

THE HOUSE OF WINDOWS

The Torrance residence, alone, would have furnished a mine of inexhaustible interest for the Stores if justifiable personal connection could have been established. The feudal spirit is alive in many of us yet, and, although we would feel it mean-spirited to acknowledge it, the man to whom we give our service is not quite as other men. He must always be a little more or a little less. After all, there are only a few hundred years between the peasant gazing upon the castle of his overlord with feelings of loyalty or envy, according to his nature, and the clerk passing by the modern palace of his employer and eyeing it with the selfsame feeling begotten by the selfsame nature. "What wonderful changes the years make," we often say, but once in a while we wake up to the realisation that years do not make so very much difference after all!

Fortunately or unfortunately, all of these natural interests in an employer's affairs and worldly state were denied the clerks of Angers and Son. They read daily in the papers of the things which Mr. Adam Torrance—and particularly Mrs. Adam Torrance—did and left undone, but they did not gasp or thrill or care a penny about it, because the link which united all their little interests to the big interests of the Torrance family was invisible. So that, when, just a week before the ribbon bargain sale, a terrible blow fell upon Adam Torrance and his wife in the kidnapping of their six months' old baby, Elice, the case as reported by the papers was read and forgotten by the Stores in an hour. There are so many sensations in the papers nowadays. Of course, if the Stores had known that the lost baby belonged to the Stores things would have been different. In that case the Stores would have hummed and thrilled with interest and sympathy, every clerk worth his salt would