### The Bird of Fortune (Continued from page 8.)

moment later Lucia is whirled away through the lane of light. Springtime's sun beat down upon Tony and Tuzzi, but it brought glad-ness to neither. Tony stood at a busy corner and vigorously rendered operatic selections, but he could not coax a copper from the hurrying crowd. Everyone was intent on present business; no one cared about the future. Tuzzi had no chance to prophesy.

"Not a fortune to-day," murmured Tony, in disgust. "The luck has gone with my Lucia. But Tuzzi must choose a fortune for me if no one else

will buy one." He whistled, and Tuzzi, answering the signal, reached down and plucked up a paper prediction with his beak. Tony took it from him in exchange for a piece of bread, deserted the crank, breaking the Miserere off suddenly, and read this:

"In the very near future a stranger will cross your path. He will bring you wealth and happiness. Soon afterward you will meet a very beautiful lady with dark complexion and black hair. You will fall in love with her and will marry her. You will live to old age, and will have great good luck."

Tony did not think this at all hum-ourous, but he laughed, nevertheless. The laugh was cut short by Adolphus The laugh was cut short by Adolphus G. Gibbs, who was at that mo-ment wondering which way the instructor at the garage had told him to move the little jigger thing on the wheel to advance the spark. He was so busy with this problem that he failed to notice 'l'ony.

They tried to patch Tony up a little in the corner pharmacy while they were waiting for the ambulance. The street piano had been smashed and scattered to the several spring zephyrs. Tuzzi fluttered up to a near-ty sign and gazed down upon the wreckage with an air of annoyance.

B E it chronicled to the credit of Adolphus G. Gibbs that he did not hasten away after the catas-

to that the car again he would not have done so. He followed those who carried Tony into the drug store and spent an important five minutes con-jecturing as to whether anything more serious than manslaughter could be proven against him.

When Tony appeared on the scene again he paid no attention to Tuzzi. This was because he was lying on a stretcher unconscious, but Tuzzi thought it was neglect. In a fit of resentment he fluttered to the next convenient circuit. resentment he fluttered to the next convenient sign. It seemed rather good to him to exercise his wings, so he fluttered farther. In an hour he had completely forgotten the dignity that had been his as a prophet and had, indeed, almost forgotten Tony. Canada's metropolis is a busy place, but plenty of people succeeded in

but plenty of people succeeded in finding time to devote to Tuzzi. When-ever he flew down to the street some one tried to capture him; when he stopped to rest, small urchins assembled and pelted him with mud.

Through miles of streets the little Through miles of streets the little prophet fluttered from lamp-post to sign and from sign to window-ledge, until he had lost track of all familiar landmarks. He was in a part of the city quite new to him. Tall houses with shutters closed towered high on either side of a dingy canyon of a street. There were no signs to serve as resting-places; the lamp-posts were far apart. Tuzzi flew from a porch-top to a window-ledge higher up and perched there solemnly inspecting his surroundings. Through the partly open shutter

surroundings. Through the partly open shutter came a sound that Tuzzi knew. It was meant to be a gay little tune, but there was a note of sadness in it. Tuzzi cocked his serious little green head on one side and listened. Despite the minor note he recognized it. He poked his little body through the narrow opening in the shutter and fluttered into the arms of Lucia. "Tuzzi!-my Tuzzi-and you have come for me then?" murmured Lucia.

She sank down in a heap upon the floor and sobbed over the parrot. "Will he take me back again, my Tuz-



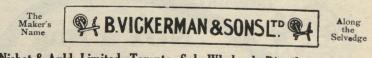
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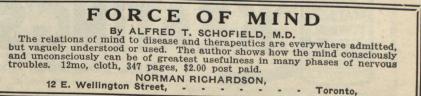
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