

THE UPSIDER

CHAPTER XVI.

Sylvia had fallen into good hands. Lorrimer and Mercy Fairfax vied with each other in their attention to the sick and bereaved girl, and Mercy's careful nursing and the constant change of air and scene soon brought color back to the pale cheeks and the waning strength to her thin, graceful form.

But the improvement ended there. She was physically whole, but the spirit had received a wound which seemed to defy even time and change. She took no interest in anything, and though Lorrimer and Mercy were unremitting in their efforts to rouse her and woo her to forgetfulness of her loss, they did not succeed.

"She seems to be living in dreamland, poor girl," said Mercy, and that very nearly described Sylvia's condition. She would sit for hours in one place, and in almost the same attitude, her head resting on her hand, her large eyes fixed on vacancy, apparently dead to all that was going on around her.

They passed through the most beautiful scenery re-created in great cities, in which they lived, surrounded by luxury, and what was novelty to Sylvia, but it was all disregarded by her. She was living an inner life, feeding upon the memory of the past, and while her body moved through this weary, wonderful world of ours, her soul was back at Lorn Hope Camp, which Jack's presence had made a paradise for her.

And yet she was grateful for the kindness and unwearied devotion of her two guardians.

"You are too kind to me, you and Lord Lorrimer," she said one day to Mercy, who had been even more than usually attentive to the sorrow-stricken girl. "I think if Lord Lorrimer were to scold me and try and speak roughly, and you would stop treating me as if I were the most precious thing on earth, it would do me good," she said, with a touch of her old naivete, and Mercy had smiled and shaken her head.

"I'll ask Lord Lorrimer to do so," she said, "but I'm afraid he won't."

"No," said Sylvia. "I think he is the best of all. I don't want him in the world excepting."

She stopped, as Jack wasn't in the world now—last! alas!

Mercy had grown very fond of Sylvia, and it would seem as if the womanly tenderness so long pent up in her bosom had found a vent, and had lavished itself upon the young girl so strangely committed to her care. Lorrimer, too, grew attached to Sylvia, and under other circumstances his attachment would have developed into a warmer phase; but Lorrimer had only one heart, and it had been his forever. If Sylvia had been ten times more lively and bewitching than she was—and she was beautiful and fascinating enough—Lorrimer would have been safe.

There was only one woman in the world for him, and that was Audrey Hope, who had sent him on an errand which apparently became more of a wild goose chase each day.

But notwithstanding the charge he had undertaken, Lorrimer did not neglect his mission, and all their journeying had the one object, the finding of Neville Lynne. They passed through Australia, to New Zealand, Lorrimer pursuing his search with unremitting ardor, but without success, and at last they crossed to Europe. It was late in autumn when they landed on the continent, and Sylvia's continued lethargy caused Mercy and him some anxiety.

"I don't think she ought to winter in England," Mercy said, as they talked over their plans. "An English winter is very enjoyable for those who can stand it, but Sylvia is just in that state when all sorts of troubles from cold and bad weather may set in."

Lord Lorrimer nodded.

"Very well," he said, "you had better go to Italy. I will see you there safe and settled comfortably; but I must leave you there, at any rate for a time, but I will look you up now and then."

Sylvia raised no objection to the proposal; she would have consented to go to Siberia, the coast of New Guinea—anywhere—with the same indifference, and they made for Florence.

Lorrimer saw them comfortably settled in one of the best of the boarding houses, and left them to continue his search; he meant going through all the big continental cities.

Sylvia parted from him with tears in her eyes and broken sentences of gratitude, but immediately afterward she sank into the old lethargy and indifference.

Mercy used to drive her about the delightful old city and the exquisite scenery around it, and Sylvia would look upon it all with about as much interest in her dreamy eyes as she would in a chain.

Mercy was almost in despair, but as patient as ever, and as tender and gentle.

One day her devotion met with some reward. Sylvia had complained of the wind—there is an east wind in Florence which is almost as chilly and penetrating as that of England—and Mercy had taken her into one of the churches.

Service was going on and the two women knelt reverently with the rest of the congregation. Suddenly Mercy felt the girl kneeling beside her tremble, and heard her sigh, and she knew that she was singing an exquisite solo, and sending forth a music which seemed to float like a strain from the heavenly choir through the grand old church.

Mercy said nothing, but Sylvia, as she drove home, murmured, "How beautiful, oh, how beautiful!" and that evening, as Mercy was dressing for dinner in the room adjoining Sylvia's, she heard a voice singing the solo. She was so startled by the beauty and sweetness of the voice that she did not at first realize that it was Sylvia's, and when she did so she dropped the brush from her hand and opened the door between the two rooms.

"My dear, was that you singing?" she exclaimed.

Sylvia looked over her shoulder, from the glass before which she was standing, with faint surprise.

"Was I singing?" she said, "I was only trying to hum the hymn we heard in the church this afternoon; but I didn't think you could hear me."

Mercy stared at her with unbounded surprise.

"My dear child," she said, putting her arms round her neck and kissing her "you sing like an angel. Why have you never sung before. Lord Lorrimer would have been so pleased and delighted."

"Would he?" said Sylvia. "I would have sung to him if I had thought of it, but I haven't sung since—"

She turned her head away.

Mercy prudently said no more at the moment and left her, but a few nights afterward she persuaded her to sing a simple ballad in the drawing-room, little dreaming of the consequences that would ensue.

There were some very rich people staying at the house, English and Italian; and among the latter was an old professor of the Conservatoire. He was a very old man, who used to sit reading his Italian newspaper and apparently too much absorbed in it to take any notice of his fellow boarders, but that night when Sylvia began to sing he lowered his paper, then dropped it altogether, and starting to his feet with an exclamation of amazement and delight, he crossed the room to the piano by which Sylvia was standing.

"My dear young lady," he said, in broken English, "where did you get that voice?"

To such an unanswerable question Sylvia could only smile, and the old man hastened to explain.

"Soh! I do not mean where did you get the voice itself—that comes from heaven, we know—but who taught you to sing like that?"

"My father," said Sylvia, as she had answered Jack.

"Soh! Then, my dear, your father was a musician, and what is better, a first-rate tutor. Let me hear you sing again!"

Sylvia complied, and the old professor stood and listened with bent head and profound and critical attention.

Then he patted her arm approvingly and even enthusiastically.

"My dear young lady," he said, earnestly and almost solemnly, "you have a voice which is phenomenal. And you do not know it. No one has told you. It is like a diamond buried in the sand. But you must sing! You have a grand future before you. Ah, but yes! Such a future as makes me dizzy to think of. But you must be careful; there is still much to learn. See, if you will, I myself will teach you. Come to me to-morrow at the Conservatoire, at eleven, and taking for granted that she could not dream of refusing such an offer, he trotted to his nightly cigarette and game of dominoes at the café.

"You will go, dear?" said Sylvia, when they had gone up to their own rooms.

Sylvia thought a moment or two.

"Did he mean that I could earn money?" she said in a low voice.

"I suppose so; yes, of course," said Mercy. "But this is of no consequence. It is of your happiness we are thinking. If you can only find some amusement and interest in the occupation—"

"To earn money," repeated Sylvia, as if her hands on Mercy's shoulder and looked into her eyes.

"Do you think all this time that I have not felt with all my gratitude for what love and Lord Lorrimer's great kindness living on charity—yes, charity? At times, Mercy, dear, the thought has nearly driven me mad."

"That's nonsense," Mercy began, her eyes filling, but Sylvia went on:

"Often I have asked myself what I should do to earn my own bread; often I have asked myself what Jack would have said if he could have known that I was living on other people's alms, and I have felt hot with shame and misery. I have felt as much as anything I have felt in my life."

"Now this old man says that I can earn money. Will I go? Why, I would take a thousand miles with such a hope before me. Yes, we will go, Mercy, dear, and I will write—well, you shall see."

The course of lessons commenced, and the professor's enthusiasm, instead of decreasing, increased as his pupil progressed.

When Lord Lorrimer came on a flying visit he found that the apathetic girl he had left behind him had transformed into a keen student, with a hopeful, loving light in the eyes that had, so short a time since, been vacant and lifeless. He was delighted, but still more astounded when the professor gravely proposed that Sylvia should make her appearance at a matinee.

"Not that she will stop there, my lord," he said, earnestly. "She is fitted for higher work, for she will act as well as sing, mark me, and it is the opera and not the concert platform to which she is making."

Lord Lorrimer was at first opposed to the idea, but a few words from Sylvia, and a long look at her changed face, reconciled him to it.

"What will your people say if we ever find them, Sylvia?" he said.

"You will never find them," she replied, "and if you did they would say I have done right."

The day of the matinee came, and she appeared, not trembling and nervous, as she was most debatable, but calm and serene, with the true artist's confidence.

Lord Lorrimer was spellbound while the sweet, fresh voice rang through the hall, and a storm of applause awaited the singer, and at the close the professor, trembling with agitation and delight, brought forward a stout, elderly gentleman with a wig, whom he introduced as the manager of the Vienna opera, and who, in bland voice and complimentary language, offered Sylvia an engagement.

She asked for one day in which to consider the proposal—and accepted it.

"You will stay with me, Mercy? You will always be busy with me?" she said, when she told her.

And Mercy had drawn the girl to her heart and kissed her.

"Yes, I will stay with you, my dear; in fact, I'm afraid I couldn't go even if you sent me away."

A month afterward, while the Vienna Theatre, crammed to its fullest to hear the new singer, Signorina Stella, whose youth and beauty had been the topic of conversation throughout the gay city since the day when she was introduced as Signorina Stella herself sat in her dressing room, still in her costume, her face covered with her hands, her whole frame shaking with sobs, the tears trickling between her fingers.

"My dear! my dear!" murmured Mercy. "Why do you cry? You are overwrought. Listen to the cheers, Sylvia. Think of the success, the great, overwhelming success, and don't cry."

But the sobs did not cease, and Mercy, bending over her, heard her murmur brokenly:

"Jack! Jack! Oh, if Jack were only here!"

The successful Signorina Stella, whose fame the electric wires were already flashing through Europe, was still as faithful to the man who had paid her ransom as Sylvia, the orphan of Lorn Hope, had been!

CHAPTER XVII.

Lord Byron remarked that he woke one morning and found himself famous;

AT R. McKAY & CO'S., Friday, Sept. 27, 1907

A Rousing List of Specials

And the second day of Our Week End Sale of Hosiery and Underwear

This splendid and well-selected list of undervalues for to-morrow's special attraction at Hamilton's brightest and most progressive stores is an attractive one, and is bound to draw another immense crowd here to-morrow. It will be the second day of our great week-end sale of Ladies' Fall and Winter Hosiery and Underwear, as a very important and special feature, a sale that is looked forward to by hundreds of women who want to lay in their stock of Children's and Women's Fall and Winter Undergarments at remarkable savings. Read the following items:

65c Extra Fine Cashmere Hose

Sale Price 47c pair

23 dozen of this extra fine grade of Women's Cashmere Hose will go on sale to-morrow at per pair 47c.

75c Indiana Cashmere Hose

Sale Price 69c pair

Women's Plain Black Indiana Cashmere Hose of a higher quality, all sizes, Friday sale price 69c pair.

Infants' Sleepers Priced 50,

60, 70c per garment

Infants' Fleece-lined Sleepers go on sale to-morrow at prices that will command big selling at each size.

Children's Warm Underwear

We have just passed into stock an immense range of Children's Undergarments in white and natural colors. Come in and see display.

Special Staple Values

Sheeting 27c

Extra heavy unbleached twill sheeting, round even thread, bleaches easily, worth 35c, for 27c

Tea Toweling 9c

23 inch check Tea Towelling, firm, absorbent weave, special 9c

Pillow Cotton 17c

42 and 44 inch Pillow Cotton, splendid wearing quality, special 17c

Cream Damask 29c

Heavy Cream Damask, 63 inches wide, a good cloth for common use, regular 35c, for 29c

\$1.00 and \$1.25 Tweed Suiting on Sale Friday at 47c

To-morrow we will hold a big clearing sale of fall tweed suitings at a price which means great saving for you and just at the wanted time. The lot you will find the very newest colorings and effects for serviceable Suits, Skirts and Children's School Dresses in stripes, checks and plaid effects, in widths of 44 up to 54 inches. This is by far the biggest twelfth of the season. Come early and secure your share of this great bargain. Every yard worth \$1 and \$1.25, on sale to-morrow at 47c

Friday Blanket Sale

It's cold enough for a Light Weight Blanket. 100 pairs fine Flannel-ette Blankets, good size, in blue or pink border, regular value \$1.50, special for Friday \$1.19

100 extra large Flannel-ette Blankets, family bed size, blue or pink borders, regular \$1.75, special for Friday \$1.35

R. McKAY & CO. will be pleased to figure on your shades, poles, etc. Be sure to get our prices.

Marvellous Price Reductions in Walking Skirts

Rousing Reduction Sale of Ladies' and Misses' Skirts

Tweed Skirts \$2.49

Light and dark colors in Tweeds, all new styles, in tucks and box pleats, very special values, worth \$4.50 and \$5.00, sale price \$2.49

Misses' Skirts \$1.98

25 sample Skirts, mostly tweeds, a few plain colors, all smart, fashionable Skirts, nicely trimmed and stitched, regular value \$3.50, sale price \$1.98

Clearing Prices for Friday—Carpet Dept.

Wool Sample Ends

100 Wool and Union sample ends, worth 40 to 75c, your choice Friday for 19c

Brussels Sample Ends 75c

40 Brussels sample ends, 15 yards long, worth \$1.50 and \$1.75, your choice Friday 75c

Tapestry Squares \$5.00

12 Tapestry Squares, size 36x24 yards, bright, saleable colorings, worth \$5.00, your choice Friday \$5

Moravian Squares \$4.50

9 only Moravian Squares, size 80x80, Oriental designs and colorings, worth \$6.50, your choice Friday \$4.50

R. McKAY & CO.

Past Experience

and Sylvia might with truth have said the same.

Sylvia's was a genuine success. The musical critics were, for once, unanimous in praising her voice and the way she managed it, and the dramatic critics declared that she would in time be as fine an actress as she was a singer.

Vienna raved about her—about her beauty, her youth and her romantic history; and all sorts of absurd rumors went the round of the newspapers. Some hinted that she was the daughter of an English nobleman; others that she was a Russian princess, who had run away from her home because her parents declined to allow her to follow the bent of her genius, and by others it was declared that she was Lord Lorrimer's betrothed wife, and that she would, notwithstanding her great success recently, give up her career and retire from the stage forever.

Meanwhile the theatre on the three nights on which she played was full to overflowing. Her appearance was greeted with cheers and wreaths and bouquets, and in accordance with the delightfully absurd custom, were thrown at her feet.

Sometimes a note was concealed among the flowers, and not seldom a costly article of jewelry. These Sylvia handed—the first unopened—to Mercy, who duly returned them the next morning to the stage forever.

All this would have turned the heads of nineteen girls out of twenty but Sylvia took her triumph not only modestly, but with a sense of solemn responsibility. She had worked hard before she made her appearance, she worked still harder, now that the public expected so much from her, and nearly the whole day was spent in studying the music and acting of the parts assigned to her, and she seemed to live entirely for and in her work.

Lord Lorrimer looked on at all this in an amazed way; he found it impossible to get rid of, and night after night he would stand at the back of his box and gaze at the lovely young creature on the stage as she held the huge audience spellbound, and ask himself whether he wasn't dreaming, and whether this brilliant, dazzling creature could be the girl he had seen in the grasp of Lavarick, the ranger!

To that past—divided from the present by so short a space of time—neither he nor Sylvia ever returned; but that she was constantly thinking of and dwelling upon it both he and Mercy knew, as they sometimes watched Sylvia sitting in pensive silence, her beautiful eyes clouded by sorrowful thought.

Poor Lorrimer was in rather a peculiar frame of mind. The two years in which he had set himself to find Neville had expired, and he might have gone back to Audrey with a clear conscience; only one "BROMO QUININE," that is **Laxative Bromo Quinine** Cures a Cold in One Day, Only in 2 Days

OK HALL

10 and 12 James St. North

but his love made him proud, and he felt that it would be almost mean to go back, so to speak, empty-handed. (To be continued.)

MUST HAVE PASSPORTS.

Plan to Stop Japanese Immigration From Hawaii.

Vancouver, Sept. 25.—The Dominion immigration agent, Dr. Monroe, has notified all steamship and transportation companies carrying Japanese to this city that no Japanese will be admitted to Canada unless they carry passports made out specifically to Canada. This stops the dumping of Japs in British Columbia from the Hawaiian Islands.

Sheep will build up any farm. Give them plenty of pure water and never permit them to eat snow instead. Keep the troughs clean. Keep salt before them at all times. Trim the feet spring and fall. Shelter from cold storms, you cannot starve a profit out of a flock.

STEAMSHIPS.



LIVERPOOL.

To Sept. 20...Lake Champlain...From Oct. 4...Empress of Ireland...Sept. 25 Oct. 12...Lake Erie...Sept. 25 Oct. 13...Empress of Britain...Oct. 4 Oct. 26...Lake Manitoba...Oct. 9 Oct. 27...Empress of Ireland...Oct. 18 Nov. 1...Empress of Ireland...

REDUCTION IN RATES.

Until further notice the following 1st and 2nd cabin rates eastbound (i.e., Montreal to Liverpool), inclusive:

Empress (1st) \$45.00 and upwards. Empress (2nd) \$25.00 and upwards. Lake Manitoba (1st) \$45.00 and upwards. Lake Manitoba (2nd) \$25.00 and upwards. Lake Champlain and Lake Erie (one class berth) \$40 and \$25.00.

Sailing hours—The "Empress" sail from Quebec at 3 p. m. A special steamship service will leave Montreal, Windsor St. Station at 8.40 Friday morning and arrive at Quebec wharf at 1 p. m.

All other steamers sail from Montreal at daybreak, passengers embarking after 8 p. m. the previous evening.

Tickets issued to bring passengers from British, Scandinavian or Finnish ports through to destination in Canada.

TO LONDON DIRECT.

Oct. 6th, Montserrat. Oct. 20th, Montreal. For full particulars apply to E. J. Sharp, W. F. R. Ltd., 11 Yonge Street, Toronto. Main 680 Telephone.

DOMINION LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS

Dominion, Sept. 28, Nov. 1. Kensington, Oct. 5, Nov. 9. Southey, Oct. 12, Nov. 16. Canada, Oct. 19. Ottawa, Oct. 26. Sailing east from Montreal, daylight: from Quebec, 7.00 p. m.

The Ottawa holds the record for the fastest passage between Montreal and London—First-class rate, \$40.00; second-class, \$40 and upwards; steerage, \$10.00.

MODERATE RATES. Sailing west from Montreal to Liverpool, \$25.00 and \$45.00. Sailing west from Montreal to London, \$35.00 and \$55.00. Sailing west from Montreal to Glasgow, \$35.00 and \$55.00. Sailing west from Montreal to Belfast, \$35.00 and \$55.00. Sailing west from Montreal to Dublin, \$35.00 and \$55.00. Sailing west from Montreal to Plymouth, \$35.00 and \$55.00. Sailing west from Montreal to Southampton, \$35.00 and \$55.00. Sailing west from Montreal to London, \$35.00 and \$55.00. Sailing west from Montreal to Glasgow, \$35.00 and \$55.00. Sailing west from Montreal to Belfast, \$35.00 and \$55.00. Sailing west from Montreal to Dublin, \$35.00 and \$55.00. Sailing west from Montreal to Plymouth, \$35.00 and \$55.00. Sailing west from Montreal to Southampton, \$35.00 and \$55.00. Sailing west from Montreal to London, \$35.00 and \$55.00. Sailing west from Montreal to Glasgow, \$35.00 and \$55.00. Sailing west from Montreal to Belfast, \$35.00 and \$55.00. 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