



THE WAY TO SHADOW TOWN.

Way to and fro in the twilight
This is the ferry for Shadowtown.
It sails away at the end of the
day
Just as the darkness closes round.
Best, little hand, on my shoulder—
so;
A sleepy kiss is the only fare,
Drifting away from the world we
go—
Baby and I in the rocking chair.
See where the firelogs grow and
spark,
Glimmer the lights of shadowland,
The rain drops on the window—
hark,
Are ripples lapping upon the
strand.
There where a mirror is glancing
dim
A lake lies shimmering, cool and
still;
Blossoms are waving o'er its brim,
Those over there on the window
sill.
Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky
light,
Silently lower the anchor down,
Dear little passenger say "Good
night."
We've reached the harbor of Sha-
dowtown.
—Eugene Field.

The Stepping Stones.

It had been raining, raining, rain-
ing, and Betty had not seen her
Aunt Mary for three long days, so
as soon as the sun shone bright
again she put her bonnet on and
started out to pay her visit.
Up the hill and down the hill,
through the lane where the japonica
hedges grew, by the fields and over
the stile—this was the way to
Aunt Mary's house, and Betty skip-
ped gaily along till she came to a
mud puddle in the lane that stretch-
ed across from hedge to hedge.
"Dear me," said she when she
saw this, "I can never get over this
mud puddle by myself," and she
looked about anxiously for some-
body to help her. Nobody was in
sight but a fat little frog, and he
was entirely too fond of mud to
sympathize with her. He splashed
in and out all about, and looked
as if he was thinking, "What a very
strange creature to stand on dry
land when she might be in this de-
lightful puddle with me."
Betty sat down on a big gray
stone under the hedge and watch-
ed him. Hop, jump, splash, splash
he went.
"I wish I could jump over," said
the little girl, but the mud puddle
was too wide for that.
By and by a white duck came
along. She belonged to Aunt Mary,
and of course she knew Betty at
once.
"Quack," she said, as she hurried
into the puddle. "Quack, quack,"
which meant in her language "Come
paddle right in. What are you
waiting for?"
"I wish my Uncle Jack would
come for me in the wagon," said
Betty, when the white duck had
gone on to the farmyard, but Uncle
Jack was at home and did not
dream that Betty was waiting down
there in the lane.
Sometimes the lane was full of
wagons, but that day the only one
was a buzzing bee who was
in such a hurry to get to Aunt
Mary's flower garden that she did
not even see Betty as she flew over
the puddle and far away.
"Hum, hum hum," she sang to
herself, and her song was all about
honey.
The spider and the grasshopper
and the cricket who lived in the
lane came out from their homes to
look at the little girl, and they
talked about her among themselves.
"If I wanted to get over the pud-
dle," said the spider, "I would spin
a long thread from the branch of a
tree and swing across."
"I would hop through the hedge
and into the fields myself," said the
grasshopper.
"The lane is pleasant here," chirp-
ed the cricket. "Why should she go
on? I have lived here a long time."
"She will have to go home," croak-
ed the frog, who had come from
the puddle to sun himself. "Hear
what I say, she can't get over."
And he had just settled him-
self for a nice little nap when Betty
jumped up from her seat in such a
hurry that he opened his eyes with
a start, to see what was the mat-
ter.
"She is going to move the big
gray stone," cried all the little
watchers.
"She never will do it," said he;
but he scarcely had spoken when
the stone rolled out of its place and
into the puddle just where Betty
wanted it to go.
There was another stone in the
lane, and she did not rest until this
too was rolled into the puddle. Then
she found a red brick that had been

lying under the hedge waiting for
somebody to move it for so long a
time that not even the cricket could
remember when it came there.
"Here's a fine stepping-stone,"
cried she, when she spied it, and
she made haste to throw it into
the mud, beyond the stones, where
it fell with a splash.
"What is she going to do now?"
asked the spider, but before the
grasshopper or the cricket could
say a word, or the frog could croak
again, Betty went stepping from
stone to stone, across the mud pud-
dle, and safe to the other side.
"That's the best way to get over
puddles," she said to herself, and
away she ran, down the lane, by
the fields, and over the stile to
Aunt Mary's. "More Mother Sto-
ries."

It Takes Courage

To speak the truth, when by a
little prevarication you can get some
great advantage,
To live according to your con-
victions.
To be what you are and not pre-
tend to be what you are not.
To live honestly within your means
and not dishonestly upon the means
of others.

Hal's Wireless Telegraphy.

Hal Clayton looked very rueful.
His mother found him after the
company had gone, sitting on the
back steps—alone! Even Emperor
William, the big Newfoundland dog,
was not with him.
"Why, Hal?" and Mrs. Clayton's
tone implied a question.
"It—it's because you said my nose
was smutty," explained Hal, strug-
gling hard to keep his voice steady—
something that every man, accus-
tomed to Hal's nose, was expected to
do. "And made me leave the room
and wash the smut off—right before
the company!"
"But my boy wouldn't want to
remain in the room looking like
that, I hope," replied his mother,
gently, "and have the ladies see
him."
"No-o," after considering the sit-
uation a moment. "But isn't there
some other way of—than
speaking right out, mamma? I mean
when I—I ought to leave the room
for something?"

"Why, yes, I guess so," answered
Mrs. Clayton. "We might use wire-
less telegraphy."
"Wireless—telegraphy!" exclaim-
ed Hal, wondering. "You cannot
do that; we'd have to have instru-
ments if we don't need any wire."
"We have—them," and Mrs. Clay-
ton assumed an air of mystery.
"Instruments?" repeated Hal.
"Yes; I have a pair and you have
a pair," and Mrs. Clayton smiled
at the incredulous expression on
Hal's face.

"Mamma, you're fooling!"
"No, I'm not, dear."
"I—I don't see." Then quickly,
"Where are they—the instru-
ments?"
"They are our eyes," replied Mrs.
Clayton. "Mine will be the trans-
mitter, and yours the receiver."
"I don't see how that can be!"
exclaimed Hal, more mystified than
ever.

"Don't?"
"No!"
"Let me explain," said Mrs. Clay-
ton and held the door open for Hal
to come into the house. "We will go
into the sitting room now, and
learn the code."

"Mamma, I still think you are
playing tricks with me," declared
Hal.
"Not at all, my dear; in a minute
you'll see I'm not."
"I hope so," doubtfully.
"Now let's imagine I have com-
pany, Hal," after they had sat
down—Mrs. Clayton by the south
window, and Hal directly opposite—
"and you come into the room with
soiled hands. Of course I wouldn't
want you to remain like that—"

"But how would I know without
your telling me—just as you told
me?" interrupted Hal.
"By using the wireless," replied
Mrs. Clayton, smiling. "For soiled
hands I'll send a message of one
wink with my transmitter. And
your eyes—the receiver—will take
the message. That will mean for
you to hurry out and wash them.
You understand so much of the
code?"

"Yes," and Hal laughed at the
mere idea. "I never thought of
that!"
"No?" For a dirty face—two
winks. Uncombed hair—three winks.
Muddy boots—four. Then for—
"Wait mamma, please," said Hal.
"I'll get some paper, so we can
write down all the code. Then I
won't forget."

"Very well," and Mrs. Clayton
went to the library table drawer for
a pencil.
"It'll be just dandy!" exclaimed

ed Hal, enthusiastically.
"There," after the code was writ-
ten out, "suppose we practice a lit-
tle, to be sure we have learned the
signals," suggested Mrs. Clayton.
"All right!" agreed Hal, happily.
"The messages come from you!"
"We'll try the one for uncombed
hair first," and Mrs. Clayton im-
mediately flashed a wireless across
the room.

Without a word Hal got up and
went out and on his return his hair
was neatly combed.
"That was awfully easy! And so
much better than to—have all the
people," pointing to the empty
chairs in the room, "know why I
left. Let's try the others, eagerly,
all of them!"

And so they went through the en-
tire code. Not a single message
miscarried!
"My! that's splendid—our wire-
less telegraphy!" exclaimed Hal, in
great delight, after the practice was
over. "How did you happen to
think about it?"
"If I recollect rightly," smiled
Mrs. Clayton, "it was you 'who
suggested the plan!"

First Year's Work
on Vulgate.

The Benedictines, under Abbot Pre-
sident Gasquet, are actively pro-
secuting the work entrusted to them
by Pius X of revising our present
text of St. Jerome's Vulgate, says
Rome. They have finished the first
year's work. A recent report con-
tains the following interesting in-
formation:
"The printing of this Bible, which
is to form the basis of the colla-
tions, has taken almost twelve
months; and the preparation of the
text and the correction of the proof
sheets alone has been no light task.
The production has also been neces-
sarily a very costly matter. One
hundred copies have been printed
upon the best hand made paper;
200 upon ordinary book paper and
600 upon thin paper, and the Com-
mission would have hesitated to in-
cur the expense had not the Pope de-
cided that this was the best system
to secure thoroughness. He himself,
too, advanced the money to pay for
the printing."

Besides the production of the Bible,
during the past year considerable
progress has been made with
the preparation of a hand list of
Latin Biblical Mass, in the libraries
of Europe. This should be found
to be of considerable utility to
others besides those engaged in this
work. A certain number of libraries
in various countries have al-
ready been visited and their con-
tents, so far as Latin Biblical texts
are concerned, have been noted and
in some instances copied or collated.
Before this report is in circulation
a member of the Commission with
some assistance will have been al-
ready for some time in Spain mak-
ing a systematic search of the librar-
ies and cathedral archives of that
country.

"Already some fifteen collabora-
tors are at work in various parts of
Europe, collating the most impor-
tant manuscripts with the prepared
authentic text. When these have
been finished, and the variants thus
noted have been received, if possible
by a second pair of eyes, they will
be bound up and added to the col-
lection, being formed at St. An-
selm's, for which already six or se-
ven important collations have been
made."

WORN, WORRIED MOTHERS

Much of the worry which
every mother of young children
undergoes would be spared if
the mother kept Baby's
Own Tablets on hand and
gave an occasional dose when
the child was fretful, cross or
feverish. Nearly all the ailments
of childhood can be
traced to the stomach, bowels
or teething. For these troubles
no medicine can equal
Baby's Own Tablets, and the
mother has the guarantee of a
government analyst that the
Tablets are absolutely safe.
Mrs. Ed. Suddard, Haldi-
mand, Que., says:—"I have
used Baby's Own Tablets in
my home for a long time and
always with the best results.
I do not know how I could
get along without this medi-
cine." Sold by medicine deal-
ers or by mail at 25 cents a
box, from The Dr. Williams'
Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

News by the
Irish Mail.

The members of Donegal National
Teachers' Association and others re-
cently presented Mr. A. K. Dunlevy,
of Donegal, with an address and
purse of sovereigns on the occasion
of his retirement after fifty years'
service as a teacher.

Donegal Town and Townparks are
to be purchased. The tenants have
agreed to purchase their holdings
from the landlord, Lord Arran, at
twenty-four and one half years' pur-
chase, which means paying instal-
ments of 4 shillings less than the
rents.

A big deal in horses was brought
off in Waterford on Nov. 23, when
Signor L. Corbella, of Milan, pur-
chased on behalf of the Italian Gov-
ernment, for use in the Italian
army, two hundred troopers from
Messrs. John Widger & Sons, horse
dealers.

The sum of money raised by the
lay donors of Rev. Dr. Henly,
Archbishop of Tuam, on the oc-
casion of his recent jubilee, is being
devoted, in compliance with his
Grace's wish, to providing for the
Cathedral of Tuam a reproduction in
silver of the historic cross of Cong.

Monsignor Shahan, rector of the
Catholic University of America, was
invested with the robes of a domes-
tic prelate and formally presented
with the Papal brief announcing his
elevation to that dignity on Thurs-
day, December 16. Cardinal Gibbons
officiated. In compliance with the
rector's wishes, the ceremony was
one of academic simplicity.

Miss Sheridan, Ashgrove House,
Belturbet, has given her tenants a
voluntary abatement of 8 shillings
in the pound—on the year's rent.
For over twenty-five years the ten-
ants on this property have received
their rent reduction, besides being
afforded privileges which are given
on no other estate in the county.

The Central Committee of the Irish
Nationalists, at a recent meeting in
Dublin, decided to support the Lib-
erals in the general election. Premier
Asquith's declaration at Albert Hall
concerning Home Rule for Ireland
was deemed satisfactory. The re-
solution to support the government
was moved by John Redmond and
was passed unanimously.

Speaking at a Synod of the Pro-
testant Diocese of Cork, Cloyne and
Ross, Dean Bruce said the Catholics
had a great religious brotherhood
for teaching, and Protestants could
only strive to improve in that mat-
ter each year. They could not sur-
pass the teaching of the Christian
Brothers. In fact, he thought that
the teaching of the Christian Bro-
thers could not be surpassed any-
where.

The beautiful silver shield present-
ed by the Home Rule Club, Kilken-
ny, for competition amongst the
schools of the County at the an-
nual Kilkenny Feis for the past five
years, was presented recently to
the pupils attending St. John's In-
fant School, at the Lake, who at
the recent Feis obtained the highest
number of marks in the specified
competitions. The interesting cere-
mony took place in the splendidly
appointed schoolrooms at the Lake.

Colonel Richard Irwin, J.P., D.L.,
of Rathmore, Castlerock, died re-
cently in Dublin at the advanced
age of seventy-seven years. By his
death a prominent figure in the pub-
lic and social life of Roscommon has
been removed. He was a member
of an old Catholic family, and two
of his sons are members of the Je-
suit order. Some years ago he was
High Sheriff of the County Roscom-
mon. He also served in the 5th
Battalion Connaught Rangers, of
which he was a retired Colonel.

One-eighth of an Irish acre of
ground in the village of Ballyrath,
was sold at £20 and commission,
or the colossal sum of £240 per
Irish acre. The bidding was be-
tween an old-age pensioner and an
agricultural laborer named McCabe and
a man named Burns for the pur-
chaser (Miss McConnell). Such
exorbitant prices paid for land are
never lost sight of by the landlords
who are sure to quote the latest
high figure when a tenant enters
court.

The town of Callan, Kilkenny, has
just been illuminated for the first
time by electricity. All the public
buildings were invited to the inaugu-
ration in the powerhouse in Mill lane,
Callan. Mrs. Michael Shelly put the
engine in motion, while the light
was switched on by Mrs. Shee and
Mrs. Martin Hayden. The light
proved very satisfactory. The Com-
missioners are making vast improve-
ments for the betterment of the
town. There is a scheme of cottages
now in hand which are badly needed
in the town.

Speaking at a meeting of the Ne-
nagh Branch of the United Irish
League, Mr. R. P. Gill, C.E., said
that he was in the position to in-
form the members that arrange-
ments were almost completed for the
starting of a large woollen industry
in town. Certain gentlemen were
negotiating for the purchase of a
big derelict mill for the purpose of
remodelling and fitting it with up-
to-date machinery. The estimated
total cost was \$20,000. Half of that
amount would be spent on machin-
ery, etc.

In reply to the recent strictures of
Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, regarding
the claims and procedure of town
tenants, the Macroom Town Tenants
League has passed a resolution
pointing out that trade has declin-
ed enormously in country towns
through depopulation and other
causes; that the altered conditions
make the rents of thirty years ago
a crushing burden on the people of
to-day, and that the house-
holders should bear their share of the loss.

In sending a cheque to Mr. Lard-
ner, M.P. for the Monaghan collec-
tion for the Irish Parliamentary
Fund, Most Rev. Dr. McKenna, Bi-
shop of Clogher, says he desires to
mark in a small way his apprecia-
tion of their great services, and of
Mr. Lardner's able and patriotic
discharge of his duties as representa-
tive of the division, of which his
constituents are justly proud. Mon-
aghan, he says, can justly boast of
having representatives of her own
upbringing, who eminently deserve
the gratitude and continued confi-
dence of their constituents.

At a meeting of the Committee of
the Castletown Branch of the Gaelic
League, the following resolution was
proposed by Mr. Cumisky, seconded
by Mr. J. Hughes, and passed un-
animously: "That we, the Com-
mittee of the Castletown Branch of the
Gaelic League, support the demand
that the Irish language, both oral
and written, be made an essential
subject for matriculation and up to
the point where specialization be-
gins, in the new University, and
that proper provision be made for
the teaching of Irish in all the Col-
leges of the University."

The Nationalists of the town and
district of Abbeyfeale, Limerick,
have generously responded to the
appeal made on behalf of the Irish
Party Fund. The contributions ten-
dered bore an acknowledgment of the
debt due to the Irish Nationalist re-
presentatives, and particularly of
the assistance derived from the Irish
Purchase Acts, whose best features
reflect the toil and ability of the
party. The contribution from this
district must be all the more ac-
ceptable because of the comparative-
ly assured position of the farmers,
who are now, and have been for
some time past, fee-simple proprie-
tors.

It was recently discovered that the
Mormon missionaries have been se-
cretely in and under cover plying their
trade in and around Dublin. Investi-
gation proved that they have been
at this work for three or four
years, and yet without any apparent
success. They are evidently willing
to spend more for the perversion of
one person in Ireland than for that
of ten in any other country of Eu-
rope. It is evident, too, from what
has appeared in the press, that the
Dublin Mormons have the money to
spend. Several who have been ap-
proached by these emissaries of Sat-
an give evidence that all kinds of
inducements, such as homes, wealth
and education, are offered especially
to young women who would emi-
grate to their colonies in America.

The number of emigrants for Octo-
ber, as given in the official returns,
show that 2,799, or 403 more than
in October, 1908, left Ireland. Of
this number 1,155 went from "prospec-
tive Ulster," and the destinations
of 2,209 of the departures were in
the United States. The departures for the ten
months of this year are much in ex-
cess of the total emigration last
year, 26,866, as against 23,295. On-
ly in one month this year did the
figures fall below those of last year
—in February, when a decrease of
fifty was recorded. Ulster's painful
preference had been manifested al-
most every month this year, and
last month the emigration from the
Northern Province was practically
equal to that from Munster and
Connacht combined.

Rev. Dr. Henegry, who has been
appointed Professor of Irish Lan-
guage and Literature in University
College, Cork, is one of the few real
scholars of the subject now living.
He is a native of the Decies, Water-
ford, and is a beautiful speaker of
Irish. Combined with his native
knowledge of the living speech, he
has a scientific knowledge of the lin-
guistics of the language, and is par-
ticularly interested in the literature.
He studied in Germany with the
leading philologists, and obtained
his doctorate with marked distinc-
tion. He has published the disser-
tation which he wrote for that de-
gree, a most scholarly work, en-
titled "The Sounds of Munster Irish,"
which is regarded as a standard
work on the subject with which it
deals. Dr. Henegry was a friend
and correspondent of the late Pro-
fessor Strachan and the late Whitley
Stokes, and he also assisted Thur-
neyson in his great work on the
Comparative Grammar of the Cel-
tic Language.

Threats of legal action against
Church authorities who have con-
demned text-books used in the
schools of France are now being car-
ried out. The Archbishop of Paris,
Mgr. Amette, has been cited to
respond to suits brought against
him by the authors of text-books,
who claim \$2000 damages.

SELF RAISING FLOUR
Brodie's Celebrated
Self-Raising Flour
The Original and the Best.
A Premium given for the empty bags
returned to our Office.
10 Bleury Street, Montreal.

**For Whooping
Cough, Croup,
Sore Throat,
Croup, Whooping
Cough, Croup,
Sore Throat,
Croup, Whooping
Cough, Croup,
Sore Throat,**

**"Used while
you sleep."**

VAPORIZED CRESOLINE stops the
paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever-ready
to act directly on the nose and throat
making breathing easy in the case of colds,
CRESOLINE is a powerful germicide,
acting both as a curative and preventive
in contagious diseases. It is a boon to suffer-
ers from Asthma. CRESOLINE'S best re-
commendation is its use in the treatment of
For sale by all druggists. Send Postal
note for Descriptive Booklet. CRESOLINE
Septic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat,
of your druggist or from us, in stamps.

THE LEE-MING-MILES CO., Limited.
Canadian Agents,
Lee-Ming-Miles Building, Montreal, Can.

Nearly all children are subject to
worms, and many are born with
them. Spare them suffering by us-
ing Mother Graves' Worm Extermin-
ator, the best remedy of the kind
that can be had.

A Trip to Alaska.

A trip to Alaska is one seldom
undertaken by the people in the Brit-
ish Isles, and of the many book-
ings undertaken by the Grand Trunk
Railway officials in London, few
tickets show the destination to be
that part far north of Canada,
where coal and gold, together with
meteorological observations, are
often supposed to be the chief rea-
son for the existence of that land.
That such a trip can be made with
little out of the ordinary fatigue of
travelling is well proved by the re-
cent communication sent to Mr. Fred
C. Salter, European Traffic Manager
of the Grand Trunk Railway, from
Mr. Bromley Chalkner, F.R.G.S.,
who has just returned from the North
American continent. The letter has
an added interest by reason of the
fact that on the day of the official
opening of the Grand Trunk Rail-
way's new offices at 17-19 Cock-
spur Street, S.W., Mr. Chalkner
was the first person to book a pas-
sage with the Company for Canada.
On Dominion Day (July 1st) the
trip was planned and provision made
for the journey, and, in the first
week in October, back in England
again, the well-known geographer
has been pleased to write to the
Grand Trunk officials expressing his
entire satisfaction with the easy
way in which the journey was ac-
complished. After thanking the rail-
way officials for making his means
of transportation pleasant and com-
fortable, he says: "I was very
pleased, indeed, with both the road
and rolling stock of your Company,
and in my opinion it is second to
none on the Continent of America.
The arrangements you made for me
very much added to my comfort
and enabled me to reach my destina-
tion in the quickest possible time, and I must say I
experienced the greatest civility
from the Company's staff during my
passage on your road. The route
you worked out for me was a most
interesting one, and coming back as
I did over the Rockies and the
Great Lakes, I did not travel over
a single mile a second time except
the short run between Sarnia and To-
ronto. Will you be good enough to
send me particulars of your 'Round
the World' Tours? I am thinking
that next spring I may have anoth-
er run out to the West, and if I do,
I should like to return home via
the East." The whole of Great
Britain is quickly put in touch
by this great railway system, with
what frequently is said to be the ut-
termost parts of the earth.—Dublin
(Ireland) Daily Express, Oct. 19,
1909.

Had a Bad Cough
FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS.
WAS AFRAID IT WOULD
TURN INTO
Consumption.

Too much stress cannot be laid on the
fact that when a person catches cold it
must be attended to immediately or
serious results may follow.
Thousands have filled a consumptive
grave through neglect.
Never Neglect a Cough or Cold, it can
have but one result. It leaves the
throat or lungs, or both, affected.
Mrs. A. E. Brown,
Ottawa, Ont.,
writes:—"I have
had a very bad
cough every winter
for a number of
years which I was
afraid would turn
into consumption. I tried a great many
remedies but only received temporary re-
lief until I got a bottle of Dr. Wood's
Norway Pine Syrup and after taking two
bottles my cough was cured. I am never
without a bottle of Norway Pine Syrup."
Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is the
medicine you need. It strikes at the
foundation of all throat and lung com-
plaints, relieving or curing all Coughs,
Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Sore
Throat, etc., and preventing Pneumonia
and Consumption.
So great has been the success of this
wonderful remedy, it is only natural that
numerous persons have tried to imitate
it. Don't be imposed upon by taking
anything but "Dr. Wood's." Put up in
a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the
trade mark; price 25 cents.
Manufactured only by The T. Milburn
Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Philip

Meg was a
fast. She fou
by the open w
coffee in her h
er eyes at the
that wound its
the distant bl
"I can't wait
Just look at
greenness, and
How quick can
"I must have
of breakfast,"
you intend to
"I have no
are a form of
one is very st
apt to influenc
"But" pers
don't know y
how can you t
take?"
Philipa dismi
wave of her ha
"Nothing cre
as a map," she
hypnotizes one.
maps. Life on
of incident, and
vor out of an
guided entirely
should one be
post? Be quick
door." So the
round her cap
"Which road
ed Philipa, as
"Where do th
to Paradise?"
"Then does it
take?"
"Shall I shut
let the car go
"No, Phil.
dise too soon!
middle road and
For the next
thinking that y
roads might les
best. Philipa,
own joys and e
was a more lei
light. She was
hills and the
woods by the
weeds in the h
changing of the
cottage and the
for the first ti
pleasures of va
swung through
where she woul
and with a her
interest in
felt joyously
grant. She was
upon the massi
more of the h
possess her, the
of the quick e
ous heart. Th
world's gallant
tington and the
of the next turn
constantly excit
now why Philipa
maps.
Suddenly Phil
"I want some
good deal of be
"Where can or
Meg, to whom t
without interest
"I believe Mil
where along the
lppa. "There sh
"Millington?"
that's the enter
the new garage.
for it."
They drove on
without speak
ishing hunger of
being revealed t
appa said:
"Meg, she's h
at the wheel on
Is the tyre all
"Flat as a rit
Philipa thro
gine and got out
and down the ro
fully, pinched th
licate white flin
down in the hed
"Can't you me
ed Meg, in disma
"Oh, yes," said
"Aren't you go
"Who can tel
"Time will show
Meg answered
"Well, I'm goin
look for food.
as the corner and
food in sight."
In two minutes
back joyfully.
"Food and he
"Every luxury—
away! Millington
that corner, Phil
ago is the very f
along; it's only a
kill all the way."
Philipa rose, a
her seat at the
ear glided softl
round the curve,
large, and a litt
the road was a d
viciously new, wit
and very clean gl
were several nic
beyond them ag
street. Philipa
ment, glanced at
critically at the g
ly, and turned in
getting that she
rim, she whirled
way that made M
"We were with
that wall, Phil."
Philipa apologiz
better coming out
ought really to be
he half an inch."
In the garage w
and a man. Phil
smoked her grey
her soft blue eye
of the man.