## THE COURIER. BRANTFORD, CANADA, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1916.



(Continued from Saturday) Why she had chosen to tell this old clergyman. Other men hold aloof, tragic story to her Audrey did not and it has turned him bitter. Now 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 minitize of soli resolution minutes of self-revelation a great and even his friends could not get stride towards intimacy had been access to him. But you girls are Veres, and Audrey Vere was a friend made.

clasping both the gloved hands. "You could not help it. And per-haps Mr. Lebreton thought he lid hope that Sunset Craig might be an hope that Sunset Craig might be an

right. Men say that our ideas of jus-

"There are always two sides to every question; and Jim had a fair trial—he said so himself. I suppose, noor how he did its himself. I suppose, poor boy, he did it; but if only he had come to me! I would have sold

the gown 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 knew that if I cauld not speak it at this first interview it would never be snoken "

say, makes the basis for subsequent be spoken.

"I have a son-you have seen him. friendship. Audrey Vere, you remind In many ways he is like his father, but he is my boy too. He is all I have. petuous irresponsibility, of your mother without her dreamy imprac The hard Lebreton strain is in him, mother without her dreamy imprac-and his life here is fostering it. I ticability. Audrey, will you help me do not blame our friends and neigh-bors. I do not see how it could be otherwise, and sons must hear, in measure, the iniquities of their fath-ers. After the trial and action the rest. ers. After the trial and sentence of smiling, yet not entirely in agreehood. Gaston was away. ment. He had

nothing to do with it. He only came give me time. There is so much to back because his father was seriously ill. I would otherwise have kept him that we have made friends and unaway much longer; but having conie back, he stayed. The property is his His place is here—that I cannot deny but the dife mater have been here bout your son, when but the life makes him hard. He we have been here longer and know is looked askance as his father's son, Doctor Kingscote is our friend he Chapter XI.

and his wife; but a young man does "You can do exactly as you like



not have much in common with an syrup, make a delicious and inexpensive addition to your winter supplies. Andrey came and knelt before her, Andrey came and knelt before her, both the gloved hands

Lantic open house for my boy and his mother? Gaston never had a sister, and Sugar Audrey could not help smiling.

"Already he and my sister Gipsy because of its purity and FINE granulation, is best for all preserving.

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about it, Audrey. Thank goodness we grew up always ready to agree to "Dear Mrs. Lebreton, you must differ! But I'm not going to have any-

Grapes

green or ripe, in

jelly, spiced con-

serves, or simply preserved in light

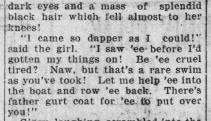
thing to do with the Lebretonsthink of. Will it be enough for to-day Madame or Gaston or any of the crew if there are any more. I'm like uncle Richard. I loath them root and branch! And I can't play a kind of humbugging game of politeness when I feel like that. So I shall have nothing to do with either of them. and that's all I've got to say about he matter.

The sisters were at their simple vening meal, which partook of the character of high tea. They did not see much of each other during the day, but this was their social hour when each related all that she wish-ed of the day's doings, and Audrey had perforce to tell of the visit which Madame Lebreton had paid to her on this same afternoon. Gipsy had come in hot and flush-ed, 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 displeas-

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



Gipsy, laughing, scrambled into the boat, not altogether sorry for this timely aid. She was tired, but not exhausted; and an advenutre of any ort 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. Led on by 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 far-

ther 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. Lebre ton's orders; and then they shifted across in their boat to the cave General Kildare had done all h ould for them there. It was a good lace to live in, the girl said, and the eneral gave them milk and vege ables, and bought their fish, and wa

their friend and protector. But th change had killed her mother, and the girl condemned the whose house of Lebreton, Gipsy listening with eager ears, vastly excited by the wild and incoherent tale. It was not really ended when the boat touched their own rocks, with words of warm thanks she

Promoted to the rank of major on tetanus is reported by the London order to straighten out account the field is the honor that has been Medical Officer of Health, an Italian connection with military e nrang ashore. 'What is your name? You have n a friend in need!" "I'm called Morwenna-Morwenna conferred upon Capt. T. Harry Nelley boy being the patient.

An unusual case of recovery from will leave for England shortly in an eastern point. (To be Continued)

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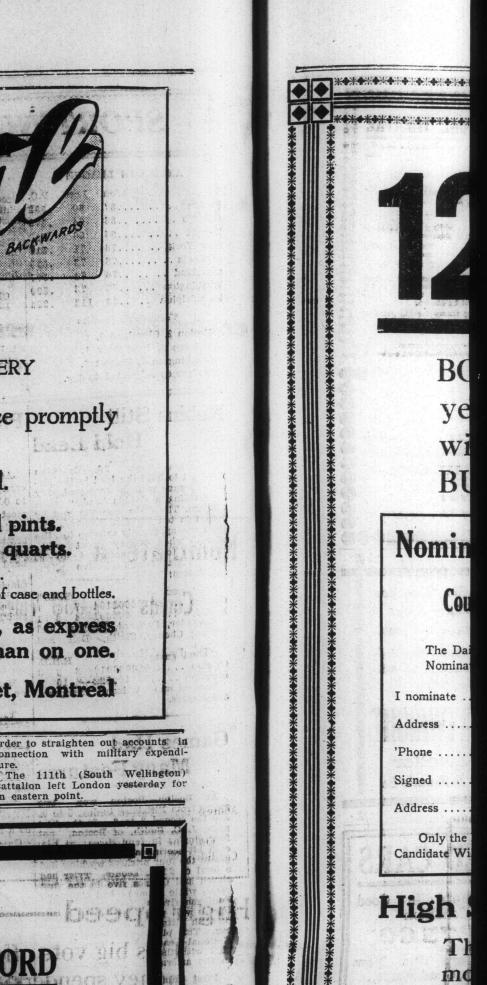
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EIGHT



regard to the right of way, and made for her son what may be handsome apology still bent upon thwarting them if he could. Nobody but a cad and coward would behave so where wo-nen were concerned. She wanted to flout him and defy him and cut him penly and in the most marked way very time they might meet in pub-But if Audrey and Mrs. Lebreton ere on calling terms, were by way f being friendly, how awkward this would be. Gipsy slept rather rest-lessly that night, turning the matter lessivit the mind and finding it 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 bathgown 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 minute oursed warmly in her veins again; he 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 the 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 easy and would keep her warm, and the boat could be returned by oung Pennyquick before it was miss The current helped her, and the sirl 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 miling into the smiling heavens above. Then a sound brought he ound again, and, behold, the boat she had seen on the strand was com-ing quickly towards her, and in it was a girl-a girl with big shining

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(Signed) The Brantford Courier The Brantford Expositor