

regarding go-carts. Mr. and Mrs. Flynn made a fine-looking couple, and Mr. Flynn was much respected in Angers'. He was not an unkind man, but it had become quite a tradition of the Stores that he was a man who would stand no nonsense, and who insisted that things go smoothly in his department. (Incidentally, there was quite a little romance about this marriage, which we shall have to take for granted.) Many faces there were in the Stores, most of them quite new, some half-remembered, some almost haunting in their blurred resemblances. Among the last, one might place the face of the present head of the ribbon department. Did one know her, or did one not? One puzzled over it, and then, if one had a very good memory for faces, one remembered; and with recognition came a pang of regret, for this tired-faced, faded woman was surely that pretty young girl with the fresh blue eyes and enchanting smile, who had been a "new" girl in Angers' sixteen years ago. Yes, upon second glance there was no doubt about it. It was Celia Brown who stood there—but Celia Brown a girl no longer!

One brand new thing the Stores had, and that was a new manager. Since Mr. Davies' day there had been two new managers. No one knew what had happened to Mr. Davies, no one cared, either—it was so long ago—but there had been talk at the time of some mysterious falling out with the Board. This autocratic body had become dissatisfied with Mr. Davies, and Mr. Davies had disappeared forthwith. With him went the tradition of the Board; for it leaked out, in a gossipy fashion, that the Stores were really owned by Mr. Adam Torrance, who used to live in that swell house with colonial pillars, opposite the Gardens, you know. But