

# SISTERS THREE

(Continued from Saturday)

Why she had chosen to tell this tragic story to her Audrey did not know. Possibly her own proffer of friendship had forced it from her; or perhaps—as sometimes happens—she craved for once to speak upon a theme upon which her lips must for the most part be sealed. In those few minutes of self-revelation a great stride towards intimacy had been made.

Andrey came and knelt before her, clasping both the gloved hands.

"You could not help it. And perhaps Mr. Lebreton thought he did right. Men say that our ideas of justice are very lax."

"There are always two sides to every question; and Jim had a fair trial—he said so himself. I suppose, poor boy, he did it; but if only he had come to me! I would have sold the rown off my back to save the thing that followed. And do you wonder why I tell you this? Then I will explain, for I have a reason, and I know that if I could not speak at this first interview it would never be spoken."

"I have a son—you have seen him. In many ways he is like his father, but he is my boy too. He is all I have. His life here is fostering it. I do not blame our friends and neighbors. I do not see how it could be otherwise, and says must have in measure, the iniquities of their fathers. After the trial and sentence of Jim we were cut by the neighborhood. Gaston was away. He had nothing to do with it. He only came back because his father was seriously ill. I would otherwise have kept him away much longer; but having come back, he stayed. The property is his. His place is here—that I cannot deny but the life makes him hard. He is looked as close as his father's son. Doctor Kingscote is our friend—he and his wife; but a young man does

not have much in common with an old clergyman. Other men hold aloof, and it has turned him bitter. Now do you see what I am coming to? Mr. Richard would not speak to my husband again after that thing had happened. He and the old General had been cronies for long; and the General had shut himself up on his reel, and even his friends could not get access to him. But you girls are Veres, and Audrey Vere was a friend of my husband's; and when I heard that his girls were coming here—well, was it strange that I should hope that Sunset Craig might be an open house for my boy and his mother? Gaston never had a sister, and women, I am glad to say—glad in one sense of the word, that is—have played small part in his life. But now—"

Andrey could not help smiling.

"Already he and my sister Gipsy have had a fine quarrel. Is that a propitious beginning?"

"They both smiled, the younger and the elder, woman."

"Sometimes a little aversion, they say, makes the basis for subsequent friendship. Audrey Vere, you remind me of your father without his impetuous irresponsibility, of your mother without her dreamy impracticability. Andrey, will you help me to try to make my son and you girls companions and friends? It would be so good for him, and perhaps not entirely unpleasant for you."

Andrey paused, thoughtful, half smiling, yet not entirely in agreement.

"Dear Mrs. Lebreton, you must give me time. There is so much to think of. Will it be enough for to-day that we have made friends and understand one another? Later on, let us talk again about your son, when we have been here longer and know more about the place and about him."

Chapter XI.

"You can do exactly as you like



**Grapes**  
green or ripe, in jelly, speed conserves, or simply preserved in light syrup, make a delicious and inexpensive addition to your winter supplies.

## Lantic Sugar

because of its purity and FINE granulation, is best for all preserving.

2 and 5-lb Cartons  
10 and 20-lb Bags

"The All-Purpose Sugar"

PRESERVING LABELS FREE  
5¢ gummed and printed labels for a red ball trade-mark. Send to Atlantic Sugar Refineries, Ltd., Power Bldg., Montreal 69

about it, Audrey. Thank goodness, we grew up always ready to agree to differ! But I'm not going to have anything to do with the Lebretons—Madame or Gaston or any of the crew if there are any more. I'm like Uncle Richard. I loath them root and branch! And I can't play a kind of humbugging game of politeness when I feel like that. So I shall have nothing to do with either of them, and that's all I've got to say about the matter."

The sisters were at their simple evening meal, which partook of the character of high tea. They did not see much of each other during the day, but this was their special hour when each related all that she wished of the day's doings, and Audrey had performed to tell of the visit which Madame Lebreton had paid to her on this same afternoon.

Gipsy had come in hot and flushed, and had grown hotter still on finding cards of Gaston Lebreton left by his mother upon the table in the hall. Flouncing in upon Audrey in her indignation and amazement she had heard of the visit of the mother and was not a little displeased.

Naturally Audrey had given a very much curtailed account of the interview, but she had quietly asserted her resolution to return the call and to accept an invitation from Mrs. Lebreton, should one follow in the natural course of events.

"Family feuds do not fill me with the enthusiasm which they awaken in you, my dear. Madame, as they call her, is entirely on our side with regard to the right of way, and made for her son what may be termed quite a handsome apology."

still bent upon thwarting them if he could. Nobody but a cad and a coward would behave so where women were concerned. She wanted to flout him and defy him and cut him openly and in the most marked way every time they might meet in public.

But if Audrey and Mrs. Lebreton were on calling terms, were by way of being friendly, how awkward this would be. Gipsy slept rather restlessly that night, turning the matter over in her mind and finding it haunt her dreams. So that, when the morning light grew broad and bright, she decided to rise and take a morning swim out in the bay. It was rather early in the year, to be sure, but Gipsy was hardy and healthy and strong. Slipping into her bathing-dress and wrapping her warm bath-towel about her, and thrusting her feet into strong tennis-shoes, she was soon clambering down the steep path to the rocky shelf, from which a splendid plunge could be taken, and with a gasp and a thrill of delight she felt the cold green water closing over her.

Down she went and up she came, shaking her short curls backwards and still gasping a little from the plunge. But it was glorious. The water did not feel really so cold after she had been swimming for a minute or two, and the buoyant motion was exhilarating to a degree. The blood coursed warmly in her veins again; the water seemed to caress her and to hold her up in its strong clasp. It was some time before it occurred to Gipsy to look back, and then she was astonished at the distance she had swum—she was more than half way across the bay!

Then she realized what it was. There was a drift east to west—a drift so strong that she realised how impossible it would be for her to swim back against the strong current. There was only one thing to be done. She must swim right across the bay now. That would be easy. And she must scramble into the boat she saw on a little pebbly beach there and row herself back. That would be easy and would keep her warm, and the boat could be returned by young Pennyquik before it was missed.

The current helped her, and the girl was a strong, fearless swimmer. She only wanted one rest upon her back and then she could do it easily. She floated at ease for a while, smiling into the smiling heavens above. Then a sound brought her round again, and, behold, the boat she had seen on the strand was coming quickly towards her, and in it was a girl—a girl with big shining

dark eyes and a mass of splendid black hair which fell almost to her knees!

"I came so dapper as I could!" said the girl. "I saw 'ee before I'd gotten my things on! Be 'ee cruel tired? Naw, but that's a rare swim as you've took! Let me help 'ee into the boat and row 'ee back. There's father gurt coat for 'ee to put over you!"

Gipsy, laughing, scrambled into the boat, not altogether sorry for this timely aid. She was tired, but not exhausted; and an adventure of any sort was dear to her heart.

"How extremely kind of you to come out to me! But where did you come from? I was making for the boat, and I never saw any house on that little strip of beach."

Then the girl, in her soft West-County drawl, with its intermixture of queer-sounding words that Gipsy was only just beginning to understand, told her how she and her father lived not in any house but in a cave, the mouth of which yawned black in the face of the rocks.


And on Gipsy, the girl launched into a wild tale of how her father—who was called in the place "Gaffer Gull," and had forgotten whether he had any name besides—had lived, as his fathers before him, upon Lebreton land for generations, and as how that the old cottage fell to ruin and Mr. Lebreton refused to build it up, as he was building better cottages farther back from the sea. But they had always lived close to the sea and by themselves. They did not want a cottage and a garden and neighbours poking and spying! They would not shift; at last the place was pulled about their ears by Mr. Lebreton's orders; and then they shifted across in their boat to the cave. General Kildare had done all he could for them there. It was a good place to live in, the girl said, and the General gave them milk and vegetables, and bought their fish, and was their friend and protector. But the change had killed her mother, and the girl condemned the whose house eager care, vastly excited by the wild and incoherent tale.

It was not really ended when the boat touched their own rocks, and with words of warm thanks she sprang ashore.

"What is your name? You have been a friend in need!"

"I'm called Morwenna—Morwenna Gull."

(To be Continued)



**DIRECT FROM THE BREWERY**

We will deliver to your residence promptly from our stock at Hamilton.

Send orders to us at Montreal.

**\$1.70 a case (2 doz.) reputed pints.**  
**\$2.50 a case (2 doz.) reputed quarts.**

and express charges from Hamilton.

\$1.00 a case additional, with first order to cover cost of case and bottles.

**It will pay you to order two cases, as express charges are only slightly higher than on one.**

**GEO. SORGIUS, 35 Rivard Street, Montreal**

Promoted to the rank of major on the field is the honor that has been conferred upon Capt. T. Harry Nellie of London.

An unusual case of recovery from tetanus is reported by the London Medical Officer of Health, an Italian boy being the patient.

John Fraser, the auditor-general, will leave for England shortly in order to straighten out accounts in connection with military expenditure.

The 111th (South Wellington) Battalion left London yesterday for an eastern point.

**Why Not Paint Now?**

Fall is ideal for painting. The sun is not strong enough to blister fresh paint; then there is an absence of small flies and other insects, and the weather is cool enough to make painting a pleasure.

**Moore's House Colors**

Is a guaranteed ready mixed paint, made of lead, zinc, and oil compounded to give the best results. Colors always true to sample card. One gallon will cover three hundred and sixty square feet, two coats.



76 Dalhousie St. Temple Building  
Successor to Howie & Feely

**Temperance Beverages**

Radian Water, Cronmiller's Ginger Ale, Schwepp's Ginger Ale, Lime Juice, Unfermented Grape Juice, Carling's Ale, Porter and Lager.

**J. S. Hamilton & Co.**  
44 - 46 DALHOUSIE STREET, BRANTFORD



**New Prices August 1, 1916**

The following prices for Ford cars will be effective on and after August 1st, 1916.

Chassis . . . . .	\$450.00
Runabout . . . . .	475.00
Touring Car . . . . .	495.00
Coupelet . . . . .	695.00
Town Car . . . . .	780.00
Sedan . . . . .	890.00

f. o. b. Ford, Ontario

These prices are positively guaranteed against any reduction before August 1st, 1916, but there is no guarantee against an advance in price at any time.

**C. J. MITCHELL**  
55 DARLING STREET

**SUBSCRIPTION PRICES of BRANTFORD NEWSPAPERS TO BE ADVANCED**

Commencing October 1st. next, the subscription rates of the Brantford Daily Courier and the Brantford Daily Expositor will be advanced as follows:

Single Copies . . . . .	2 cents
Delivered in Brantford . . . . .	35c per month (\$4.00 per annum in advance)
By Mail to Outside Points . . . . .	\$3.00 per annum

These increases have been necessitated by the tremendous advance in the cost of white paper, labor, metal, and in all other commodities incidental to the production of a newspaper. For over 25 years the subscription prices of the two Brantford papers have remained unchanged, while during that period the price of most other things have doubled and quadrupled. During recent years The Courier and Expositor have actually been sold to the agents and boys, and to the subscriber, when delivery charges are added, for less than the cost of the white paper alone, to say nothing of the hundred and one other charges of which each copy should bear a share. Recently the situation has become so serious that the above advances, commencing October 1st, have become imperative.

**Even Advanced Rate is Low by Comparison**

Even these advanced rates are much lower than those charged by the papers in London, Belleville, Guelph and many other Canadian cities and many publications which for years have charged the prices the Brantford papers now propose, have announced advances considerably beyond these figures during the last few months.

Subscribers may renew their subscriptions for a period not longer than one year at the present rates, if payment is made before October 1st, but no renewals will be accepted at the old rate after October 1st.

(Signed)

**The Brantford Courier**  
**The Brantford Expositor**

**12**

BO  
ye  
wi  
BU

**Nomin**  
Cou

The Da  
Nominat


I nominate . . . . .  
Address . . . . .  
Phone . . . . .  
Signed . . . . .  
Address . . . . .

Only the  
Candidate Wi

**High**

Th  
mo  
Th  
pro  
If

Will be



TWO—  
Dist

**The**

**REM**

ELB  
CLOS

**Open Ev**