went to bed and dreamed of it.

was feeling stronger and more really

It fascinated, enthralled, amazed her.

free just then than she had ever done in

all her life before. She was independent,

she stood face to face with the world, it

Her first errand was to go to a great

"I wish to put my name down on

Mary, with quiet assurance such as car-

"You are used to our machines?"

"Well, if you will give me your

"Thank you-Mrs. Conway, 201 Wel-

The clerk wrote down the name and

address, and Mary turned to go. "By

the bye," he said, "I don't know if you

wouldn't be just the one for a gentle-

man now on our list. Let me see,

Love!" " cried Mary, breathlessly.

CHAPTER VIIL

ALAN STACEY, THE NOVELIST.

"Does Mr. Alan Stacey live here?"

"Mr. Stacey is not out, ma'am," the

He led the way down a broad flagged

"Yes, ma'am."

"Is he at home?"

in his study, ma'am."

name and address, I will let you know

"Yes; I have used no other."

if anything suitable offers itself."

lington street, Bloomsbury."

shop where typewriters are sold.

ny to any man.

"As typist?"

"And stenographer."

ried conviction with it.

"What is your speed?"

lived with it.

Then she pulled herself up short and of health and strength, which would began to think the situation out in a with her was one which had been lent different way, and she came to the conto her by her one intimate friend, the clusion that she could not go on in this girl Lucy Chalmers, who had first given wague, indefinite way; that she must her information about the life and camake up her mind to follow a certain reer of a typist. Mary had been three course, and she must follow it. The golden days by the sea ere she began to question was what. She went over all the openings which she had already tried to follow up. and she came, after of Love." much anxious cogitation, to the conclusion that there were only left to her now-either of which she might take as sionately written. It was fervid, full of her metier and train herself to become proficient in-nursing and typewriting.

She inquired fully into the merits and demerits of both. She found that she could properly qualify for a nurse under a training of at least three years. the top of the tree, and it was more fascinated, enthralled, amazed her. She than likely that long before three years had gone by she would have broken down, for she was not physically or constitutionally an especially strong person. If all the tales she heard of hospital or infirmary training were true, she felt that a month or six weeks would about show her how fruitless it was for her to attempt a career of which magnificent health and nerve are the very first requisites.

So practically the career of a nurse was disposed of and put on one side as an impossible one. There only remained then open to her that of a typewriter. The accounts which she gathered of

this way of making a living were more hopeful. She would pay 10 guineas to be taught the trade, and six months would see her in a fair way of earning a decent living. She could, until she was proficient, live very cheaply and quietly in her modest little room, and she would have every interest in forcing herself ahead as quickly as possible. There was nothing in the manipulation of a delicate and intelligent machine (this was the way that a young girl, whose acquaintance she made in a teashop, spoke of her typewriter) which could be in any way revolting to her or which was in any sense beyond her

"And of course," said the girl, "if you go in for shorthand as well, you just double your value from the very

"Is it difficult?" Mary asked, rather

diffidently. "Yes, it is difficult," the girl replied, "but by no means insurmountable. And your books," she said. the advantages are enormous. Oh, it is a grand life for a woman. Any woman of average intelligence can make a living at it, and a woman whose intelligence is above the average can do more than make a living. She can command her own price. Then it is a free life! I mean in this way. If a woman goes in for nursing, she needs years and years of training, and goodness only knows whether she will prove herself a really skilled nurse at the end of it She needs superhuman strength, endless patience, infinite tact, and for what? To earn at best 2 guineas a week, to be treated a little better than a servant, to be always in a position that is entirely temporary. A typist, on the other hand, especially if she is also a stenographer, can easily make £100 a year, provided that she is really good at her work. She has her fixed hours, her fixed holidays. She has always her Sundays and her Saturday afternoons. All the tact that is necessary for her is to mind her own business and hold her tongue. She has her evenings to herself, and, if she likes, she can get extra work then so as to put by an extra sum to her ordinary earnings for her summer holiday. It is a fine life for a woman-there is no mistake about that."

The result of this chance meeting and Mary Conway found herself waiting at conversation with an utter stranger was the house of Alan Stacey, the novelist, that Mary went straight away to a cer- in Fulham. tain school of typewriting and at once It was evidently a somewhat old entered herself as a pupil for the entire house and was inclosed in a high walled course, and then she set herself to work garden. It was at the gate of this gar-She was an apt pupil. Her well bal- den door that she waited patiently after

anced mind, tinged by disappointment giving a humble pull at the handle of and trouble, but unruffled by the great- the bell, such as she would not have er passions of life, quickly grasped the given at the door of a duke. At last she intricacies of the curious dots and rang again, and then her summons atdashes which seem so mysterious and tracted attention. She heard footsteps confusing to the majority of mortals on the other side of the door, and then it She made rapid progress, and before the was flung open, and a man in the usual six menths which she had allowed her- decorous garb of a servant stood to hear self for her pupilage had come to an what she wanted. end she found herself established in the office of a small firm of brokers at a she asked.

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salary of 15 shillings a week. It was of course but a beginning. Still it was a beginning, and Mary had accepted it gladly, both for what it man replied, "but he does not usually brought her and as an earnest of better | see any one at this hour. Mr. Stacey is things to come. And each evening when she had left the office and had had tea at the nearest X. Y. Z. shop she went Mary, eagerly, "if you will give him off to the school and worked hard at her | this card."

shorthand. A few months more saw her in differ- man, taking the card between his finger ent circumstances, for she left the firm | and thumb in the peculiar manner of a of brokers and engaged herself to a well trained servant. lawyer of large practice, who paid her 30 shillings a week and treated her pathway which led to the house. It was pleasantly into the bargain. After near- covered by a kind of veranda, and on ly a year in this office her employer sud- either side a charming garden spread denly died; and she was thrown out of until bounded by the old wall. It was

a charming garden, rich in ancient, work. Not that she was destitute-by no mossy turf and gay with many flowers. means. She had lived carefully, almost All manner of creepers intwined themfrugally, keeping always in mind the selves about the pillars which supported possibility of a rainy day in time to the sheltering roof overhead, and great come. She took a week's holiday and hydrangeas bloomed at the bases of spent it at Dovercourt, where she sat by them. shine and the keen brisk air, reveling long windows opening like doors and a ceremonious way of arranging the mat- | cold beef and salad." the glorious sea, basking in golden sun- The house was long and low, had in novels and drinking in a full supply | wide veranda running its entire length.

This veranda was paved with brilliant colored tiles, on which were flung here and there rich looking rugs. Huge easy chairs, wicker tables and a hammock made a pleasant lounge, and there were flowering plants everywhere.

"Will you take a seat here, ma'am?" said the man, indicating a large chair. "I will inquire if Mr. Stacey will see

you." Mary sat down, and he disappeared into the house. She sat drinking in the pleasant scene, doubly pleasant after the arid stretches of Bloomsbury brick and mortar, to which she was accustomed. To her it seemed like a sylvan retreat far, far away from the rush and turmoil of cities where strife lives. She could hear her first acquaintance, the servant, speaking and a man's tones answering: Among the books she had taken down

"All right. I'll come out," said the

man's voice. The next moment a tall man in light gray clothing came out by the window. Mary was in Alan Stacey's presence. "Mrs. Conway," he said, looking at

the card in his hand and then at her. read it. It was called "A Lover's Creed Mary sprang to her feet. "Yes, I am Mrs. Conway," she said tremulously. It is almost impossible for me to tell "Messrs. Bloomingby thought that I the effect that this story had upon Mary should suit you." Conway. It was a story of passion pas-

"As a typist?" stenographer," she added "And

life and stir and color, and it was clean quickly. and wholesome in tone withal. It was "Pray sit down," said Alan Stacey unmistakably the work of a man rich kindly and himself pulled a chair near enough to talk with ease. "What is in imagination who was yet full of your speed as a shorthand writer?" common sense and sound judgment. It

"A hundred and twenty." "Good! You look intelligent, which is more to the point. Have you been decent income then. No, no, Mrs. Con-She read it over again several times during the rest of her week's holiday, with any author before?"

leaving the other books unread after the "No," answered Mary; "I have been first glance into their, to her, meaningwith a solicitor, and that, of course, less pages. During those few days she was work needing great care and precision." Then she went back to London. She

"Ah, yes! And why did you leave "I did not leave him," she replied.

"Unfortunately for me, he died." "I see. Do you think you would like my kind of work?"

"Yes," said she promptly.

"I am not very easy to work with. I'm as crochetty as most other literary men," Mr. Stacey said. "I have just got rid of a man, an excellent fellow, for no reason than that he sat on the edge of his chair and waited. I would have forgiven him many things, but his waiting became oppressive. It killed every idea I had. Before that I had a young lady. She knew Shakespeare by heart and could quote Xenophon, but she would mend my copy as she went

"Oh, how dared she?" Mary burst out. Mr. Stacey looked at her with a vague sense of amusement. "I assure you, Miss-well, never mind her name; it is immaterial, but Miss Blank we will call her-thought very small potatoes of me. I can't write by hand. I've got writer's cramp, and I have alis true, but it was no longer a world of ways a terrible lot of work in hand. If which she was afraid. She stood firm I had gone on with Miss Blank, I upon her own feet. She owed not a penshould have been as dead as a doornail by this time. She could not do my work without ironing it out as she went along, so that every vestige of style and individuality was eliminated completely."

Mary gave a little gasp. "But I thought she took down what you dic-"One hundred and twenty," said tated," she said almost breathlessly.

"Yes, but if she saw what she thought was an error she was always kind enough to mend it for me," said Alan Stacey, smiling at the remembrance. "She knew just a little too much for me. She must have been overeducated or something. My last helper had, on the contrary, no ideas. He had a notebook and a sharp pointed lead pencil. call me 'sir,' " he said, half amused When I was in form, he was excellent. When I had to get a certain amount of copy turned out by a certain time and I hadn't so much as the ghost of an idea in my head, he used to sit on the edge of a chair waiting till I did get an idea. turning over the pages of a big book-"'Lady-not young girl-quiet-must If he would have read the newspaper, have speed over 100.' You might go if he would have yawned even, I should away. We'll try how it goes." and see this gentleman. I'll give you a card. It is Mr. Alan Stacey, the novel-"The author of 'A Lover's Creed of rid of him. I found him an excellent and half a dozen capacious chairs. It was with a beating heart filled with nervousness and apprehension that to deal with-nervous, irritable, almost life before. eccentric."

"I am not afraid," said Mary, smiling. This man was wholly delightful to her, surrounded by a halo of romance, still young, strong, unconven-

tional and wholly human. "Have you seen any of my work?"

he asked. "I have read the 'Lover's Creed'

dozen times at least," she answered. tent understand me. I should need you his feet. from 10 to 5 each day. Well, not on

saying." "I am ready," said Mary. "You would lunch here-by the bye, where do you live?"

"In Bloomsbury."

"That's a far cry." "Still I think he will see me," said neighborhood," she said quickly. "I am not wedded to my present quarters." "Still better. You are married, Mrs. "Walk this way, ma'am," said the

Cosway?" "My name is Conway," she said gently. "I am a widow."

"Oh, forgive me! One likes to know everything. Have you children?" "None-nor a single relative in all stand. the world."

out unconsciously, as if he were thinking aloud. "Then about terms." "I will take what you are accustom-

ed to pay," said Mary. week," he returned hurriedly. "But won't you try me first?" said | have you today, John?" Mary, rather taken aback by this un-

you look as if you would just suit me." Alan Stacey. "But my references!" she exclaimed. "Mrs. Conway," said the novelist,



"My name is Conway," she said gently. ly at her, "I would just as soon not see your references. I know too well the lies one tells when one wants to pass some one on to one's friends. I know too well what they are worth. Your last employer died, you tell me"-

"But it mightn't be true," she faltered. "I would really rather"-"Do you want a character with me?"

he broke in. "But everybody knows you," she cried ingenuously. "Everybody has read your books."

"I wish they did. I should make a way. I know what I am and what I'm not. I know my own limitations and exactly what I am capable of. It's my business to read character. You may not suit me as a secretary, but only time can show and prove that. So far as you yourself are concerned, honesty is the dominant note of your life."

Mary could not help starting. Alan Stacey continued: "You give yourself away continually because you cannot conceal your real feelings. In a sense you are bad for yourself because you cannot dissemble. You couldn't tell a downright lie if you tried, and you are so honest that you wouldn't try."

"I do hate lies," said Mary in a tone as if such a fact were rather to her detriment than otherwise.

"Let me look at your hand. Yes; it is capable-precise, upright and highly nervous. We shall be able to work together very well, I am certain. At all events, let us try tomorrow morning." "Mr. Stacey," said Mary, rising as

she spoke, "I will do my very best." "We shall get on splendidly," he replied, holding out his hand. "I am doing a particularly difficult piece of work just now, a most difficult subject, in which the handling is everything, the whole difference between success and failure. I was writing with my fistyes, doubled up so-in despair, when my servant told me you were here. Look at this"-spreading out his hand and showing an angry swollen red ridge of muscle which rose between the first and second fingers and extended beyond the wrist. "That means the intensest and most exquisite agony. It seems to disappear above the wrist and to rise again in the underside of the arm, from where it runs in a rope of pain to the very armpit."

"It must be horrible," said Mary "Are you working now?"

"I was when you came." "Why don't you let me begin right away, sir?" she ventured to say.

He looked at her again with the same quick, alert glance as before. "Don't and half irritable. "I always called Mr. Desmond so,"

she said meekly. "He had an office and a lot of clerks;

that was different. I don't require that kind of thing. One 'sir' would upset me for a morning. Come into my study. gone to sleep, walked about the garden; I like you for tackling the work straight

not have minded, but he never did. He | Mary followed him into the study, a said once it was all in the day's work long, low ceiled room with many books, whether he worked or waited. So, when a few pictures, some guns, fishing rods, I couldn't work, he waited. I had to get golf clubs, two luxurious sofa lounges billet and swore I would never have an- rough terrier dog lay before the open other helper of any kind. Then my hand | window and a big Angora cat, brindled came in and said: 'No; I'm hanged if like a bulldog, was in possession of a you shall use me. I'm delicate.' So I fur rug before the empty fireplace. It sent to Bloomingby's. So now, Mrs. Cos- was a revelation to Mary Conway-she way, you see what kind of man I am had never seen such a room in all her

She established herself at a table and they began. She was amazed at the ease and rapidity with which Alan Stacey poured out his story, taking it up at the last written word and spinning it out in the most vivid and interesting way, almost, indeed, acting it all. So for nearly two hours they worked without a hitch, until the servant came to say that luncheon was served. Alan "Ah! Then you will to a certain ex- | Stacey drew a long breath and rose to

"Come to lunch," he said. "I used Saturday afternoons. That goes without | to have ideas about not interrupting the flow of genius-but I take my meals at regular times now-it pays better all round. Do you think you've got all

"I think so," said Mary. "If you will allow me. I will transcribe it after "I should seek for rooms in this lunch so that you can see for yourself."

> CHAPTER IX. THE INTERPRETER.

To Mary's surprise the table was only laid for two persons. It was essentially a man's table; it was small and was spread with a nice clean cloth and ser- her gentility or that her daughter was viettes; its dominant note was a cruet | the child of a gentleman. The board

"Poor little soul!" The words slipped with a gesture to a chair. "It will be sphere is the same as her own, a young a simple lunch, I warn you. If I eat a | man whose aims and ambitions are on big meal now. I am no good for the rest | a level with her own, can revel in roof the day. Some people like a regular | mance as entirely as the hero of a novel dinner at midday. I believe it means or the lord of the manor. A young girl "I have, let us say, 2 guineas a apoplexy if you only eat enough and may spend her life in the stuffy classsleep soon enough afterward. What room of the state schools and yet invest

"A luncheon for a king, if the ome- course with those men among whom

"No, no. Your speed is 120, and let and salad are properly made. Don't 'let and salad are properly made?' said romance which may be in her heart is

"I do," said Mary, wondering whether she ought to be honest and say that a dish of scrambled eggs was the that a dish of scrambled of scrambled that she finger tips, a girl in whom all the signs of good breeding were present the signs had ever tasted in her life.

"I have a little Frenchwoman who makes both to perfection," he went on. "Some people like to make a salad at table. I don't. I know several delightful houses where it is the task of the young ladies to dress the salad, and they do it with a diffidence which results in loathliness. Tell Maltide that this omelet is excellent, John."

"Very good, sir." Mary ate her portion and allowed herself to be persuaded into taking a little more, but she refused wine and persisted in taking only water. "I must keep my head clear," she said firmly. "I want to do your work and myself is not a commonly accepted idea that justice this afternoon.'

have a mild celebration of their first that one day she might be something day's work and their first meal together. It is true that he liked and respected her the better that she held firmly to But she loved him with a dim, faroff.

Stacey," she said, "if you then think where were such vivid, brilliant, haunt.



And then began a long spell of hard work. it with pleasure. As yet you don't know whether I have not made the most fearful hash of your work or whether I may not turn out to be ten times more aggravating than either Miss Blank or the good gentleman who did not mind waiting."

"I don't think so," he said in a tone

of conviction. His instinct proved to be correct, as the instinct of a man who has given his life up to the study of character usually is. After a delightful luxurious half | Elphinstowe," she replied. hour of chat Mary went back to the study and began to work, and by 5 o'clock had finished her transcription of the morning's work. Alan Stacey, who was as keenly interested in the result of the experiment as she was, came in from the garden and read over the fair typewritten pages. He did not speak young. But did you lose"-

till he had read to the end. are a perfect treasure. Can you keep it rising suddenly from her place at the ore. Following "Mrs. Conway," he said then, "you up?"

"How?"

"You have taken me down literally. word for word, point for point. You have caught the exact spirit of my idea. Mrs. Conway, if you can keep it up we shall get on splendidly." She had flushed up scarlet in her ex-

cit'ement and suspense, and Alan Stacey, looking at her, said to himself that surely his star had been in the ascendant when such a dainty creature had suddenly fallen from the skies in lieu of the bulldog features and staring goggle eyes of the patient individual who had but just left him. "I am so glad," she said with her

pretty, shy air; "so proud to be able to help you. I'll try hard never to be anything but your interpreter."

He laughed aloud and held out his hand. "That's a good name for you, Mrs. Conway," he said. "I can never say 'my typist does this' or 'my stenographer does that.' You're not my secretary, and it would sound pretentious to call you so. But 'interpreter'-that's a splendid name for you. I shall always call you by it."

And so he did. She went that very evening and looked at various rooms in the neighborhood, fixing on some in a quaint out of the world nook which they call Parson's Green. I don't mean all that intricate bewilderment of small, featureless, mean little streets which lie between Fulham palace and the cemetery, but a corner on the other side of the railway line, a corner which then was still rejoicing in tall old trees and spacious wide fronted houses, such as kept an air of dignity about them which came as a surprise to the stranger wandering through the neighborhood.

And then began a long spell of hard work, yet work that was intensely enjoyable in character. It is almost impossible adequately to describe the effect which this way of earning her living had upon Mary Conway. She was still quite young, little more than a girl, and during all her early years romance and the joy of life had never had any chance of growing and flourishing within her.

There is nothing of romance about the life of a board school mistress, more especially when under the centinual influence of a mother who never forgot school mistress who can love and be "Take that seat," said Alan Stacey. loved again by a young man whose her lover with all the tender and idyllic "An omelet, sir," said John, "and romance of a knight of old, but if she is cut off by class grade from inter-

of an outlet.

Mary Conway, frail and delicate of being as she was, gentlewoman to he of good breeding were present to a vermarked degree, was of a nature which romance was indigenous, and pa til the time when she became associated in work with Alan Stacey, the novelie no sort of outlet had afforded itself and all the natural love in her hear had been pent up until it was filled nigh to bursting and was ready to over flow at the first kind word from a sympathetic soul, at the first touch of kind hand, at the first glance of a pair of magnetic eyes.

In Alan Stacey, Mary found not an employer, but an idol From the first day she worshiped him. I know that it a woman should love a man at fire Alan Stacey tried hard to overrule sight. In a sense she did not do so, and her, because, as he said, they ought to yet she idolized him. The possibility more to Alan Stacey than his interprete never for a moment entered her head almost a religious, feeling. He was so "When the book is finished, Mr. brilliantly clever both in his work-for my work worth celebrating, I will do ing human books to be found as those which bore his name?-and in himself There were times when he worked at fever heat untiringly, restlessly, almost passionately; times, when the fit was on him, when he almost wore her out calling on her to come early and to star late; times when they snatched their meals and when she went home tobe bed dog tired and brain weary.

Yet always with the same charm and J. RICH., sweetness of way: "Mrs. Conway, 1 must get on with this while the idea is alive in me- You'll help me through it, won't you?" or "Need you go?] know it's time, but cannot we take little holiday when it's done? Surely it's best to make hay while the sm shines." At such times Mary Conway would

willingly rather have died than have Also a full stock failed him. At others he would las through the days, letting his work sin into brilliant, easy gossip, telling be his ideas, his hopes, his aspirations making her look over his great coller looked and Dried Ham tion of stamps, help to arrange his at before you purchas tographs, discussing furniture or the next smart little tea party that is meant to give, and apparently wholly unconscious that she took any more is terest in him than the man who waited had done.

her suddenly between the pauses of his work one day when Christmas drawing near.

"A clergyman. He was curate d

"Ah, you were young when he died!"

"Yes, quite a child." "And your mother?"

"She died after I was married." "I see. Forgive me for asking. Bit were you long married? Well, of outs on Monday las you couldn't have been, you are still to wided 1632 boxes

"I lost my husband only a fix months after our marriage," Mary said, - of Peterboro wa little table where she worked and going to the fire, where she stood nervously holding her hand out to the warmthand keeping her face half turned away from

"He was-he was-I mean was he-

was he"-"He was a sailor, captain of one

the Red River line of steamers," sail Mary almost curtly. "He was drowned Fenelon Falls There was a moment's silence must have been a great shock to you Minden he said at last. He was busily on with a paper knife and a slip paper and spoke in a studiously indiffer ent tone as if they were discussing size question absolutely impersonal to both

of them. "It killed my mother," said Man

still warming her hands. "And you?" He rapped out the on tion in a strange, breathless fashion Mary looked aside at him. "Why you ask me this, Mr. Stacey?" asked prusquely. "I was beginning Mr. Wm. Flavel be happy, to forget all the horrid to be with an offer of I'll tell you, and then never, I enter the bid to 3ge, you, speak of it again. I seld mes a it a sixteenth because my mother was ill and becis ring the call, nat she yearned to be well off. I was hors, th Ops, Bobcayged

with him, and he professed so much told him I did not love him, snow took me. Our marriage was a falled tions, and secure a most dismal failure. I was wreiche plon Falls, North I hated and despised him. He was be crille and Jane ter and mean and vindictive tons me. My poor little mother was the cal the Moore then off one who got any sort of satisfactal board, but upo one who got any sold she did not be of unsold of it long, poor soul, for the news of the there was no loss of the Arikhama killed her, sail was as well, for he left every per the Flavelle then o away from me. As for me, I won't hourd, but after tend to be better than I am I was sham. I'll tell you the truth. I thank the Whitton state God when I found that he was for refused the 84 Yes, I did, for I would have put miss in the river before I would have in with him again."

"He was older than you?" "Many years. He is dead, and say we should never speak ill di dead. I can't help it. He was a broken dead. I can't help it. He we were I we understand the Only a few weeks after we were I why did it was and erstand the Only a few weeks after Why did ! who sold for 88c, h ask me these questions? I had should for Sec, I forgotten, at least I did not significant think of it as I did at first Way

With two strides Alan Staces Fig. to council to rec you ask me?" her side. "My dear, my dear, sill decition to raise tell you why I asked you!" he characters to twenty "Because I had a vital interest in the resjority. "Because I had a vital interest ing to know. I've always had a still men, her of run feeling that you belonged to that the stool be s feeling that you belonged he stool be as immature a husband of yours; that he stool be immature a tween us, keeping us more widely than if all the world stood between Can't you understand that I wanted know—that I—oh, Mary, child you understand that I love Jees cannot live without you!"

(To be continued.)

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