TWO

A FAIR EMIGRANT

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND AUTHOR OF MARCELLA GRACE : " A NOVEL." CHAPTER XVI

A SISTER IN.LAW

Lady Flora Fingall sat in an easy chair before the fire with a book on her lap, a work-basket at her feet, and tea set forth, with its equipage ancient silver and delicate china, on a spindle-legged table beside her

She did nothing but look into the fire, however; for, though the setting sun made red bars along the sashes of the small, high windows, yet the drawing room was already almost dark but for bright patches sunlight of fantastic shape that flecked the many cornered walls.

was a pleasant reflection to Lady Flora's rather frugal mind that she had been able to furnish her drawing room according to the approved mode of the day without having recourse to the fashionable leterer. To bring such persons and their productions across the Antrim mountains would have been a difficult and expensive undertaking, and she had simply had resource to the garrat at The Rath, out of which she had brought forth as pretty specimens of the spindle. hank tribe as any to be met with in Oxford Strest. The old brown carved chimney piece running up to the be-wreathed ceiling, which had been an eyesore to her when she came as a bride to The Rath, had of late become a treasure ; the old dado, which she had papered over long ago, was now restored and repainted; and all the grandmother's cupboards if either of you were to refuse such elbow-chairs and stacks of and brass bandled drawers, which had mouldered under the eaves, disgraced and forgotten for so many years, were, with the help of a little eeswax and the village carpenter, at this moment looking handsome

and dignified among sunflowers and peacocks' feathers in this ancient, home-like, and very comfortable apartment. Lady Flora was a plump little

womap, with a good quantity of fair hair, a white hand, a pretty foot, and a sharp and ready tongue. Her dress was elegant but not expensive. for she had a wonderful knack of no rents to be had; with Alister so getting good things cheap. Even the richly wrought shoes which decked her little feet had been made at small cost by a poor old bankrupt shoemaker, who endured his reverses in a back street in Paris, and were fashioned out of a morsel of Indian embroidery which had been sent her by a wandering friend.

"I am glad to see tea." said Shans taking off her hat and shaking back her curly, brown locks. "We had nothing for lunch but one of Nannis like the coals in the fire. She drew away her hands, with which she had Macaulay's stale buns. And I am so thirsty !

law was speaking. "I own, Flora," she said earnestly, 'You ought to be tired," said her sister in law, poking the firs till the flame lit up the darkening room ; but you look bright and bonny : and I heard you laughing immoderately as you came past the windows."

"Oh ! yes ; we met Major Batt," said Rosheen, "and he always makes we should all depend on you-" us laugh."

'Major Batt is an extremely sgree able and sensible person," said Lady Flora ; "but I confess I never looked on him as a humorist."

"No," said Shana, with a sly smile as she put down her emptied cup 'he only inclines to make humour ists of other people. How he did button up his coat today when I about money, poor dear ! And Shana walked across the room with her chin pushed out and set up in the air, and fingered energetically at the buttons of her jacket.

"How very unlady-like!" said dy Flora coldly. "And pray, Lady medi Shana, why did you talk to Major Batt about money ? I hope-'

ing coals, which threw a hundred book all day-would not even come mischievous reflections into her out to talk to the visitors. Oh 1 that her reminds me-what does bring that engineering young man, that young dancing syes. Flora ignored this observa-Lady tion and turned to Rosheep. "I can't exactly say that," she said Callender, about the place so often ? He was here again to day." Shana and Rosheen had reached with an air of reserve, "but he gave me to understand a great deal." the door, and Shana turned suddenly "He generally does leave a good deal to the imagination of the round and looked steadily at her eister in law. "I suppose he comes because Alister asks him," she said. "I am sorry we listener when he talke," said Shana.

"Ah !" said Lady Flora, smiling archly, "there will come a day, perdid not see him." haps, when he may find words enough to satisfy every one. In the mean-time, Shana, I think that, prudent as he is, he will respond to your appeal to his generosity.' "I hope he may, for the sake of the

girls. Bernard is coming in with the poor old Adares," responded Shana readily; but her colour became heightened and a look of displeasure lamps. The two young sisters went, link. passed across her expressive brow. 'For somebody else's sake," said ing together, up the dark old winding

staircase, dimly lighted here and there by an old fashioned lantern, her sister in law quietly. "I will not and descending a few steps on the other side of the first landing, entered say for which of you ' You have fallen asleep at the fire and dreamed a bad dream," said Shana gravely. "Forget it Flora." their own particular apartments. These were first a long room with a slanting ceiling and low walls, and a "I never dream," said Lady Flora 'And I had Major Batt here all to small. Equare window at each side, set up high under the eaves. myself for more than an hour.' was their old school room, which, as

'Poor Flora !" said Shana, with heavy groan. 'I must say he thinks much more

income of such money of mine

that it would be extremely incon

come settled advantageously in life.

Shana's cheeks were now glowing

covered her face while her sister in.

"that it is very hard on you having

dren

discoursged."

making use of their own ingenuity highly of you both than either of you and needlework, to effect some condeserve. siderable improvement in its arrange "Did he come to say he would ments. It was a very old room ; the

marry, he didn't care which ?" laughed Shana. "Come, Flora, you walls were panelled in dark brown ; don't mean to say you would sell us the windows had deep brown seats the sunflowers, of the girls's own to Major Batt ?" Unfortunately, he cannot marry making, on the short, brown stuff curtains made a grateful gleaming of

both of you," said Lady Flora, a spot of anger reddening her check ; "but gold in the brownness of the place. The furniture was ancient and worm an offer I should-wash my hands of eaten, and the long, dark, oaken you." "Let me ring for a basin and some schoolroom table, with its row of drawers, still held its time-honoured

place all down the middle of the scented scap on the instant," said Shana sericusly. loor. A large bottle of ink and some pens

"Shana you only say these things for the sake of appearing clever. I stood upon it, and a row of old book know you value money, for I have heard you wishing you were a man, shelves held a store of shabby look. ing books. Two pretty work boxes that you might make it. And all I stood on the table, and a basket of apples and an old fashioned china can say, now that we are on the subjug full of brilliant winter leaves. A jact is, that if so excellent an opporpeat fire burned low on a tunity should cccur of providing for hearth, and Shana knelt before it either of you, you will not be so mad as to put it away. With my and began to take turf logs from a

they

large wicker basket by the fireside children in the nursery, and little or and set them on their ends on the tiles. weak in his dealings with the people. Rosheen came and knelt beside and all expenses to be covered by the

8.8 her, and they laid their heads tohappens to be invested in English gether. "Shana, why did you say you hoped Mejor Batt would make choice securities-with this state of things staring me in the face, I will say

of you?" said the younger sister in a siderate, not to say ungrateful, if either of you were to refuse to bewhisper of reproach and awe. Because, darling, I should be able to fight my battle better than you,'

they no longer needed a governess,

had turned into a sitting room

said Shana 'Fiora thinks you meant that you would accept him." "I am sorry, then ; but she ought

to know me better. I merely said what occurred to me to say." They were silent a few minutes,

me and Rosheen to do with, now that each feeling the sympathy of the other, and then Rosheen said : our fortune which our father left us "O Shana! if Shanganagh Farm is gone ; that Alister's property also should be so embarrassed, and that were only let ! That would bring us a little income of our own, and we need not feel so dreadfully when she

"You know I would wish to deny you nothing," interrupted Lady talks about the children. "Even in that case we should still Flora : "but with my own young chil be dependent," said Shana ; "though of course it would be better than "I have thought about the children

-I am always thinking about them, nothing. But nobody is coming to take Shanganagh while the times are said Shana, with burning eyes ; "and believe me, Flora, Rosheen and I so bad, and I fear, I fear the times intend to provide for ourselves." "Major Battis a capital parti," said are not likely to mend."

unlet for the last two years. All the

"As you say, he cannot ask to marry us both," muttered Shana ively.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

that

This

"She can go to the Land Court now like others," said Alister, "and get her rent reduced, if it be too high."

"I must say," said Shana, "that I don't think Major Batt is to be partithose of a Sister. cularly blamed in this matter, for Betty seems to think that she and Nancy are unable, on any terms, to manage their land." smile. Lady Flora gave Shana a glance of

approval. "Major Batt is a most worthy gentleman," she said, "and, unlike that couldn't be much of an enemy She was waiting for him to return

some others, will be able to stand against the worst attacks of the Land 'L consider him rather an intrus ive person," said Lady Flora coldly, but avoiding Shana's shining eyes. "I do not like him, and I do not Court. His fortune is too substantial He spoke-in a foreign tongue. to be undermined by any number of defaulting tenants." "'Others' meaning your unbappy object to let him see it. There, do not keep standing in the door way

husband," laughed Alister. "What a pity we were not all born to an inheritance in the Three per Cents like you, Flora ! " broth.

Lady Flora arranged her bracelets and said nothing, and the children came into the room for their share of his own tongue, though not with his native accent. She was an Ameridessert. There were six of them can. the eldest being.Duck, a little maiden of eight, who walked straight up to her Aunt Shana and fixed a pair inquisitive eyes on her face.

Where were you all day, Shana The house is not nice when you are out all day." What will you do when I go away

altogether, Duck ?" "I will go with you," said Duck, emphatically, and dived with her head under Shana's elbow.

"Duck, you nearly upset Aunt Shana's raisins into her lap !" said her father. 'It was Shana's own hand that was

shaking, papa," said Duck. "I saw it before I poked her with my head." time. ibly.

That night the wind roared as usual round The Rath, coming down with many a swoop and rush from that near, overhanging mountain, and

hartling strangely over the girl's low, slant-rooted rooms. A sound as of blowing of organ pipes was going on in the chimney, and Shana and Rosheen lay awake listening to the rude, familiar music, while Duck lay sound asleep in her crib between them. "Shana," said Rosheen, in a pause

flagged of the wind, "why does Flora dislike Willie Callander ?' Say Mr. Callender, Rosheen. It is not nice, dear, to call young men by their Christian names."

But we know him so well. What does Flora see in him to dislike ? " "He has no money in the three per ents," said Shana, grimly.

"O Shana ! " 'Nothing but an honorable name and a profession," continued Shana ; "so what is there for any one to like

bout him ?" "I should think," said Rosheen,

"that when a young fellow has such a pleasant face and such a kind, gentlemanly manner any one might get on without disliking him."

Well, dear, he is nothing to us, so we had better not talk about him. I am sure he thinks a great deal of you, Shana."

But Shana pretended to be asleep. Rosheen was soon asleep in reality and, after lying long awake thinking, Shana got up and, lighting her lamp dressed herself. Passing by Duck bed, she held the light above the

than that! Come, then, Shana,

She passed into the sitting room and closed the door of the sleeping

chamber softly bahind her. Shading

"I must make my hero exactly the

dittles through the ancient sashes, Shana drooped her head on her

TO BE CONTINUED

A CARDINAL'S COUNSEL

and unexpected difficulty-

lively night !"

little face, and then knelt beside the child and kissed her tenderly. "Eat your bread, my darling ?" she murmured in an aggrieved whisper. "Stand in your light? Encroach on your lighte worldly inheritance? No, my Duck, your Shana has more pride for herself, more love for you

Shanganagh was a farm on an upper level of the mountain, about half a mile from The Rath. It was a part of a property left to the girls by their father, and had been lying

land belonging to them except this lay in disturbed districts, and it was last blow to the sisters when

THE SPY The soldier turned on his cot and

been working among them. pened his eyes. They looked into She smiled and he returned the though he could hardly have explained why. She might be of the enemy's nationality-but a dufense-

"Not immediately."

less little woman with a smile like good place just to rest ; and he was very tired. He must have drifted off complete consciousness and think-ing how very boyish he seemed. Perhaps she had just thought he was "I suppose that by all the rules I to look after some of the other fel ought to begin by asking, 'Where am I.?' and, you ought to reply, 'Sh h---once, however, for there on the little be quiet now. After a while you may talk a little, but first drink this table beside his bed stood a glass of

She smiled again and replied in many persons.

"Well, anyway," she said, "I will get you the broth. It's cubes-the American kind—and you pour hot water over them and serve, just as the advertisement says." "Let's skip the soup," he suggested. 'I always do when I order. Skip the soup and go straight to the meats and entrees." "Well, I think you will have to be contented with the soup this time," she returned, "because the doctor dosen's prescribe meats and entrees follow the priest, Besides, there aren't any meats and entrees here now." And the smile was rather a pathetic little effort this The man's face clouded percept-

They were both thinking of "A glass of milk, maybe ?" sug-

gested the Sister. creamy ?" "It sounds better than the cuby

broth, at any rate," he returned wondering how such a frail little woman could be so cheerful and so brave. - "Besides, milk sounds more like home," he added wistfally. 'But honest, if you don't mind, I really don't think I want anything to eat at all. I'd much rather talk, for I've a presentiment that presently yon'll say, 'Sh h'-be quiet now. Yon've talked long enough. Try to go to sleep again.' That's the way all the nurses do that I've ever heard anything about. But I don't want to go to sleep again. Seems to me I must have been asleep a week or two or three already."

"I've been here only since yester day," said the Sister. "At any rate, that's according to

prescribed rules ; no professional information from the nurse. If a fellow wants to find out anything about himself, it's a waste of time to mention the fact to the nurse-or to the doctor, either."

"Only since yesterday," assured the Sister. "And now I'll bring the And if you can raise yourself milk on the pillows, that's a sign you may sit up. "Fine," he returned, evidently

much pleased. "That means I'm pretty fit, doesn't it ?" "You will soon be well again," she told him, and went away to get the

milk. When she returned she found him propped up among his pillows, a troubled expression on his face, as i he had been trying to understand a nerplexing situation-trying to con nect some disconnected thoughts She had often seen such expressions on the faces of persons returning from a period of unconsciousness. He looked up. "I appear to be remarkably free and try what the storm will tell you this

from breaks and bandages," he an-

invalid," she acknowledged, offer-ing him the milk. He drank it slow-

She did not add that there were many other fellows, nor say how hard she and the other nurse had She was a very true nurse. "But you don't need a nurse so very much though," she said consolingly. "Now I know you are going to run way," he complained.

He closed his eyes. It was such a to sleep after all, for when he opened his eyes again the Sister was gone. asleep and had slipped quistly away lows. She must have come back

delicious locking beverage. He drank a part of it and lay thinking. "They are all alike," he decided. "All alike." The "they" included

For a long time he lay there think

ing quietly. He was beginning to recall more distinctly the events that had brought him to that house. They-the other soldier and himself -had followed the priest there. He didn't even know the other soldier's name. They hadn't spoken to each other, for the matter of that. They had been delegated to go together and they had gone. It was no time for small conventions-no business for talking. They had been told to and they had followed him; and there had been much haste. In such moments soldier does nothing but obey orders. They had been informed that the

priest was a spy, merely disguised as a priest. He wasn't disguised, though. He was a priest.

He had seemed so young, too that priest-so young to die. Yet how bravely he had died ! Soldiers died like that sometimes. But that priest was something more than a soldier, for however bravely a soldier may die, he can only be said to have accepted death ; but that priest had chosen him. The martyrs the Church had probably died like that

How quickly it all had happened He remembered. It was night and very dark. They-the other soldier and himself-had first caught sight of the priest as he emerged from the dim shadows of the cathedral, and they had followed him down the street. He appeared to be looking out for danger as they hurried along. The bombarding was getting pretty flercs by that time, though they were in the best protected part of the city. They could hear the shells bursting and now and then the whiz of the bullets, and over on the other side of the city, closer to the front, they could see that some of the buildings were already begin ning to barn. The streets were almost deserted and not the smallest lights were to be seen anywhere. He and his companion had keep very close to the priest in order not to less sight of him. He

could remember that part of it very clearly. The priest appeared to be carrying something inside his coat over hi breast, and he kept it well covered

with his hand as if to protect it. didn't seem afraid, though ; just cautious. And apparently he did not notice the presence of the two soldiers only a few paces him, or else he did not think of associating their presence with him. self. When they were nearly in front of the house, he hesitated as if to make sure it was the right house. Evidently he wasn't accustomed to the darkened streets.

They came very close to him as he stood there. It must have been then that they were all three hit. That nounced significantly. "You really aren's very much of an

part of it seemed very hazy. other soldier had been mortally



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"You need not hope, Flora," said Shana abruptly ; "you know I am hopelessly outspoken, and I did ask Major Batt for money."

Flora sat up in her chair, her plump lips parted, her keen, pale eyes fixed upon Shana with horror. "Yes," said the girl, carrying her

replenished cup to the fireside and seating herself on a stool by her sistor in-law's side, 'I asked him to do something for the poor old bodies in the Hollow." Lady Flora sank back in her seat

"I am relieved, " she said. thought-

"I don't want to know what you thought. Flora. Your thoughts and mine are seldom the same.'

"I am happy to say you are right ere," said Lady Flora sharply. there," "But there-tell me about Major Batt.

'He buttoned up his coat," said Shana, sipping her tea.

"By which remark you mean to imply, of course, that he is careful of money; and I admit that he is. It is one of the virtues I admirs in him. In this wretched spendthrift country, where people hardly ever make himself agreeablethink of to morrow, a prudent man is a jewel to be prized."

"Major Batt needn't think so very much about to morrow. His to-morrow will not be so long as some other people's, and he has no one in particular to succeed to his money and lands."

"Major Batt will marry," said Lady Flora, complacently turning a pretty ring on her short, white finger, and looking as if she was almost betray. ing a secret.

"Has he been making a confidence to you, Flora ? He told us he had been here," said Rosheen, sidling up to her sister in law with a roguish ook.

"One will be enough ; but as I am not at all sure which of you he pre fers, I desire that you will both be

Lady Flora. "And I am sure I should

not have spoken to you so plainly ex-

cept for your own good ; and I ex-

pect that when he asks he will not be

prepared," said Lady Flora. Rosheen pouted and hung her head. Shana rose and walked to the window, and stood looking out into the growing darkness for a few moments then came back to the fire and said distinctly :

"If Major Batt makes choice either of us, I hope it will be of me.' "Come now, that is better," said ber sister in law in pleased surprise. "I always knew, Shana, that you had a fund of good sense somewhere if

you would only condescend to make use of it." Rosheen stared at her sister

astonishment, but said nothing. Shana restedherelbow on the ledge of the mantel piece and went on : "But I warn you, Flora, that I do

not believe he is thinking of doing anything of the kind. In spite of his fire till it was time to go downstairs mature years and, let us say, solid appearance, Major Batt is fond of for dinner.

flirting or doing something that he fancies is flirting. He is one of those persons who always put before them to achieve the most difficult fenterthe book that had enchained him all day. He was a slight fair man with prises, and so he is always trying to

"By the way," interrupted Lady Flora, "I told him he might expect to meet you in Dublin."

"That you must not think of Flora. Ball-dresses and all that expense at such a time !"

"That is my affair," said Lady Flora graciously.

"No, Flors," said Shans, drawing her sister's little hand through her arm, "it is my affair and Rosheen's. This, at least, must be left to ourselves. We will not go. It is bad enough to eat the children's bread-" "Nonsense !" said Flora shortly.

"How exceedingly literal you are ! Who talked about bread ? I must say it is very unamiable of you to take Betty.

"What funny entertainment Major Batt's little confidences would be!" mused Shana, gazing into the glow."

per lamp and rousing up the fire, she Shanganagh was left on their hands. "Nobody is going to take Shangan agh," repeated Shana. "The people are all flitting to America, and this and pens. A cup of strong tea stood ready on the hearth to scare away the natural sleep from her young

place is so far out of the world." eyes. Having drunk this, she settled "What are we to do then. Shana ? herself at the table and listened for "Something," said Shana with a inspiration in the hurtling of the frown, and kissed her sister hastily wind and stood up. And Rosheen said no "Rosheen was right," she said.

more just then. She did not always know what to make of Shana. Then they rose and went up a few steps to their "bedroom, a very large

room, plainly furnished, but adorne with all the little odds and ends of prettiness that girls love, with two white beds in opposite corners, and a tiny crib in between for the use of their eldest niece, who was the darlharrowing tale.

ing of the young aunts. Here they assumed their well worn black silk frocks and the simple pearl ornaments left them by their mother, and rsturned to chat by their sitting room

Alister Fingall, sitting at the foot of his dinner table, seemed for the first few minutes to be still living in

dreamy eyes, and a sweet lazy smile In the company of others he required time to come to the surface of the conversation. After he had eaten his soup his eyes rested with pleasure

on the fresh faces of his young Oh, thoughtless and worse, oh, crue. to your own selves, all ye who read what ye should not read and hear what ye should not hear? Oh, how sisters, gleaming and glowing with the pure cool tints which are produced by exercise and mountain air you will repent of your folly after "Any news in the village, girls ?" he asked. "I hear you have trav

elled half the country to day." "No news," said Shana, "except that Betty Macalister talks of giving up her holding and emigrating. She annot see her way to paying her

rent. shade crossed Alister's face. "Betty must not go ; anybody but

Who is her landlord, by the "Mejor Batt," said Rosheen with a man.

opened a drawer in the old school-'It is nice and creamy," he said room table and took out some paper with appreciation. "Any news ?"

She shook her head. "I don't know anything," she said. "Hopeless agair," he sighed. "But how's a fellow to find out anything, then

'Everything's quiet in the city, if that's any news." she replied.

"There ought to be love in it. But how can I write on such a subject?" "Not "It isn't my city," he said. my city. I was only sent here." He paused and the troubled expression He As she listened a tale of love and sorrow and struggling grew out of returned to his face. His brows the sobbing voices round the window drew slightly together. "Don't y know anything at all ?" he asked. "Don't you and came to her. A smiling face with fair curls, a manly young face, a "Not anything at all," she assured cheerful voice came across her thoughts-not the sort of hero for a him as she took the empty glass and set it down. He sighed again as he trailed his

fingers through the heavy hair that reverse of that vision," she said with came well down over his forehead smile, and then, as the wind bullied toward his contracted brows. on through the trees and piped weird

'I think that this must be the very room," he announced. "And this bed -it must be the very bed that she hands and struggled with a serious died on-and over there is where they both died.

keeping a certain living individuality "Yes," said the Sister gently though she understood none of it. She was accustomed to listening to many things and she knew that a gentle "yes" was nearly always soothing, whereas questions some-times had the opposite effect.

"You are mighty good," he said, bringing his trailing flugers to rest beneath the side of his face against the pillow. "Can't you stay a

while She sat down. She was a true

nurse. wards! Oh, what bitter feelings, oh. "I am so glad you don't adjust the what keen pains will shoot through covers," he stated. "I like 'em better all mussed up. I knew you your souls hereafter at the memory of what has come of that baneful cur were the right kind when you said I iosity? Oh, how will you despise yourselves, how weep at what you have brought on you! At this day could prop my own pillows.

low hates to have some one fussing with his pillows. But presently surely there is a special need of this you'll be running off somewhere. warning; for this is a day when nothing is not pried into, nothing is not published, nothing is not laid They always do. I suppose there's other fellows besides me?" "Yee," she admitted, "but there's

before all men .- John Henry Newanother nurse besides me, too."

wounded, though. As for himself, he must have been more stunned than anything else. There was a great pain somewhere in the back of his head, he knew, and he had felt very

queer and dazed. The priest's left arm had been terribly injured all the way up to his shoulder, though no one seemed to notice it till long

after they were in the house. The door had been opened by some one inside, and the priest had reached out with his one hand and had caught the other soldier just as he had staggered forward and was about to fall, and had managed somehow to get him into the house Maybe the girl inside had assistedshe who had opened the door, maybe he himself had managed to help a little. That part of it was difficult to recall.

No one spoke, not even the girl who had opened the door. She had simply dropped to her knees and, crossing herself, had risen up again and had stood there looking at the priest as if mutely waiting some com mand from him.

And the command had come. "The soldier." the priest had directed, in dicating the unconscious man on the floor at their feet. And without waiting further, he had crossed the room to the bed where the sick lady

lay. The girl had turned quickly and hurried away. He remembered watching her leave the room, and he himself had made some kind of an

effort to rouse himself and to be of assistance. He could recall getting

down on the floor beside his com panion and trying to find his wound. There was a great deal of blood running down all over the other's coat and he was breathing with great diffi-A felculty.

Then the girl had come back, bringing some to wels and a basin of water. And, placing them on the floor beside the wounded man, she had begun to apply the dampened towels to his wound

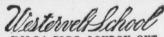
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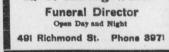
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out of the interesting tale she was hoping to write.