## TWO

## THE WILDBIRDS OF KILLEEVY

## BY ROSA MULHOLLAND (LADY GILBERT)

CHAPTER XXII-CONTINUED "That is a pity, for the signora

is terrible when she makes up her mind.

mind." In the meantime Herr Harfen-spieler had arrived at the Castle to give Fan her lesson, and found the signora alone, bending with fever-

"At work again, signora," he said, entering. "A large canvas this time; and, ach himmel ! an ambitious subject also !" "Thank you for you The signora winced at the word

ambitious. "One is not necessarily ambitious when one longs to do something great," she said, pettish-

"Then you still expect to do something great ?"

something great ?" "You are severe, maestro." "I am honest, fraulein. Raphael, Francia, and their kindred are dead. It is folly for a little woman in the nineteenth century to dream that their mantle has de-scended on her." "Has the fountain of genius, then,

been sealed to the world for evermore

'Genius is of many hues and textures, signora. There is much beautiful work being done in this day; yet the genius whose mission it was to bring the smile of Divinity before mankind, that genius is vanished from the earth."

"I have prayed over this picture, Herr Harfenspieler."

"And prayer is never lost," said the musician, drawing his bow across the strings of his violin. "But the spirit bloweth where it light and the spirit bloweth where it listeth; and the answer to your prayer will shine out of the eyes of "Is the picture such a failure,

herr

'It is a handsome woman masquerading as a madonna. There is much of your own grace scattered about the whole, but the heavenly message is wanting in the faces. Look in the mother's eyes; she knows as well as we that she is only a pretence

With a bitter cry the signora seized her brush and blotted out face both the faces.

The Harfenspieler was a little startled at her vehemence. "I am sorry," he said, "but perhaps it is for the best. That picture would have tortured you more a month "It is true," said the poor little, that having first ventured to wound

artist, weeping. "Let us solace ourselves with music. I will play you one of Mozart's divine movements. How have struggled and fretted to val it ! But let us worship only rival it !

what is true !" He touched the violin and played like one inspired, his dark eyes glowing, his gaze fixed far away, till the signora had sobbed herself into a more peaceful mood. When he ceased, she took up the picture and placed it with its face to the

"My friend," said the Harfen-spieler, taking her hand, "forgive me. You and I are so much alike me. You and I are so much anke that I deal with you as I deal with myself. Now, let us get to our real work. Where is the child who is to give voice to our thoughts ?"

She went out into the Park two

half promised to tell me more about yourself, if she were not by." "I should be glad to talk to any-one about my old friends and my long ago," said Fan. "Nobody here, but you would listen to me."

but you, would listen to me." "Let me listen to you, then. I am longing to hear."

Then Fan began her little history, and told him all she remembered about her childhood. Her simple recital fell on the ear of the man of the world less like the details of real experience than like a tender idyl, the creation of a poet's fancy ; and he became more in love with

"Thank you for your beautiful onfidence," he said, with a tremor confidence," he said, with a tremor in his voice and an unusual mist in his eyes, "Tis I who must thank you. It

has done me good to be allowed to speak." From the review of her past Captain Rupert passed quickly to the consideration of her future.

"Do you intend to obey my uncle, and go upon the stage ?" he asked, anxi I cannot but obey, he is so good

to me. Besides, I have a reason of my own. For becoming a public singer ?'

"Yes. "Yes," "You desire the excitement, the freedom?" said Captain Wilder-spin, regretfully. "Or you are willing to make a fortune ?"

"None of these motives are any-thing like mine, though it is true I

have a wish to be independent. But I will tell you what I hope. When I am a famous woman, as they say I am to be, Kevin will hear about it, and come to mo? and come to me." "Ah, of course, Kevin !" Captain Wilderspin frowned and then smiled.

And what do you think he will And what do you think he will look like when he comes ?" "Only like himself," said Fan, her eyes flashing, "I don't want him to look like anyone else."

"I shall make her hate me !" thought Captain Rupert. "Yet I must try to awake her out of this childish dream. Forgive me." he said, gently. "Why do you attrib-ute unkind meanings to me? I cannot be your friend, I cannot

accept your confidence, without asking you to look the truth in the What truth? There is always

something cruel when people talk like that about the truth."

I do not want to be cruel. Captain Wilderspin paused ; but he was a man of his word, and he had promised himself that Fanchea her he might afterwards be able to cure and console her. "Will you answer me a few questions?" he said. "Kevin was twelve years perceived from a distance that some older than you. He was a fullgrown young man when you saw

him last Yes. "Where had he received his edu-

cation ? At the school."

"The village school of an obscure I am late. mountain district? He had no Her loo other means than this of informing his mind.

No." faltered Fanchea, remembering that Kevin had always been dull at his books. "He was then an uneducated

laborer toiling at his spade; and what do you think seven or eight "She went out into the Park two hours ago. She was in too joyous a mood, too full of her young life to sit down here quietly with me." sit down here quietly with me." You and he were once on an equality, and you had many pretty smile. He had begun to suspect the cause of the lady's wildness. "No, Captain Wilderspin; it is not their way," said the signora, recovering her dignity. "They are not ill?" Asked Fanchea. "No," said Mamzelle; "nothing is the matter with them, except stances lifted you, a child, out of the state in which you were born, while they left him, a man, in his original condition. He has probably now got a peasant wife and children, and, whatever he may have once promised to be, they have by is the matter with them, except that one wants his pupil and the this time dragged him down to the ordinary level of such husbands and other his nephew and heir. She fixed her eyes on Captain Rupert as she uttered the last words with emphasis; but he did fathers as dwell around them. Imagine his sun-burned face; features and expression coarsened by the years that have passed by since not wither up or sink into the earth. "And this is what you were com-ing to tell us," he said, smiling. "And you ran so fast that you lost your breath. It was not wise of you, signora. You have made yourself unwell. Be good enough you saw it, his rough, clay-soiled hands, his rude brogue, his uncultivated manners and ignorance of all the refinements of living. Believe me, if you ever become a famous woman, and he then comes, as he probably may, to claim you, you will not find him one with whom you to take my arm that I may support you to the house." The signora groaned, but acqui-esced; and Fan followed musingly, could bear to associate." Fan had kept her gaze fixed on her with her eyes on the ground. A pleasant, social evening folcompanion's countenance from the beginning of this speech, and as he proceeded her eyes became darkened Our friends met at dinner, Lord Wilderspin's burly form at the and her mouth set with grief. When he finished, a thrill of pain passed head of his board. Captain Rupert was in high spirits, and his lordship over her face, and she turned away quickly to hide her tears. was in high spirits, and his iordship looked with surprise at his whilom, languid nephew. Herr Harfen-spieler, glad of the return of his old friend, had almost forgotten his "Fan, little Fan," said Rupert, tenderly, "I have hurt you; I have made you weep. Forgive me, listen momentary uncasiness about his pupil, and Mamzelle, seeing Fan-chea so quiet and undisturbed, hoped that no great harm had been done after all. Only the old lord to me o me\_\_\_\_\_\_ "Go away," said Fan, angrily. 'You have broken my heart." A great sob swallowed her last yord; and Captain Wilderspin word : thought from her distress that her mind had assented to the truths of himself noticed a new and indescribable expression in Fanchea's face.

## THE CATHOLIC RECORD

upon idleness

"What, can it have been since the morning?" said the signora, in

anything foolish. Military men are

Good, obedient child,"

Fan. tremulously.

smote her.

true

concerned.

promised me.'

"That is why you are afraid to say all you think before her. You half promised to tell me more about yourself, if she were not by." "I'l knew that wou liked me very

"I knew that you liked me very much," said Fanchea, abashed, and forgetting her anger, "but not so much as this."

bribe you to be my wife; but look round you, Fanchea, and see the home that I am able to provide for your future. You need not appear upon the hated stage, where I have always felt that I could not bear to see you; but you shall go wherever way for the size and had thoroughly made up his mind. No one was aware of this by-play but them-

see you; but you shall go wherever you fancy to go, and do whatever you please. To make you happy shall be the object of my life, and I shall be amply repaid if you will only give me the best love of your pure little heart." Captain Rupert's manner and

Captain Rupert's manner and words became more impassioned as and down in the twilight between he saw the glow of surprise gradu-ally fade in Fanchea's face and pale, perplexed, half-frightened change into the chill of regret. As he finished speaking and stood by er in extreme agitation waiting for her answer the girl raised her eyes wistfully to his. She was deeply touched; grateful for his tenderness, and amazed at his devo-tion. Yet in spite of the warmth of

feeling he had roused, there was something that warned her to keep herself apart. You are very good to me," she said, humbly; "very kind. But it would not be right."

'Why would it not be right ?" "Because I want to find-my friends." She would not mention Kevin again after what had been said about 1 im. "If I were to-do

said about 1 im. "If I were to-do as you wish, I should have to give -them up. They would be nothing to you; and if I were ever to meet them, you would be ashamed of them."

So far from that, I promise you, on my soul, that I will give you every assistance in seeking them. 1

make it my duty to find out that obscure mountain you call Killeevy, and we will visit it together and know all that is to be together and know all that is to be known about your friends. If Kevin is in the world we will bring him to the front, and I will set no him to the front, and I will set no limit to the bounties you shall bestow upon him and his."

Fan's eyes widened and shone while her ears took in this tempting promise, and her eyes fixed on Captain Rupert's face assured her of the earnestness of his meaning.

But at this interesting moment an interruption occurred; the signora's silver ringlets appeared streaming on the breeze; the signora, with a face full of dismay, was seen face full of dismay, was seen coming rapidly towards them. Forewarned as she was, she had

unusual conversation was being held, and stood breathless and agitated between her charge and Lord Wilderspin's heir. "Oh, heaven !" she thought, looking from one to the other.

something serious has been said. Her looks were so wild that Fan forgot everything else in anxiety

for her condition. "Has anything dreadful hap-pened?" she asked, throwing a supporting arm round her little

friend. "I do not know—I hope not," ammered the signora. "Herr

QUARTER'S WORTH A OF FLOWERS By Helen Moriarty

Before they had been in the city a month the Grahams realized that they had been unfortunate in the choice of a location. They had debated about a place further down town, but this had been recom-mended by the agent as having once been a dower shop and this fact. The true and saying in an under-much as this." "This is only a child, do you see, can imagine, you simple child; more than I can prove to you, except by a life-long devotion. I would not bribe you to be my wife; but look captain Rupert, nor did they make been a flower shop, and this fact, coupled with the big difference in rent, naturally influenced their choice. But if it ever had been a good place for a florist it was so no

longer. Too far out of the down town radius, it was yet not far enough to appeal to suburban patronage. Thus people who liked selves, for the signora and her pupil were attending to Herr Harfen-spieler, who had improved the occasion by delivering a lecture select the flowers they were buying rode merrily down town past the Graham Flower Shop, nor paused for even a glance at the glowing window. Harriet always In the drawing-room, after dinarranged the window and took great pride in making it attractive. "But it might as well be in the wilds of Africa, for all the atten-tion any one pays to it!" she said bitterly one evening. Her brother gave a sharp glance at her tired face. "Oh, I wouldn't eventhet" he mede ensured drawl pale, perplexed, half-frightened look in her face which had caught

the attention of his lordship. "My child," she said, "there is something strange about you. You look as if you had got a shock." "So I have, Mamzelle." Her brother gat. "Oh, I would at at her tired face. "Oh, I would -say that," he made answer, drawl-ingly. "Don't forget the little ingly. 'Your window is a Conham.'" he woman in gray. 'Your window is a gem today, Miss Graham,'' he mimicked, And Harriet smiled as he wanted her to. great agitation. "I hope Captain Wilderspin has not been saying

However she went on to remark that one swallow didn't make a summer, though the little old lady's admiration was refreshing.

so peculiar." "He is very good, but I am greatly surprised. He wants me to marry him, Mamzelle." The signora gave a little shriek. "You would not like it?" said "She certainly loves flowers. She spends half an hour or more every day talking about the plants and looking at the cut flowers before she buys her little quarter's worth

"Like it! My dear, do you know what you are saying? The idea is simple madness. You are only a poor protégée of his lordship, and he is Lord Wilderspin's heir." and toddles away." Walter nodded. "Yes, and in the way most of the time too. If she wasn't such an intimate friend of yours," with a grin—"I'd have told her where she headed in long ago." "Yes, you would," derided Harriet. "You like her as much as "Then it really could not be?" said Fan, with a long sigh of relief. Mamzelle mistook the sigh for Harriet. "You like her as much as I do. I've heard you giggling back there when she says something one of pain, and her kind heart "How dare he be so cruel ?" she

funny." "It's her amazing curiosity. When she asked you the other day how much profit you make on that faded bunch of violets you sold her, musingly, and with an air of trouble.

almost went up in smoke! Harriet laughed and said, "She It cannot be-if what you say be s a tartar for questions. But she's "Oh, me, oh, me ! what a mess we have made of our affairs !" dear nevertheless. I wonder who she is? she never seems to hear me when I ask her her name, and "Do not grieve, Mamzelle ; indeed, I am quite satisfied." I'm not sure whether the deafness muris intentional or accidental.

mured the signora, a little disap-pointed in spite of herself. She But Walter's interest in the old lady was exhausted and he changed could not have expected to find her the subject. Matters of more wild gipsy maiden so tame in a matter where her affections were gripping importance demanded their attention, and having diverted Harriet a little he was ready for I must not leave you under a business. Things were growing rather serious for the Grahams, mistake. If I were to marry Cap-tain Wilderspin, it would only be for the sake of something he who had left a prosperous business in a small town for the allurements of a big city, only to find that in a sense they had exchanged their The signora's heart grew cold. "A title, diamonds, or what other gew-gaw ?" she asked, severely. birthright for a mess of pottage. They had sold their Wooster place with its good will, so they could not go back even if they were inclined; and they had, foolishly enough, leased this room for two years. "Nothing of that kind," said Fan, with a sad little smile, "and yet something that you would not approve of. I will not vex you by proventioning it" They might re-lease it and move down town, a plan that presented some difficulties, since they had already spent a good bit in the present move and had so far made the present move and the presen even mentioning it." Herr Harfenspieler here appearing, the conversation was at end ; and Fan's voice was soon pealing through the room, and her heart present move and had so far made unburdening itself of some of its longings and perplexities by means that business might pick up with

She always thanked the girl gently but quite as though she were getting her money's worth and no more, and thus Harriet was all the more surprised one morning when the old lady said to her, rather abruptly

"I'm afraid you're not a very good business woman, my dear." Why, what—what do you an?" stammered the florist, mean? staring.

'Just what I say," tersely

"Just what I say," tersely. "That is, if you treat everybody like you do me." "But I don't!" Harriet blurted out before she thought how it would sound. "You see," reddening. "I've come to look upon you as a "inden that there a curtage" friend rather than a customer

"Very kind of you, my dear, but —" shaking her head, " poor busi-ness policy, I'm afraid." Harriet gave a sharp sigh and said mournfully, "Oh, don't worry, Mrs. Gray, I could run a business successfully—if I had the business. We've done it before-my brother and I. But here -"

"Isn't business good?" "Bad," laconically. "If it doesn't pick up soon I don't know what we'll do."

The old lady gave an impatient exclamation. "Why didn't you tell me so, for goodness sake? Every time I asked you you said husiness was good." BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, KR A. E. Knox E. L. Middleton siness was good." 'I know. You have to say that,

you know, to keep up your own courage. And besides success bings success. If you do a big business people naturally think there's something superior about your goods."

Is that so ?" her hearer asked meditatively, eyeing Harriet with shrewd, bright eyes. "And you're nót doing very well. . . . M-m, tell me about it my dear, if you don't mind." don't mind."

And because Harriet felt in need of sympathy she told briefly how disappointed they were in the change they had made and how despondent her brother was growing over the failure of their business to grow.

"Of course, it's chiefly due to the location," she wound up. "The agent stung us, all right, by telling "The us it was a live neighborhood. Now, I'm due for a big loss on my Easter lilies. Walter warned me about the number, but I planned on immense sales to make up for other losses. Oh, well !" she shrugged

resignedly. "But why will you lose on them ?" the old lady asked curious-

ly. "We'll have to wholesale them. The few people that come in here wouldn't buy all I have in a month.

'Dear me, that's too bad !" The old lady pulled thoughtfully at her gray veil. "So you think the agent stung you, do you? That remains to be seen. . . . I'll take fifty 

"You will?" Harriet stared at her, embarrassed. She did not know whether the old lady was joking or had suddenly lost h mind. "Why, that-why that-

St. Jerome's College "Fifty," repeated the strange old lady firmly. "And maybe more, for myself, you understand, Mrs. Bryan Clay? At least they're not Founded 1864 KITCHENER, ONT.

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about alone ?" "Since I have been at yonder painting, yes," said Mamzelle. "But what then? She loves her liberty, and she will meet no one in the Park, except the children of her friend Nancy, or Captain Wilderspin.

You have been neglecting your duty, signora." "What do you mean, mein herr?"

"His lordship's heir is a person of many attractions, and he admires our little girl, as who could help

it ?" "You fear," said the signora, turning pale, "that she may become the lady of Wilderspin, instead of the singer who is to give our message to the world." "That is one danger," said the Harfenspieler. "But even should that be escaped, harm may be done. Our child has a fervent heart, and

Our child has a fervent heart, and she must put it all into her music. A broken dream might be a sad disturbance to her career.

"But her heart is with her-people," gasped the signora, appalled at such a view of things. "We have blotted them out of her

memory," said the Harfenspieler, sadly, "only, it seems, to prepare the way for a more complete frustration of our plans.

"Your imagination runs away with you, mein herr," said the signora, trembling. "You have sat here, fraulein,

impiously trying to steal fire from heaven while you neglected your only duty-endangered the chief hope, the real work of our lives." "Pardon, maestro, pardon. I will instantly go in search of her."

CHAPTER XXIII

FAN'S PROPOSAL

While Herr Harfenspieler lec tured the signora over her painting, Fan and Captain Rupert continued their walk homeward through the woods.

"The signora is terrible when she makes up her mind," Fan had said, laughing, and Rupert answered :

mind had assented to the truths of the picture he had drawn. "I cannot go away," he said, "without your forgiveness. I would not have hurt you but in the hope of setting you free." "Free !" cried Fan, piteously. "Of all that is beautiful and bright in my life !"

n my life!

"She is looking pale; and as old as myself," said his lordship, glar-" Of an illusion that is threaten-

ing to overwhelm you with the bitterest disappointment. Fanchea, listen to me and do not speak as if there was no other love for you but what lives in a dream. A hundred such Kevins could not love you as I love you. Nay, do not look so

dependable customer. "Looks more like a hoodoo to me," growled Walter as he said good night.

There are certain lines to be hand early in the morning, always peering around with bright inquisidrawn.

"You mean that no man is to dare to fall in love with her?"" "Exactly. Such conduct would be inexcusable." "Why?" "Why and why? What a flowers with a loving that delighted Harriet.

"Why - why - why ? What a question to ask. The world is full of reasons why. Because in the first place she is only a child." "A girl of seventeen cannot long remain a child, no matter how peculiarly she may have been brought up, no matter how simple she may be in herself."

does. For she has gray hair, a gray dress and veil, and most likely 'I intend her to remain a child till it pleases me to introduce her to the world.

Suppose Nature has undermined your plans; is it fair to rob her of her woman's inheritance of love?" "Her woman's rubbish! Con-found it, Rupert! To think of you coming to talk to me like this ; you who were always the first to sn who professed to have no belief in that kind of thing.

"I believe in it now. A child (as you say) has taught me. Excuse me, uncle, for trying your patience so severely. I do not wonder you are surprised; I have been aston-ished at myself." I prefer them wild, don't you ?'

"You mean to say that you have fallen in love with this girl, who has been practising her music in my house ?

I am determined to make her

my wife." "You audacious jackanapes !" "Come, come, uncle; a man is not a jackanapes at thirty-five." "He may be a jackanapes at a

"He may be a jackanapes at a hundred. How dare you come here to rob me behind my back ?" His lordship put his hands behind him and glared from under his eye-

TO BE CONTINUED

I'd have a she remembered the daily quarter's fit if I lost my little lady. She's worth of flowers. . . . It must to make sure. hav

'Did you say Mrs. Bryan Clay ?' she asked evenly, reaching for an Hoodoo or mascot, she was on order blank.

"Yes," giving the address Then she went on very quietly, "I could have helped your business long ago if I had known you needed tive eyes, chatting with cheerful inconsequence, and talking about it. But I suspect you thought I was only an inquisitive old lady, didn't you?" the old eyes twinkling at Harriet's confused protest. loving intelligence

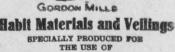
that delighted Harriet. "Very few people who buy flowers know as much about them as you do, Mrs. Gray," she said to the old lady on one occasion. Harriet had begun to call her new friend Mrs. Gray, "because I have to call her something, you know," she said to herself whimsically. "And if Gray doesn't suit her I won't know what does For she has gray hair, a "You're most awfully kind. Mrs. Clay !" declared Harriet earnestly. "I never thought you inquisitive, only interested. And you don't know how much you cheered me, coming in like that every day. Why from the first I called you our mascot." She smiled deprecatingknow how much you cheered ly, wondering if the great Mrs. Clay would like the appellation. It was clear at once that Mrs. Clay

a gray life from the way she tries to brighten it with a poor little bunch of flowers every day!" If the little lady understood the name "Mascot, eh ?" she murmured,

she accepted it without a demur. "I love them," she had answered smiling at the girl's flushed eager-ness. "Well, my dear, there comes Harriet simply. She was especially partial to wild flowers, it appeared. "I had a garden once," she went on rather absently, "and one corner a time in your life when being a mascot is more interesting than it sounds. Do you know, I had a sus-picion that everything wasn't going rather absently, "and one corner was devoted entirely to wild flowers. I'm afraid," with her gentle smile, "they got a little bit tame in time. as well as it might, though yo were always so brave and brightvou were always so brave and oright— and overly generous," shaking a monitory fuger. "Yes, you were. You thought, 'Here's a poor old body who loves flowers. I'll just give her a few extra for her poor little quarter." Eh? And you took as much trouble with me as if I was going to huy an expensive plant." "Well, did you ever try to tame a wild grape vine?" the young florist wanted to know. "They're very well as they are," "res the quick response." They "They're very well as they are," was the quick response. "They make very nice swings. Let me see," musingly, "what bit of all this beauty shall I choose today?" looking over the flowers for all the world, as Harriet used to think, as though she could buy American Beauties if she wanted to. To-mether they would go through the going to buy an expensive plant." She stopped to laugh a little and shake her head at the girl reproach-ing her gently. "But I wish you hadn't been so proud, or secretive,

or whatever it was, for I can throw some good business in your way, gether they would go through the merry little farce of choosing, like to see young people get on. . ." Well, Harriet sold all her Easter merry little farce of choosing, Harriet helping her to the extent that she usually carried away nearly twice the value of the quarter she laid on the counter. Well, Harriet sold all her Easter lilies and every other plant and flower in the house was sold too by Saturday night. This was a prelude to a continuous and growing trade





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