TWO

A DAUGHTER OF THE SIERRA

BY CHRISTIAN REID

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CHAPTER V-CONTINUED

"I know well that it is not. I

requited."

There was a moment's pause ; for Lloyd, who might have answered kind of magical suggestiveness. You easily had he been ignorant of what speak of it as if it were a land special deed of ill requital was in apart. her mind, felt all power of answer taken from him by his knowledge. And as he looked at her, in her noble beauty, her air of command, her ing on earth pride and her just resentment, he aid to himself that the work which ay before Armistead was not only "I want to bring a railroad into it! lay before Armistead was not only unenviable but doomed to failure, if this girl had the power, as she surely would have the will, to hold ity and trust by robbery.

This was the report which he made a little later to Armistead. "If I were in your place," he added, "I would go back to Trafford and tell him to account of the the contemptible work if he wanted it done. But I should also warn him so much; but do you think that that he will never accomplish it; you may grow a little tired of Topia this girl will fight like a lione and she will have the country ehind her." Armistead smiled—a superior and then, he does not know me very behind her.'

altogether pleasant smile. It's notremarkable," he observed, fidentially, "we have not lived tonot altogether pleasant smile.

"that you haven't-er-succeeded gether for years-notsince my mother

very well in life." "If you mean that I am a complete failure," Lloyd answered, "I agree with you that it's not remarkable: another aunt. So papa regards me as inter the parts and with you that it's not remarkable : but I don't believe that it is abso-simplyone of the genus young lady, and lutely necessary to choose between credits me with what he supposes to failure and doing such work as this." be the tastes of that genus. I had

It is certainly necessary to choose to insist upon coming with him to between failure and carrying out the Mexico.' instructions of your employers. If I instructions of your employers. It is the instructions of your employers. It is their privileges is sometimes Trafford as you advise, do you know what would be the result ?" "Is it not? But I hope to make

I shouldn't care." him acquainted with me before I leave Topia. You know he can not would simply be that Trafford would get rid of me for at least six months. send some other man to carry out When the rainy seasou comes, it his instructions with regard to this seems that this river rises and the valuable connection without doing "I suppose you are the only per any good to anybody-

Except to yourself. A man does good to himself when he keeps his always, if you like, go out over the

nds out of such work." "You'll allow me to be the best Sierra." "So Dona Victoria told me, By judge of that," returned Armistead, coldly. There was a moment's pause, and then he added: "We are going well?" on with these people to-morrow."

the first time last night." You mean-"The Sante Cruz party. I find that the administrador—what's his me if I am not right in thinking that name ?

Don Mariano Vallejo."

she is very-typical ?" "Of her people, do you mean ? Don Mariano is a very sensible Yes : she has all the finest physical . My Spanish isn't academis, he manages to understand it, "And more than the physical and I can extract a good deal of traits. It is difficult to express, but information from him. When we it seems to me that I have never reach Canelas I shall tell him that I have business with Dona Beatriz, and he will then probably ask me to go on all this, you know." And Miss Rivers with them to Santa Cruz. It not, we will quietly follow in a few days. sively in a gesture which included I suppose your chivalry has not been all the magnificence of the great so deeply stirred by Dona Victoria gorge, as well as the varied and that you will desert me at this stage picturesque human life around of affairs ?

them. "She makes the same impression My chivalry, as you call it, has been no more deeply stirred by Dona Victoria than it was stirred when you told me the story in San Francisco." sylvan charm of the Sierra." Lloyd replied a little coldly in turn. "Of course I will fulfill the agree-ment mede then, which was that I should accompany you to Santa Cruz and act as your interpreter if you name at as your interpreter if you and act as

with natural features so marvel-

feeling; although, of course, it is not so fresh to me as to you. But have never yet asked hospitality in the Sierra and had it refused." "No, it is never refused," she replied; "but sometimes it is very "The Sierra i" she repeated.

bers, - a picture like a pastoral idyl, set in the frame of the surrounding "Somehow, when you and Dona Victoria utter that name it has a

and Armistead saw before them as they drew up their horses on a hill-side, which they were descending 'It is a land apart-one of the along a winding trail; and, at a

few untouched regions of primeval wildness and grandeur yet remainpoint where the wooded steeps fell beharply away, looked out between the tall stems of giant trees, and through their great crowns of worderfully dignified and pictures. And you want to bring a railverdure, at a wide, cultivated que figure, with his bronzed eagle

Who has been traducing me to

while a crystal stream, shining just now with sunset reflections, flowed you ? Somebody-papa or Mr. Thorn her own against the hand which came once more to return hospital-are here for-you and Mr. Armisthrough the levels. In the distance a cluster of buildings stood embow-ered in shade, and the whole scene tead.

'Mr. Armistead may be contembreathed an air of exquiste tranquilmade a little later to Armistead. "If I were in your place," he added, "I would go back to Trafford and tell him to come and do his own ity.

"Las Joyas !" Armistead replied. I thought it was Santa Cruz." The Santa Cruz Mine is two or three leagues distant, among the hills." Lloyd answered. -after the novelty has worn off ?" "No, I don't think so," she anthe Calderon hacienda, which is old-er than the mine and bears a different name.' Its a very prosperous looking

bold.

place," said Armistead, taking in with sweeping glance the far-streching fields and the stone walls, miles in length, which enclosed them. "I suppose that it was here Trafford found the-er-lady of whom we are now in search. No doubt," Lloyd responded dry.

open and on some uplifted plain are Arcadian breadths of productive fields, and cattle in Biblical num-

It was such a picture that Lloyd

This," said Lloyd, " is Las Joyas."

ountains.

"No doubt," Lloyd responded and ly, "since it was her father's proper-ty. He was what we would call a ty. He was what we would call a all day in the Sierra, you are no all day in the Sierra, you are no small ranch among these mountains; but he must have had uncommon 'The insensibility of fathers to abilities, for he died owning a principality in land.

If its all in the Sierra, it can't be very valuable." "It will be valuable if this country

is ever opened up, for the timber on it alone is worth a fortune; and meanwhile there are ranches enough besides this hacienda, to produce a fine income—from the point of view I suppose you are the only person of the Sierra. 'Man wants but little here below,' I should judge, whether he wants

that we have reached here, the ques-tion is how shall we be received ?" Better than we deserve, I haven't the least doubt," Lloyd replied. spoke to Don Mariano frankly w "On the contrary, I met her for

when we parted at Canelas, and told him that you had business to transact with Dona Beatriz on behalf of herhusband. 'Her husband ! Trafford has

been divorced from her for at least fifteen years.' 'Such trifles are not recognized here. In the eyes of these people. and as they believe in the eyes of God, Trafford is simply an unfaith-

ful husband. "At least Dona Beatriz has recognized the divorce sufficiently to re-

sume her maiden name." "Don't you know Mexican (which is Spanish) custom better than that ? DonaBeatrix has not resumed then ame of Calderon, because she never gave it up. A Spanish woman when she

marries does not part with her fami-ly name. She simply adds her hus-hand's to it with a preposition. She "Your friend is very considerate"

-Don Mariano bowed toward Armis-tead, who acknowledged the saluta-

Mariano, senores, that you wish to see my mother."

matter of business to present to the consideration of the Senora your mother

it to me, senor." Lloyd glanced at Armistead, who comprehending the words, shook his I never do business except with

Victoria that it is necessary I should

wait until it is quite convenient for Dona Beatriz to see me." Victoria frowned slightly when

this was repeated to her. "It is not a question of conveniby the errand of one who could only be ence," she said, with a note of anger regarded as an enemy. Then, while in her voice. "It is that I wish to

> I understand," Lloyd answered ; there was unmistakable sympathy in his. "But although Mr. Armistead

must state his business to you if you insist upon his doing so, it will better that he should speak with your mother directly. Then there can be no doubt of her answer." "What good is their talk," he mut-tered contemptuously. He was re-membering the group of his old When I speak for my mother, it who had occupied it; and there were traces of feminine presence in a work basket filled with materials for that, senorita; but unless you "I have not the least doubt of that, senorita; but unless your mother absolutely refuses to see-Mr. Armistead, he has no right to deliver | That was talk indeed !

"Be seated, senores," observed his communication to any one else. Don Mariano, replacing the chair on You see he is only the messenger of -another person.

Say that I would much prefer to wait until to morrow," Armistead broke in. "And do give a bint that we should like a room and some doubt much fatigued and in need of Lloyd, on whom the burden of supper."

TO BE CONTINUED

By Ellen E. McPartlin in Rosary

conversation fell, responded that they were certainly fatigued, but Dice el senor que el guiere mucho un cuarto y cena," said an unex. pected, disdainful voice, which made hoped that their arrival at Las Joyas was not an inconvenience. While Don Mariano was assuring him to everyone start and turn around. In the contrary a servant approached a door way just behind them a tall, with a bottle and several small extremely good looking young man glasses on a tray, and he broke off to beg that they would take some was standing, curling the ends of his dark mustache, as he eyed the two tequilla. Knowing this to be a rite strangers with a glance of distinct

of hospitality, the new comers disfavor. drained each a glass of the flery "My a My son, Don Arturo Vallejo, that little long or not," said Armi-transparent liquid : and Don Mariano said Don Mariano, with a wave of having himself tossed off one, the the hand. "He understands Engtray was placed on the table. He lish. then offered cigarettes : and these being accepted, opened conversa-"I no spik it well," said Don Arturo ; "but I comprehend when

tion others spik it." You are from Canelas today ?" So it appears," remarked Lloyd,

he asked, as he replaced in its box dryly. the unburnt end of the match with your l which he had lighted his cigarette. of the dryly. "We are much obliged by your kindness in making us aware of the fact." Then, turning to Victoria : "I hope you will pardon my friend for expressing the desire Don Lloyd replied that they had left Canelas the day after parting with

him, and in the interval had been Arturo has so abruptly translated. visiting one or two mines. We have no right to trespass on your We wished to be sure that you hospitality.' Our house is yours, senor," she

had reached home before we pre-sented ourselves at Las Joyas," he said in the familiar formula come of the country. "And, as I told you once before, in the Sierra hospitality is never refused." added. You have business, then, with

me, senor ?" "Not directly, senor. You may "I remember, senorita," Lloyd replied ; and it did not need the look remember that I told you in Canelas

that the business of Mr. Armistead in her eves to assure him that the is with the Senora Dona Beatriz Cal-deron. But he wished that she words she had added in Guasimillas were as present in her memory should be informed of his coming as in his before his arrival ; and also that you,

ward by one of these wild gorges, er end. In the west, on a sky of the lack of setting and adornment. they were people of wealth and Phone Main 6249: After Hours: Hillcrest Ship -and Anne was ambicial position The old man tried hard to be

tented in the grand new home. Anne was good to him, but she was trying hard to emulate her friends there was a maid in the kitchen, the meals were served in style. Dinn would have preferred the old-fash Dinny ioned ways. It seemed to him he could be content if only he could content if only he have his supper out in the kitchen Yes, senorita," Lloyd replied. and sit with his feet on the hearth Ir. Amistead is charged with a by the light of a kerosene lamp: it build seem "natural" he told him-lf. But it was no use wishing for She requests that he will present that, for the maid would have no one in her kitchen-and what good was a gas-range anyway? In the old days Dinny's last move each night befor getting ready for bed was to ge down the old drawing knife and the

soft pine board to make shavings for the morning fire. There was no need of shavings for the gas ran nor was there comfort in locking into its blue flame.

Now he was trying to console him self with arguments : " Sure, I'm al-ways dressed up, an' have nothing to he told himself with an attempt at cheerfulness. "What more should I want?" Then he began thinking about the work he used to do on the farm-the chores around orchard and stables. "I've not even a w shed now," he thought sadly. He got up from his chair and took a roundabout way to the rear of the house. Anne had a 'roomful company" he knew, and he didn't want to see them. "What good is their talk," he mut-

friends that used to gather about the yard on a Sunday afternoon; some one would produce a copy of ' The Irish World," and Tim Galvin would open the discussion of Home Rule.

He stole up the stairs that led to the attic. Here were stored many old relics that Dinny had not the heart to part with. He sank down into the rocking chair that had been his particular favorite for many automatically years; automatically his elbows found the supporting curves of the It was strangely still in the attic the little shaded windows made a twilight in the room, friendly shadows filling the corners. Near him was the bench that he himself had put together when he and Bridget had first begun housekeeping in the New World; there was the small hair trunk that had brought their scant possessions from the old country; there was the old book case with its treasure of dusty, time stained The frien shifted further into the room, like old familiar chapes seen dimly. Dinny could almost believe the ears of corn swung by their husks from the rafters; he could imagine the faint sweet fragrance from festoons of dried apples. He went over to the old hair trunk and took out the bat tered violin that had been his treas. ured possession through life. A little tremulously, he slipped it into position and began to play " Wind that Shakes the Barley;' The but the bent old fingers were even less nimble than usual and the tune died quaveringly away as the old man sat with head bowed low. Presently he arose and tip-toed

down the stairs, through the immaculate kitchen, into the yard in the Hotel rear of the house. A wire netting fence ran along the edge of the yard. A wide gate way gave egress to the alley, or driveway, that cleft the square. With a sudden overpower-ing longing for the byways of the world, the old man opened the gate and wandered down the alley way. He walked slowly, with his shoulders

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servation from the time they entered the gates ; so when they finally drew

up before the corridor that ran across

which never fails any stranger at the door of a Mexican house, mak-

ing them welcome with a hospitality

which was not apparently lessened

by the knowledge that they came on

regarded as an enemy. Then, while their horses were lead away, he bowed

them through a great doorway-the massive, nail studdied doors of which

might have served for a fortress,-

apartments of the house opened. From this it was evident that there

had lately been an exodus. A group of chairs near a table were not only empty, but one lay overturned as if

from the hasty flight of some one

sewing, which had been left on the

brick-paved floor of the corridor.

refreshment.'

"This is a corridor, or gallery, on which the

forests.

alley, on either side of which face and gray hair. hold, green hills rolled up; He greeted them with the courtesy

with natural features so marvel-ously beautiful, and a life and cus-toms that seem a perfect mingling of medæval Europe and the East. Don't you like it, or are you one of the Americans who pine for locomotives and trolleys?" "I am not," he assured her with commendable gravity. "I believe I appreciate all the charm you are feeling; although, of course, it is source not it is a source of the mighty Mother-Range. In these solitudes the homes of men into the lungs was laden with the balkamic odors of the surrounding forests.

After a ride of about a mile they reached the gates of the hacienda, Mr. Amistead is charged with a from which a broad road led across the verdant expanse to where the white arches of the dwelling shone, under tall trees. On this road their figures were of course marks for ob

principale, if it can possibly be avoided," he replied. "Say to Dona

deliver my communication to her mother, but that I will very willingly

in her voice. "It is that I wish to spare my mother something which

can not but be painful to her. and if there was anger in her voice,

needed one; but further than that would laugh at such fancifulness, I will not go." you know." My dear fellow, I haven't the

faintest intention of asking you to that he knew very well. go further," said Armistead carelessly, "But she keeps Wordsworth conthrowing away the end of the cigar he had been smoking. "And now let us try to get a little sleep, since went on, "I find myself murmur-

we must be up at daylight." At the time mentioned—that beautiful hour of dawn which is called in Spanish the madrugada — all was movement, bustle, noise, about Guasimillae. Packs were being loaded on mules, blindfolded that they might

stand still for the cords to be many times cast and then tightened about their aparejos; mozos were shout-ing, bridles and spurs were jingling; rolls of bright colored blankets lay on the ground ready to be adjusted behind the saddles of the riders. In the huerta the Rivers' tent had been struck, and mattresses, cushions, blankets rolled in waterproof, to be placed with the canvas and poles on one of the mules standing by in the deep shade of the orange trees.

Isabel Rivers taking her way to the house, where breakfast was to be served on the corridor, was looking with such delighted eyes at the animated scene, that Lloyd, who met her, paused, struck by her expres-

Buenos dias, senorita ?" he said, smiling. "You seem to be enjoying something very much."

"I am enjoying everything," she replied. "Do you wonder? I have left the nineteenth century - the ugly, prosaic nineteenth centurybehind, and am in the fifteenth or sixteenth, when life was full of color. romance, picturesqueness. This is a perfect page out of those times."

So it is," he assented. " And vou like it ?"

" Like is too faint a word. I have

Lloyd answered quite truthfully

in the States." ing to be fashionable who is so poor ing as I look at her :

included

'And her's shall be the breathing balm.

And her's the silence and the salm Of mute, insensate things."

that Dona Beatrix would receive us " There is fire under the silence if we came to her house, and would and the calm," said Lloyd. "I saw a flash of it last night." near what we-that is, you-have

to say. Did you ? But, after all, the fire You did not hint anything about should be there to typify perfectly the people and the country, should the mine ?" "Certainly not. I only opened the way for our reception, without any misunderstanding of the busiit not ?"

He laughed.

'If you are determined to make ness on which we come. I don't know how you may feel, but I a type of her, I suppose it should," he replied. "At all events, it generhe replied. shouldn't care to take advantage ally is there in both."

"She interests me very much," said Miss Rivers. "I shall ask her to come to see me in Topia, and I hope she may come. Do you think she will ?"

Unless she is as insensible as Mr. Rivers to a great privilege, she certainly will. And if she invites you to her home in the Sierra, let me advise you to go. That would plied. interest you immensely.'

rather far off, and night falls quick-Oh, nothing would prevent my ly here, we had better press on a going, --nothing ! It she only asks me-yes, papa, here I am ? Is break little faster." fast ready ? Come, Mr. Lloyd !"

> CHAPTER VI. LAS JOYAS

As the quebradas are but Nature's gates of entrance to the Sierra, and their enclosing heights but stepping.

are likely to be called by it, as in the then, so important ?'

" I think I mentioned to you senor. case of Dona Victoria. It is a custom too common to excite remark, both that he is the bearer of a communiancient and legal; not a new affec-tation, like the doubling of names cation from Mr. Trafford.'

"Ah !" Don Mariano looked at the cigarette held between his brown fingers for a moment. "And this fingers for a moment. "And thi communication is for Dona Beatriz? Oh, with us there's nobody aspiras to own but one name now Armi-stead laughed. "Well, to return to our subject. What did Don Mariano say you when told him why we were "For Dona Beatriz—yes, senor." Don Mariano rose. It was as if a chill breeze had blown over his

whole air and manner. "I will inform Dona Beatriz," he said, ceremoniously, and walked away. "We are in for it now, I suppose !

said Armistead, wearily stretching out his lege. "You might have told him that we are dead tired and would like a little rest before discussing business. Where the deuce shall we betake ourselves if Dona Beatriz answers my communication by turn-

ing us out of doors ?" There's nothing more unlikely." shouldn't care to take automotion in the pretence happen when you are dealing with of their hospitality on the pretence in the er — uncivilized people. We must manage to defor the discossion of manage to defor

Sierra. "I should't call it a pretence ; farm and make his home with some aching in every muscle, after ten hours in one of these confounded we are travellers in the Sierra. one of them, but he clung tenacious-ly to the place that held memories so And if you hadn't been so frank, we saddles, riding up and down moun-tains; and I don't want to talk busi-ness,—I want rest and food !" should have been at least sure of a dear to him. Then Anne, the only night's lodging. Now they may close the door in our faces."

"Here comes Don Mariano," said Lloyd, glancing toward the door leading into one of the apartments where Don Mariano had disappeared ; " and Dona Victoria !"

It was indeed Victoria who came were tired from a day's hard work the *administrador*. She was dressed ed to sell and move to the city.

were tired from a day's hard work among the mountains, they quick ened their pace in response to the spur, as they found themselves on a level road, running by the side of a stone wall which bounded the cul-tirated fields, spreading so far and its noble characteristics and absolute tirated fields, spreading so far and its noble characteristics and absolute tirated fields.

'In the hull city there's none that he stopped to pull a straggling weed I know-not one," sighed old Dinny Garrity, rocking to and fro in the thing familiar. It seemed as alier sun parlor of his fine new home on to the fashionable square as himself the fashionable avenue. He was After a while he had passed out of the square in which he lived and into Iy sold, for the old friends, and the another, still keeping to the byways familiar sights and sounds of the then suddenly he "stopped in his country. Wistfully he gazed down tracks" as he himself afterward said. the beautiful elm shaded boulevard, He was standing in the alley-way bereviewing in thought the years of the hind a grand stone hot $s \rightarrow$ finer than

past. A poor immigrant, he had settled in the peaceful farming community known to its inhabitants as Tyrone Values there will be discussed by many a backward look, was one whom Dinny inst intly described to himself as "the out or " likeness ar instruction of the set of the set out or " likeness ar instruction of the set of the set out or " likeness ar instruction of the set of the set out or " likeness ar instruction of the set of the set of the set out or " likeness ar instruction of the set of the s Valley; there, with Bridget his wife, he had toiled through many hard years, wrestling a living from the long, slightly aquiline nose, the soil. Times had grown essier as the pointed white chin whisker thrust years went by, and the Garritys had forward as he walked with neck a been able to give their children a trifle outstretched, and

been able to give their children a fine education, even sending them away to colleges in the city. The young people were bright and in-dustrious, and had done well, but they had become widely scattered, too, slipping at last into homes of their own in far away places. When Reidertie death left Dinny slowe bis

their own in far away places. When Bridget's death left Dinny alone, his builden and looked at Dinny in surchildren had begged him to sell the prise and uncertainty.

Then Dinny staked his all : Thigga thu Gaelic?

It was the old cry of the Celt heart-hunger in alien land.

The newcomer reached for Dinny's unmarried daughter, had given up The the brilliant musical career that was hand

'Thigga thu, shanvar, thigga open to her to keep her father com-

pany. She had tried to give up her thu! ambitions and a lapt herself to rural Th Then followed questions and surroundings, but her father could answers. Dinny gave the outlines of his story, trying not to make it seem like complaining; but Cavanaugh see that she still yearned for a different life from the one she was living;

slipped an arm through his and fell "Don't I know, then? Didn't I

"Like is too faint a word. I have never enjoyed anything so much! for I have never been in a country so when the traveller, climbing up-tor I have never been in a country

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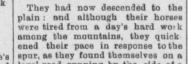
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"There is no fear of it," Lloyd re-

But since the door is still

coming to see Dona Beatrix?

'Replied with the air of a hidalgo