

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND (LADY GILBERT)

CHAPTER XIII—CONTINUED

"Poor thing!" murmured the other voice, a very soft, cooling little voice. "Still you see, Mamzelle, if these folks of hers in Ireland should never look to her, or if it should be all a lie—I must say again I can't undertake to provide for her."

one's self. If she isn't a thief, now just tell me what do you think she is? "I don't know," said Mamzelle, softly. "We must try and find out."

Fan went on one knee immediately, and began to strum with her finger and thumb upon the strings. After a few bars she "saw" Killeevy mountain; and then her song arose. When she had finished, the two women were silent.

was to Fan a song, and her appreciation of the beautiful always came bubbling in melody from her lips. Mamzelle moaned less frequently and wrung the soul within her less bitterly over her own work, and that she listened for the child's feet as if she were walking out with Polly Shane.

Tim was now round the last corner and in sight of home. The sight of it put fresh vigor into his old bones and he hurried along, his mind going over the words with which he would break the glad news to "the missus."

"Is it yer sister Lizzie ye mean?" he asked at length. Mary nodded her answer and Tim tried to guess the rest. Lizzie, he knew had had an attack a few days before, but it was no worse than the others, and they had not feared for her.

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TO BE CONTINUED THE RESIGNATION OF TIMOTHY

Tim he was to all his friends; Tim he would have been to his enemies, had he had any; Tim he was to all the other workers at the plant; Tim with a warmth of affection to Mary, otherwise known as Mrs. Tim, and Tim, with a generous air, on all the subscription lists that Father Martin published for the parish.

Obviously Mary was out but, barring the time Father Regan had been buried and she had taken a sudden notion to go to the funeral, Mary had never been absent at Tim's home-coming these ten years. Surely there must be something wrong.

Tim lay awake far into the night, his mind wrestling with the problems that the day had brought. His own piece of news had been relegated entirely to the background and for a while he had almost forgotten it.

DIAMONDS—CASH OR CREDIT... FUNERAL DIRECTORS... LOUIS SANDY... The following paragraph is taken from the editorial on the papacy which was printed in one of the greatest papers in the country, the Cincinnati Enquirer.

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