

tics for him. Like a little girl, May Percy climbed on his knee, put her arms about his neck and her cheek against his. "Not for anything, dad,"

she whispered. John Wilmerding looked on and wished himself a thousand miles away. The father began to talk once more, piteously, beseechingly, mournfully. "It's my honor, little sweetheart, you

see. The Percy honor-think of that I pledged Siz Elmer my word that you should marry John. The happy union of you two children was to be the fruit of our lifelong frendship. We pledged ourselves to it and even drew up an agreement. When you were girl and boy you were sweethearts, and then you bots promised us that you would merry Don't you commenter that you both promised us that you would marry. Don't you remember that, May?" (海村)法主义,为为

"Yes, dad, yes," she said.

He whited, silent, for some time, Then he began hesitatingly: "If-if, there is any, other, girlie. If-

if you are in love with another and he is a gentleman of good stock and fortune, I will not come between you. I would even give up my cherished plans of a lifetime to see you married happi-

of a inferime to see you married maps. Iy to a brave gentleman. Are you now in love with any one else?". She sat up suddenly on his knee and looked at him with her eyes very wide. "Why, too, father. Whom could I love? Cantak Thorncliffe will marry "Why, no, father. Whom could I "Why, no, father. Whom could I love? Captain Thorneliffe will marry said the first speaker, in tones that im-Ethel, Sir Harvey Johnston simpers, James Bate is a priz. There are no other gentlemen in the neighborhood."

"Right won are, dearie; every time. You say, yourself, there are no other, sentiemen here. Certainly, I know of none eligible. Why, now, sweetheart, can't you marry John? Make him hap-py. Let me keep my word to my dead wide ding acres. Sir John still showed his irritation, though he tried bravely to talk to Sir Henry as if undisturbed. friend. Preserve the Percy honor. That "All Frenchmen are sad flirts, are will be happy besides."

With a suspicionsly husky gulp the old man turned to John Wilmerding. "You young fool," he exclaimed

fiercely, "talk for your own happiness. I've done enough for you." - t. Then, sitting on her father's knee, with her arms about his neck, May Percy listened to the avowal of the childhood fover; whom she had repulsed a dozen times. He made it with all the stilted stiffness of a frightened, stepper!? he exclaimed flercely. had finished, the girl buried her head on her father's shoulder. "Yes, dad, I'll do it for you," she

whispered. And the only betrothal kiss was Sir Henry's.

At last she spoke and the tone was rnfully. It was new tac were silent-that is, all but Capta Thorncliffe. Had Mistress Courtleigh proposed the devil, the captain would troubled, uncertain, questioning. "I fried, yet I could not escape you I have got past all our gailants easily. have fought before another should I don't understand." Then evidently the dancing master serve. Now he spoke simply: "Where is Dubarre?" forgot himself. He bent toward ber.

"Where is Dubarrer" "Polishing his pumps in the house, most probably, captain." Sir Henry could not better conceal his anger at his daughter's ill timed suggestion. eager, earnest to explain. "Mademoiselle but slipped a little. My good fortune caught her. Mistress Percy is handicapped always, for no 'Mistress Percy reddened ever so man can stay long away." slightly. "I'll go fetch him," she an-swered quickly and took two steps to-The glance that flashed about the circle showed amazement then. ward the house, then paused. "Eff, come with me." And the two girls Sir Henry Percy, already black as midnight, grew ponderous in his rage. went hand in hand along the narrow "Come, come, children," he bellowed.

when he made her dance the minuet.

at Sir John. It: was too good an op-portunity to let pass. Sir Harvey Johnston opened the play.-"Mistress Percy picked a strange

one," he simpered.

James Bate, the exquisite, glanced at his own well turned legs. "A good dancer should catch any girl." "Perhaps he will beat Sir John," remarked Elizabeth Hampton innocently. Then Alice Harmon's enthusiasm

plied a doubt of it.

Dorothy Stanfield tossed her head ther gentlemen in the neighborhood." Sir Henry gave a satisfied grunt. If I were a man I'd fear him for a rival." 'Rumor had it that Mistress Stanfield kept an anxious eye on the

will save your old dad's heart, and you they not?" inquired Elizabeth Hampton, apparently athirst for informatio 'Mistress Stanfield answered her. "For shame, Bess! Why, he's only French

enough to be fascinating. He talks English like an Englishman, Don't you think so, Sir John?" Before the lover could reply Sir Hen-ry Percy's spleen put his discretion

clean to flight. "Sir John could scarce b

And when they all looked up the jig And when they all looked up the Mg stepper, with the girls beside him, was at hand. The faces of two told that they had heard. The Frenchman's well trained countenaice seldom spoke but purpose." on orders, from within. Now it was

was Sir Henry's. "The agreement gives me two years, and I intend to have every day of it," ahe said, and to that the men were, bound to agree. When she started to go, Sir John tried to kiss her. But he fell back quickly, for she had snatched of it.

"What can I do?" asked May Percy

The blind man came back to light. He stood in the midst of them all smill ing slightly and holding the bandage in tone hand. I May Percy was beside him. The others, stood about, but these two seemed in some way to be off to themselves, apart from the the stood at the store way to be off to themselves, apart from the the store hand. I man the store way to be the store hand. I man the store way to be the store hand. I man the store way to be the store hand. I man the store way to be the store themselves, apart from the the store way to be the store hand. I man the store way to be the store hand. I man the store way to be the store hand. I man the store way to be the store hand. I man the store way to be the store hand. I man the store way to be the store hand. I man the store way to be the store hand. I man the store way to be the store hand. I man the store way to be the store hand. I man the store way to be the store "With Pierre and his harp," the man broke in delightedly. He ran to the path and called over toward the lodge, "Pierre! Pierre!" then came back to the girl beside the tree. "Have you taught many ladies of France the minuet, monsieur?" she asked as they waited for Pierre. "I fear that none can now be taught, mademoiselle."

ou give pain that great joy may toi-

oiselle." She drew up coldly. "Which mea of course, they all know. We English girls are perhaps more backward. We learn more of housewifery, less of jun-ketings and furbelows."

After that there was slience until Pierre appeared. "A minuet, Pierre." The dancing Pierre appeared. "A minuet, Pierre." The dancing master spoke in his most professional tone. The music began, and they took As their hands met in the dance:

"And does the house- Oh, what do you call it?" asked Dubarre." At the words Jacques Fourney looked quickly at the speaker. For a mo you call it?" asked Dubarre. "Housewifery?" prompted the girl. "Yes, that's it. Does that give the grand air, mademoiselle?" he question-ed, most innocently. "Does flattery come within your provment their eyes met. Then Fourney's glance fell. "The very thing!" exclaimed Sir Henry Percy.

"Yes, a good plan-all together," nce, M. Dubarre?" she answered. echoed Sir John. Twas brave of you." Mistress Percy turned to Dubarre.

"Even a poor dancing master can be brave for the truth, mademoiselle." There was no reply for that. "You said your countrywomen do not care for the minuet. Why is it?" she asked after a pause. His face lighted. "Because their

hearts pump warm blood, mademoi-selle, not freezing water that bolls only from anger. For such, the minuet, out for women of heart, the dance."

er Dubarre. "The dance?" She stopped and look-ed the question. "One we English would like? What is the dance?" The time; the scene, the maid had all combined to make the Frenchman reckess. The poetry of his French nature Alice, on my father's right." Then she "It is a world's music throbbing in motioned for Sir John to sit at her own one's feet-this dance! Ah, mademoiright hand. "Dorothy-Sir Henry-

selle, to a man"— "He paused. "Yes, to a man"— she repeated slowly. Elizabeth." "I'm sorry the bishop is not here to "It is sometimes to carry heaven in ask the blessing," quoth Sir Henry. "You should have brought him, Sir his arms until his very heart sings in its joy."

"Carry heaven in his arms, monsieur?"

"I mean the valse, mademoiselle. Would you valse?" His eagerness was overwhelming. To her cheeks there came the quick/

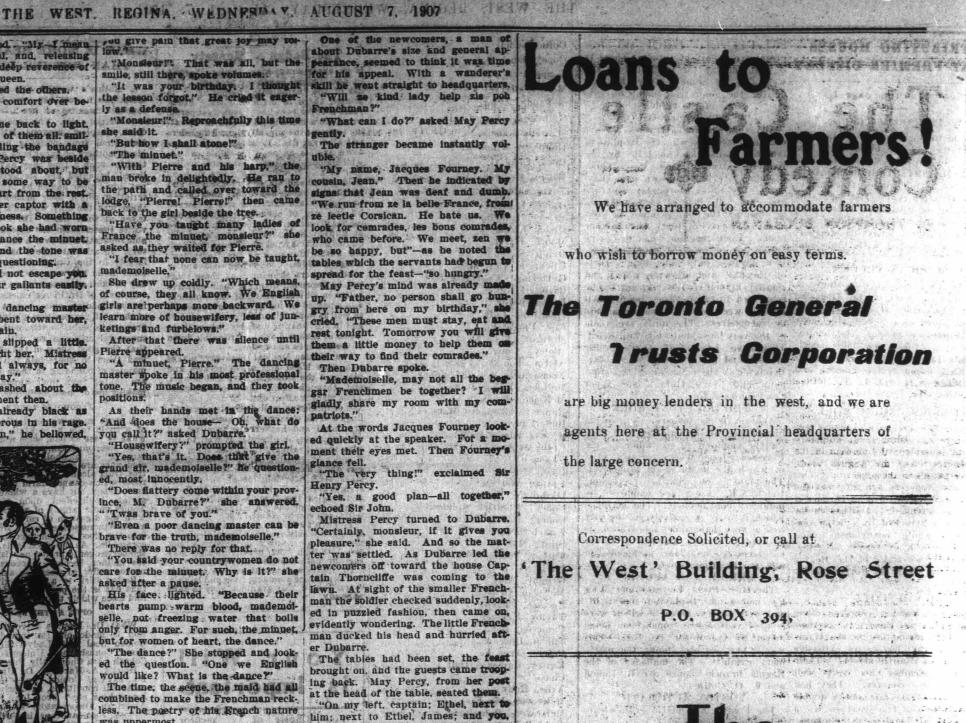
begail. Seated on the bench behind the big tree, a dozen feet away and almost out of sight, Pierre, at the harp. made music for the diners. Dubarre had gone to show the strangers his

monsieur." "Pierre, a valse!" he cried. Then Dubarre stepped close and put his arm about her. "With all respect, mademoiselle." She yielded, and they began waltzroom. Such feasts were not for gade dancing teachers.

rendered, and there came that time when tongues were loosed in praise of host and hostess. Captain Thornelife

ing slowly. Now Dubarre spoke. "One, two, three one, two, three. Ah, mademol-selle, 'tis the poetry of fife clothed in had been descanting on the virtues and might of the Percys. Why, even the French have a caught May Pércy. He was looking at the joy of motion. Can you not feel, the bandage in his hand and smilling the joy of motion. Can you not feel, for thus 'gafast each other hearts talk, throb to throb?" Selection of the selec Percy!" he exclaimed as a climax.

army," added the enthusiastic captain. show signs of une



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ask the blessing," quoth Sir Henty, "You should have brought him, Sir Harvey." "His grace's gout prevented," an-swered Sir Harvey Johnston, "but he hopes to be over in a day or two." Now all were in place, and the feast began Seated on the bench behind Agency

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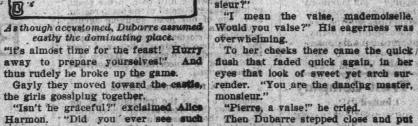
pers." The captain fi the and shrug. Not so "Atrocious! Audaciou puld nothing be done? exclamations of sc t home Englishmen, h ult put upon their The captain listened.

ling: "Yes, in the mo hat he had taken adva spitality,' Vicomte de man who once held a Spi half a day against a reg to fight any officer in the with sabers for the amu two hosts and the Eng ters papers as the prize." "Did any one accept ercy eagerly. "The general would no er to commit suicide," nding. "Suicide?" questioned urprised. "Exactly," answered Th man in fair fight can French Percy." "Captain Thorncliffe friendly toward the rene ed Sir Harvey Johnston "And sure of his prow James Bate. ames Bate. The captain's reputatio

bravery was too well fou "Naturally," he laughed lieutenant." Then Mistress Courtleigh

very big. "He beat you, exclaimed. "Easily. I had called to outpost not to shoot, beca to take the daring fello self. 'Thanks, monsieur,' cept your life and a small Then he cut me o on my horse and rode storm of bullets, calling 'Vive l'empereur!" Natur his debt." "Audacious scoundrel!" Henry, then added, "But old Jack Percy, over again "But is my cousin l tioned May Percy. "They say so, without h "And married?" she per The captain laughed aga he despises women. They "Well, for my part," s Bate, "I don't admire ren "Nor I like spies,"

Harvey Johnston. Sir John Wilmerding bit excited. "Nor I, eith "The low thief!" Then viciously, "I'd love to hav sword's point, this French At that Gaston Dubar seated on the be



Harmon. "Did you ever see such quickness, catching May?" Ethel Courtleigh laughed. "Tut,

child! Didn't you see him peeping?" "For my part." observed Elizabeth Hampton, "I believe she slipped on

was uppermost.

"it's almost time for the feast! Hurry away to prepare yourselves!" And flush that faded quick again, in her

the girls gossiping together. "Isn't 'he graceful?" exclaimed Alice

Dubarre still stood where he had 's

up Sir Henry's riding crop and bran dished it in his face. "When you are my husband my lips

will be yours-possibly," she said, and strode out with her head very high. Sir John could only curse under his breath, while Sir Henry roared at the

Percy spirit. "She's a girl worth having. my boy, and well announce it at the birthday party, that you may be sure of the prize.

In the great hall Mistress Percy met her friend Ethel Courtleigh, still flush-

ed from, dancing. "Why, were you not at the lesson, May? M. Dubarre was teaching a new dance. He says we must both practice it this afternoon." "I don't intend to practice. There's no use in, it, and I'm tired," answered

May Percy crossly.

"A stupid game!" He ierked the bandage from his eyes and threw it on the ground. "I won't he a donkey for you all," he added in disgust, which only gave the smiling Mistress Courtleigh opportunity to murmur, "If

one could always choose!" It was May Percy's birthday party, and the game of blind man's buff had come to a sudden end. They were playing out on the big lawn beside the castle. That lawn, a green, clear spot tucked away in a mile of thick studded forest trees, was just large enough for the ancient turreted structure in one cor-ner, with the five acres of roses to the right of it, and the small, green velvet playground beyond. Representatives of all the neighboring families were there-Alice Harmon, Elizabeth Hampton and Dorothy Stanfield, with Sir John, Captain Thorncliffe, Sir Harvey Johnston; the rich baronet "who simpered," and James Bate, the exquisite down from town, who had a most ex-

cellent figure to display his clothes. In the game Sir John caught Mistress Courtleigh, then misnamed her Percy and quickly lost temper at the laugh upon his love so easily displayed. "Sir John is such an arch flatterer,"

Mistress Courtleigh had observed slyly as she slipped from his arms, and that precipitated the storm. Choking with anger, he faced them,

Choking with anger, he faced them, while for a moment wonder kept the rest dumb. Sir Henry, who had come out, essayed it, but only Mistress Percy you."

Sir John'is tired I don't blame him for stopping. I would not have any gen-position." He was too angry to be tieman weary himself against his for my pleasure. We'll find another for the bandage. Gentlemen, volun-teers aten for the bandage.

teers-step forward." She paused for a reply. The men "Such modesty I have never seen."

There was sarcasm in her tone now. "Let us. find one ourselves, then, May," suggested Ethel Courtleigh. The giris looked at each other for a mo-ment then hoth nodded. girls looked at each other for a mo-ment, then both nodded.

"M. Dubarra?" "The very one." Ethel Courtleigh's

"No, no!" they cried. "Valse, then?" "Never, never." "Polka?" with shrug. persuasively, "The stately minuet?" They laughed at him. He threw up his hands in "What, then, can the poor dancing master do? What is it that you want?" The question was to all. The look for May Percy alone. "Blind man's buff." she said. "Well, to the victim the bandage." And with his usual nonchalance placed himself obediently in the hands of Captain Thorncliffe and Mistree Courtleigh, the arch persecutors. "Is it tight enough?" asked Mistress Courtleigh. "Close as your image to my heart, OR quite a minute all looked at Sir John Wilmerding in well bred astonishment fair lady," he answered gallantly.

Sir John Wilmerding in well tain did his best. bred astonishment. James Bate's pro-British must out. "Frenchmen work well in the dark." "They must, to ferret English plots," came the quick answer.

"A nation of runners," simpered Sir Harvey Johnston. "Trained by chasing the world's ar-

mies." Then they spun Dubarre off into

darkness. Now he went groping about, this way and that, all the while com-plaining aloud of the high English courtesy that made them stand aside for the humble dancing master. Perhaps it was the chance of the game that brought Sir John Wilmer-

ding beside May Percy. "That was a pretty scene," he whispered, sneering. She looked at him,

surprised. urprised. "Lugging in a **French nobody**," he explained, angry. "I had to stand by

and see"-"Look out, monsieur is coming this way!"

She cried it to stop the foolish lover, only tactless jealousy would not let him cease. "Who is he?" was the next demand, when the flurry was past. His tone when the flurry was past. His tone

was now low, eager, angry, but the girl paid little attention., Instead of replying she cried to the blind man: "Be careful, monsieur, you'll take the bench-you'll be a 'judge!"

"And should I not," mademoiselle?"

could quell the storm. "Come, come," she said easily, "if Sir John is tired I don't blame him for "and like any other menial, begs a

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is coming?" she whispered. That was

the last straw. seemed yet too wonder struck to move. "A toekicker," cried Wilmerding

"The very one." Ettel Courtleigh's "Who is she? Guess who she is!" was the seconding voice. The others the rest shouted.

12 2 2

at the game of blind man's buff." Sir John followed the lead. "Certainly he displays rare excel-lence. One might imagine he had play-ed diligently at it from childhood, with the French army perhaps" "Pardon, mademoiselle. I was wrong. "Tis far more beautiful when the warmth of an English beart melts the the French army perhaps." Dubarre looked up. "No, no, mes sieurs," he laughed, "not there. The emperor reverses the game. His enemies are blindfold." Sir Henry Percy and Sir John walked away with much dignity, but without giving a reply. Dubarre resumed his with his head was making a making a second giving a reply. Dubarre resumed his musing. Now a big oak, the captain of the encircling host of trees, stood out in the center foreground of the lawn. There was a bench on the dark side of the tree, and the path through the right, and on the left continued to the woodland lodge, where the dancing master lived, a quarter of a mile away. The birthday feast was to be set on the lawn near this "captain" tree, and there, leaning against the bench. Pierre had left his heart. Mistress Percy, "starting toward the house after the others, stopped in the garden to get a fower for her hair, then returned to the lawn to superintend the placing of r.

No Order Too Large

"Be quiet. Don't you see monsieur

A REAL AND A REAL THREE AND A REAL THREE AND A REAL THREE AND A REAL AND A RE

aloud, and May Percy started forward

arms. There he held her as men hold their dearest possessions.

on the title, "seems strangely at home. Her breast moved with deep breaths, a ing cry about the table, and Sir Henry dawning pink had stolen to her cheeks, | came quickly with explanations for his Dubarre looked at her. "He is my cousin." The squire spoke

very much after the same fashion as would have admitted, "My brother died mask of ice from off the face.". He half whispered the words.

Pierre coughed sudden warning. admiration. The, man continued eagerly, "Then, "Indeed, you should be proud of the then, mademoiselle"--Again Pierre coughed' aloud. Du-

his head, was making violent

and the second of the hair then returned to get at the hairs stoop of the their store in the placing of the hairs for the birthday feast. Converting the theory is the second of the theory is the store of the theory is the second of the second of the theory is the second of the second of the theory is the second of the second of

connection, sir," he said, while May Percy clapped her hands, saying: "Good, captain, good!" "Tell us, is he handsome? Let us know all about him. What has he For Choice Fresh and Cured leats give us a call. We are headquarters for the above.

Gradually, at the table, appetites sur

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coming along the path from his lodge, quietly took his seat on the bench be-side Pierre and began to listen. "A traitor is this Percy?" asked Sir

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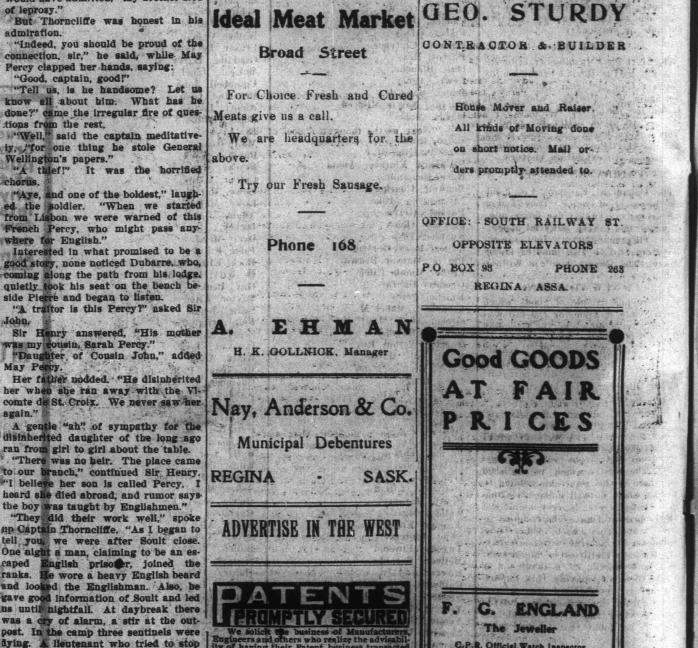
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strutter, Pierre," said the ter. And between two to harp strings his man nodd

Over at the table May Ethel Courtleigh were "I'd like to meet my Mistress Percy. Captain Thorncliffe, to himself over Sir John last speech, heard her. "You may yet, young lad "'Tis said to be French F that some day be will colland and stop at als mot They say he promised he Sir Henry Percy rose quick "Tush, Tush," he exclaim "Enough of this. We shou not discuss French dogs. is an especial time of joy. "To be sure, to be sure." cliffe, eager to make am it the seventeenth birthda the fairest maids in all Eng "Right, captain, but m deeper. This is not only n birthday, but today sees opes well on the mad to l Sir John Wilmerding gla Percy, then smiled a qu joyful anticipation. At words the girl's eyes flat bellion; then, as she lot standing there so happy quick miserably resigned nic playfulness Sir

"It's a prefty secret, a pleasure, friends and neig you of it, but eas you gu romance?" He paused. nance?" He par About the table were sly laughs and gestures towa Percy and Sir John. A doze and partly screened behin man stood at strained atten ing a girl's face and liste

Again Sir Henry took up "It all goes back to the tim Elmer Wilmerding and I men, friends, closer than be in those days we planned He had a son, young John and I a daughter." Now at the tree Pierre ing and rose quickly to la thetic hand upon his comr der. That comrade paid no only with his eyes he sough pair of eyes, equally n watched, answering line f mark of pain on a girl's And the gay tittering abo was the laughing accomp breaking hearts. The squ

in a hurry to finish. "We fixed our hopes dren. I have watched Jo ding grow, and, whether a a youth or a man, he has spect, and today I am very There was deep silence guests, the silence of still tion. Beside the tree Dubar ward, eager, intenf, fearful awaiting the certain death "It is with great joy"

spoke now very slowly-nounce the betrothal of m ess May Percy, to S

He stopped, bei

