TWO

Published by permission of Burns, Oates & Washbourne, London, England. THREE DAUGHTERS OF THE

UNITED KINGDOM BY MRS, INNES-BROWNE

CHAPTER VII.-CONTINUED

The very morning after the above onversation had taken place, when Beatrice came down to breakfast, a letter bearing the Dablin postmark lay upon her plate.

From Marie!" cried the delighted girl, pressing the neat little super-scription impulsively to her lips as all the love for her old playmate and companion rushed to her heart. "Oh, what a feast I shall have presently reading it !" She slipped it carefully into her pocket, reserving it as one would a bonne bouche to be enjoyed alone. She did not observe the look of disappointment that flitted across her elder brother's face; he had noticed the letter, and awaited with feelings of pleasure, he knew not why, to hear its contents. After a hasty breakfast Beatrice hurried to her little boudoir, intent 'having a feast," as she upon termed it.

Drawing the letter from her pocket, and seating herself upon her favorite rocking-chair near the open window, she hastily broke the seal and read as follows :

Bracken Park, July 28, 18-My darling Bertie,-Day by day have eagerly watched for the fulfilment of your promise, in the form of a latter from you, until at last, tired of waiting I sat down to have a little chat with you instead. Unless anything is the matter, do write to me soon, dearest, for since my return home every link of the old life has appeared severed and broken. Tell me how you like the world, Bertie. For my part, I have shed many a bitter tear in it already, and sigh for a sight of our old convent home ; but somehow I began to fear that perhaps it may be wrong of me to do so, and during the last week have endsavored to find more occu pation for my idle hands and brain.

Dear auntie looks so small and fragile, and Louis and I have learnt for the first time that she had a slight stroke last winter, when she 'so very ill ; but, unselfish little soul that she is, she would not allow us to be told of it for fear of disturb ing our last year at school by anxiety her account. She says she already feels much better since our return and I mean to try my very utmost to nurse and care for her, and leave own fate in the hands of God. But how I long for a letter from dear Mother Agatha, telling me all the news of darling St. Benedict's. O Bertie, you would be almost ashamed of your little Marie some times, if you only knew how rebellious I feel "-a deep blush overspread the face and neck of Beatrice as she read these words, and covering her face for an instant with the pages of the letter, she murmured, You are not the only guilty one, my little Marie ;" but recovering her feelings, she resumed quickly : "What if I should have to remain in the world for years; and yet I feel it may be my duty to do so. Oh, pray for me, my best and dearest friend, that I may be faithful and submit to How is your brother God's will. I expect you and he are enjoying life together. Madge and I much injured that he could not spare one look or word for us, being

present."

" Now, Lord Reginald Grantheuse knew perfectly well that his brother had set off for a long walk, for he had heard him express his intention of doing so, and, moreover, had watched his figure disappear down the avenue. He pretended examine the many pictures round the dainty little apartment, and at last came to a standstill before the famous painting of St. Benedict's which had won such fame and praise for his sister whilst at school. The girl sat and watched him, wondering mentally what motive could have induced this unusually early visit

grey eyes. She was dressed as became her style of beauty best, in a from her elder brother. " This is really very well done," he simple white washing dress, made a little open at the throat, and short remarked, endeavoring to coax his and I in the sleeves, for the weather was sister into a good humor; suppose," he continued carelessly warm. She wore no color of any your friend Miss Blake is breaking kind, save the rich glow which her heart to return to this dovecot." nature had bestowed upon her Now, Beatrice could not understand or comprehend in the least why her dressed in the same girlish fashion as when at St. Banedict's, only now brother seemed so set against Marie's becoming a nun, so she answered in it was tied with a bow of white ribbon; but the wilful little curls an injured tonehad ascaned as usual, and framed

"Really, Reginald, what harm could it possibly do to you, or in fact to any one, if Marie should careless beauty of their own. What return to the Couvent ? Surely it minutes, nay hours, girls will spend in that dreamy attitude, staring at is the highest calling or destiny for any girl to become a nun." own private little casement win-dows. "Oh dear, dear! this will

Granted," he answered, best upon dows. "Who knows but humoring her. "Who knows but that my own little sister may have never do," murmured Marie, as she sighed again, and turned slowly from

serious thoughts that way herself." the window. It was a long low room on the ground floor, lit up now This speech brought a smile to Bertie's lips, and taking up the by the light of the setting sun. letter, she said, with a deflant look, Across the centre of it ran a beam, 'I feel almost inclined to read some of this to you to prove that even Marie notices some worldly objects around her;" then selecting the paragraph referring to Percy, she read it aloud to her brother. Lord Reginald bit his lips, and winced a little; that was not exactly what he had hoped to hear. He rose, and drawing his fine military figure to its full height, endeavored vainly to force his coat to meet across his ed the sunlight ; but simple white jerking it expanding chest by jerking it together violently with both hands. He longed to ask his sister if there but broad bay window. All the furniture consisted of was no word nor message for him,

but felt annoyed with himself for even wishing it. Beatrice, looking up suddenly, was struck with his height and bearing, and exclaimed, O Regie, I have forgoiten to read the P.S. to you. Marie says that my tall and stately she hopes

small washstand and dressing table brother is well. Lord Reginald smiled, and thankoccupying a position on either side ing his sister, left the room. Then of the little oriel window; two chairs she had deigned to remember him, and a small round table completed that shy, bewitching, but independ. the furniture of the eleeping spart ent little convent girl; and was not the pith of a lady's letter contained in the postcript? "Tall and state-ly," was he? Well, if that was the ment. painted the walls, which were painted a pale buff color; and the skin of a huge Bengal tiger lay stretched upon the hearth ly," was he? worst she could say against him, he would forgive her. At any rate, it was all he had to live upon for many months, for Marie never menboth apartments. The little sitting. tioned him in her letters again ; durroom possessed also an ottoman ing which time he tried every means couch, several easy-chairs, and a small inlaid work table, and in the possible to persuade himself that Marie Blake had nothing in her, and that the best thing she could do

bay window stood the writing table from which Marie had just risen. would be to become a nun. Over the mantelpiece hung a large Now, Lord Reginald was two-andoil painting, representing a most twenty years old, an age when young beautiful woman, with a small infant men of his standing and position upon her knee : so sweet and perfect are apt to fancy themselves of some were the young mother's features, so account. He was steady and up-right, but inherited a good share of pure and innocent the whole expression of her face, that the gazer, sudhis mother's pride and salf will. He deply fascinated, would involuntarily knew himself to be a very eligible exclaim, Could one so fair have even catch, for young ladies had made the fact preity plain to him by their conlived ? or is this not, instead, the idle so engrossed with his sister. I shall invention of some post's dream ? never forget how he blushed, and stant attentions, and mothers with But no, indeed ! it was a perfect likehe looked whenever I young marriageable daughters had ness of Marie's mother. On each addressed him. So much for all his made much of him. He was side of the fireplace was a recese, boasted gallantry on paper, about attached to the staff, and was a stached to the staff, and was a favorise at headquarters, on account Give my kindest remembrances to your mother ! How very handsome him; and yet in his heart he could she is ! I do admire her so. Have not but own to himself the fact that you heard from dear Madge? I have not, bat am writing to her. Poor girl, how sad she looked when persistently, refused to talk with sbe said good bye. "Do you know, Bertie, darling, I him, or even to sit near him, only because he had spoken disparagingly face with the dark-grey eyes and drooping lide, and the almost child ish dignity with which she treated him

## THE CATHOLIC RECORD

"Oh, please do not disturb your-self," he replied hastily. "It is really of no great importance at Marie's syss roamed dreamily over forget them and the dear old home owers, and bracken grew in her bigoesen wills me to try and was able to sit up. Marie's eyes roamed dreamily over forget them and the dear old home We called her old as she lay white he grassy bill which rose in front of which holds my heart its capive, and shill upon the ceuch ; but now the grassy hill which rose in front of her; she listened unmoved to the caw of the old rocks as they sat upon things in which I take so little inter-

the tall elm-trees and syed each est. Ob, it is hard, sweet Mother-it other with grave countenances; she watched the swallows as they followed the band of the river, and is hard ; but I will try and do it." As if in answer to her prayer, the voice of Louis called anxiously, "Marie! Marie! I want you." Quickly saw them dip their light bodies into the water as they skimmed along its she rose and dried her tears. A new strength seemed to fill her soul as bright surface. A thrush settled upon a shrub near, and whistled she did so, for the thought of Lady long and plaintively, as though de-Abbess's words came to her memory: termined to rouse the little dreamer. Take care the home fireside is so bright and cheerful, that your But still she stood, her hands, in which she held the letter, clasped brother, attracted by its genial warmth and glow, will not care to tightly behind her, and an expres-sion of almost sadness in her soft seek for pleasure from other sources." Coming, dear - coming !

eplied, hastily picking up the fallen letter, and "O my God, give me the It was a curious house this home of Marie's, resembling more a rabbit-warren than anything else, particu-larly a the same as always got a bit of a start, she did." larly as it was all built upon the ground floor. Dark, narrow passages ed in and out of tiny rooms, whose ceilings were for the most part low, but which were so irregular that there were not two alike in shape or size. As Marie turned down one of these passages, she met Peter, the careless beauty of their own. What old man-servant, who, in a somewhat refined but rich brogue, exclaimed, 'Ah, Misthress Mary, an' it's yourself everything or nothing from their I'm in search of. Sure the young master is after calling for you everysurely where."

Where is he, Peter ?" demanded

Marie, brightening up. "In the green-room, miss;" and with a solemn expression of face, and sad voice, he added, "I'm afeared the misthress, God bless her, is not well.'

'O Peter !" gasped Marie, alarmed from which were suspended pale-blue curtains, which could be drawn at the look on the old man's face, to at will, and thus divide the room and almost staggering against the wall for support, "O Peter ! she is not very ill, surely ?" The color flad in half, one portion of it forming a bedroom, and the other a sitting. from her cheeks, and a deep act of room. The entire apartment Was furnished with simplicity and yst sorrow and repentance welled up from her heart, as she darted off in with tasts. No gay pier glasses reflected back the little owner's and out of the small rooms on her way to the one in which her auntie rounded figure at every surn ; no gilt cornice or velvet hangings obstruct was lying.

" May God forgive me!" she murmuslin curtains, backed by those of mured ; "poor auntie! so full of my pale blue, hung in front of the low own troubles, I have neglected you.'

Peter noticed with satisfaction the impression his announcement had de upon the girl. "Ah!" he said lue velvet, and a carpet of blue and to himself, "maybe its only rousing wellgold pattern extended the whole she needs, and faith she's but young length of the apartment. In the yet; she'll mend of that, as well as dyce. little bedroom, at the upper end of of the habit she's got of draming and the room, stood a tiny bedstead, fretting, poor dear; and more shame hung with white dimity curtains, a being hard, even in on ms thought, on her sweet face; but it goes badly with me, it does, when I see the misthrees's look of disappointment as she realizes the little interest Miss Mary takes in all around her. These convents be rare pious and homely prints places for s'aling away the hearts of our young ladies, God bless them. Sure, wasn't her own mother took the same way onst; it's a kind of faver they gef." Thus soliloquizing to himself, the old man followed the of a fireplace capable of warming rather intricate way pursued by his

young mistress. Arrived at the green room, Marie saw the figure of her brother leaning over his aunt as she lay upon the low couch. The boy looked up with low couch. The boy looked up with which is would be it for a pleasure and relief as he saw Marie her home to dinner. enter, and gladly stood to one side, She is better now," he whispered

but she fainted dead off, and did look so ill, I was quite frightened. 'Poor dear little auntie !" said the she declared. "I'll go and get it "and I ought to have been over." girl. beside her. Oh, how selfish and wicked I have been !"

The words fell with sweet comfort ministure grand planc. Milly conupon the little cld lady's heart, scientiously "did" her four hours daily ; and now, even as she turned though she did not at once open her in greeting she noticed the exact eyes nor pretend to have heard them. and in one a handsome wardrobe Marie wrung out a soft handkerchief number of minutes of practise that her little watch registered. in eau de Cologne, and pushing the "Forby five minutes dons, thank white and silky curls aside, laid it gently on the pale brow of her aunt; goodness !" then she applied the smelling-salts, we count th she exclaimed "Shall we count the dust as practise, Mar whilst Louis slowly chafed her hands. garet ?' "Count it double !" suggested Mar-How long has she been like garet. "But listen, Milly, I've got this ?" anxionsly inquired the girl. About ten or fifteen minutes ; and Bridget being out, I could not leave ber to call you sconer." her to call you sooner.

it was not long ere the little lady timidly out at a corner of her lips She stood there poised, as if at word, the right word, she would fairly have run forward to Mar gares. that the colour was returning to her face, she looked years younger, and to guess her exect age would have been a timeult problem. file, "I want you to meet my friend, Miss Owen. Miss Owen, Miss

Mistress Elizabeth Blake was very May. shors in stature, but har figure was round and beautifully proportioned. Her hair could not have been whiter, and clustered in plentifal curls you do. around her calm and placid face. Time and sorrow had left few wrinkles on her gentle countenance

and her skin was soft and fair. The ously reddened. white lace cap and shawl added a fully at Margaret. graceful finish to a very pleasing picture. "I am better now, dear children,

she said, smiling kindly; "bu Marie, how white you look, child!" "Faith," remarked Peter drily, " them just the same as always -- well and busy and happy. Bobby's quite

turned unconsciously appealing eyes upon the two pretty, prosperous. Back rushed the colour to Marie's face, as it always did whenever she looking girls. was made the special subject of con-May," said Miss Owen politely. Formality always made her ill at versation, and stooping down, she whispered in her auntie's ear, "For ease. She would have liked to jump give me for neglecting you so dread. up, link her arm in Caroline's and fully, if you can, dear auntie.

propose. "Come, let's be ourselves! Cry a little if you like, and then let's The elder lady pressed the girl's hand kindly in answer and said You are very good children play round." play round." Since that procedure was not to be thought of, she sat aloud, to trouble so over poor old auntie. I stiffly, making at intervals inane observations. "I do four hours a am quite well now. But there

that must be a visitor. Listen! was not that the door ball ?'

TO BE CONTINUED

## OLD TUNES

dinner. You can come, can't you ?" "Oh!" said Caroline, with a little Looking up from her letter, Mrs. gasp. Allerdyce said to her daughter, wait table for my board ; but thank Margaret, you remember Caroline you just the same.' May-the girl who looked after Aunt Hattie's little Bobby last summer." need not have blurted right out that "What about Margaret nodded. she was doing that kind of work Of course it was a commendable thing to "wait table," if necessary her?

Aunt Hattie writes that Carcline's coming to the conservatory but she might just as well have sub here. It seems she's been saving up stituted for the plebian phrase all those little odd sums she made term "engagement." None of the girls in Margaret's set had ever baby tending and in other ways. Aunt Hattle says be sure to look her

Margaret said fretfully, "Why, scarcely knew her! She'll find her own friends — of course I'll 20 what can ; but I do hope she won't-

'Won't what ?'' asked Mrs. Aller.

Well expect me to rush her among the girls, and all that."

fancy she won't have much time for 'rushing, and all that,' " said Margaret's mother. "My impression is, she means work ; but that needn't interfere with her making a few

pleasant acquaintances." When does she come ?" Margaret asked resignedly. "That's just what I'm looking for

her way." ves, here it is, along one edge : Caroline leaves for the conservatory dyce. "She couldn't come. She waits on Tuesday. I'm glad there's Mar garet to break the strangeness of

table for her board," said Margaret. "But, dear me, we could have waited dinner. No doubt they have things for her just at first.' 'Tuesday-then she's here now.

'Yes, as usual Aunt Hattie's posted it ra ly." her letter late. Why don't you go this afternoon, Margarety?" And I think it would be nice if you brought

enter, and glady blood to one slue, allowing his sister to take his place. "She is hetter now." he whispered : "All the better — take Milly along. I'wo friends are better than one." Well, I will," Margaret sighed.

Margaret found Milly Owen practising assidiously at her shining

fortune." "It is distinctly fortun to for me,"

'Caroline," said Margaret grace Suite 53, Bank of Toronto Chambers Milly had a helpless feeling that FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN the scene was pitched too high. Miss May said timidly, "Ho "How do She sat down upon a chair just inside the door. Against her dark dress her small hands looked curiously reddaned. She looked hope "How did you leave my Aunt Hattie and Bobby ?" asked Margaret, with a laudable desire to set every but, one-herself included-at ease. Miss May criakled happily. "I left

She

" told

th

her ill at

"I hope you will like it here, Miss

she said heavily, and lapsed

"I'm so sorry. You see, I

Margaret thought that Caroline

waited on table for their board.

said kindly. "Perhaps you come to see us some afternoon."

us, Margaret !"

like children ?"

evening for her."

that way."

Caroline's crinkly smils came out

in answer. Her sweet, rather husky

woice repeated. "I'd love to." When they were outside, Milly Owen grumbled. "It's a pity you

couldn't have completely congealed

"I don't understand," said Mar-

garet stiffly. "I am sure I did my best to put her at ease. What should

I have said-' What shall we play ?

Well, something of the sort. But

Well ?" questioned Mrs. Aller-

'But mother, isn't it unfortunate

'I wait table," said Mrs. Allerdyce

Her having to do it-to wait tabla

I never thought of that."

"Mother," said Margaret in her

me to be sure and carry you back to

gracious, hostess like manner,

into silence.

JOHN H. MCELDERRY BARRISTER, SOLICITOR NOTARY PUBLIC CONVEYANCER to Loan Telephone 1983 HERALD BLDG. ROOM 24 GUELPH, ONT.

ARCHITECTS WATT & BLACKWELL Members Ontario Association ARCHITECTS Bixth Floor, Bank of to Cha

LONDON, ONT. DENTISTS

DR. BRUCE E. EAID Room 5. Dominion Bank Chambers Cor. Richmond and Dundas Sta

EDUCATIONAL St. Jerome's College

Founded 1864 KITCHENER, ONT. Excellent Business College Department cellent High School or Academic Departs cellent College and Philosophical Departs 'I'm sorry, too, Caroline," she d kindly. "Perhaps you could

REV. W. A. BENINGER, C. R. Provident

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

John Ferguson & Sons 180 KING ST.

The Leading Undertakers & Embalmers Open Night and Day Telephone-House 373 Factory 543

say, Margaret, isn't she fine? So straightforward, and helping to make E. C. Killingsworth FUNERAL DIRECTOR Open Day and Night

389 Burwell St. Phone 3971

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. "Well, it'll have to be for some other night now," said her mother "and I'd planned such a homy little ALAMAC

FIRE PROOF HOTEL OCCANTRONT, INTHE HEART OF AT LANTICOTO AMERICANANDE UROPEAN PLANS. . . . Hot and Cold Sea Water Baths Grill, Orchestra, Dancing, Carage MACK, LATZ, CO.

87 YONGE ST., TORONTO Phone Main 4030

Hennessey

But

briskly, "with your assistance; and prepare dinner as well. I don't know that I regard it as a mis

commanisad Mr. Allerdyce. "But you know, mother, if you feel it's too

**OCTOBER 9, 1926** 

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS MURPHY & GUNN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTAEL

Bolicitors for The Home Bank of Canada Solicitors for the Roman Catholic Episcopal Corporation

LONDON, CANADA Phone 188

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, #258

T. Louis Mean George Kaogh Cable Address : "Foy" Telephones { Main 461 Main 462

Offices : Continental Life Building CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREEP TORONTO

DAY, FERGUSON & CO. BARRISTERS

nes E. Day 26 Adelaide St. West in M. Ferguson 26 Adelaide St. West hepp P. Walsh TORONTO, CAM TORONTO, CAMANA

LUNNEY & LANNAN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES

## Harry W. Lunney, B. A., B. C. L. Alphonsus Lannan, LL. B. CALGARY, ALBERTA

often think that girl has hard trials of which we know little or nothing, of her favorite nuns. But though he of which we know little or nothing, or her many pretty faces, yet and am inwardly convinced that of the 'United Kingdom'. Scotland could be never forget the sweet Irish of the 'United Kingdom,' Scotland carries the palm for undaunted cour age and heroic bravery, and I for one admire her much, and shall try to imitate her-poor brave Madge !

I pray for you and her every day, and look forward to the time when I shall see your dear face again. God bless and keep you.

Please write soon to your most

devoted friend, " MARY M. BLAKE.

"P.S. -- I hope your father is better, and your tall and stately brother is well."

Beatrice was still reclining listlessly in her rocking chair, two little slippered feet resting on an elegant though not extensive, as the ground footstool, and the open letter upon rose in front-was homely and beau her lap. Her eyes were steadily fixed upon a small white flescy cloud, which would soon disappear, and be hidden from her eight for ever; but bear no comparison with Baron her thoughts had wandered farther Court, yet it possessed a rare wild than the moment she was a school girl again. natural

impatiently, in answer to a knock at noisy world, one could sit and listen the door.

her elder brother.

said rather confusedly, " but can you Always was that noisy little stream tell me — do you happen to know flowing, hurrying, hurrying to join the river below; and here and there where Percy is ?"

'I have not seen him since break. a natural bridge was formed by an t," replied Beatrice, somewhat old ivy clad tree having fallen and fast," absently ; " but if you wish it, I will go in search of him. If not out with Leo, he is probably with father in the study.

It is part of our human nature to admirs and wish the most for what we feel is most difficult to obtain.

CHAPTER VIII

Pcor little Marie! she sighed as she folded and sealed her letter to Beatrice: somehow she had acquired a habit of sighing lately, and rising from her seat, stood looking in a dreamy manner through the open window. The view from thence-

titul enough to charm the eye of any young lady. As regards culture and preservation, Bracken Park could little cloud, and for the beauty of its own, full as it was of dells and canny nooks, Come in," she answered rather where, hidden from all sound of the to or watch the busy stream as it

It immediately opened, and admit fussed and frothed its clear waters ted the tall, gentlemanly figure of over and past the great stones and massive boulders which lay where I am sorry to interrupt you," he they had fallen many years before.

face in her hands, wept aloud. stretched itself from bank to bank. From under the shade of the trees

stood, so elegantly made that upon its many niches and brackets china ornaments could be placed, and these were of a kind rare, old and costly. In the other recess a sweet little altar was arranged; a large crucifix hung at the top, and below it stood a statue of the Mother of God, with a pale blue painted mantle, and a wreath of twelve stars upon her head. Above the stars hung a canopy of fine old lace, suspended upon the very wreath worn by Marie's mother at St. Benedict's myself? some twenty four years before ; and at the foot of the Madonna was placed the little daughter's wreath won that summer. The lace, flowers. and candles were beautifully ranged, for Marie's was a practised hand ; and in front of the little altar stood an old carved cak prie dieu,

pretty rosewood, upholstered in pale

Some

with a cushion of blue velvet to kneel upon. Marie stood upon the soft hearth.

rug, her hands were still clasped of old. Yet poor Tim Murphy's chil-behind her, and, as she locked up at the fair face of her mother, the liketwin sisters, so youthful did the mother look.

"I wonder, mother darling," said the girl, as the gazed tenderly up the voice of faithful old Peter, as he into the face of her perent, which entered the room, carrying in his musical and unmusical pepetra bed was lit up by the rays of the fast-setting sun—"oh how I wonder if you ever felt as desolate and forlorn as your poor little daughter does, the glasses well as he did so, for joy just as if she were separated for ever at seeing his mistress looking better. from all she loves most on earth ? They seem to have forgotten me at this same brandy was the very medi- presently

upon the prie-dieu, and burying her best, and aren't her bits o' hands

"Oh, you who were ever more clumsy ones?" than mother to me, help me now! The girl gen

Has any one gone for the doctor. Alton - where I visited last summer - my Aunt Hattie you know - and Louis ? Not yet; shall I ran there now now she's here for the winter term at

the conservatory. Her name's Caro-line May. We're to call upon her, "No, no, there is no occasion for it, line May. dear," said his aunt gently; "I shall and inciden and incidentally she's to come home

with me to dinner." be better soon." "In that case," said the indus-trious Milly, 'we'd better set to 'O auntie darling?" cried Marie, "what ought we to do for you? Only tell us, and we will do it." work.'

They went with truly martial "Keep quiet, my dears, and do not be alarmed. It is foolish of me to be spirit at the concerted arrangement so weak; but I must have allowed of the Polonaise Militaire. myself to go too long without food, manipulated the trumphets and wood wind of the primo, and Marforgetting that I am not so strong as garet brought up the heavy artillerv of the secondo. When they had played through the duct twice, Milly dressed for the

leave them until I had done all that ness between them was most strik. I could for them, poor little mitas, ing; they might well have passed for twin sisters, so youthful did the brandy and water would do me street, and the girls sailed forth to the conservatory. Having in-quired for Miss Caroline May, they good.'

waited in one of the reception rooms "'Tis here, misthress dear," said even to that retreat. There was the constant passing and repassing of pupils arriving and departing, laden with music bags of various t seeing his mistrees looking better. And it's myself was thinking that occasionally by fiddle cases; and

They seem to have forgotten me at this same brandy was the very medi-the Convent, mother dear, for not one word or line have I received from them since I left: and I loved them so--I did indeed." The soft eyes of the mother seemed to follow the forlorn little daughter with a yearn-ing look of pity as she threw herself. The soft eyes and aren't her hits of years is the pleasant gray handing the glass to Marie; "Mise Mary herself will like to give it you was replaced now by the dawness and eyes that twinkled, too, when she laughed. But the fresh gingham more genteel and apt than my old

The old familiar orinkly smile was The girl gently raised her aunt's the grass was green and rich; but than mother to me, help me now! The girl gently raised her aunt's into our taining one, but a tremulous one came beneath them the creepers, wild Why do they not write? Am I so

much "I can't have anyons underfoot in my nice kitchen !" declared his wife

"Why it's my studio ! briskly. 'Oh, well, mother-hat's different!" said Margaret.

'Yes, it's different," said her ther. "It's my own home and mother. my own people. Caroline is among something to teil you first. We've something to teil you first. We've got an errand of much social import showed such old fogyism, Margaret knew that it was useless to argue. And of course, in a way, it was fine in Caroline; but fineness of that sort was not a qualification for entering Margaret's set.

Caroline came over for Sunday evening tea. She had been able to exchange hours with another of the girls for the evening. Her simple, dark attire, obviously home-made, had yet its own paculiar air of care

and daintiness. "Now, let's have some music," pro Milly posed Mr. Allerdyce after tea.

Caroline turned her eager look upon Margaret. "I used to listen when I was out in the yard with

Bobby, and you were inside playing on your aunt's piano-it was partly that that made me long to come here to study.'

Margaret good naturedly paraded her slender repertoire. She had always had an easy facility, and she was always culling new melodies, which she never shoroughly mastered; so that her repertoire was like a ragged nosegay with many of its petals fallen.

But Caroline was no critic. She sai and watched Margaret's nimbly skipping flagers-skipping, alas, too appeared the girl they much !--- and saw the jiggling white

and black keys like curious little acrobate, and heard the sweet, frebly, resultant tunefulneas, and was all delighted admiration.

"Now," said Margaret, "it's your turp." She did not want to em-barrass Caroline; but she could not was replaced now by the darkest and plainest of wools. She stopped in help wondering what those little the door way and turned to Margaret. reddened, compact wrists, inured to service, could effect above a key board.

CUT FLOWERS DRUGS PERFUMES CANDIES Order by Phone - we Deliver Watch Our Ads. in Local Dailies Thursday LOUIS SANDY

GORDON MILLS

Habit Materials and Veilings

SPECIALLY PRODUCED FOR THE USE OF

**RELIGIOUS COMMUNITIES** 

BLACK, WHITE, AND COLOURED SERGES and CLOTHS, VEILINGS CASHMERES, ETC.

tocked in a large variety of widths and qualities Samples forwarded on app.

LOUIS SANDY Gordon Mills, STAFFORD, ENGLAND Telegrama-Luisandi, Stafford. 'Phone No. 194

In the Country of Jesus By MATILDA SERAO

A very charming account of travel and worship in the Holy Land by a writer of the first rank, recording the impressions of a devout and truly poetic mind.

Postpaid 90c. **Catholic Record** LONDON. ONT.