

Grand Alliance; Love That Knew No Bounds.

CHAPTER XXIV.

He only answered with a forced smile, but Miss Jean, who, with meaning glances had vainly essayed to stop Mrs. Preece, now cut across the topic with the remark that Miss Grey was sensible and understood her position, and that was enough for them. Appearances were of no consequence whatever.

"But it is nicer," persisted Mrs. Preece, "to feel you have pleasing-looking people about you. Don't you agree with me, Mr. Hurst?" He did, as tersely as possible. "And though I only saw her a minute, I thought my cousin's observation correct. He goes in for beauty, and said the curve of Miss Grey's lips was simply perfect."

"Oh, really!" cried Miss Hurst, exasperated at this marplot's enlargement on a never avoided theme, "my brother and I have other things to think of besides Miss Grey's or Miss Anybody's lips! My housekeeping and his books do not leave me much time for such frivolous subjects, I assure you, Mrs. Preece!" and by the silence of the auditor, the annoyance visible in the other, Mrs. Preece did at last comprehend that the conversation she had hit on was not congenial; therefore she began to fear that the horse would catch cold if it stood any longer; hoped with spring Mr. Hurst would come over and lunch with them, an invitation always vaguely repeated, never definitely accepted.

And commending the new curate to their courtesy with the impromptu message that Mr. Preece "sent his compliments and looked to them to make the stranger at home there," at last got up to end her quarterly call.

Mr. Hurst opened the door; his sister ringing a servant forward, would only have gone the regulation half-dozen paces with the visitor she was glad to be quit of, but as her brother, returning to the fireside, fell into a fit of musing, Mrs. Preece exclaimed from the hall.

"Oh, Miss Hurst! a moment, please," and the lady so summoned approaching, "Now I remember the curate's name. You ought to know it for fear Mr. Gilbert kindly calls first 'Babbington.' That is it. 'Horatius Babbington.' He's been among the Jews and got out of health, but this quiet place will soon set him up. I hope you'll take to each other. 'Babbington.' Don't forget. Good-day!"

The rich rector's lady wrapped her bear-skins round her in her brougham; the well-to-do equipage was coached dexterously off the small grounds without carrying off either gate-post; house-maid Fanny watched it roll away without incurring reproof for ill manners, and still Miss Hurst stood transfixed where Mrs. Preece's last words had fallen on her ears.

"Fanny," she said, presently, "go and shut the study door;" and when the girl had vanished she seated herself at the foot of the stairs, took some long breaths, and put her hands over her face.

"Horatius back—and coming here," she whispered, gasping interjectionally, "and that woman—hopes we shall—take to one another! And I'm

"Thank you," said Miss Jean, looking, with pink eyelids and scanty, unplanned braids, most comically pathetic; "I remember how a friend of mine and I, years ago, used to chat in the small hours when we stayed with each other—girls will, you know—and how we used to brush each other's hair—May I brush yours, Miss Grey? I should like the feeling of old times."

"Certainly, though I wish you a better office," Sydney said, smiling, and let down her dark, rippling locks.

"What a quantity!" shaking out the splendid profusion, till Sydney could not even catch a glimpse of the glass in front. "Ah, mine was thicker, too, when I was young."

And then, with some brushing and many pauses, she told of her youth, purposeless tales, as they seemed, till



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so altered! I wonder if he is. Oh, dear, dear me! Dear me! What a queer world it is!"

She was sitting there, rocking herself to and fro, looking very odd, when Sydney returned, brighter of spirit for her half hour in the brilliant air, penitent, moreover, for her secret intolerance of poor Miss Jean's shortcomings. The sight of her form, agitated and in such unusual position, brought Sydney quickly to her, asking,

"What is it? Are you ill? Or—indefinite fright seizing her—"Nothing has happened?"

"Oh, no!" Miss Jean answered, reassuringly. "Nothing of any"—choking over the assertion—"consequence to any one—unless me; and that doesn't signify. I was only thinking—of a—long time ago. People do—silly people—like me! They—can't—help it!"

And with actual tears meandering down her nose, Miss Hurst picked herself up and went into the seclusion of her own room, whence she emerged only to behave the rest of the day with hysterical vivacity, which contrasted so strongly with her brother's extreme taciturnity that Sydney could not help suspecting her forenoon's absence had in some way unusually tried them both.

At night this surmise was confirmed with an addenda that drew herself into the thick of Wynstone's entanglements. She had hidden them good-night, had seen Mr. Hurst left (cruelly, as absurdly enough, it always seemed to her) in the fading fire-light below, and now sat by her dressing table, affected, spite of herself, by the mingled excitement and depression that seemed in the very air that day.

New year's eve! The old year dying, nearly gone. The phantoms of its many hours floating before her as such visions will when anniversaries proclaim the junction of our two eternities; all that the months had stolen looming out of the midst of one—Mary, with her true, sweet face, and heart as sweet and true; Rupert—smarted with self-contempt, thinking of him; that episode was growing horrible to her womanly conscience; her mother, away and angered still—the vigil was indeed nigh bringing the girl's soul, in her solitariness, very low till a calm, worn face seemed to gaze tenderly upon her once again. "My child will make it all right; God bless her," came like an echo to her, and in that blessing she was once more strong. She had need to be so.

A subdued tap at the door was followed by Miss Hurst's entrance, in a wonderful dressing-gown, and in that mood that could brook no rest till it had spent itself in confidence.

"I saw your light; I thought if you didn't mind I would come and sit with you, Miss Grey. When one has no one to talk to, the last hour of the year is so dismal."

"We must not let it be so," said Sydney, pushing forward the dimly-covered arm-chair. "I am awake enough to talk or listen for hours."

"Thank you," said Miss Jean, looking, with pink eyelids and scanty, unplanned braids, most comically pathetic; "I remember how a friend of mine and I, years ago, used to chat in the small hours when we stayed with each other—girls will, you know—and how we used to brush each other's hair—May I brush yours, Miss Grey? I should like the feeling of old times."

Sydney perceived they all drifted toward a certain point, one halcyon spring when Miss Hurst had basked in love's young dream, and been affianced to her father's curate.

"And, oh, Miss Grey, I felt forced to tell you this for fear you should think me stiff or singular with him. I don't wish to be cold, but I must be stiff; it will be best, for he is coming here to be curate, and we must meet as strangers. He brings his poor little children, for he is a—widower."

"A widower!" said Sydney, now greatly interested. "Then I suppose he married because you wouldn't have him?"

"Wouldn't? Ah, Miss Grey, that was my worst share of the trouble I once told you something about. I couldn't. Papa's money went, that should have been mine and Gilbert's. Marrying without an allowance from papa would have been impossible—wicked. So my prospects went—and papa's health—and Gilbert's sight. For he would never have had to toil as he did if we had not become poor. Ah me! ah me! you have no idea what a blow it was!"

"Perhaps I have, just a little."

"No, you can't!" Miss Hurst's treble wailed on. "I shall never forget Gilbert when I told him the grand investment had failed, that papa had made by advice of the man he trusted above all others, and how we should lose everything. Poor boy! at first he was furious; then so miserable. Ah, he was hot-tempered then! He's drilled himself to something different now. I remember he went off to Taffy's, as we called—"

Sydney gave such a start Miss Hurst apologized. "I beg your pardon. My feelings got into my fingers. I brushed too hard. Yes, Taffy's, our old nurse's. Gilbert took all his troubles to her. And she shared this one; for she had given over all her savings to the same man whose unlucky counsel misled my father."

(Out of the almost blank of earliest childhood rose that summer afternoon—the scent of flowers, the drone of bees, old Taffy's song, the tall boy striding up the path then hung at length upon the bench. That was how, when and where she had seen Gilbert Hurst before.) "So she, too, had reason to rue trusting Mr. Alwyn. Too hard again! Ah! I must not talk of it. It makes me forget myself. And please, Miss Grey, never mention this before my brother. The very name of Alwyn is like an old wound to him. I never utter it, nor talk of Stillcote, where we lived. Shall I part your hair now? Why?"—with a glance at the mirror opposite—"I have fired you out. You look quite pale. Talking has eased me, but it's time I said good-night, or good-morning, for it's past twelve. I hope, Miss Grey"—sighing—"you have more prospect of it than I have, and I wish you a happy New year!"

CHAPTER XXV.

Civility, by now, demands attention to Sydney Alwyn's mother and step-sister, who, when last discoursed of, were turning their backs on scenes of lofty but bitterly humiliated hopes.

Leaving St. Clair's in the frame of mind both did, it is no wonder if even the liveliness of foreign travel, effervescent draught of amusement as it is to some, to them appeared flat, stale, and unprofitable. Mrs. Alwyn, released from surveillance of servants and neighbors, gave naturalness and ill-temper free rein. To the garçons, the portiers, the white-coiffed femmes de chambre of the various hotels they visited, she was an affliction not readily forgotten—the "grand dame Anglaise," who, with her superb command, kept them all dancing obsequious attendance on her exacting caprices, and then, callous to rueful looks, departed, bestowing on never a one a franc or a penny beyond the legitimate bill-scored terms of service. This species of saving formed the chief pleasure of the lady's first weeks abroad, and, combined with the relaxation of finding fault with everything provided for her everywhere, served as a good-sized safety-valve through which to disperse the turbid irascibility that had possessed her since the downfall of

her designs had driven her from The Dale.

And Miss Villiers extracted as little enjoyment as her mother from the first stages of their route. Cathedrals to her were simply dingy buildings, a weariness to the spirit and chilliness to the body. They caused her to sneeze, which made her eyelids red, which injured her appearance, therefore she avoided them. Their three days on the Rhine she tolerated mainly because this style of travelling neither dusted her beautifully draped tailor-made costume, nor chafed her dainty boots, the preservation of whose glossy kid far overrode any question of exploring the ruined treasures on the legend-haunted banks. Assuming a melancholy, half of lassiness, half of annoyance with her mother for projecting a plan she had not had generalship or luck enough to carry out, the younger lady adopted a role of injured suikness, saw the seamy side of every day's conditions, and for the first month after they left England proved herself the very reverse of a cheerful travelling companion.

(To be Continued.)



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|--|--|--|---|--|---|---|--|------------------------------|--|--|---|--|--|--|--|---|--|--|--|
| A
Adams, Mrs. Long Pond Road
Adams, Jack, Long Pond Road
Anthony, Jas., Hamilton St. | B
Baddock, Mrs. Addie, retd.
Barrett, B. E.
Bailey, Miss Florence
Barnes, Martin, Alexander St.
Bennett, P., Williams' Lane.
Benson, Winnie, Duckworth St.
Benson, Thomas, Flower Hill
Bell, A. F., slip
Bishop, Wm., retd., Gower St.
Bishop, Richard, Barter's Hill
Bishop, Frederick, care Wm. Crocker, Barter's Hill
Briggs, Isaac B.
Bidwell, Mrs. P. G.
Brown, Almon, Circular Road
Brown, Ell, Prescott St.
Brown, Miss Durella, card
Butt, Miss L., Water St.
Butty, Joseph
Butler, Mr. E., Surveyor
Butler Joseph, care Gen. Delivery
Butler, Mrs. Mat, Alexander St.
Buckler, Mrs. B.
Bush, Mrs. Mary Ann, care General Delivery
Butt, Miss Minnie, Gower St.
Bullen, C. H.
Bulleck, C. R.
Blackadar, Miss Cordelia, care Garret Barré | C
Bowden, Miss Bertha
Brace, Albert, late Trepassey
Barner, F. C., LeMarchant Road
Burke, Miss Francis, Power St.
Bell, Miss, retd., Casey St. | D
Carey, Edward
Clarke, John
Callahan, Mrs. Wm., Casey St.
Chafe, Wm., Gower St.
Coke, Joseph, care Gen. Delivery
Clarke, Miss Violet
Chandler, J. C., care Gen. Delivery
Chafe, Mrs. Joseph, Hayward's Ave.
Cole, Wm. H., care Gen. Post Office
Cotter, R. M., Seio
Connors, Annie, care Gen. Post Office
Cockburn, H. N., Gen. Delivery
Coffin, Frank S.
Connors & Mitchell
Cunningham, Mrs. Ellen, Bannerman Street
Curran, Miss Agnes, late Springfield
Cochrane, Miss May, Duggan St.
Cameron, Miss Iola, Duckworth St.
Costello, Miss Annie B.
Carnell, A., Merrymeeting Road
Clarke, H. B. | E
Dawson, Mrs. John, Gear St.
Dwyer, Michael, Nagle's Hill
Dyke, Mrs. Rebecca, care Mrs. Wm. Monroe, Forest Rd.
Dyke, Miss Mary, Duckworth St.
Dixon, W. E.
Dinn, Mrs. Patrick
Drover, Wm.
Donnelly, Miss May
Dooley, Margaret, retd.
Dunn, Miss Ida, Long's Hill
Davison, G., Water Street
Davis, D. J.
Doyle, Miss Katie, Queen's Road | F
Edward, Thomas
Evans, George
Escott, Mrs. King, 37 — St.
Eronde, Mrs. M., 37's Rd. & Gower St. | G
Flannigan
Finn, Michael, Water St. West
Fitzgerald, Wm., care Gen. Post Office
Coke, Joseph, late Jessie Cabot St.
Furlford, C. E.
Furlford, Rose, Freshwater Road
Fogarty, F. P.
Furlong, Michael
Fowler, Miss Katie | H
Grandy, Geo. S.
Gardner, Miss Clara, Cabot Street
Gardner, Edward, New Gower St.
Greenland, Wm., care Gen. Post Office
Gillett, Arthur, Pennywell Road
Goss, John
Goss Walter
Groves, Gordon, retd.
Groves, Mrs. John, Monroe St.
Guy, Charles, Gower St.
Guild, James, care Gen. Delivery | I
Hawco, Miss Jane | J
Hayward, Amos, Larkin's St.
Harvey, J.
Hayes, Miss Sadie B.
Harold, Miss C. H., — St.
Hayes, Miss Lucy, Gower St.
Hartigan, Mrs. Aubrey, Flemming St.
Harris, Miss M., Livingstone St.
Hally, George, card, Cabot St.
Hiscock, Peter of Wm.
Hickey, Thos. F., — St.
Hibbs, Mrs., 108 — St.
Hodder, George H.
Hope, Mrs. Sarah
Holmes, Chesley, card
Hutchings, Mr., Gower St.
Hull, Const. J.
Hall, Bertha, retd.
Hudson, John T., George's St.
Hafer, John, Freshwater Road
Hallerin, Miss Katie, Gower St.
Hannan, Wm.
Hellyer, Wm. | K
Jackson, Mrs. Bridget
Joseph, Abraham, care Gen. Post Office
Jewell, E.
Jones, Samuel
Jones, Mrs. Archibald
Jones, David, Gower St. | L
King, Margaret, card
Kelly, Miss Catherine, card, Cochrane Street
King, Mrs. Elizabeth, card, Mullock Street
Kennedy, M. Jean, retd.
Kennedy, Mrs. Wm., Murray St.
Kearsey, Jas., Pennywell Road
Kelly, Richard T., Young Street
Kent, Michael, Freshwater Road
Kearsey, Wallace, Pennywell Road
Kennedy, V., Buchanan Street
Knight, M. E., Young Street
King, J. Springdale Street
Kinsella, Miss Josie, card, Hamilton Street
Kitchen, C. A., Plymouth Road
Kearsey, J. A., Pennywell Road | M
Laney, Miss Ellen, Pleasant Street
Lewis, Mrs. A.
Lewis, Caleb, Mullock St.
LeGrow, Thomas, Coronation St.
Lynch, J. P.
Lynch, Lillian, care P. J. Taylor
Lock, Master A., care G. P. O.
Logan, John P.
Lock, Henry, Pleasant St.
Lundrigan, Theresa, retd.
Lynham, Miss Sarah, LeMarchant Rd.
Lewis, W. J., Pennywell Road
Lewis, Miss Isabella, card | N
Martin, May J., Merrymeeting Road
Masters, Miss F. C., Coronation St.
Maldiment, Edmund, Gower St.
Marshall, J.
Marshall, Mrs. Albert M., care General Delivery
Maybow, W., Tessier Place
Maynard, F. J., care Gen. Delivery
Mervey, Lillian, care Mrs. Martin, Casey Street
Miffen, Chas. J., Duckworth St.
Moore, Mrs. Laurence, Flower Hill
Morgan, Miss Mary
Moore, Mrs., Mullock Street
Moore, Herbert, card
Moulton, Miss Mabel E., Gower St.
Monroe, Miss L., card, Pennywell Rd.
Monroe, F. H.
Moore, C., care Mr. Cummins, New Gower Street | O
O'Neill, Michael, care M. Butler, Alexander Street
O'Neill, Edward
O'Driscoll, Martin H., care General Delivery
O'Neill, John | P
Pheasant, Miss Minnie
Pennell, Thomas, retd.
Proffy, Joseph, Casey St.
Penney, Fred, P. O. Box 1208
Percy, D.
Pearce, Fred, card
Philpott, J., care W. T. Martin
Phillips, Miss Maggie, Flavin St.
Pynn, Mrs. N., Job's Street
Ply, Joseph, Sheehan's Shute
Pike, Mrs. N., Simms' Street
Poyer, E. J., Nagle's Hill
Poutlin, Stanislaus
Powell, Miss Annie, Gower Street
Powell, Miss Annie, Alexander St.
Porter, Miss Mary, Freshwater Rd.
Phillips, Maggie, Cochrane St.
Purcell, Mrs. N., Maxse St. | R
Ryan, Miss Rose, card
Ryan, Mrs. Anthony, King's B. Road
Rendell, Richard, Gear St.
Reid, Mrs. Chas., late Hospital
Redmond, J., Barter's Hill
Ritcey, A. W., C. B. Hotel
Royal, George
Ross, Mrs. W. A., card
Rossiter, Miss Jessie, College Ave
Ross, George E.
Rowe, Miss Lena, retd.
Riley, C. H.
Russell, Mrs. Fannie, care Maggie Barnes, Allandale Rd.
Rowell, Miss B., Pleasant St.
Rendell, Phil, retd.
Richardson, James, Queen Street | S
Sacre, Plemon
Stanley, Samuel, care Clarence Hickey, Barter's Hill
St. John, Walter, Water St. West
Sparkes, James, care G. P. O.
Spracklin, Miss Emma, Monroe St.
Spalding, J. H.
Skeans, Mrs. Thomas, Barter's Hill
Starks, Eleazer, New Gower Street
Stamp, John, Pleasant Street
Stevens, Frank, Water St. West
Snelgrove, Benjamin
Stevens, James
Stewart, Mrs. J. H.
Skiffington, Miss Fannie, carry Mary Skiffington
Smith, Catherine, Atlantic Avenue
Smith, Miss Etta, card, Young St.
Shirley, Robert M., late Fort George
Stone, Mrs. Emmanue, card
Shortall, E. J.
Summers, Mrs. John, Carter's Hill
Squires, Miss Edie, Quidi Vid
Smith, Miss Minnie, card
Strong, Joshua, care Z. Cox, Water St. | T
Taylor, Miss Rose B., Colonial St.
Taylor, A. W. W.
Taylor, Mrs. A., care Wm. Anthony, Barter's Hill
Trenchard, Wm., Carter's Hill
Temple, T. V., Flower Hill
Thistle, F., Water St. West
Tobin, Jas., retd., care Mrs. A. M. Tobin
Tuff, C. R., Bonclody St.
Taylor, Ronald | W
Walsh, Mrs. James, care Peter Benson
Walsh, Miss Ellen, Water Street
Walsh, Mrs. Wm.
Walsh, Arthur, Colonial Street
Wade, Michael, retd.
Wakeley, T.
Watson, Robert, of London
Walsh, Miss Agnes, Leslie St.
Wells, John R.
Wellman, Mrs. Annie
Wheeler, Mrs. Elias, Springdale St.
Wellman, John, care G. P. O.
Weir, James, Newtown Road
Wills, Wm. H.
White, Mrs. J. R., Water St. West
White, Mrs. E., LeMarchant Road
Whyte, Wm., Coronation St.
White, Mrs. E. R.
Wardrope, Herbert
Whiteway, Mrs. Wm., Pleasant St.
Woodfine, Miss Mary
Woods, Mrs. Patrick, Barnes' St. |
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