

SISTERS THREE

Continued from Monday.

"Murderer, you would say! Perhaps if I had not been stunned by it all—first Harold's letter, and the knowledge that he had come to me to tell me all and ask my help, and that I had held him back from speaking, and then the thing that he had done in haste and desperation, lest anything should come to stop his going to the front, with his men, and then following by telegram soon after I got that terrible letter—the news of his death—perhaps but for all these things I might have felt for other people, might have felt shame, remorse, but I did not! I was stunned. Harold's letter had come too late. The trial was over; Jim Kildare was sentenced. The old father was dead. That news came soon afterwards—I forget exactly when. He had written to make some enquiries. I said I could give him no information; that was through our lawyer. Then some one told me he was dead, and I breathed more freely. There was only the boy himself."

"Only! With five years of penal servitude before him?"

Miss Willoughby raised her head and gazed out of the window with a strange, gloomy bitterness.

"I disliked Jim Kildare. I was jealous of him; Harold thought so much of him. Sometimes when I wanted him he failed me because he was going somewhere with Jim Kildare. Sometimes when he came he brought young Kildare with him, and I felt how much more his friend was to him than his sister. And so I became jealous of him. Allardyce you do not know how bitter a thing jealousy is."

The girl shook her head. That tormenting emotion had played no part in her young life.

"By nature I am a very jealous woman. I think that is one reason why I have never married. My wealth has attracted suitors, but always I have felt that others were preferred before me, that I was only valued for what I possessed. I have sent them all away. It was jealousy which angered me against Jim Kildare. It hardened my heart against him. He had robbed me of so much of myself—of a great deal of Harold's love. If he had to suffer himself, I told myself I did not care."

"But you did care. I knew from the very first that you were a very sad woman."

"They had been over this ground before; they did not cover it again. Miss Willoughby spoke in the same dreary, bitter way, looking all the time out straight before her with wide open but unseeing eyes.

"And now I have been feeling enough to part with my secret. And you, child, will betray me."

"No I shall not."

"You think that now, but one day you will find that you cannot help yourself. That old man—"

"Yes he will have to be told," said Allardyce slowly; "but it is you who will tell him, not I."

"And when he knows do you think he will hold his peace? The whole world will be ringing with the tale before a month is over, and the name of Willoughby—"

"Please wait a minute. I am very

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now came and stood close beside her, looking away towards the long serrated reef which stood up black and grim and gloomy against the rose of the western sky.

"I don't think I want to talk to anybody about it just yet, Gipsy, but I love to talk to you—that you care."

Gipsy faced round and threw her arms round her sister's shoulders. There was something in the expression of Gillian's arch and merry face which Allardyce dimly felt had not been there when she went away.

The next minute her own arms were clasped fast round Gipsy's neck and there was a little break in her voice as she exclaimed—

"Oh, Gipsy, that wolf!"

"Ah, that was just after you left! Sometimes I wake up in the night and see it all, Gipsy. I think it looked to other people as though the brute was going to spring at Viking, but I caught one glimpse of those glaring yellow eyes, those great blood-stained fangs, and I am almost sure he was going to spring at my throat. I haven't told anybody. It seems worse now than it did at the time—if you know what I mean. I was very cool and off-handed about it, just when it had happened, but that was because I hadn't time to think and didn't realize the meaning of the situation. But now, in my dreams or when I lie awake—"

"Oh, Gipsy, I can understand that so well! And it was Gaston Lebreton who saved you?"

"Yes, he risked his own life. Think if he had been bitten and mauled by a rabid wolf!"

The sisters shuddered in sympathy. How terribly near had been that unspeakable horror both to Gipsy and Gaston!

"And then—think of it, Cissy! Perhaps he will have to go—to leave the country—to tear up his life by the roots. And all because people behave so badly to him for something he has never done and had nothing to do with! I call it a shame. If his own mother had not told me I would not have believed it."

"Oh, Gipsy, do you know Madame Lebreton?"

"Yes, I do now. I could not help knowing her after that. I went to have tea with her last week, and she showed me all over the place. It was simply fascinating. You can't think what a lot of hobbies he has, or how splendidly everything is managed, and what a lot of employments he has all over the place. It was—and we know something of the value of that. And yet it may come to this—that they will sell off everything and go away—"

Gipsy suddenly stopped short as though struggling with some strong gust of feeling, indignation being one of its chief ingredients. She made a swift and telling gesture with her hands.

"I could trounce them all for being so unjust and narrow-minded! They ought to be ashamed of themselves!"

"You mean about General Kildare's son?"

"I mean about everything. Mr. Lebreton was a hard old man and did many harsh things. That was the culminating act, I suppose; but he was unpopular before that. Uncle Richard disliked him, as we know. There was some sense with him, because of that right of way trouble; but I can't see why everybody had to be nasty. And Madame Lebreton so nice herself, and Gaston most of his time away at school and college and travelling! That's the mean part of it. He couldn't help these things; and now he has to bear all the burden of unpopularity and his mother is ostracised too. That makes him angry and sore. So he is talking of going away—selling everything and starting fresh on the other side of the world. I call it a disgusting shame if he is driven out like that!"

To be Continued.

Mr. Wm. McIntosh, Provincial Entomologist, of St. John, suggests a new work for Boy Scouts—tha. of removing caterpillars infesting the ornamental trees.

Lieut. Frank E. Groves, Assistant Adjutant-General of the New Brunswick command at St. John, has taken over the duties of Asst. Adjutant of the Fredericton 236th Kiltie Battalion.

L. H. Cortwright, advertising manager for Manchester, Robertson, Allison, Ltd., of St. John, has joined the advertising staff of the Birminghams (Alabama) News as advertising manager.

A syndicate of New York and Maine men have purchased Partington Pulp and Paper Co., Ltd., the largest pulp and paper mill in the Maritime Provinces.

The Dalton Sanitarium, of Fredericton, has been connected with the telephone system of P.E.I. Telephone Company.



ARMENIA

Of course there were dolls of all nations at the doll convention. But there was one doll Jane, the little mortal girl who'd come with her own doll in a fairy balloon, could not for the life of her place. She was a dark-eyed, olive-skinned doll with black hair and long, very long eyelashes. Her feet were bare, her full sprigs brightly colored. She wore a strange white apron with a border and a gaudy handkerchief tied around her head. Strangest of all—on her back she carried a beautiful earthen pot.

Jane asked her what the pot was for. The queer doll handed Jane a candle and lit it. When she repeated her question it came out of her mouth in strange foreign words that the doll immediately understood.

"In my country," said the doll, "we carry water in just such jars. There are no water pipes."

Then she told Jane that her name was Armenia and she came from the country for which she was named.

Now Jane was a very curious little girl and presently she peered into the water jug. The minute she did so she felt her nose pinched dreadfully. A second later a queer little old man popped out of the water jar and laughed and laughed and laughed with a dreadful cackle. Then he jumped to the ground and began skipping wildly around. Armenia turned pale.

"It's an Armenian goblin!" she cried. "Oh, dear, I must catch him and take him back with me or all

the goblins in Armenia will come demanding to know where he is."

Well, my dears, from that time on excitement reigned in the fairy forest. All the dolls tried to help Armenia catch the goblin. How he'd gotten into the water jar in the first place was a mystery. All the forest elves came running, too, to help, but that Armenian goblin was so tricky it seemed as if they'd never catch him. He turned himself into a camel. He turned himself into a goat and then all at once he turned back to a goblin, save that he made himself ten times his size. You couldn't have gotten him back in the water jar with a shoe horn.

"Put me in the jar!" he mocked.

"Put me in the jar." And when they all stood around and stared at him, he added pertly:

"Only the touch of a mortal hand can make me small enough to get into that jar again unless I choose."

Now Jane, of course, had been turned into a doll by the elf who called on in the fairy balloon for her doll, Clarissa, and now she hurried away to hunt him.

"Peter! Peter Prank!" she called to the elf. "Fan me back to a mortal with your fan of water-lily petals."

Peter Prank did so and Jane, stealing up behind the goblin, touched him on the shoulder. Then she clung very fast to his coat. There in her hand was a tiny old man, struggling furiously. Whereupon they put him in the water jar, corked it tightly with grass and Armenia took him home.

RIPPLING RHYMES

BY WALT MASON

The man who drives a motor car where crowds of human beings are, should have his wits as bright and keen as is the sparking gasoline. A motor is a deadly thing, that, sure to slay and wound and mangle unless the driver's safe and sane, possessed of clear and active brain. How sinful, then, the sodden skater, who says, "Be careful, be careful, along the crowded streets to fly, I'll drink four fingers of old rye." With tangled feet beneath his belt, he goes as fast as he can pelt; his eyes distorted by old booze, the course of safety he won't choose. In haste to get to other bars, he knocks the wheels from passing cars, and makes the dodging walker swear, and kills a lawyer here and there. He is a messenger of death; and any man whose dare, but breath suggests "Be careful, be careful, along the crowded streets to fly, I'll drink four fingers of old rye." With tangled feet beneath his belt, he goes

SIDE TALKS

By Ruth Cameron

This Fall I had every arrangement made (even to the buying of my tickets) to start on a vacation on a certain date.

Just two days before the day set I found I must postpone that vacation and go back to the routine of daily life. And never was anything so hard.

I had been doing double work to get ready for the vacation. Now I was only doing single work. And yet it seemed twice as hard.

I Had My Mind Set Vacationward

"Why? Because I had set my mind vacationward, and it's the way your mind is set which makes things hard or easy."

I have a neighbor who has a great dread of company. Unfortunately her husband's position makes it necessary for her to do more or less entertaining. She will come into my house on a beautiful morning looking so lugubrious she casts a shadow over the sunshine.

"What's the matter?" I say.

"Oh, so-and-so are coming to spend the week end."

"Don't you like them?"

"Yes, but I'm so afraid everything won't be just right, and then it's so confusing to have the house full of people all the time."

Her Mind Is Set Against Company

Now, if she were naturally un-

News From Terrace Hill

From our own Correspondent

Mrs. Tattersall has been seriously ill but is now slowly improving.

Mrs. Reilly of Sydenham Street is confined to the house with an attack of lumbago.

The Royal Templars of Temperance hold a social evening in Grandview school on Friday evening. They are offering a silver medal for competition.

A memorial service in honor of three deceased soldiers was held in St. James church last Sunday evening. There was a large congregation present. The service was most impressive. The Dead March in Saul was played by the organist, the congregation standing. The Rev. Capt. C. E. Jenkins delivered a very appropriate sermon.

Mr. Peter Johnson of the St. George Road and the misfortune to lose his barn by fire early Sunday morning. The fire broke at about 2 a.m. and rapidly gained such headway that it was impossible to put it out. A fine bank barn with the season's crop, with some stock and im-

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