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## Synopsis of Canadian North-West.

## HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY person desiring to obtain a homestead in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26 sq. miles, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or say made over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

- (1) At least six months residence upon cultivation of the land in each year for three years.
- (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
- (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming lands owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon said land.
- (4) Six months' notice in writing should be given the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. COBY,  
 Deputy Minister of the Interior.  
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The transition from winter's cold to summer's heat frequently puts a strain upon the system that produces internal complications, always painful and often serious. A common form of disorder is dysentery, to which many are prone in the spring and summer. The very best medicine to use in subduing this painful ailment is Dr. Kelllogg's Dysentery Cordial. It is a standard remedy, sold everywhere.

Back of God-speed and half way between the Cilliaran road and the Hill of the Fairies, or Cnoc-na-Sidhe, if you put the Irish on it, stood Catty McGowan's cottage, proudly isolated from all the rest of the world in a wilderness of brown bog and purple-blossomed heather. There was a suggestion of aloofness rather than of loneliness about the little whitewashed cottage—as if it were edging away from the scraggy village of Cilliaran just around the bend in the road beyond. It was like Catty herself, for there was not a prouder woman in the three parishes about than the same Catty McGowan, and one would think that it was Roslevin Castle that she owned instead of the little "house" in the middle of the bog.

The sun had dropped back of Sliev Cairn when Catty came to the door to look up the road towards Ballinamor for a sight of her nephew.

"Tis a grand evenin'," she said. Pushen purred her assent, as with arched back, she rubbed her pretty yellow and white body against the skirts of the old woman.

"Tis that," added Catty, after a pause, "andorra a bit will be home before dark, an' Father Henery in town with the books he's wantin'—"

She spoke as if to reassure herself, but the look in her eyes as her gaze traveled the road laid bare the fear of her heart that Kevin was not with Father Henry.

She stood at the door for a long time. Finally, weary with the strain of looking in vain, she sighed and turned her eyes from the white strip of road to rest them upon Sliev Cairn.

The afterglow was resolving itself into a shifting mass of violet and gold, and tender pink, which wreathed itself about the shining crest of the mountain. Beautiful sunsets had become a familiar sight to Catty, and she saw this with a half sense of its glory, an inheritance that came to her from generations of beauty worshippers. But like all her race, Catty was in close touch with the world beyond, and when a flood of light broke through the mauve-tinted cloud, it came as a benediction to her troubled spirit.

"Wirra, but God is good," she said simply, and there was a prayerful note in her voice.

As the last of the reflected sunlight faded from the thatch of the cottage, the old woman caught the sound of a sidcar rattling down the road. It was the mail-car. It came very fast, as if making up for lost time; and its driver, "Punch" Rocheen, bounced up and down in his seat with cheery abandon, while the car careered along, dangerously near the edge of the bog. There was a reason for the extravagance of "Punch's" speed, and an old established cause for his exuberance of spirits. It was Fair day, and half a naggin is a hard thing to put your hand against.

When he reached the point where the main road met the breen, "Punch" slowed up long enough to shout: "I passed Kevin at the cross-roads, an' he talkin' to the 'Yank'."

"Was there much of a fair?" inquired Catty, in a tone which cut short his interest in Kevin's doings.

"Oh, then, middlin' big," the mail-car went merrily on its way. Catty stood for a while looking after it. Then she turned into the house, muttering to herself.

"Yerra, 'Punch' Rocheen, is it makin' game of him ye are—the likes o' ye makin' game o' me ye! Well, then, we'll see!"

With the vague threat, she began to pour fresh water into the kettle. "Musha, then, the whole three parishes are laughin' at ye, Kevin, the omadhaun that ye are, makin' ducks and dhakes out of yer eddication an' the priesthood for that lady!"

She jerked the crane viciously into place above the fire and slapped the kettle upon it, as if it were the "Yank" herself that she was placing upon the coals. Then she sat down and stared dully at the blackened chimney wall. Pushen tried to get up in her lap, but the old woman brushed her off, and the old cat had to content herself with lying on the hearthstone instead.

Twilight fell. The kettle sang its comfortable suggestion of the fragrant tea that was to come. Yet Catty did not move to set the table for the evening meal.

At last the grating of cart-wheels outside told her that Kevin was back from the fair. She smiled when she heard his "b-r-r-r!" to the donkey, but her smile did not forebode a cheerful evening for the young man.

When he had brought in the various packages from the cart outside, Kevin remarked, "I got eleven pence for the butter."

His aunt ignored the good news. The kettle had boiled over, and she was stooping over the tea-pot.

"I got eleven pence for the butter, Aunt Catty," he reiterated.

The old woman turned and viewed him with uncompromising gaze.

"The tay is med. I'll be spreadin' the cloth if you take those articles off o' the table and be puttin' them on the dresser," she said dryly.

Kevin obeyed, glancing now and then at his aunt's face. Slowly a smile crept over his own. He remembered that "Punch" Rocheen had passed him at the cross-roads. And he decided there and then that he would take a walk for himself that evening. It would be a wise thought for the peace of the household.

Catty was intent on smoothing out the minutest wrinkle of the white cloth. This cloth was an-

other sign of her peculiar pride—so the neighbors thought. For what on earth sense was it to be washing table-cloths out every week and trying to dry them in the rain when a white oil-cloth or a fine bright red one was as well to be using?

"I've sold four loads of turf to Dominic McDonagh," remarked Kevin, tentatively, as he drew his chair in to the table where Catty had placed the "tay" and the cake. "And I've brought you a new cap for yourself."

Catty turned from the hob where she was pouring the first draught on the ashes—for it is wrong to be drinking the "tay" before you pour the first "suppen" for "themselves"—and she eyed her nephew suspiciously.

"Ye're gettin' very thoughtful of yer old aunt, I do be thinkin', Kevin O'Malia," she said with bitter sarcasm.

Kevin's pale face flushed as if he had been detected in some guilty action.

After she had poured his tea, she demanded: "An' let me see the cap."

"Tis over there among the other parcels; but let it be, and come and have your tea."

"It's little ye were thinkin' of me and me tay the while ago, whin ye were gallivantin' about the town wid the 'Yank'."

"You are wrong there, aunt. I was not gallivantin' the town with anyone. I had enough to do to attend to my own business."

"Didn't 'Punch' Rocheen see the two o' ye holdin' up Lydon's wall at the cross-roads?"

Kevin kept his silence. His aunt was no logician and often confused her issues; but there was one thing certain—the safest argument was silence.

After rummaging among the parcels, the old woman discovered the cap.

"How much did ye say ye paid for it, Kevin?" Her tone was sweet, but the young man moved uneasily in his chair.

"I—I got it in exchange for some work—a little bit of work which I did," he answered haltingly.

"I see ye did. It is not a shop-made cap."

The half-curious, half-grateful smile which had been twitching the corners of the old woman's mouth gave way to the hard scorn which she had been trying to repress. Tossing the cap upon the dresser, she took her place at the table opposite her nephew.

They finished their meal in silence. Kevin looking up from his plate only when he thought the gleaming eyes of his aunt were not upon him.

Outside it had grown from dusk to darkness. Catty rose to light the candle. Placing it upon the table, she hastily swallowed her cup of tea, and took her place before the fire again, staring with unseeing eyes into the heart of the burning turf. Her back was turned to the young man at the table, but as he looked at her rigid form he could guess what her eyes held. A pang of remorse shot through his soul.

After all, this was the woman who had taken the place of his mother when his father's people, with their money and position, could have helped him more easily than this poor old aunt. She had sacrificed much for him, very much. He would have liked to be able to speak kindly to her now—to reassure her, for well he knew what her trouble was. But it is hard for the western Irish to give utterance to the affectionate thoughts which their hearts possess. Instead, he asked, "Did Eddie Conlon cut the mangolds for you?"

"I saw no sight of Eddie Conlon this day," snapped Catty.

"But he came home from the fair early, and I told him to cut them for you."

"Well, then he did not cut them, an' why should he, when me own didn't trouble their head to do it for me?"

Kevin kept his peace. No subject evidently, was safe to-night.

After a short silence his aunt spoke again. "You must have done a fine job of it for the lady. What was it, that she gave ye such a fine cap as that for the poor old woman in the bog?"

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It had come. Kevin had been expecting a tirade against the "Yank" from his aunt for some time. And he was glad that they were going to settle it alone, for the fear had been haunting him that the old woman would come down upon the girl herself, as well as upon him.

"I mended her bicycle for her, that was all," he answered quietly. "Well, then, ye can take this right back to her. I am not beholden to her or to any little jade like her for anything. So ye can march right back with it to her, wid me compliments, Kevin O'Malia."

"And it's for her," she continued bitterly, "that ye are givin' up the chance that I was given ye; it's for her—that doll-faced Yank, who wouldn't like annythin' better than to be deceivin' a poor omadhaun like yerself—that I wasted me hard-earned money on ye. After me slavin' and dhraggin'-cuttin' turf and wearin' meself to the bone that I made a priest out o' ye, so that ye might be respected and looked up to, if 'twas only to spite the O'Malias of Roslevin. Troth, then, 'tis a great reward I'm gettin' for it all—but sure 'tis no surprise to me. Isn't it rite the way yer breed always rewards them that have been good to ye? Arrah, Kevin, I niver thought it was raisin' ye for a slip of a girl from America to be makin' game o' ye, I was!"

She rocked herself to and fro, as the women of her race sometimes do when grieving. A great pity filled the heart of the young man, but shame and remorse held him tongue-tied.

Catty relapsed into silence for another while. Kevin finished his supper in a few minutes and remained seated at the table, his chin in his hands, staring moodily at the flickering candlelight.

"Bad cess to her!" suddenly burst from Catty's lips. It was one of her quick changes of mood. Kevin looked up with anger flaming in his face.

"You had better not be talking that way, Aunt Catty," he said, sharply. "Curses fall on those who utter them."

"Lo! then an' welcome. Wherever they fall, me lad, they will not be missin' the little baggage from over the say, an' her thryin' to take the soul o' ye away from yer God!"

Kevin pushed back his chair from the table in a temper which he could no longer repress.

"Aunt Catty, once and for all, let me tell you that I will not have you slurring that girl before me! I am grateful to you for what you have done, and I hope to repay you soon, but this must stop. Miss Caldwell is an American; she is a lady; and she is no baggage. Her ways are not the ways of our girls, because her training has been different from that of our Irish girls, but this is not for her discredit. I know what some of the women are saying about her. She is too free and natural for their idea of a lady. She has not the sly ways of the Irish girls when dealing with men—and they call her bold for that. She is independent and says what she thinks is true, no matter to whom she may be talking—and that shocks the old fogies. Let it. She does not need their approval. That's all, and do not force me to say more to you, Aunt Catty, about this. Do you hear?"

With this dictum, Kevin took his cap and went out into the night, leaving his aunt gaping with astonishment at his daring, for Kevin O'Malia had ever been a docile boy and quick to obey her commands. Now the tables seemed to be turned.

When she recovered from her surprise, she called after his retreating figure, "Troth, an' ye're learnin' yer lesson well from her!"

But as soon as she was left alone the old woman bent her head upon her folded arms and wept in her wretchedness. For the first time in her life Catty McGowan was knowing the meaning of loneliness—the loneliness of spirit which the disloyalty and the neglect from one for whom she had sacrificed in vain only could bring to her.

In a little while Kevin came back with a croel of turf, and he began to empty it into the turf-box.

Catty could not refrain from bringing up the bitter subject once more. But there was a more cautious tone in her voice.

"Is it the way o' Yankies to give impudence to the priests?" she inquired demurely.

Kevin smiled.

"Do you mean to say that Miss Caldwell is disrespectful to Father Henry?" he asked.

"Faith, if it was to him alone I'd not be talkin' o' it at all, but didn't I hear her, wid me own two ears, tell old Father James o' Lisdrishan that he needed a bracer, an' I comin' out o' the chapel at the time! An' Moira Solon tout me that 'tis scandalous the way she carries on with young Father O'Grady o' Carrigaigor."

"But Father O'Grady is her cousin."

"An' what if he is? Isn't he a priest, and what right has she to be linkin' his arm an' laughin' an' makin' game o' him like she would any young spark of the town?"

"Is that what that old gossip, Moira Solon, was telling you the other day? If I catch her at it again—"

"An' didn't she tell the girls that they did not know their business to let him be a priest at all? God forgive the little trollop!"

Kevin laughed. He was glad that his aunt had not heard worse things than these of the lively American. For well he knew the characteristics of the same young lady. The Anglicized ladies of the "county families" whom the Roslevin O'Malias entertained, had been shocked and dismayed at her various outbreaks. Once, at a dinner given in honor of his lordship, the bishop,

she had actually hinted at the inharmoniousness of the ecclesiastical purple and his lordship's red hair, and she had refused to call him "Your Lordship." "Really," she had been quoted as saying, while the others had been heard to make the brilliant remark, "Well, rathah!"

And the English army officers whom she had met at Roslevin and at Hawthorn Hill had become her avowed enemies. "Too deuced clever, bah Jove! One nevah knew but what she was making game of one, y'know," they agreed—"Well, rathah!"

But Kevin and Father O'Grady knew the sweet, true nature of the girl, and in their heart of hearts they were glad when she made what she called one of her "breaks," for there were those thereabouts who deserved a "jolt" from her.

While Catty sat lamenting over his folly the young man finished his task of filling the turf-box. He then brought in the harness and hung it on the wall beside the chimney, and with the final duty of replenishing the fire, he left his aunt to her thoughts, to "take a stroll for herself," as they say in Cilliaran.

All his life had Kevin been taught to look forward to the day when he should say his first Mass in the chapel, with Catty to receive his first blessing. It had never occurred to him to think of any other career than that of a priest of God. Catty had made sure of that—Catty and old Father James, who had prepared him for college. This was his first holiday after entering the seminary. He had spent it, not in the quiet contemplation of his future career, but in carousing about the country with the essence of all that was worldly—Molly Caldwell, the care-free American cousin of Father O'Grady.

If that had been all! But now he was facing the fact that he was in love with the girl from Cheyenne—the, the seminarian, the model of the three parishes, in love, head over heels, in love, with the harum-scarum "Yankie" from the Rockies. It was small wonder that he was greatly disturbed as he walked the moonlit road to the town.

It was a terrible thing to be what they call in Ireland a "spoiled" priest. This thought made him gather himself together and walk faster. And the more rapidly he walked, the faster crowded his thoughts upon each other. There was his aunt and her desire—and her life's sacrifice made in vain. And was there ever any luck with a spoiled priest? Suddenly it came upon him that honor compelled him to go on—if only for his aunt's sake. Yes, he would go back to the seminary and pursue his studies and go on the foreign mission to America—oh, no, for that would be near her, Australia, that was the place for him, and after he was settled there in a parish of his own he would send for old Aunt Catty. And she would not have slaved in vain. Thus he framed his decision.

"Hello!" called a sweet, girlish voice from somewhere in the shadows. He turned the bend in the road and came face to face with Molly Caldwell. The young lady was sitting on the wall viewing his approach with mock-majestic dignity. For a moment Kevin paused to readjust his thoughts.

She might have been a fairy, so dainty and aerial did she look in her shimmering white dress and the dark Claddagh clock which hung from her shoulders. She wore a motor-veil about her head and throat, out of which her wind-blown hair curled and tossed in the same abandon with which everything pertaining to her was marked.

"Good evening, Kevin O'Malia. Taking the moon-cure, too?" she asked with suspicious sobriety.

"Good evening to you, Miss Caldwell," he answered, with imitative seriousness.

Then the girl on the wall laughed. "And what may the moon-cure be? What ills does it cure?"

"Oh," she said, drawing in her arms and hugging them to her like an old fairy-woman, "there's the lumbago, the rheumatism and dyspepsia—not to mention love-sickness," she answered sagely. "Of course," this in an innocent and confiding tone, "you would not be foolish enough to catch the last named, unless it be in a light form, such as amoro-vacationitis."

"Amo—what?" inquired the puzzled Kevin.

She burst into a merry laugh, and jumping down from her perch on the wall, drew up beside him.

"Were you waiting for any one?" asked Kevin, getting into the conservative attitude of the country at once. For well he knew with what horror would the people view this alarming moonlight tete-a-tete.

"Of course I was. Couldn't you guess? Do you think I would hold down this wall for the pleasure of flirting with the man in the moon?"

"I did not know that Father O'Grady was in town."

"What has Father O'Grady to do with it? Do you think that I've got him corralled up there at Father Henry's for nothing? I'm going to take a walk with you."

Kevin gasped. He could not find it in his heart to tell her how improper it was to go strolling with a young man at that hour, and somehow he felt that she would not understand it if he attempted to explain. For was not she an American? He threw prudence to the winds, and with that virtue went helter-skelter the visions of a foreign mission, Aunt Catty, and all the untidy things pertaining to duty.

He compromised with Irish customs enough to suggest that they take the narrow mountain road, which was seldom travelled at night because the ghost of an O'Malia rode his headless horse along it.

"That will be delightful," assented

ed the girl, "and we can view the castle by moonlight."

Kevin had not bargained for this new proposal, but as he had promised her before to show her and some other friends the beauty of Roslevin Castle by the white light of the moon, he was bound to obey now. Down deep in his heart there stirred a grateful little thought for this outlet from his decision which he had been about to frame the minute before he met her, that of not walking with her again, except in the company of others. The death struggle of Kevin O'Malia's conscience had begun.

Once or twice, as they walked up the Roslevin road, the girl leaned forward and peered up into his face, for he was silent most of the time, allowing her to chatter on without interruption. Instinctively she was aware of his state of mind, and although he could not see it, there was a wistfulness in the eyes that tried to read his face.

The castle by moonlight was all that an artist could expect. It was the usual picturesque ruin with the moon's beams sifting through its apertures. But the mist from the bog below was slowly rising and scattering, wreathlike about its broken walls, as if it were the spirits of dead O'Malias or DeBurgis, or perhaps the dead enemies of the united houses who were playing their share of life over again. It was an old scene to Kevin, but the American girl felt a superstitious dread creep over her. She drew nearer to her companion and her hand clutched his arm.

"O-o-o-o!" she whispered, "isn't it 'skeery'?" A little shiver went through her, and Kevin felt it and drew her closer, wrapping her more comfortably in his cloak.

"It is only the mist that gives it the uncanny look," he reassured her. "That is what distinguishes it from the other castles about."

They stood for some time gazing across the bog at the ruins, but for both of them the ruins and the moonlight and the mist were drifting out of the reality of things. Suddenly, and before she was aware of his intention, he drew her closer to him.

"No, oh, no! Kevin," she cried, "remember your vocation!"

In another moment she had turned away and was walking back down the road, weeping miserably.

The bewildered young man followed her. This was outside of his experience, and he was at a loss as to how he should deal with her. Ashamed, and with stumbling apologies, he tried to present his case to her. He wished her to be his wife. It was no use now in pretending to himself or to her that he had a vocation. He would go out to America and become a solicitor, or lawyer, as she called it. He would be able to make a living for them in a very little while. Then he dropped into the soft speech of his own people. "Orrah, but you'll be my Share o' the World, astorin'. Say you will. Sure, it is not in the heart of you to deny me!" he pleaded.

"Oh, stop, stop!" she retorted. "What would your aunt say?—what would everybody say to me, if I should be the cause of your turning from your vocation? Oh, Kevin, Kevin, I did not think it would go this far. I did not mean to let you make love. I did want your friendship—wanted it more than you could guess. But—"