THE TRURO MEEKLY NEWS, TRURO, N.S. DECEMBER 26 1918

Love's Awakening

Continued from last issue

stretched far out behind the house on the green sward with the rooks cawing overhead-all would be no Still I should see my schoolmore. at intervals; and then came happy thought of days at Hazledene that should outshine all past delights.

'I have told her so much about every thing that they will seem like familia things -even Roderick -poor old fel-

Eulalie was not in the school-room from which arose the buzz-buzz of many voices, for it was "talking-hour," that is, the French mark-a meda the reverse of glorious to the wearer thereof-was put away in the head teacher's desk for the night, and five and-twenty young voices were babbling in their native tongue.

Looking on to the garden upor which it opened through a glass-door, was a little snuggery called 'The Teacher's Room:' and truly a welcome retreat must this 'isle of rest' have been to minds haded with long hours of work indeed, 'Mam'zelle,' our Frdnch governess, was wont to say with gesticulaions that would have been impossibilities sve to one of her nation, Les, demoiselles me sont bien cheres, mai -cette petite chambre, c'est mon paradis

In this 'paradise' then I found my friend-alone, too, by a happy chance

'Eulalie, my darling girl' I cried, eating off all decorum as I closed the door behind me, sprang to her side, flung myself upon my knees, and help up the precious letter before her eyes.

'What is it?' she said under her breath, and growing white, or so it seemed to me in the light of the lamp

'What is it?' I sid eagerly, 'readpapa? Oh how dear and good he is. You will be quite near us, too, fancy. that! And you'll say you never saw such a lovely place, I know, as Hazledene vicarage. It stands nearer the sea than the Hall, and there's a flight of steps cut in the rock, leading down shore. We can go looking for to the shells together; there never was such sneise through the seaweed as one can find there; some like red branches of trees, and feath-ery thinr-golden-brown, don't you know? "mermaide's curls" I call them."

Thus my heedless tongue wagged on until at last it dawned upon me that my companion did not hear a single word I said. All her heart seemed to be burning in her eyes, and these were fixed upon my father's letter, drinking in, as it were, each line of it, as a man perishing of thirst might drink water When she had read it all through, she gave a sigh-such as one laying down a heavy burden might do.

'Now,' said I, kissing her in my pe cularly effusive fashion, 'come with me to Miss Mary; how glad she'll be to hear the news

But Eulalie had turned to the winways, was still uncurtained, and stood looking out into the night.

Right across the garden shone the glimmer of the moon, turning the grass you could see the wood with its trees swaying sleepily against the clear purthe field that lay

one had bade me 'come in.' I heard Miss May say in a voice that told of much sorrowful perplexity 'I cannot speak of a thing upon which I have no sure knowledge-least of all now, when it would be to mar her young life at the

very outset, sister Maria. 'No', put in Miss Jane gently; 'M:. Girdstone was right there; and besides, renember how kind her mother was to poor dear Charley ' Here an intolerable sense of shame in

hearing what was not meant for me urged me to knock again; this time so loudly that it might have meant an alarm of fire.

'Bless us all ' cried Miss Maria jumping up and overturning the basket of pink about the eyes without shedding there? Oh, it's you, child, is it Come actual tears if anything disturbed her

the world.

'I've ha a letter from papa,' I began, after I had made the usual re- sombre fire of her dark eyes, made her verenc; with which it was the custom like some old picture by one of those for us to enter and leave a room, at dead and gone masters of art who seen which communication my eemed as much confused as I was. 'Hem' said Miss Maria. 'Yes, dear sitters as no modern painter can. and what does he say?'

knees hunting up the keys, and dropping them one by one into their proper the 'sweet singer of Israel' denounces receptacle. Papa's letter lay on Miss the treachery of a trusted friend. As

ed it. She took it up and began to read it, and as she did so, I saw to my amazement that the paper trembled with the trembling of her hand.

I stood silent by the table; and presently Miss Mary laid the letter down, that hung from the centre of the room. and held out her hand to draw me to her side. 'It is very kind of you, Nell. into the room, and kept it in her hand, read-read for yourself Didn't I tell to have done this. I will write to Sir you there was no one in the world like Charles to norrow. I too, have a letter mind by tapping it against the arm of not fro n him, but from this lady, Mrs. her chair; for unhappily her irritation Langley, whom he had spoken to on Eulalie's behalf.

I felt myself dismissed, and set off to find my friend. But the edge of my joy was taken off. As to the strange words that I had heard as I stood at the drawing from me, for they weighed upon me as unlawfully attained know-iledge aver must upon any candid mind 'What did she say? Is she pleased?' unable to resist uttering a loud 'hem."

room. She spoke with a certain air of indif- from sheer nervousness, loudly and ference, for on the other side of the aggressively. table sat 'Mam'selle,' her long sallow face, black curls, and little dark piercing eyes turned full upon us.

has had a letter.'

From Sir Charles?' 'No; from Mrs. Langley.'

Here the loud clanging of the prayer-

Eulalie followed, and I brought up hysterics just as Miss Mary got to the dow, which, according to our primitive the rear-the victim of no little trouble, last verse of the psalm. and mystification of spirit. Miss to us the psalms for the evening, while was not a relief to some concerned Miss Maria sat by in a sort of judical I know it was to me, and I held to silver pasturage, and in the distance state, and kept a keen eye upon one bottle of smelling-salts to the suf-Louisa Brandon, a girl much given to ferer's blunt snubnose, with a convic

Eulalie could change places now ' But they couldn't change places. There they were, the antithesis of each other, and each dowered with every apparent quality best fitted for the would other Poor Louisa's beauty never be her bane, nor would life prove a difficult thing to her because she was 'too fair to go free.' While Eulalie-why, the very idea of Eulalie in a courttrain, white plumes crowning the little bows of hair like wings upon her head classic head, and the slender figure bending before royalty was a thing to

unknowr

board.

of laurel in the other.

depending from his beak.

those in the drawing-room.

hand deep in thought.

take one's breath away Upon the occasion of which I an now writing, it was evident to me that the few words I had inadvertently overheard were part of a hot and troubled discussion between the sis ters; for as the three entered the long chool-room, everyone rising as they did so, each after her kind showed un

mistakable evidences of disquiet. Miss Mary, my dear Miss Mary, had a weary look as if she were worn out by some long mental strain. Miss Jane who always had a way of growin equanimity, was like a ferret; while as gether with the bunches of snowwhite curls upon her temples, and the

heaters to have held the power of catching the actual living individuality of their The psalm for that day chanced to

By this time I was on my hands and be the fifty-fifth-that matchless burst of hot and eloquent words in which Mary's lap where I had hurriedly plac- the reader came to the bitter reproach hurled at one who had been no enemy;' but the dear 'familiar friend,' her voice shook, and a kind of awe and fear came over me making my heart beat with slow and sickening pulsations.

Meanwhile, Miss Maria, who had unconsciously brought a pen with her betrayed unwonted disturbance of es. made her all the more ready to spy out the delinquencies of poor Louisa, then

herself in an exceptionally limp condition from the fact of having been the last possessor of the French mark that Finding herself the focus evening. the drawing-room door I tried to put for Miss Maria's eyes she began so to asked Eulalie, turning her face towards she suddenly changed her tactics, and me as I entered the teachers' sitting- took to sniffing. Sniffing, too, not in her usually subdued manner, but,

To speak during prayers would have been to do a thing unheard of in our school annals, so Miss Maria seize 'She did not say much,' I answered 'the only feasible means of reproof open in the same debonair manner; 'she too ' to her, by pointing with the pen in her hand to the now crimson culprit and once more coughing with angry signi-

ficance. At this the unfortunate Louisa sudbell made night hideous, and I stood denly ceased sniffing, gave the most aside to let 'Mam'zelle pass out first.' astounding snort, and went into strong

I am not sure that the scene of con Mary as always the one who read fusion and excitement that followed mirror I watched a strange drama. the habit of 'sniffing'—a thing es-pecially detestable in our principals' had that 'fellow feeling' which is said 'fellow feeling' which is said

Cess beside the fire-place? It had a letter not intended for her is capable of anything, and that her wrong-doings ceiling, and was narrow out of all proportion to its towering height. Count ities. Our estimation of a fault ss flutings of amber silk, radiated coloured by the atmosphere in which from a round picture -hand-painted we live; and the training at Summerin the centre, and this picture, for field was one to make this fault take he encouragement and edification of all the blackness of a crime. Thus. the performers, represented a girl with then did my idol fall from off the pedeswaist up to her armpits, and huge tal whereon my love had set her.

Hurrying to the garden I met with toiling up a flight of steps, at the top of Miss Mary and Miss Jane linked towhich was poised on one toe an angel gether arm in arm, as was their loving with a stringed instrument-name fashion; they were speaking earnestly, -in one hand, and a wreath and, I doubted not, the writer of the letter to Mrs. Langley had sought Dear old piano! how quaint and 'sister Jane' to give an opinion on its strange it seems recalled by my mem- contents. I stood aside to let them pass; and as they did so Miss Mary ory now, but truly much sweet music did I discourse upon its limited key- touched my flushed cheek with her In the corner of the music- finger.

'What have you been doing, child?' room stood Miss Mary's harp, clad ordinarily in a holland garment that she said; 'reading yourself into a feven tied behind with strings like a child's over some book or other? Go into pinafore. I daresay the harps of the wood and see if there are any viothese days are vast improvements up- lets left; the little basket on my desk on that glorified instrument; but what is empty.'

could be sweeter than 'Poor Mary The mention of her desk brought Anne' as played by Miss Mary in that the colour still more hotly to my face; wonderful fantasia called 'Recollec- | if I had been stealing stamps from the tions of Wales?' Why, it makes the stamp-box with the figure of Napoleon looking the veriest culprit that ever faced three pairs of the kindest eyes in the most of the second to how. At the end of this room that I a more miserable picture of guilt. glass like those we have in our draw- abosrbed in some topic of unusual ining-rooms now, but a round glass, terest and my confusion passed withmed with great taste, and further out further notice.

adorned by a golden eagle, with chains I was longing to get out into the As you open air, but, before fetching my tipused the room and looked into this pet and hat went into the lower schoolroom to see if Eulalie chanced to be nirror you saw a dear little miniature self coming to meet you, every detail there. She was; and no fairer picture clear and perfect, but the whole as if of the quiet fulfilment of duty could een through a diminishing-glass. Be- have been presented to the eye then tween the two low windows was a can- that on which I gazed. My schoolterbury, that is, a stand for music- friend sat on a low chair near the winpoks, and running round each of these dow, and grouped about her were windows was a low seat the same as three of the youngest members of our flock. Of these, the tiniest maid, Behold me, then, installed in perfect Amy Ladbrook, stood resting he comfort upon one of these cosy nest- round red arms on Miss Le Breton's ling-places by the open window, knee, her dark eyes fixed upon her

whence came the concerted music that face. 'Don't be staying and talking now, is never out of tune, however many voices join in its sweet diapason-the song of 'ye smale fowle' in the branch- air of dignity peculiar to herself:

that told of Rebecca's sad ill-omened love and fair Rowena's happiness, I ing-table in the libray adjoining; her was in some way assisted thereby, sat ringlets drooped so that I could not Louisa Brandon, whom Mam'zelle en ing-table in the libray adjoining; her see her face, and now and again the route to her 'paradis' presently caught age With lively gesticulations busy pen ceased to move upon the pa- sight of. per as she rested her head upon her and much excitement the little French I to do about him?

woman dilated upon the 'af reus' state of mademoiselle's department at the with my arm about his neck if he present moment; adding, that if 'ee should say to me 'Well how many 'I wonder if she knows I am here?' rought to myself; for there was a present moment; adding, that if gentil —onsieur Jose' could see her in such an attitude, he would –what, about your school-friend?' What second door to the music-room, and by that I had come in and settled ,myself down in the corner of the windowseat like a cat basking in the sunshine 'I wonder when she is going to say leaving the penitent Louisa sitting bolt upright with her clumsy feet displayed

anything to me about papa's letter?' to the utmost in the first position as was wonder number two that ran through my mind. Then all wonders caught by that interesting emigre, Why did I linger to were absorbed and lost in the page be-Monsieur Jose. watch all these things? Why did I fore me, where my sympathies all cenfeel as if there was a certain fascina tred in the noble Jewish maiden, leaving little for her blue-eyed Saxon rival. tion to me in letting my eyes rest on Presently, however, having come to Eulalie's sleek head, bent towards the

the end of a chapter, I chance to glance little ones gathered round her? upward at the face of the old mirror. In a moment my book had fallen upon a sort of longing to give her a chance of explaining about the letter-a acquaintances that he had past away my knee; my eyes were strained towholly foolish feeling that she must wards the glass; and my breath came short and fast as in the face of the old know by instinct that I had seen her

Amy, pouting out her rose-red lips;

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harm in my Land of Beulah that this my first perplexity was a very hard thing to bear. Like most evils that come upon us it was easier thought out in the open air. I wandered about the garden patted Daisy took a look at the conceited black Spanish sultana in the poultry yard promenading in the welcome sunshine with all his har em after him; visited Amy Ladbrook' guinea-pig and fed it with an apple I did all these things and many more with restless energy striving to stifle strange protesting thoughts that were unwonred visitants to my childish Buc all in vain; they would make themseives heard.

Nestling here and there in shady nooks I found a few sweet-scented purple violets and gathered them for Miss Mary's writing table arranging them with the best taste I could command with little branching bits of moss here and there and a tiny yellow-Nellie, dear,' lisped the child, with an | tipped fern by way of back-ground. As I did this it seemed to me as though Miss Lally does be telling us the I were not the same Nell at all as the light-hearted girl who had filled that love and fair Rowena's happiness, I attitude upon a form near, and listen-ing to be seen the concave surface of the ing to Eulalie's fairy tale with her could not tell her. The second my school-friend would be I felt a lachete- a sin unpradonable against all school traditions from the earliest

And then there was papa; what was

The next time I sat upon his knee such an attitude, he would -- what, about your school-friend?' What Mam'zelle did not specify, but with a should I do? Could I say 'She stole shrug of her neat shoulders passed on into a room like a thief; she read an-To be continued.

MR. JOHN A. FRASER DIED AT **GLENHOLME. DEC. 18.**

Word had been received in Truro a few days ago that the well -known ittle ones gathered round her? John A. Fraser, proprietor of the I can hardly tell, if it were not from sort of longing to give her a chance ill; but still it came with a shock to all on the 18th.

No man was better known in that read it, and that she stood arraigned before that troubled judge, my heart. genial, big-hearted "Johnny" Fraser. As Mam'zelle was gesticulating be- His little wayside inn for long years fore the incorrigible Louisa, Eulalie's has been a popular resort and wideeyes full of laughing amusement had open was ever the welcome from met mine over Amy's curly head. In Mr. Fraser and those associated with Ten minutes later Ivanhoe lay face their limpid depths was no shadow of a him in this hostelry. An outstandne unconscious, full of gentle ing figure in Colchester has past a

FIFTERN PAGE

ple of the sky. between the garden and the wood stood our white cow Daisy, a ghostly so at prayers, and in church. It ap- the scape-goat of old who suffered for peared to me that the very consciousfigure for one of the fairy-cattle of ness of being watched caused Louisa German legend. I thought I read the to be more irresistibly prone to sniffing thoughts that kept my friend silent and going to her side I put my arm thn she would have been otherwise. about her slender figure, and laid my She was always placed in a position head against her shoulder.

You are feeling sorry to think of pleasant propensities during the readleaving Summerfield?' I said tenderly, as a mist came over my eyes, and the ing, a suppression, however, that often resulted in a perfect hurricane of sniflight-bathed garden, and poor old Daisy chewing the cud in calm con- fings once she was on her knees with tentment grew all blufred and misty her back to the 'powers that were,' 'You have forgotten "One not only so, but her nervous restless before me. ness baulked in one mode of expression two, three, the cat's in the cupboard was ingenious in evolving others. and can't see me."

I laughed through the tears as I called to mind her penulant words of the afternoon.

But Eulalie did not join in any merriment, and the moonlight seemed to bracing each bare arm with its fellow make her sweet face look pale as she and pinching up the flesh in little bits pushed me gently from her as she said, a habit that resulted in her elbows be-'Go and tell Miss Mary-show her the letter-and then come and tell me sionally green. This was a new what she says;" and so I went.

kindness to her it may seem ungrateful task to supervise the deportment of to be glad to leave them,' thought I, as the young ladies, and she used to draw I went towards the drawing-room door.

Then something set my face flaming in the dusk.

flashing thought, like a quick pain; and it accused Miss Mary of coldness and strange unkindness towards this dearest friend of mine. At Summerfield, to go to the drawing-room of an evnening unsummoned, was to have some important affair on hand; but I ment in her outer woman. Incacked holdly enough with my letter 'How is it,' said Miss Maria with knocked boldly enough with my letter in my hand; for what could be more inportant that that which concerned Eulalie's welface so closely?

eyes at all times, but more particularly to make us 'wondrous kind,' towards the sins of others.

By the time Miss Brandon had been conveyed gurgling and sobbing upstairs to bed, I think Miss Maria recognised the fact that the troop under well commanded by Miss Maria and her command was too thoroughly dis-

generally managed to control her un- organised to be summoned to form a gain upon parade. At all events our up from my book her place was empty devotions that night began and ended with the Fifty-fifth Psalm, and the rule of 'silence in the dormitories' was broken to an extent unparalleled in Neither my previous remembrance. did I see Eulalie alone again, or have any chance of further alluding to

papa's letter; and the next day grew Girls wore short sleeves of an evening to afternoon and still nothing was said in those days, and Miss Brandon pre-I did not like to reply to the letter sently 'broke out in a new place;' she untili Miss Mary said more to me upon

sniffed less, but would sit calmly emthe subject and strange discom orting thoughts, like spots upon the sun marred the completeness of my happiness in the fair prospect opening before my friend. These took no source of annoyance to Miss Maria definite form; for I was but a child This was a new

after all, and children cannot put this 'She is afraid that fter all their as may well be supposed. It was her and that together to form a whole. It needs the bitter experience of life to teach us how to build up a fabric with terrible pictures of what would happen to Miss Brandon one day, when she suspicions.

I was pleasantly tired (for there is should be presented at Court and stand such a thing) with a good morning's It was a disloyal thought; sudden nervously pinching those poor ill-used work, and glad to think it was holidayelbows in the presence of her Sovereign afternoon, a time that could be legi Bitter tears were wont to chase each timately devoted to Ivanhoe, my first other down the said Louisa's face as step in the land of fiction. Through the library—that small these gloomy sketches of her future

were laid before her, but I don't know oak-panelled room on the left of the that they wrought any visible improve hall of which I have already spoken

was a second chamber called the music room, chiefly used for the purpose its name denoted by the elder girls. dignified indignation one day, 'that Louisa Brandon is an earl's niece and ulalie's welface so closely? The door was ajar, and before any-drives me to despair? If she and days to the piano that/stood in the re-

downwards on the floor of room, and I, Eleanor Vansitart, was wondering about the wood, and

mirror's face.

Cumberland.

It came to this then.

round the meadow where Daisy stood knee-deep in kingcups and rushes by the pool beneath the adler trees.

CHAPTER VII

By the Pool in the Coppice.

My countenance was doubtless sug-Miss Mary must have risen and left her writing-table, going out by the door leading into the hall, for when I looked maid craved for silence just then.

I was turning to leave the room when Eulalie spoke.

'do let us finis our stody

'Nell, dear, do you know if Miss that place. It was Eulalie-yet an-Mary has answered your father's letother Eulalie to any I had as yet known Hurry and eagerness were expressed in every line of her beautiful face, in ter?

As she spoke she laid her hand on Amy's shoulder to inculate patience. each movement of her lithe form; fear, 'Yes-no-I'm not sure; perhaps too, was written in the quick glance and again cast over her shoulder. she has. I stammered.

"OO's dot a welly yed face, Nellie She hastily searched for something put in Amy, gravely observant. then, lifting a letter from the table Which of us looked like a culprit at gave one more swift cautious look to

wards the hall-pulled the paper from that moment-Eulalie or I? 'It does not matter; only I can't the envelope, read it, replaced ithelp feeling anxious, and I thought looked up with a strange, defiant smile she might have told you. Now Amy, playing round her lips-and glided quickly from the room and from the let us finish our "stody" darling.

«One defiant glance the little flung at me as she settle herself down I flung my book upon the floor, an in a moment stood beside Miss Mary's tino a comfortable listening attitude There lay an unsealed letter, and then the thread of the fairy-tal was taken up again. Without a moment's thought I raised

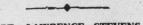
'Truth was a lovely little fairy all it and turned it to look at the address. dressed in a glistening white dress that Yes, it was a I had fancied. 'Mars. looked like the snow when the sun Langley, The R ctory, Hazeldene, shines uqon it-'

Thus far I heard; then I fled up the wide shallow stairs with their marvel-Eulalie had had some reason to fear what Miss Mary might say of her. lously carved balustrade and into my Urged on by this dread she had been room in search of hat and tippet. 'Was

guilty of a dishonourable action; an I dreaming or did the mirror lie? Had action that no lady could be guilty of I been wronging Eulalie in my thought and still lay claim to that fair title. How could she look like that if-' Here My idea was then -- and added exper- I tied my hat on with a jerk that sent

ience of life has given me no reason to after it—that the educated gentle-Life had hitherto been Life had hitherto been such a woman who will dishonourably read a smooth thing to me sheltered from all

merriment, and with a sadness under- way; and another milestone of the connecting "long ago" has fallen. lying all, as usual-nothing more. 'Don't peek, Nellie, de-ar,' pleaded



CAPT. LAWRENCE STEVENS BACK IN CANADA.

A telefone message on the afteroon of the 18th told the News that Capt. Lawrence Stevens, A. F. C. of the Royal Air Force, son of Mr. and Mrs. Allison Stevens, Dominion Street, Truro, had arrived in St. John, and would soon reach his Truro home. He has been three years overseas

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