect, yet he seemed to avoid crossing her path as much as possible.

Nothing was now done at Bingleigh until the Verners had expressed their approval; and even in the minor details, concerning the management of the house itself, John Verner or old Griley interfered continually. The number of servants had again been decreased at a suggestion of John Verner's, prompted by his arch minister, Griley, who would have gladly seen the Hall shut up, and the unfortunate baronet and his daughter confined to the Lodge.

"Only two people," he snarled to his master one night. "What do they want a large house like that for? Ten or twenty rooms to each. Why, the place would let for a thousand a year; and if that was put by until the old man dies, it would be a nice little sum for Mr. Morgan."

"I fear he will prove but ungrateful for all our trouble," said John Verner. "He takes no trouble himself, and it is three weeks since he has set foot in the Grange or the Hall."

"Well, Well, squire, he's young; and, after all, it's better for us to do the plotting, for one thing. Another is, I don't think he'll do much good with the stuck-up miss yonder."

"What do you mean?" asked John Verner, with sudden alarm.

"Master Morgan don't know the way to get 'round her," replied the old rascal. "He must have his fling, you see, squire; while he's sowing his wild oats, you can't expect him to settle down."

"But look at the money he's spending," resumed John Verner angrily.

"Well, there'll be more where that comes from," said Griley. "Wait till the old man dies, squire—we shan't have long to wait now, I know, and then we'll have Bingleigh without any marriage settlement. What do you think of that, eh?"

John Verner's eyes lit up.

"No settlements, Griley!" he repeated.

"No," said the steward; "it shall be Master Morgan's, every inch of it—leave it to me. You can trust old Griley?"

"Yes, indeed," said John Verner. "You've worked for me many years, Griley."

"Yes, and done dirty jobs," said the old man, with a chuckle. "Where would the young master have been, but for old Griley. He's heir to the Grange and——',

"Don't look back!" interrupted his master. "I hate the past; it makes me think of that brat——"

"Yes, but he's dead," said his callous companion.

"Are you sure?" said Verner.

The steward looked at him in frank surprise.

"Why, of course," he said; "didn't I track the players through the country, and see the boy lying all crushed in the circus ring? The heir to the Grange riding in a circus! How the people yelled and cried. Why, I even went 'round after to the tent, to make sure—and there he was—white and stiff, what was left of him. I couldn't get right in, but there was no doubt about it, the brat was dead as a doornail."

John Verner shuddered, as he invariably did when he thought of the dead child. He little knew how Wynter had rushed into the ring and dragged out the still form, before a hoof had marked him. Unconscious the child had been, and white, as Griley had seen, but very far from dead; and Wynter had been careful not to let the steward come an inch nearer than he could help.

Meanwhile, Morgan, whom Griley so fondly termed "the heir," was enjoying himself, in his own fashion, in Paris and in London. Since that evening when he had attempted to force a kiss upon his betrothed, he had avoided the Hall and Olive's society, and, under the plea of business, had hurried to town. Deep down in his heart he hated Bingleigh and all pertaining to it; he never passed the door of Sir Edwin's library without a shudder of alarm.

Certainly he had no need to fear reproaches for his neglect from Olive, who was only too content with the state of affairs. While Morgan was out of sight she could bear up against the thought of the future, the pain of which was not lessened by the sight of her father's fast-increasing weakness. Alone in her own room, or wandering in the Hall grounds with Sir Edwin, she could at least deceive herself into believing that she was happy. It was only when she caught sight of old Griley, or heard John Verner's voice, that she realized the hateful power they wielded over her.

However, she could not hope for a much longer respite from Morgan's company; for Bingleigh was beginning to rouse itself for nothing less than a general election; and there was a rumor that a candidate proposed by the Verners and Sir Edwin Seymour would prove the winning one.

The prospect of the excitement seemed to brighten the old man, and it was with something of his old vigor that he said to Olive one morning:

"We shall have to hold a gathering of the clans, my dear."

"Why, dear?" asked Olive, in surprise.

"What a little hermit you are," returned her father brightly. "Have you forgotten the coming election?"

As a matter of fact, Olive had done so.

"We must fix on a candidate," continued Sir Edwin, "and you had better arrange for a big political dinner next week, and ask all the powers that be. Perhaps you can help us in our choice." He smiled archly at her.

"Not I," said Olive, "unless you will sit yourself."

Her father smiled and shook his head.

"No," he said, "I am too old. We want young blood and energy and talent. Now what do you say to my suggesting one who is about to be near and dear to you, eh? We will choose Morgan Verner. After all, he will reign here after me as my son, and it is only fitting that he should be among the rulers of the land."

Tears welled up into Olive's eyes. It hurt her beyond measure to witness her father's faith in one so utterly unworthy.

"Yes, yes! You shall be more than mistress of Bingleigh and the Grange. You shall be the wife of Morgan Verner, member of Parliament."

Olive hid a shudder at the word "wife."

"I am quite satisfied with the honor of being somebody's daughter," she murmured, as she kissed him.

Sir Edwin wandered off, full of the new topic, to write letters and to arrange for the political dinner party; and when John Verner paid his daily visit Sir Edwin opened up his amiable project.

"I had almost forgotten the election is so near at hand," said John Verner thoughtfully. "Yes, we must certainly decide on our man as quickly as possible."

Verner had started violently at the first mention of the word "election," and raised his claret glass with a trembling hand, as Sir Edwin rambled on. Before his mind's eye, the word recalled that hateful morning, in the rooms of Mr. Normanby, when—racked wth fear and impotent rage—he had placed himself within the power of that mysterious personage. Only this very morning he had received a letter from that same man; and while dwelling lightly upon the gossip of the day—touching but lightly, too, upon the coming election—the writer contrived to give John Verner the impression of a menace under the courteous words.

(To be Continued.)

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Hereford, Que., January 11th.—Captain Peabody is well known all through this section, and his cure by use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills has aroused great interest in this great medicine.

The Captain had been suffering for a long time, and could never get any treatment to afford lasting relief until he began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Captain A. Peabody, Hereford, Que., writes:—"For years I suffered from indigestion, rheumatism and neuralgia. Lightning-like pains would shoot all through my body, and I also had severe pains over my left kidney and through the hips. I doctored for years and tried all kinds of remedies, but the only result was money spent without relief. At last I read in Dr. Chase's Almanac of his Kidney-Liver Pills and decided to try them. One box made such a change that I sent for five more. Before I had finished them the pains in my kidneys and hips had disappeared, and I was clear of those sharp, shooting pains through the body. I still take these Pills occasionally to keep my bowels regular, and would not be without them, as I have them to thank for my cure.

"I can also speak highly of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Powder and Linseed and Turpentine. The former cured me of catarrh in the head, which caused frequent headaches. I am completely cured of this now, and breathe freely as when a boy. The Linseed and Turpentine proved of great benefit for a bad cough which bothered me continually for three winters. Last winter I took one bottle of the Linseed and Turpentine, and have not been bothered with a cough since."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Don't be talked into accepting anything said to be just as good. Imitations and substitutes only disappoint.

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A dress of black crepe de chine is very picturesque if made with a vest of white satin with rich embroidery.

Green is especially in vogue just now—perhaps because it is favored by our English cousins.

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 GOOD SCHOOL DRESS.

1993—Girls' One-Piece Dress, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

This model is nice for serge, gabardine, velvet, taffeta, linen, percale, galatea, shepherd check and plaid suit. In brown or blue serge, with a collar of white repp or linen, it will be very pleasing. The fronts have square yoke portions. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3¼ yards of 44-inch material for an 8-year size.

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

A DAINTY DRESSING SACK.

2210—This smart style would be lovely in dotted challie, cool Swiss or dimity, and is also nice for crepe, batiste, lawn and percale. China silk, too, could be used, or crepe de chine, satin or chiffon.

The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires for a 38-inch size 3⅝ yards of 36-inch material.

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MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.

The Prohibition Cases

THE POLICE AND FINES.

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir,—On Monday, the 7th instant, there appeared in your newspaper a report of Police Proceedings from which the following is an extract:—

"PROHIBITION CASES IN COURT.
Doubtful Methods of Police.

If present circumstances are allowed to continue, some members of our police force will shortly be able to rest on "easy street" ere long, judging by the amount of "rake-offs" they make. They have been working overtime lately, but the unprincipled methods they employ for the purpose of getting convictions did not commend themselves to the Court when several Prohibition cases came up for hearing. It must be admitted that the enforcement of Prohibition has wrought a tremendous amount of good in the country and it is right and proper that the law should be respected and obeyed, but it would be more desirable in the public welfare if the Control Board or Prohibition interests took that portion of fines, which are given to police officers, for patriotic or charitable purposes. Detective Sergts. Byrne and O'Neill boarded a Spanish vessel a few days ago, shortly after her arrival, and bought a couple of bottles of wine which were used this morning as evidence against the stranger, who did not know Byrne, and to-day was fined $100 or 30 days. The sleuths, of course, got half the fine. Wine is a necessity on board a Spanish ship as tea is in households in St. John's."

Sergts. Byrne and O'Neill, who have retained us in the matter, have considerable work to do all over the country before various Stipendiary Magistrates and they feel that the publication of such an article as the one referred to above must have the effect of lessening public confidence in them and must render it much more difficult for them to perform their duties successfully.

The whole tenor of your article is that these men were guilty of "doubtful" or questionable methods in the conduct of the case referred to, and that these "doubtful" methods were used rather from a desire for personal pecuniary profit than from a desire to perform their public duty.

With reference to your statement, "The sleuths, of course, got half the fine." This is not correct. The fines are apportioned one-third to the Receiver General for the Public Funds of the Colony, one-third to the Police Widows and Orphans' Fund and one-third to the parties laying information.

There were no strictures from the Court on the conduct of these two officers with regard to this case.

These two men, in the ordinary course of their duty, discovered a breach of the law and laid an information. They did not ask any citizen to do their work for them, but went and did it themselves, for which they are held up to public contumely. They have been for many years on the Police Force and have rendered very many valuable services to the public, and they feel very much aggrieved over the attitude taken by your newspaper.

They had no connection or association with the case referred to in the second paragraph of your article.

We write you thus fully under the belief that you will be prepared to vindicate our clients in this matter.

Yours truly,
R. T. McGRATH,
L. E. EMERSON.

[We are glad to have this explanation and willingly withdraw any imputation contained in our remarks of the motive of the share of the fine actuating these officers. Our criticism in that regard, however, was aimed at the whole system, which we think is most objectionable. It is not in the public interest that the police should be "rewarded" in this way for the performance of their duty; nor is it in their own, since they must unavoidably be under the suspicion here complained of. This feature of these prosecutions should be removed.—Ed.]

Here and There.

When you want Steaks, Chops, Cutlets and Collops, try ELLIS'.

TO-MORROW'S PARADE. — To-morrow morning the volunteers will hold their weekly church parade.

When you want Sausages, why—get ELLIS'; they're the best.

LIEUT R. HERDER AGAIN ILL.—The many friends of Lieut. Ralph Herder will be sorry to hear that he is again unwell, and will shortly have to undergo an operation.

Stafford's Liniment cures Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia and all Aches and Pains.

AN OMISSION.—Omitted from the list of donations to the C. E. Orphanage, which appeared in the Telegram yesterday, was four quarters of beef from the Government and one from Sir W. D. Reid.

When you want something in a hurry for tea, go to ELLIS'—Head Cheese, Ox Tongue, Boiled Ham, Cooker Corned Beef, Bologna Sausage.

Popular Citizen Enters Regiment

Mr. P. J. Grace, of Harvey & Co.'s office, resigns his position to-day having been accepted for service in the Royal Nfld. Regiment, after twice offering himself, the defect noticeable at the first examination having been removed. His youngest brother, Lieut. Willie, is now a prisoner of war in Germany, and his only other brother, Charles also volunteered for King and Country a year ago, but was rejected on physical grounds. All honor to the Grace boys, who are worthy sons of worthy sires.

Pat, as he is more familiarly known, is a well liked and popular citizen, perhaps, most so in social and athletic circles, and a companion unexcelled. Now that he is about to don the khaki we take great pleasure in divulging the fact—only after long persuasion in getting his consent to so doing, that he was our correspondent who so ably wrote the Baseball Columns of this paper during the past two seasons. By his writings he did more to enthuse baseballers and foster and stimulate the game than any other in the community. He was the active Secretary of the Baseball League and it will be difficult to get an equal successor for that office.

He is being succeeded at Harvey & Co.'s by ex-Private Bert Harris, a Gallipoli veteran, who is being replaced by ex-Sergt. Crossman, of Gallipoli fame. The post vacated by the latter will be occupied by Private Aiden Hogan, who was seriously wounded in the Battle of Beaumont Hamel, July 1st, 1916.

Our Volunteers.

The following young men offered for the Regiment yesterday:

S. Breaker, St. John's.
B. Shears, Rocky Hr., Bonne Bay.
S. Ellsworth, Rocky Hr., Bonne Bay.
M. Ryan, Norris Arm.
T. R. Wells, Dawson's Cove, Conception Bay.
(Elisted 2nd time.)
S. Smith, Blaketown, T. B.
D. Slaney, St. Lawrence.
V. Barrett, Bay Roberts.

The quarterly meeting of the Presentation Convent Association will be held on to-morrow (Sunday), Jan. 13th, at 3.30 o'clock, in the Schoolroom, Presentation Convent. As business of importance in connection with the first quarter of the year will be discussed, a large attendance is requested. MARGARET WALSH, Sec.—jan12,1i

Here and There.

HEAVY SEA RAGED.—While the N.E. gale raged last evening, a heavy sea ran in the harbor and shipping along the waterfront had to haul out in the stream for fear of damaging the wharves.

Stafford's Prescription "A"—Cure for diseases of the Stomach: Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Gastritis and Nervous Dyspepsia.—nov6,tf

PLUCKY RESCUE.—One of the second class passengers of the s.s. Fogota fell overboard when the steamer was at Twillingate a few nights ago. Mail officer Tibbs, a Gallipoli veteran, pluckily jumped over board and rescued the passenger.

The regular monthly meeting of the St. John's Mechanics' Society will be held in their Hall on Monday evening at 8 o'clock. By order, J. J. LEAHEY, Secretary.—jan12,1i

PRISONERS ARRIVE.—Three men in charge of Constables Keefe and Kelly, were brought to the Penitentiary on Thursday night, having been convicted of breaking into a store at Port au Port and stealing provisions for which they were sentenced to six months' imprisonment each.

Forget the Eight Ounces, it's only throwing your money away. But don't forget to have your suit or overcoat Cleaned and Pressed for the holiday season, as it is going to be very DRY weather, and you need good clothes. Phone 574 or send to SPURRELL the Tailor, 369 Water St.—dec19,eod,tf

AWARDED D.S.O.—News was received in the city yesterday that Lieut. Col. Dr. Henry Shea, R.A.M.C., son of the venerable Dr. Henry Shea, has been mentioned in despatches a second time and awarded the D.S.O. The gallent officer was at the outbreak of war servinng in India but shortly after proceeded to France where he has rendeered most conspicuous service since. He is now in charge of one of the largest hospitals at Etaples. Congratulations.

The Annual Entertainments in aid of Mount Cashel, will be held in the Casino, Theatre on next Thursday and Friday nights, January 17 and 18.—

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, ETC.

EARLY M

RUSSIANS AGAIN PREPARING.

LONDON, Jan. 11.

Confirming the previous reports that the Bolsheviki are preparing to re-establish the fighting power of the army against a possible final break in the negotiations with the Central Powers, the Petrograd correspondent of the Daily News says that they are not attempting to reanimate the old worn-out army, but to create a new and much smaller one. Concerning this new army Foreign Minister Trotzky is reported to have said it will wage not war, but revolution. Its front trenches will be barricaded against oppressors. The Bolsheviki doubt if the German soldiers will advance, but if they do and take more territory, they will be no nearer an end of the war. The correspondent says that the greatest difficulties of the Bolsheviki in these preparations are transports and supply, of which the former is the less hopeful question. Ensign Kryletke, the Bolsheviki Commander-in-Chief is reported to be organizing a volunteer army, and has ordered all officers to return to their posts they held before the Bolsheviki revolution.

CENTRAL POWERS WITHDRAW PEACE TERMS.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 11.

The Central Powers have withdrawn their peace terms made public at Brest-Litovsk conference on December 25th, it was announced by Dr. Kuehlmann, Foreign Secretary, in his speech at Brest-Litovsk conference with the Russians yesterday. Owing to the non-acceptance by all the enemy powers of these terms. Dr. Von Kuehlmann stated that the document had become null and void.

WILL ONLY CONFER AT BREST-LITOVSK.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 11.

Count Czernin, Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, discussing the situation of the peace conference at Brest-Litovsk on Thursday, said that as Russia's allies had not replied to the invitation to participate in the negotiations, it was now a question of a separate peace between Russia and the Central Powers. He gave reasons for not wishing to transfer negotiations to neutral territory, and said that if the Russians were animated by the same intentions as the Central Powers, the result of the negotiations would be satisfactory; if not, the responsibility for the war would fall exclusively on the Russians. Dr. Von

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