

FREE



Hallam's beautiful Fur Fashion Book, 1920 Edition, contains 48 pages and cover with over 300 illustrations of Fur Coats and Sets from actual photographs among which is

this beautiful **Hallam** GREY WOLF SET

This fine quality Grey Canadian Wolf Set is well worthy of special attention. The skins used are of a rich silver grey color, thick and soft, the scarf is fashioned in large animal style, poplin lined and silk poplin streamer. Muff to match in barrel shape, poplin cuffs, soft bed, wrist cord and amber ring. Trimmed with natural heads, tails and paws. Very Special.

Price delivered to you
M 448 Scarf, \$18.75
M 449 Muff, \$18.75

The above is only one of over 300 genuine fur bargains shown in Hallam's 1920 edition Fur Fashion Book. Be sure to send for your free copy to-day.

Address in full as below.

John Hallam
Limited
1097 Hallam Building, TORONTO.
THE LARGEST IN OUR LINE IN CANADA

**GRAND
TRUNK
PACIFIC**

Hang Up Your Stocking
In Your Old Home Town

This Christmas

Special Privilege Tickets will be on Sale

December 1st to 31st, 1919

From points in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta
to all points in

EASTERN CANADA

Optional Routes

Character Service

Full information on application to any
Agent of the Grand Trunk Pacific Ry.

W. E. DUPEROW

General Passenger Agent

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

The Last of His Family

Continued from
Page 9

Then her lips closed tightly and she shook these vagaries out of her head. Paolo was a Raspaglione. He represented one of the oldest families in Italy. The family would go on. It must. In extremity she had been forced to resort to an unknown American chit, but she would be rewarded, she would die in a repaired palazzo with the knowledge that her son had been only a warning, not a final judgment.

The comtessa looked around at the faded coverings of the furniture, the beautiful worm-eaten doors, and the few pieces of ugly modernity which she had contrived to afford. She smiled and felt reassured by a baize-covered card table and a lamp with a beaded shade. They represented so many successful attempts at holding her own, just as the tattered brocade represented a decay that could not be controlled, a dwindling over which she was powerless. The name her husband had left her, the duty of seeing that it was handed on with its accompanying traditions, her determination to give an ascending push to the family fortunes, all these things were somehow mocked at and made to seem trifling and unreal by the steadily fading frescoes and the wood that almost delighted in its minute rotting.

In the piazza below her windows a band was playing, the musicians devoting themselves to their task with the stolid seriousness of men who on other days of the week are merchants. The comtessa listened a moment, her mouth puckering as she saw three of her creditors blowing ruddily on brass instruments. Then her black brilliantine bosom heaved as she remembered that the house of the Graziani had once towered on the spot where nurses now trundled babies, and marriageable daughters walked self-conscious beside decorous, weary mothers. The piazza had been the whim of a Raspaglione, and was his public chuckle over a vanquished enemy. He had put to death six of the Graziani. He had razed their house and laid out a pleasure ground for the citizens on its site. The comtessa gazed unseeing from her window; the Graziani had died fighting, they had ended on a top note. The comtessa turned her back on the piazza and wondered if that blood-thirsty Raspaglione realized now that the Graziani had after all, got the better of him. With his assistance they had been splendid to the end, while his own family were now in danger of— She checked her running thoughts at this point and then, welcoming the pain of their destination, finished with "a repetition of Paolo."

On the seventeenth—the comte smiled fatuously in reminding his mother that he was producing the pretty Ripley a full three days before the date she had set—a black victoria awaited at the station the train from Rome. The horse's knees had been pounded out on perpendicular roads and the coachman seemed to shrink inside his livery in a habitual effort to escape the winds of the hill town. He sat in a shrivelled reverie while the passengers sorted themselves out, and eyed a little suspiciously the young girl who approached the carriage.

"Are you the Comtessa di Raspaglione's coachman? Do you speak any English? I am Miss Ripley."

The voice which said this was so honest, the eyes above so frankly amused, and the hat above them so astonishingly, needlessly large that Francesco for a moment stared in bewilderment. Then with much oratory and a faint impression in the back of his brain that something amiably cataclymic had happened, he bundled her maid and luggage into a tram and waved Miss Ripley herself into the victoria. She settled her short skirts, threw away some roses which had begun to fade, and laughed a shade nervously. The cushions were flat with long usage and she gave a little bounce of tardy realization that she was uncomfortable. Moving over to the other corner seemed a possible improvement, and this brought Francesco's head about inquiringly. The girl nodded up at him, and on his old face crackling into a smile, she leaned back in a frank outburst of amusement. "You nice old thing, you think I'm

queer, don't you? Well, it's nothing to what I think I am myself!"

As Francesco nodded encouragingly and rolled forth a benediction of soft sounds, she laughed again, and felt a sudden, hearty friendliness for the brown town toward which they were gradually ascending. On the train she had thought, "What a queer-looking place." Now she felt that the cities she had known before were queer, while this fortified, venerable pile was natural and right. When they rolled under a great Etruscan arch and a guard peered into the carriage, a tremulous excitement caught her. She was being rushed back into the past. For the first time she felt connected with what had gone before and what was coming after. She was conscious of a sudden shyness with herself, and to relieve her inarticulate confusion, laughed again and exclaimed: "Good gracious, isn't it a queer place!"

Her astonishment became a maze in which she was gradually lost. By the time she had been shown to her big, gloomy room and afterwards brought down to the drawing-room where the comtessa and her son awaited her, she was hushed and made awkward by a growing sense of unreality. She paused outside the drawing-room door for an instant, hoping for a confidence that refused to come; then, pushing it open, she went in.

The comtessa rose, and the girl went to her, her eyebrows drawn into a questioning pucker.

"You were awfully good to ask me to come at once," she began, and paused. There was also a question in the eyes of the comtessa. She spoke and the girl smiled a little dumbly, turning to Paolo for an interpretation.

"My mother says she is very happy to see you, and asks why your mother is not with you?"

"Oh, of course, I should have explained at once. Mother came with me, but when she got to the station, she balked. Can you explain that to your mother without making my mother seem too queer? Just say that mother found she had to go on to Florence. It's quite true, only it was the situation that made her. She couldn't face the engagement, and not speaking the language, she just funk'd it, and I came alone. Can you make that not sound queer?"

The comtessa had held the girl's hands during her hurried speech, taking in her ample air, her clear, heedless gaze, and the blundering richness of her dress. Now she listened to her son's rendering of the young woman's explanation and froze as he finished.

"But with whom can I discuss business?" She closed her teeth on her lower lip and added a second after: "That can be arranged later, however. Ask her to tell me her given name."

The comte again acted as interpreter and the girl laughed. "That's easy. My name is Spring. It's rather foolish, isn't it? We began to be able to afford poetry about the time I was born and mother rather let herself go on my name."

The comtessa's big black eyes snapped astonishment and the two women looked at each other longer than either intended. A strained smile quivered on Spring's face. "Tell your mother," she said quickly, "that I really like you. She looks at me as though she wonders why I'm here."

The elder woman received this curiously. She led the girl to a chair and eyed her as she sat down. She had covered the shabbiest chair in the room with the richest piece of modernity that had ever come into her possession. Satisfaction softened her features, and with a sense of security, of having at last a real weapon in her hand, she watched the two young people as they chattered.

"Tell me," Spring was saying—it became her perpetual chant in the days that followed — "tell me about your family when they were such awfully splendid fighters."

The comte, slightly bored, and wholly unaccustomed to recounting these old tales, announced over and over again that he had come to the end. Always she made him remember more.

"But," he objected on the third day of her visit, "I seem to be the only member of my family in whom you are not interested. You might give me a little at-

Continued on Page 11