

## AN ABSENT-MINDED COURTSHIP.

By LYDIA P. WILSON.



"She began bravely with Alexander, then it was Sanderson, then Anderson, and Andrews."



"Poured billows of organdy over a much pompadoured head."

AS Priscilla Penrose is the heroine of this tale it goes without saying that she was beautiful. It is a time-honored precedent, too important to be ignored, that for the position of leading lady in a romance none but the young and lovely need apply. If Angelina's exquisite features are not poetically portrayed in the first chapter, and one is deluded into thinking that at last an ugly heroine has had the courage to assert her rights, on page 126 it is stated, "For the first time in her life our heroine looked beautiful," and, somehow or other, beautiful she stays until the end.

So it is boldly announced that Priscilla was a beauty. Even under the blasting influence of a purple veil she would have been charming, but when

her brown eyes looked forth from the depths of a mystifying, idealizing, soul-intensifying white veil, she was irresistible! Even Bob, with the indifference of a brother, admitted that Priscilla was "all right for looks." But there was a sinister emphasis on the word "looks" which indicated that in Bob's opinion his sister had her limitations, and it is only too true that the fair Priscilla possessed a mind and a tongue of a peculiar order. Her mind was a good one—when it stayed at home, but it persisted in straying away at inopportune moments, going wool-gathering, much to the distress of her family. Her tongue, too, was a trial. It was not an ungovernable, shrewish, unlady-like member, but a mischievous, tricky little imp whose naughty deeds brought

dire confusion on its luckless owner. Priscilla could create more havoc in the English language than a cockney stage manager or a Chimmie Fadden. Words entered her brain in their normal state. They emerged from her ruby lips distorted, upside down and wrong side out. The properest noun, the most superlative adjective succumbed to her malign influence. Bob's chum, Teddy Winslow, was in the habit of proudly announcing that he was junior partner in a large wholesale boot and shoe store. But since Priscilla one day called it the "shoot and boo business" Teddy's pride has had a fall, for he now suffers an internal convulsion before those words can come forth decently in order. Teddy kept a list of her sayings and doings, and shad-

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