TWO

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND (LADY GILBERT)

CHAPTER X-CONTINUED

One evening, after the contents of the caldron had been consumed, and while the gipsies lay about around the fire, a quarrel of extraordinary for you. fierceness broke out among them. Oaths and yells of fury filled the air with confusion; blows were given; the firelight flared over figures whose frantic movements gave them the appearance of imps, and faces whose swarthy lineaments heels. nade hideous by ungoverned Fan retreated to a distance, were made rage. Fan retreated to a distanced and the horror of the scene painted as it was on that background of her warwhelmed her inky forest overwhelmed her imagination and almost took away her breath. She lay quite still, crouched upon the earth ; and when her side. all was over she crept as usual to her sleeping place in the tent. amusement.

But as she lay and tried in vain to sleep, a reckless desperation came over her. "If they catch me I can only be killed," she kept thinking. "And I would rather be thinking. "And I would rather killed, I would rather be killed!"

door.

a ticket?

where.

CHAPTER XI

ON THE TRACK

The gipsies were sleeping soundly "Here's a go !" said the official. "Come out of this, young 'un, and run home and ask your mother what after their more than usual exertions. Fan edged herself gradually towards a division in the a ticket is !" canvas-wall of the tent, and slid her slender body through the narrow opening; then making for the high road, sped like a deer across the common. Lone, bare, and dark it gipsies. lay, under a sky without a star, and she could only make out the track she ought to follow by keeping her course away from the blackness of the forest. Once upon the high road, she stopped to take breath; and then fled on for a mile without any pause

After that she sat down for a few come out. minutes on a stone and looked around her. The intense darkness of the night had passed away a little, though it yet wanted some hours of the dawn. A few stars had crept out, and her eyes had grown wied to the obsurity. She is and indeed I'll pay you back. I can sing and earn money—I can." "Here, let her go, and I'll pay grown used to the obscurity. She was in an open country, behind which the woods lay now like an She for her.' inky fringe—a country seamed with roads and paths, and faintly dotted with scattered homesteads. On off for London. pefore her the road seemed to grow dark again, overhung with trees.

She shuddered a little at this, though she knew the shadows were her safety; but having regained her breath and her courage, she plunged once more into the dreaded darkness, darting along almost seeing no further than a vard before her feet.

Once, when she heard the voices of men coming to meet her, she crouched behind the trunk of a tree window he could see a pictu till they went past; and when a tranquil comfort in contrast with cart came rumbling by she lay close the region of bare, lonely, wind-against the bank till the danger was swept woodland through which his pursuit. The thought flashed Not that she imagined the way had led him for hours; and, over. people would harm her, but she was determined they should not be able to tell the next morning that they had met a little runaway girl on trast. the road.

Altogether Fan's fleet limbs and rearing did her a good service on that never-forgotten night. They carried her mile after mile with unflagging energy, and when the gipsies wakened and missed her she was a long way ahead of their pursuit.

The dawn broke at last and discovered a pale, scared little face and panting figure, flying and halting, looking back and darting forthen slackening and limping; a dejected, terrified, pathetic expression hanging about the creature from the crown of her little head with its dew-damp locks to the soles of her weary feet. For some time she was the only living thing discovered by the dawn about the neighbourhood, but at last another figure turned out of a by-path, and proceeded in advance of her on the road. Fan stopped short and scrutinized this apparition. It was the figure of a woman, comfortably dressed and walking at a good smart pace. She did not think she need be afraid of this person, seeing that they were going in the same direction; Ireland lay on the map. Ireland lay on the map. "He must be of an industrious turn if he has come so far for work," continued the mistress. "Invite him to have some supper unless indeed the stranger should prove to be a gipsy in disguise. Deciding on what was the safest course, Fan summoned all her remaining strength and shot past and I will see him afterwards." Accordingly a little later Rachel the woman, who noticed and wondered at her headlong speed; Webb stepped into her spotless kitchen, and was at once struck by but when the child had skimmed over about a hundred yards in advance of the other traveller, a stone suddenly pierced her ill-shod the pale, thoughtful face of the young man who rose from his seat by the fire. Mild and staid as were all her looks and movements she was a keen judge of character, and rapidly noted something unusual in the encourage of this quality for foot and obliged her to lean against the bank.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

at the head of his class, but the

trouble was his education had not

progressed far enough. Necessity forced him to go to work, after a

couple of years of High school, at a

you're at it!" Or, again, "You have the makin's of a good leade in you Jimmie." Only they mad

A council of war

period when his mind was like

"I am running away from the insides" said Fan, reassured. "I gipsies," said Fan, reassured. "I don't belong to them, though they said I did. I want to get away where they will never find me." young man's story. "No, madam, only a child; a "I'm sure I hope you may, poor thing, though it's hard to know child who will one day be a make him act like this.'

what's to become of you. There, I'll miss my train, gossiping on the road. If I wasn't in such a hurry, little girl, I'd try and do something woman. " Is she thy sister ?" "No ; but her mother when dying

" Is she thy sister ?" " No; but her mother when dying left her to my care." " And thou hast quitted thy home and thy country to seek for her ?!" " Yes, madam. It is two months since I left our mountain, and I there are lives the result for the second of the s She walked on, driven by the thought of her train and her busi-ness waiting for her at home; but

for many weeks. I have had work it was true, "the brains," had she felt certain satisfaction in observing that the little girl was for many weeks. I have had work here and there for a few days, to been the chief undoing of Jimme following pretty closely on her

earn a little money to bring me along; but I cannot stay long in any place. I must travel the world until I find her." After walking another half-mile at St. Clement's, where his quick, acquisitive mind kept him always they reached a railway station. An early train was about to start, and the woman got her ticket and took her seat. To her surprise Fan fol-lowed her into the carriage and

"Thou dost interest me very much," said Rachel Webb, noting the ring of simple pathos in the seated herself on the bench by young man's voice, and the stern reality of the look of care on his The woman said nothing, but watched her with some wonder and Tickets, please !" said the ticket

face. "Thou hast done well to tell me thy history. I will think over thy case, and meantime thou canst have lodging for the night." sponge, ready to absorb anything that came in its way. And because he had always been such a good boy his mother had given him more collector, looking in at the carriage-Rested and refreshed, Kevin was latitude than had been allowed to her other sons, plodding, sensible haven't got anything. What is sent for next morning to join his a ticket ?" said Fan, opening her empty hands as the man addressed new friend in her garden. "Theu shalt work with me here

as many days as thou wilt, she said, "and while we work we will talk about thy pilgrimage." Kevin fell to work with hearty good will. When Mrs. Webb met

to

O, let me stay !" cried Fan. the eager eyes of her new servant, imploringly, holding by the seat; "I want to get away from the and saw him spring forward meet her slightest suggestion, she thought, "I have got a young Nathaniel; an Israelite in whom there is indeed no guile!" Rachel Webb managed her own Poor thing ! that's her cry,

said the woman. "There's some-thing, I'll be bound. Couldn't you let her go, Mister ?" " Couldn't he done !" said the farm in her peculiar way, allowing the greatest possible number of let her go, Mister ?" "Couldn't be done!" said the official, decidedly. "Don't be afraid, my girl : we'll stow you away somepeople to live and support themselves on the ground that she owned. A thorough lady in all her personality she made herself the friend and companion of those who Time's up; look sharp, and

But Fan stood firm with her hands lived by and served her. "Come in here, Nathaniel," she locked in entreaty. "Let me go !" she said, " and said one day, "I would speak with thee privately. Nay, I know it is not thy name; but bear with me; I

for her," said the woman, suddenly, opening her purse ; though I'm sure mean thee well. Her little sitting-room was the I don't know what's come on me to be so soft like." picture of repose, with its drab ways and settees, its glowing fire ation with the enemies of the Gov-The carriage door banged, the whistle sounded, and the train was and beau-pot of golden chrysanthemums. She sat at her desk, and

Kevin stood before her. "I have been thinking and re membering, and I believe that I have seen thy little girl."

Kevin started; a crimson color dyed his pale face, and left it whiter On a chill January evening, about than before.

nightfall, a weary figure approached the gate of a trim farm-house in the "Oh, madam, you cannot be in earnest!" South of England, and after hesitating for an instant, hand on latch,

It seemed to him in a moment that had she known where Fanchea entered and walked up to the was to be found she ought not to the have taken him in, fed and housed, window he could see a picture of and set him to work, but sent him pursuit. The thought flashed through his mind in half a second, with a sudden thrill and contracbut Rachel saw the blaze of it in his tion, the heart within him appre-ciated the full force of the con-

ways are not thy ways, Nathaniel. The gleam of golden asters and the pale, drenched bloom of pink climbing roses against the gable gave even to the outer walls of the house an air of fostering protectiveness; and the figure visible within between half-drawn curtains, of a fair, placid woman musing by an old-fashioned fireside, hands folded,

and face and figure crossed by loving lights and shadows, seemed loving lights and shadows, seemed to promise an ample fulfilment of the suggestions made by the exter-"I shall tell thee. A short time the suggestions made by the exter-

was concerned. They were not able to controvert him, but they were perfectly able to condemn, and this they did in round terms, until the mother, heart-sick at the first high words among her sons, begged them to desist. It made matters worse that Jimmie laughed

away

ernment.

eyes. "Nay, she said, smiling, ' my

Thou must learn patience, or all thy simplicity and thy truth will not avail thee. Yes, thou hast had a sort of patience in thy determined search; but thine is rather the endurance of passion than the reasonable coolness and meekness which succeeds. But I will try

ago a troop of gipsies encamped in our neighbourhood. I have a dis-

"A young woman?" asked "it's me that's sorry for Mrs. Rachel, while the maids at a table near pricked up their ears and listened with rounded eyes for the a little lad, the smartest boy, they are said to Nora Creedon, who a little lad, the smartest boy, they she said to Nora Creedon, who and in St. Clement's school. What tonight was helping her to wash the came over him at all, I dunno, to supper dishes after Jimmie's departure.

make him act like this." "That's it, ma'am, 'twas the brains that came over him—an' him with the gift of gab aiqual, the Lord save us, to Daniel O'Connell himself! Ah," was Mrs. O'Brien's sage conclusion, "there's many a sage conclusion, "there's many a sage conclusion, "there's many a "He said if you wanted anything you must work as if everything depended upon work, and pray as if

everything depended upon prayer. D'you see what he meant, Mrs. Abram ?" Mrs. Abram shook her "Sure, I'm praying night and day, Nora," she said sadly. "And I know you pray, too, dear." "Yes, of course, but that's it. Abram. He had been a star pupil

We're We're just praying, you see. We're not doing anything-working, you know, like the saint said." "But what could we do?" Mrs.

Abram wanted to know plaintively. "You don't want me to nag at the boy, Nora, and Father Callahan says the scolding will do no good at all. So what's left us but prayer?

fellows who had, one by one, mar-ried and left the home to Mother and Jimmie, secure in the belief that their mother could not be left in better hands. In fact, as the youngest, Jimmie had been the pet night before a strange and rather youngest, Jimmie nad been the pet and pride of them all. They enjoyed his eloquent flow of lan-guage and they were not above applauding sundry of his ravings against "the bloated capitalists." terrible idea had come to her, and to the poor worried mother. She had been slipping in, as was her "Right you are !" they would say to him. Or, "that's the stuff, old timer-give it to 'em good, while you're at it!" Or, again, "You narrow front hall she heard Jimmie's voice in the dining-room. She paused, about to withdraw, as nowadays she was careful to avoid paused, the young radical, when she heard in you, Jimmie." Only they made the mistake of taking Jimmie's

her own name. "Oh, no, don't have Nora," she heard him say. "I'd rather she heard him say. "I'd rather she vaporings to be like those of nine-tenths of the laboring population, wouldn't come in contact with some of these fellows. Good chaps, all right," he added hastily, "but in some ways they're a little queer. who execrate conditions but go comfortably on with their work, since it is the only work they have, and they were far from dreaming that Jimmie would eventually become a leader—but a leader among the radicals! It was a bitter blow to the Abrams family when they heard of Jimmie's actual affilistoutly that she did not mind, it had come to be an accepted thing for her to prepare a lunch on meeting nights. "And, sure, meeting nights. "And, s they're as hungry as hounds, held and the decision reached that Jimmie must be talked to, but it whole pack of them." she often goes without saying that Jimmie, told Nora.

with his ready logic, quick tongue and staggering array of facts and figures, floored his slower brothers "Besides," Nora heard Jimmie in no time. That is to say, he despises the people I associate with floored them as far as argument -and me, too, I suppose, by now.

Vaguely Nora heard Mrs. Abram's and just protest night she said that you were right in some things.

"Of course. Nora's keen enough to see that. Nora slipped out, closing the door

noiselessly, the germ of an idea even that instant giving her a at them in the end, and told them with the frankness that they used to consider so engaging, that certain malicious pleasure. too good for that crowd, am I, Jimmie? Well, I'm glad you still were a set of bone heads who didn't have sense enough to look out for Jimmie? their own interests. "That's all right," his eldest brother retorted. "We may be boneheads, but we'll keep out of have sense enough to see that. They haven't spoiled all your finer instincts. But what would you say, I wonder,"—her lips twisting into

jail, anyhow, and that's more than you'll do if you keep on !" "Oh, that's the way with the proletariat," scornfully. "Always an ironical smile—' if I took up some of your favorite tenets and out-radicled even you?'' The more she thought about it the sacrificing the greater good for

more the idea appealed to Nora. "You have the right," said Kevin; "but I am in pain until you tell me what you mean." "Well, I'm not sure that I know "Well, I'm not sure that I know her life. They had gone to school what a proletariat is," said Martin, grimly, "but if I'm one of 'em, I'm "Bartine deal appeaded to the idea appeaded to the idea appeaded to the She had known Jimmie Abram'all together and Jimmie had always been her friend and defender. The She had known Jimmie Abram all her life. They had gone to school grimly, "but if I'm one of 'em, I'm been her friend and defender. The right here to say that I do more for the greater good than any red radi- the Abrams, and owing to his the Abrams, and owing to his and all of you to understand my

Have you seen Nora lately?" Jimmie asked his mother one night about a month later. Mrs. Abram shook her head sadly

No, I haven't, then." "How come? I thought she kept a motherly eye on you,'

jestingly. "She hasn't been here in a long time. You haven't seen her, I suppose?" Jimmie answered the look she

of course not. Where

girl in the audience at some big meetings who had reminded him of Nora. Though she was in the rear of the hall and he could catch only

she was with. But she did look like her. He kept watching for the It seemed reasonable enough, but Nora had been thinking about the saint's words. "I wish I could do saint's words. "I wish I could do something," she said at last, musingly. "I wish there was some-thing—" She looked at Mrz. Abram doubtfully. For only the with the words of the certainly did hate to see a girl (like that mixing up with the unsavory crowd at the end of the hall. That sort of a girl she wondered if she dare unfold it to the poor worried mother. She he drew in his breath sharply, too he drew in his horrified to be amazed at his own nightly custom, to sit awhile with Mrs. Abram, and as she entered the the time! That was why he had been so bothered, so-so worried !he knew it-he felt it, though he refused to acknowledge the grisly truth. Nora, of all people! Oh, God ! he groaned inwardly, had he

was," said Mrs. Abram with visible reluctance. "That Mr. Kolinsky some ways they're a fittle quett, They think the world of you, Mother, but at that I don't care to have you wait on them." This was have you wait on them." I have you and you were gone, so he stayed talking to Nora. The neighbors tell me that he comes to mit him. see her and that she goes with him to these meetings of dunno," sighing heavily, of yours. I vilv. "for she hasn't been next or near me since the God help us.'

self while his mother was speaking.

go on, "Nora'd probably poison the coffee, on principle. She hates and speakable Kolinsky—how dare he take Nora to those meetingsdare he! I'll see her-I'll tell her a

> had evoked. Then, diplomatically, What's wrong with Mr. Kolinsky Sure, I mind when you used to tell Nora he was the finest man in the world. And you're always together,

the two of you."" "That's different," impatiently. 'He's all right as far as his knowledge of the work is concerned, but he isn't the kind of a man for Nora to be seen with. Why didn't you tell me this long ago ?

His mother turned on him a look of plaintive surprise. "But thought 'twas your doing, Jimmie "Yourself, you used to she said. try to talk Nora over.'

"My doing?" indignantly. "Do you think I'd drag Nora into that crowd-that-that-" He choked a little and then went on more tem-perately. "You don't understand, perately. "You don't understand, Mother. Of course I wanted Nora,

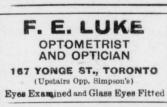


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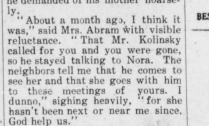
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gave him more than the question.

would I see her ?" "Oh," vaguely, "I didn't know, but her son thought she sighed as she turned away. His eyes she turned away. His eyes narrowed on the slight drooping figure and a queer presentiment shook nlm. Several times in the past couple of weeks he had seen a

fugitive glimpses of her, he knew it couldn't be Nora from the crowd



Jimmie could hardly contain him

"That beast!" he burst out,

thing or two—" "Jimmie !" gasped his mother, honestly alarmed at the storm she

The woman came up with her, and was struck by her forlorn and the appearance of this applicant for labor to do. Kevin felt on the exhausted look, and the gesture of outstretched hands by which Fan instant an emphatic increase of the feeling of trust which her very silently appealed to her.

"Serve you right, you little goose! Nobody but a bird has any "Thou art seeking work ?" said Rachel: " and I hear thou hast come far to look for it." "Yes," said Kevin, "I am looking for work; but, madam I will tell business to fly over the country at such a rate as you've been doing Fan opened her lips to speak, but closed them again and looked up and you the entire truth." "Do so," said Rachel, approv down the road.

wn the road. "What are you afraid of?" asked e woman. "You aint a coward; the woman. leastwise you don't look like one.

ingly. "I have not left my home merely Fan's large eyes were gazing at her wistfully but bravely from under a cloud of dark ruffled hair, to obtain work, for I had plenty at home. My father will miss me; and out of a face which, though pinched and pale, was full of "Pro kindly. "I and eargy and determination. "Are you a gipsy?" asked the child in a voice of desperation. "With pa

Laws! no, my dear. What ever

put such a fancy in your head ?'

ior of her habitation. The sion conveyed in a moment by the woman and her walls decided Kevin, like of the life led by these wander-ing people, but yet I feel an interest in them. They bear scriptural names, and when I hear of their Naewic their Database their Net who proceeded to the back entrance to make his business known.

shadow had inspired him with.

Rachel Webb looked up as one names, and when I near of their Naomis, their Rachels, their Nath-ans, I cannot but feel that they are the lost sheep of a royal fold. But I must not keep thee in suspense. I went to see the wives and mothers her handmaidens opened the door of the sitting-room.

" Please, ma'am, there is a young man outside looking for work, who says he has walked all the way from Ireland."

of this troop, and among them I found a little girl who struck me as in no way belonging to them. She was nursing a baby, and singfrom Ireland." "Nay, Dorothy," said the mis-tress, mildly, "thou must make a mistake. He will have crossed the sea if he comes from that island." "Really, ma'am ?" said Dorothy, who had not the least idea of where ing with a voice of extraordinary sweetness and power.'

TO BE CONTINUED

NORAH FINDS SOME WORK TO DO

By Helen Moriarty in Rosary Magazine " The Lord betune us an' harm !" murmured Mrs. Kennedy in accents of acute distress. "Sure, I never heard the like in all me born days!" "'Deed then, it's truth I'm

""Deed, then, it's truth I'm tellin' you," proclaimed Mrs. O'Brien unctuously. "For all that he used to be such a good man, he hasn't been next or near the church in a month of Sundays, and what's more, herself can't get him to go,

no matter how she scold and beg and drive him. Yeh! yeh! but 'tis the strange world entirely!" "Ah, thin, 'tis no use for her to be scoldin' him," Mrs. Kennedy said wisely. "'Twould be better if she would inst l'age him alone. Sure said

would just l'ave him alone. Sure the Lord will chastise him and the likes of him." "But her conscience, woman dear,

her conscience, and he havin' thim rascals of the I. W. whatever-they-are hangin' around him all the time! It's myself would have at

cal when I support my family and help to look out for my mother !" David Creedon's watch repair shop Jimmie turned pale at this. "I look out for Mother," he pronounced coldly. "You don't need to-" had been Jimmie's, a privilege denied to other boys, execrated for coldly. "You don't need to—" "Not after this you don't! Mother has always lived on honest money. We'll take care of her and great-uncle, and by the time she was twenty-five and Jimmie Abram

money. We'll take way-" you can go your way-" "Oh, no, Martin dear!" Mrs. "Oh, no, Martin dear!" Don't a year older, she was the old jeweler's sole surviving relative. She kept house for him in the neat Abram broke in, weeping. "Don't say that! I can't turn Jimmie

rooms above the store, and helped him sometimes with his customers. But the shop, with its old-fashioned

Well the Abram family was successfully disrupted. In their hearts the older sons did not blame cases and array of cheerfully-tick ing watches, knew Jimmie no more. He had other fish to fry. their mother for sticking to Jimmie, When Jimmie was nineteen he told his mother that when he was but they were not ready to acknowl-

edge this yet. They were angry and sore-hearted, and their humiliatwenty-one he was going to marry Nora, but before two years had passed Jimmie was riding his radical hobby full tilt, and Nora had tion was increased daily by newspaper references to the activity of Jimmie Abram, now openly spoken Jimmie Abram, now openly spoken of as a prominent young radical. They were not, they averred, going to encourage their mother in her mistaken loyalty. If she chose her company. Jimmie told himself that it was just as well, she chose her company. Jimmie told himself that it was just as well, she chose her company. Jimmie told himself that it was just as well, she chose her company. Jimmie told himself that it was just as well, she chose her company. Jimmie told himself that it was just as well, for the present, for though he was still fond of Nora—oh yes!—he realized that there were far more important things in the world than getting married. That so many of the important things appeared to be set for him to do caused him occasional fits of depression. Of course, a man had to make sacrifices for the "cause," but it was highly unfortunate that his own family, and Nora as well, should have such narrow-minded ideas. At first Nora had appeared to understand and Jimmie Abram, now openly spoken

had appeared to understand and

as prompt and paratable as always, and his welcome as sincere as in the happy days when he used to come running gayly in from school. Indeed, the only relief she experi-enced was when he was at home, which was the chief reason why she sympathize with his so wonderful plan to emancipate the laboring class, but . . . oh, well, he could get along without them all,

if that was what they wanted ! fora, wiping the last dish carenever said a word no matter what strange companions he brought with him. Regard them with dread fully, and casting her mind back over the past few years, took a

but I have another purpose." "Proceed," said Mrs. Webb, kindly. "I am in search of one I love dearly," continued Keyin, flushing with painful earnestness, "who has been stolen away from home: who may possibly be in England—"" her listener, adding more soberly, her listener, adding more sober ly, her listener, adding more sober ly, her listener, a

over the past lew years, sudden decision. "Listen, Mrs. Abram," she said, tensely, "I think there is something I can do. There's just a bare chance—and it might cure Jimmie —he is worth saving—" all this mather incoherently, "though he she rather incoherently, "though he rascal, d her hasn't sense enough to see that he had.

friendship for Nora the freedom of David Creedon's watch repair shop Jimmie was obliged to stop, be

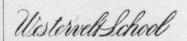
denied to other boys, execrated for their "mischievousness" and law-less propensities. He was Nora's great-uncle, and by the time she was twenty for and the time she the time was obliged to stop, be-cause in this new confusion that possessed him he did not know exactly what he did want, and his mother took the opportunity

exactly what he did want, and his mother took the opportunity to break in timidly : "Of course, I was sorry the child got mad at me, for I won't deceive you, Jimmie. I thought it my duty to give her a bit of advice hke, but till and all L couldn't halp fealing still and all I couldn't help feeling glad for your sake. Sure, there's nothing between ye now-" She looked at him placatingly.

Jimmie regarded his mother with horror, finding the insinuation that now Nora thought as he did as dust and ashes in his mouth. What was wrong with him, anyhow ? he asked himself with angry vehemence. As his mother had pointed out, he had indeed in the early days often tried earnestly if vainly to "talk h over," but he knew now he " talk Nora Nora never expected to succeed. had spurned him and his principles, and had told him in a few grave words what she thought of his defection from his Church. heart he acknowledged th In his that was right and proper and only what he could look for from a girl like Nora. She was different, of course —a gentle, pure, remote being who could no more understand the curi-ously mixed motives of the men and women of his society than could an angel out of heaven. He himself was often revolted and disgusted but at such times he had only to remind himself that it was ignor-ance which had stunted the moral ance which had stuffed the moral growth of these people—ignorance and poverty, to which they were knowingly consigned by the powers against which he and they were now waging bitter war. Not all were ignorant, of course. Kolinsky was

a man of brilliant parts, Jimmie' own guide and counsellor and friend —until now ! He choked with rage as he thought of him, the smooth rascal, deluding poor little Nora as No. Jimmie was

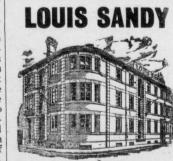
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