## THE LOVE STORY OF ALISON BARNARD

KATHARINE TYNAN (Author of " The Handsome Brandons," &c.)

Plainly Alison heard the old men to make his paper popular he ought gasp without knowing the meaning of to pay her properly for it. Three it. Had they been so taken by str-prise, then? And were they not been told that she ought to get much prepared to lose their boy just yet? more. She ought to write and tell Alison remembered that there might him that she won't do anything more be difficulties with the George Barn- for him unless he raises his prices. ards, who were Low Church people She derives that talent from me. I a leaning to dissent course the pill would be silded; yet I was a girl, so I knew what things they might find it difficult to swallow are worth.

"Make our boy happy," they said, "and we shall be grate'ul for ever." "You must stay to dinner,' said

She was thinking that to-monow she would have to smooth the way with the George Barnards before Paul Bosanquet found his way to the fraternal mansion. Even since Tessa had come the intercourse between Castle Barnard and Ivy House, as the Barnards' house called itself, although you might seek for the ivy in vain, had been slight and formal. The old men found themselves alone

for a few moments before inner. am disappointed in the boy, said Mr. Peter, putting out a pair of, bushy eyebrows. "Although I grant you little Tessa is a sweet creature."

'We were a pair of blundering old fools," said Mr. John, "or we should have known. After all, why should we choose for the boy?" "Especially when he had already

chosen for himself." "Quite true, brother; and since it is not Alison I am glad it is Tessa. By the way you know from whom she has sprung-our mother's greatest enemy?

"So God reconciles enmities," said Mr. Peter solemnly. "About the revelation-" began Mr

John. "It must never be made," said Mr "Let Alison keep Castle Barnard. We have made the name of Bosanquet at least as honorable. It is not use opening up old mat-

"I only grudge Alison one thing our mother's portrait." "It may be ours one day,-who knows? But for the rest-a year ago we did not think of uniting the two branches of the family, of seeing Paul at Castle Barnard, of which in justice if not in law he should be mas-ter. Let it go like a dream."

Mr. John. CHAPTER XX The Father.

"Let it go like a dream," echoed

Alison rode Mavourneen over next day to Ballycushla, hoping to find Mrs. George Barnard alone. She might have found her presiding over a nursery dinner of boiled mutton and suet pudding, only that Miss Barnard of Castle Barnard was much too an important a person to be introduced to anything so homely. So Alison was shown into a glittering room with blue satin chairs that had gilt backs, a profusion of mirrors, a pink-satin wallpaper, and a green carpet sprawled over with large and most unlife-like roses.

The maid lit the gas-stove and retired. Presently Mrs. George appeared, rather heated, having made indeed a somewhat hurried change from a comfortable flannel dressinggown into a terra cotta tea-gowntrimmed with copper-colored beads. "This is an unexpected pleasure,

my dear Alison," she said. Mrs. George had no love for Alison Barnard, but liked to insist on intimacy, an insistence which was all the greater if any of her Ballycushla friends happened to be present. However, as they were alone at this moment she allowed her voice to show a little chilly dignity. "I hoped Tessa was with you. She has not been here, let me see, for a fortnight. She mustn't forget her own people because we spare her to you, Cousin Alison.

Alison accepted the implied rebuke

"She has been very anxious to come, indeed she was, and she has sent many loving messages to her sisters and the little ooes, and of course to, you. I came alone this morning because I wanted to talk to you privately about something." said

"I stiffened a bit at that," Mrs. George afterwards, describing the interview to her husband, "because it came over me that maybe she was trying to get out of it about Tessa. Going to be married herself, maybe, and to put the child back again on our hands, when she's morally if not legally obliged to keep

"Nothing of the sort, ma'am," George Barnard growled. "You wouldn't have a leg to stand on eith-

er morally or legally.' This had led to a remark from Mrs. George that she did not know what he meant by legs and that his speech sounded disagreeably, to which he George had tiresome ways, and her the story, and not be bothering about what he meant at this time of day.

"Oh, indeed," Mrs. George had replied to Alison, "I am sure I'm very willing to do what I can for you, Alison; but matters however private ought not to come between parents and children.

For the hundredth time Alison wondered how it was that such a stem could have borne Tessa. This small consequential woman, who might have been pretty at one time with the prettiness of a kitten, but had become merely foolish-looking. with a face on which wifehood and maternity and the deaths of children santly.

Of used to write reams of verses when

a Popish son-in-law.

"Indeed?" said Alison, politely. It was not in Alison to answer a fool ible pause. Then Mr. John Bosan- according to his folly. "Tessa was paper; but I haven't come to talk Alison joyfully. "The dinner will about Tessa's verses, though I am Quinn to serve us up I have come to tell you that Tessa has had an offer of marriage."

he was in love with Tessa."

George's ambition.

I'm not at all surprised. People us- master in a hurry. about helping people you are rather strong-minded, you know. Young Mr. Love, Archdeacon Lang's curate, raves of you. You are more likely to attract young men like Mr. Love in love with a girl like Tessa. She

is very like what I was at her age." Alison thought what a hard saying ter's lover. it would have been if Mrs. George's speeches could ever be taken serious-

ther contemptuous of herself that she ill. felt a very distinct irritation at the suggestion. "It is as a matter of fact-"

all know what the Tyrrells are. Proud as Lucifer and poor as church judged like common people." mice. And that lad as idle as any rather common company. I don't know what Tessa's father will say. Unless, Cousin Alison, you intended, as you doubtless do, to-"

"It is Mr. Paul Bosanquet," said ter mouthful. jectures; and then remaining silent said Mrs. George on the verge of youth, and a rosy, handsome face, to watch the effect of the announce- tears.

Papists and went to chapel just like room.

What will Tessa's father say?" "You think he will object?" spect for Mrs. George's opposition, maerry a Papist, child. The Bar- last year, and I laid eyes on Alison, which could be easily swept away; if nards don't marry Papists." George with his obstinate mouth. Tessa sprang into his arms. were to forbid the banns it would son did not think Tessa would give are many good Papists." in on this matter. Only she did not want her tender little heart broken. cheerfully. "Good Orangemen don't George is very narrow-minded," his say such things. wife went on. "I dislike Papists But I have heard you say them," very much myself; see what a low Tessa protested. lot they usually are! Still if they are rich and people think a lot come after my 'ewe lamb.' Do you seventh year. She might have known

could imagine, Alison, what you could Tessa?" see in those Irish Papists, except of George say?"

"I'll call him over the telephone," she said. "We've just had it laid He won't say I shouldn't have on. called him as he did when a man far beyond what I expected, and have to answer to mef' again when the cook set the kitchen chimney on fire. His daughter's mar- have seen him?"

barest of business offices, which lay, poetry although your mother said almost unsuspected, between the drawing room and the grandiloquently-named library at the back, the family when he was at home. Mrs. whispered. self for big occasions. She disliked do the bandsome thing when I am smoke; she could not endure litter; about it." she kept all her windows shut because Ballycushla air was apt to to which his wife would not follow per-snapper in my own room.' him. The slip of a room smelt of was it possible, Alison asked her-tobacco although the window was self afterwards, that she had seen him. The slip of a room smelt of flung up as far as it would go. Mrs. a dimness as of tears in George Bar-

chief to her mouth. "I can't endure tobacco," she said. had left no trace,—that such a one should have been the mother of Tesaway furiously and even looked an-

"I am sure they ought not," Alison said in a propitiatory way.
Son said in a propitiatory way. "I am sure they ought not," Allson said in a propitiatory way.
"But there has been a special cause
for Tessa's staving away this morning. She has been absorbed—"
I suppose she has been writing
something else for that paper—what
do you call it! the Virtues somedo you call it! the Virtues somedo you call it! the Virtues something. Well, I think if she's going

"I am sure they ought not," Allsomething alse for that paper—what
to believe that Mrs. George had accurately diagnosed the situation.

"I suppose she has been a special cause
do not to mind a bit for himself. He
mentioned to me that he had heard
there was great accommodation in
the 'ladies only' parriage. But of
course I took no notice of him.''

Chapter XXI.

Billy.

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Billy to be a nun, although I was, a
parson's daughter, till I fell in love
with the Archdeacon, and then I felt
to believe that Mrs. George had accurately diagnosed the situation.

CHAPTER XXI.

Billy.

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Billy.

Christmas had come, and the voung
the black marks against the Archsimple, of the Archdeacon made no
parson's daughter, till I fell in love
with the Archdeacon, and then I felt
to believe that Mrs. Lang must be deceitful because
of her outspoken love and admiration for the matter of
the ladies only parriage.

Why till she's fit to be seen.

Nor myself either for the matter of
the Hadin's the voung
the ladies only parriage.

Whom the Ballycushla one of
the black marks against the Archsimple, of the Archdeacon made no
parson's daughter, till I fell in love
with the Archdeacon, and then I felt
to believe that Mrs. Ceorge
that the Archdeacon made and admiration for the matter of
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clean now, and the fire burning had been accepted brought an offer of marriage for Tes-

The answer came sharply. "I'm coming home."

more to be done except to await his and his sister were sound asleep coming.

"I only hope George may be rea-sonable," said his wife. "He is so "Why should she look lonely?" he very unreasonable at times. Oddly asked. enough he is fonder of Tessa than of at her heels? It would be a fine the other children. One never knows match, even for Alison, and the couwhat view he will take. I remember sinship is not inconveniently near." that he encouraged Tersa in indiscriminate reading very much against like Downe, not in that way," said Hox. GEO. A. COX, my will; not that he ever : eads any- Mrs. Lang. "And she is, lonely thing himself except the newspaper What is that man, Molyneux, about? quet, followed by Mr. Peter, went to pleased with the three guineas, and and his band-book; but 12 said be I confess I have no patience with wouldn't have her reading on the so was I. We thought it quite handsome payment, and of course the child was gratified at having her thwarted in her desire for reading. He the Irish question," my dear," the than George-"

> der how George Barnard would take young man." "It is not Lord Downe," said Ali- it, and to listen to Mrs. George's son, forgetting to be amazed at Mrs. it, and to listen to Mrs. George's 'Don't try to be satirical,' said George's ambition with a backney Mrs. Lang. "It's a bad habit for car dashed up at a great pace to anyone who must live in Ballycushla.

> men. With Castle Barnard on your hands so young, and all your fads Robert Barnard's portrait came out "It's well known," replied the

"It is not Sir Gerard," she said and winding way, and knew that the earth and call home." quietly. She was amazed at and ra- man's impatience could bear it but

"But they are so rich," said Mrs. said the Archdeacon, mildly. George. "That young Tyrrell, I suppose. We Papists than you, George, but people made his appearance at Kylinoe. like the Bosanquets are not to be It was indeed unlikely that he would own their homes instead of continuing to Bloor St. East.

in the country, always breaking Alison gently, "and Tessa to him. ney, had been at Castle Barnard from the middle of December. them, or buying them, and keeping cision. She said you were always Miss Rodney was a delightful pergood to her from her first memory of son, quite, unlike her nephew, who

nard, as though he swallowed a bit- ing, despite his plainness and his Alison, putting a stop to further con"I knew he would never consent," freckles. She was a white-haired elderly lady with bright eyes of THE EXCELSIOR LIFE

"Mr. Paul Bosanquet!" repeated and take the follish little woman and nothing like so clever as his Mrs. George in a bewildered tone, with her, and leave the man to fight aunt. There was a delightful friend-Why the Bosanquets are-people say it out for himself. He was stand- ship between the aunt and nephew they are very rich. I know Bally- ing with his back to them, but she and the most perfect good fellowship. cushla are quite prepared to be civil could divine his frown. Then sudden- Miss Rodney made no secret of her to them, although it gave us all a ly before she could do anything the desire that Alison should look favorshock to discover that they were door opened and Tessa came into the ably on Lord Downe.

those common creatures around us. "She is only a child," he said said to Mrs. Lang, "and I'm proud Mr. Bosanquet. What will her fath- again with bitter jealousy. "It of him. He won't set the Thames er say? I was never one to bend would be time to talk of her be- on fire with any showy kind of abilmy knee to riches; besides, how do ing married half-a-dozen years hence. ity, but he'll fulfil the duties of his we know they are so very rich? It Then he caught sight of Tessa in state in life, and he'll never do anymay be all pretence. We know when the glass be was facing, a little fig-thing dishonorable. His heart is as a man is unsound in Ballycushla, but ure in green velvet, with her two sound as a nut; he's a clean, highthe rest of the world doesn't know, trembling hands in a great velvet minded, kind boy, with fantastic

muff. "Why, Tessa," he said, turning safely through I don't know how Alison's voice had a sound of round and holding out his arms to many shoals beset by matrimony. alarm in it. She had very little re- her. "Tess! And so you want to When we looked up our Irish cousins

"I love him, father," she said. "He have to be a case of Tessa's defying is good if he is a Papist. I have it over afterwards, and were rather her parents. Or giving in; but Ali- heard you say, yourself, that there offended with Miss Rodney, whom it "Nonsense, child," he said more ly.

about them it is different. I never really want this Papist lover so much that there was a man in the case.' "Very much," said Tessa, shyly.

Barnard. Still I let you go because for each other surely. way. Then she had an inspiration. I to do this too because it will make an unpledged girl seven years later.' you happy?"

"If you please, father." make you happy. He had better see said Mrs. Lang, in her soft wailing came with an estimate for carpets that he makes you happy, or he will voice.

"You don't doubt him, father? You riage—he was saying only yesterday that her sisters did not seem to attract men—is surely important enwhen I gave you your doll; and your visits to the Convent of which we Alison followed Mrs. George to the doll's house; and later on when I wedge of narrow room, bare as the bought you your nonsense-books of

Tessa kissed her father fervently. room which housed the head of the till, I tell him he may come in," she

ne meant by legs and that his special sounded disagreeably, to which he sounded disagreeably, to which he husband kept his assertion of him-nard resignedly. "I may as well I was married in Dublin. People are

Tessa ran off to fetch her lover. "I want to smoke," said George smile. defile the window curtains. Per- Barnard. "If you will excuse me, haps George was glad of a spot Alison. I shall see this young whip-

George coughed and put a handker- nard's very blue eves? "It was Tessa's coming turned the scale," Mrs. George said to Alison "The last time I went to Cork I in the intervals of lamenting that her plexicn. Talk of bathing your face travelled all the way back in a future son-in-law's acquaintance with travelled all the way back in a smoking carriage. I coughed incessantly, I really thought I shought I shou have strangled. But those hateful it was that her husband had always of footstens, and the cooing of pig-

phone clerk, and had herself put in-to communication with her husband. Of course there were Tessa and Paul; Yes, he was there. What did she and Maurice Tyrrell had spoken to want? Any more kitchen chimneys? Mrs. Lang's younger sister, Frederi-The note of impatience seemed to vibrate on the wire and strike an as leggy as a colt, and as wild and answering thrill in Alison's breast. No, the kitchen chimney was quite bred, the brother to Mayourneen, and

brightly so long as cook could be It was Mrs. Lang who discovered induced to clean the flues. It was that Alison looked lonely amoung that Alison was here. She had the happy lovers. Alison was quite unconscious of anything lonely about her appearance and would have been distressed at anyone supposing such a thing. But Mrs. Lang only im-Then Mrs. George was switched off parted the idea to the Archdeacon in the telephone, and there was nothing the quietness of the hour after Rollo abed, and had had it pooh-poohed af-

> "Isn't young Downe always "She would never look at a boy

verses printed in so distinguished a said a ridiculous thing, that there Archdeacon answered, cutting the were people to whom books were like pages of a monthly review in which food. Where he got the idea! for I was a heterodox article, brilliant and not benefit the orcasion, but I can proud of them. As a matter of fact am sure a person with less taste generous, which greatly interested him. Ballycushlaites would have "I hope he will soon be here," soid called it playing with hell-fire to Alison, looking at her watch. "For read such a thing. "Only making "I've felt it all the time," said I expect you will have a visit from the best and most statesman-like ef-Mrs. George dramatically. "It is the lover this afternoon. I am sure fort the country has seen to settle young Lord Downe. I thought him that he and Tessa are together at the Irish question. Of course it's a very pleasant young fellow, and this moment. I asked her to keep nothing. There's no reason why he wondered at your not bringing him him till I should have prepared you." She had not long to wait and won- like any other ornamental, useless

"Then it is Sir Gerard Molyneux. the house-door, and deposited the You know they always take you lited to talk about you and him, Ali- His wife intercepted him in the trouble. You men are odd creatures. erally and that means getting into son; but I don't think men like him hall, and brought him into the draw- I'd rather on the whole that Alison fall in love with strong-minded wo- ing-room. As his eye fell on Alison were happy than that, the Irish ques-

to attract young men like Mr. Love.

A man like Sir Gerard Molyneux falls girl?" he asked. "Who is the man?" If we had a sense of the abstract He spoke jealously, as though he we never could made such a fuss could not but hate a little his daugh- about the things that belong to us, the husbands and children that are 'Mr. Paul Bosanquet," said Alison. only wonderful to ourselves, the lit-She saw Mrs. George prepared to the nests of boxes like a set of piglead up to the disclosure by a long eon holes that we set up on the

"I never said that it wasn't a dispensation of Providence that women "A Papist!" he said, and frowned. have minds only for the concrete,

"I am more against the Sir Gerard Molyneux had not yet do so till the very eve of Christmas. to pay rent. Literature free. "He is devoted to Tessa," said Lord Downe and his aunt, Miss Rod-

was a plain-faced, fiaxen-haired, blue-"But-a Papist!" said George Bar eyed boy, quite distinguished lookand she poked tender fun at Archie, Alison had an impulse to go away, the Earl, who was liberal minded,

> "I brought him up myself," she ideas of honor. I've steered him

I felt she was the woman for whom I had been saving Archie.' Mrs. Tyrrell and Mrs. Lang talked

was impossible not to like personal-"She seems so sure that Alison has been waiting," grumbled Mrs. Lang. "I wonder how it is she supposes that the beauty of the countryside

"It's nearly seven years ago since Alison and Gerard Molyneux met in course that you followed where Sir "Time was when you wanted none Gerard led. I'm not a person of pre- but me. It hasn't been altogether rell. "I meant them for each other judices, not like George. What will the same since you went to Castle from the beginning. They were made She looked at Alison in a helpless I knew you were happy there. Am thought that Alison would still be "If I wasn't so fond of Sir Gerard I'd say that it served him right if "Very well, then, Tessa, I will Alison slipped through his fingers,"

> Mrs. Tyrrell shook her head. "I hope he won't wake up one day and find that he has lost her," hear so much.

"Alison would never become a nun even if she were a Papistical person," Mrs. Lang responded. "And as for Convents, why I've felt the "Paul is waiting outside the gate fascination of them myself-not here, of course-I wouldn't dare cross a Convent door here-but at home in not so narrow-minded ir those re

Mrs. Tyrrell regarded her with

"Now what attracted you in convents, Georgie Lang?" she asked. "The nuns, primarily. I love their soft voices and soft ways, and the mysterious black and white garments of them, and their quiet eyes. Papa great friends with the Reverend Mother in dear Kildare. You never saw such roses and lilies of a comeons in the cloisters; I seem to, re-member it all. I used to, want aw-self; and she had heard it said that

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"I grow fonder of Freddy every day," said Mrs. Tyrrell, to whose hearth Mrs. Lang's younger sister had transferred herself for an indefinite visit. Mrs. Tyrrell did not sup-pose that she would be able to do without Freddy once Maurice had left her for that business training which was to precede his taking up his new duties. The young people were not to marry till Maurice was ipso facto a business man with an income of his own

"I know," said Mrs. Lang. "She's a dear thing. I'm so glad mother is letting me have Billy. Wait till you see Eilly. She's as tall as I am, and has just let down her frocks and put up her hair. I'm going to be very busy for a week or so making Pilly some decent frocks for the Christmas parties. It's lucky Janet is so clever"-Janet was Mrs. Lang's nurse-"and that I've quite a French taste in dressmaking. No one will see Billy till she's fit to be seen.