The

BY GASTON LEROUX

he shall not escape me!"

hatred, he said:

Christine simply took off her mask

Raoul now saw her face and could

he had known so charming and so

CHAPTER VIII.

AT THE MASKED BALL.

"To be handed to M. le Vicomte Raoul her aside. de Chagny," with the address in pen- "Whom do you mean by 'he'?" she Lazarus. cil. It must have been flung out in asked, in a changed voice. "Who shall The strains went through Raoul's the hope that a passer-by would pick not escape you?"

child, the victim of imprudence and you love and who loves you!" tent, at this time, was she really a you shall not pass! . . ." dragged?

Thus did Raoul's thoughts fly from one extreme to the other. He no

at last. With his face in a mask when you do I shall forgive you!" touch one of them. At last, every- TWO-PIECE COSTUME APPROV- ful collection, which is kept in an up- by purchase and exchange. trimmed with long, thin lace, looking The boy stepped forward, stagger- thing stood still again; and he saw like a pierrot in his white wrap, the ing as he went. He risked one more himself in the glass. But Christine viscount thought himself very ridicu- sarcasm: lous. Men of the world do not go to "Oh, you must let me come and ap- He rushed up to the glass. He the Opera ball in fancy-dress! It was plaud you from time to time!"

given some time before Shrovetide, in satirically. "So he is taking you off return? expected to be much gayer, noisier, these evenings!" more Bohemian than the ordinary "Not in the Bois nor anywhere, repeating: masked ball. Numbers of artists had Raoul: you shall not see me again . .' arranged to go, accompanied by a "May one ask at least to what darkwhole cohort of models and pupils, ness you are returning? . . - For what who, by midnight, began to create a hell you are leaving, mysterious lady tremendous din. Raoul climbed the . . . or for what paradise?" grand staircase at five minutes to "I came to tell you, dear, but I can't twelve, did not linger to look at the tell you now . . you would not believe motley dresses displayed all the way me! You have lost faith in me, Raoul; up the marble steps, one of the richest it is finished!" settings in the world, allowed no face. She spoke in such a despairing tious mask to withdraw him into a voice that the lad began to feel rewar of wits, replied to no jests and morse for his cruelty. shook off the bold familiarity of a "But look here!" he cried. "Can't number of couples who had already you tell me what all this means? You become a triffe too gay. Crossing the are free, there is no one to interfere big crush-room and escaping from a with you. . . You go about Paris. . . mad whirl of dancers in which he was You put on a domino to come to the caught for a moment, he at last enter- ball. . . Why do you not go home? . . ed the room mentioned in Christine's What have you been doing in this past letter. He found it crammed; for this fortnight? . . What is this tale about small space was the point where all the Angel of Music? Some one may those going to supper in the Rotunda have taken you in, played upon your crossed those who were returning from innocence. I was a witness of it mytaking a glass of champagne. The fun, self, at Perros . . but you know what here, waxed fast and furious.

to believe now. You seem to me quite Raoul leaned against a door-post sensible, Christine. You know what and waited. He did not wait long. A you are doing. . . Explain yourself, black domino passed and gave a quick Christine, I beg of you! Any one squeeze to the tips of his fingers. He might have been deceived as I was. understood that it was she and follow- What is this farce?"

"Is that you, Christine?" he asked, and said: "Dear, it is a tragedy!" The black domino turned round not restrain an exclamation of sur-

promptly and raised her finger to her prise and terror. The fresh complexlips, no doubt to warn him not to men- ion of former days was gone. A morttion her name again. Raoul continued al pallor covered those features, which to follow her in silence. As Raoul once more passed through gently, and sorrow had furrowed them

ing a sensation. It was a man dress- promised to forgive me . . ." hung an immense red-velvet cloak, gesture, to follow her. which trailed along the floor like a He tried to disobey her; but she And then he wasn't wearing a hat! king's train; and on this cloak was turned round and repeated her gesembroidered, in gold letters, which ture of farewell with such authority every one read and repeated aloud, that he dared not move a step. "Don't touch me! I am Red Death His footsteps took him to that room Foot corns are so called because of

to touch him . . . but a skeleton hand answer. He entered, as he had enter- years ago corns were treated precisely shot out of a crimson sleeve and vio- ed when he looked everywhere for "the as they are to-day and a recipe of 1620 lently seized the rash one's wrist; and man's voice." The room was empty. says: "Corns on the feet are to be he, feeling the clutch of the knuckle- A gas-jet was burning, turned down wet or scaked and rubbed with a penbones, the furious grasp of Death, low. He saw some writing-paper on cil of caustic every evening upon reuttered a cry of pain and terror, a little desk. He thought of writing When Red Death released him at last, to Christine, but he heard steps in the tiring. If large, corns should be cut he ran away like a very madman, pur- passage. He had only time to hide in out or at least pared with a sharp sued by the jeers of the bystanders. the inner room, which was separated knife. If a corn hangs by a small neck |

passed in front of the funereal mas- | Christine entered, took off her mask it will come away. To stop the pains querader, who had just happened to with a weary movement and flung it of a corn cover the corn with a piece turn in his direction. And he nearly on the table. She sighed and let her of adhesive plaster with a hole cut

"The death's head of Perros- What was she thinking of? Of Raoul?

He had recognized him! He "Poor Erik!"

wanted to dart forward, forgetting | Christine began to write, deliberate-Christine; but the black domino, who ly, calmly and so placidly that Raoul, also seemed a prey to some strange who was still trembling from the excitement, caught him by the arm and effects of the tragedy that separated than white pine, but it is used for tionary loafer. One should be careful he can, in anything and everything. dragged him from the crush-room, far them, was painfully impressed. from the mad crowd through which | She wrote on, filling two, three, four Red Death was stalking. sheets. Suddenly, she raised her

They went up two floors. Here the head and hid the sheets in her bodice stairs and corridors were almost de- | . . She seemed to be listening. . . serted. Then Christine, whom he Raoul also listened. . . Whence came recognized by the sound of her voice, that strange sound, that distant closed the door behind them and warn- rhythm? . . A faint sound seemed to ed him, in a whisper, to remain at issue from the walls . . yes, it was as the back of the box and on no account though the walls themselves were to show himself. Raoul took off his singing! . . . The song became plainmask. Christine kept hers on. And, er . . . the words were now distinwhen Raoul was about to ask her to guishable . . . he heard a voice, a remove it, he was surprised to see her very beautiful, very soft, very captiput her ear to the partition and listen vating voice . . but, for all its softeagerly for a sound outside. Then ness, it remained a male voice. . . she opened the door ajar, looked out The voice came nearer and nearer . . into the corrider and, in a low voice, it came through the wall . . it approached . . and now the voice was in

"He must have gone up higher." the room, in front of Christine. Suddenly she exclaimed: "He is com- Christine rose and addressed the ng down again!" voice, as though speaking to some one:

She tried to close the door, but "Here I am, Erik," she said. Raoul prevented her; for he had seen, am ready. But you are late." on the top step of the staircase that | Raoul, peeping from behind the curled to the floor above, a red foot, fol- tain, could not believe his eyes, which owed by another . . . and slowly, showed him nothing. Christine's face majestically, the whole scarlet dress lit up. A smile of happiness appearof Red Death met his eyes. And he ed upon her bloodless lips, a smile once more saw the death's head of like that of sick people when they receive the first hope of recovery. Perros-Guirec.

ibly triumphant. He listened to it in a fever and he now began to understand how Christine Dage was able to appear one evening, before the stupefied audience, with accents of a beauty hitherto unknown, of a superhuman exaltation, while doubtless still under the influence of the mysterious and invisible master.

"It's he!" he exc.aimed. "This time The voice was singing the Weddingnight Song from Romeo and Juliet. But Christine had slammed the door Raoul saw Christine stretch out her The envelope was covered with mud at the moment when Raoul was on the arms to the voice as she had done, in and unstamped. It bore the words, point of rushing out. He tried to push Perros churchyard, to the invisible violin playing The Resurrection of

The voice without a body went on

singing; and certainly Raoul had

heart. Struggling against the charm up the note and deliver it, which was "Who?" he repeated angrily. "Why, that seemed to deprive him of all his what happened. The note had been he, the man who hides behind that will and all his energy and of almost picked up on the pavement of the hideous mask of death! . . . The evil all his lucidity at the moment when genius of the churchyard at Perros! he needed them most, he succeeded in Raoul read it over again with fever- . . . Red Death! . . . In a word, your drawing back the curtain that hid ed eyes. No more was needed to re- friend . . . your Angel of Music! . . . him and he walked to where Christine vive his hope. The sombre picture But I shall snatch off his mask, as I stood. She herself was moving to the which he had for a moment imagined shall snatch off my own, and, this back of the room, the whole wall of of a Christine forgetting her duty to time, we shall look each other in the which was occupied by a great mirror herself made way for his original con- face, he and I, with no veil and no lies that reflected her image, but not his, ception of an unfortunate, innocent between us; and I shall know whom for he was just behind her and entirely covered by her.

exaggerated sensibility. To what ex- "In the name of our love, Raoul, Christine walked toward her image in the glass and the image came tovictim? Whose prisoner was she? He stopped. What had she said? ward her. The two Christines-the Into what whirlpool had she been In the name of their love? Never real one and the reflection-ended by before had she confessed that she touching; and Raoul put out his arms loved him. And, in accents of childish to clasp the two in one embrace. Sut, by a sort of dazzling miracle that sent longer knew whether to pity Christine or to curse her; and he pitied and you have never loved me! What flung back, while an icy blast swept cursed her turn and turn about. At a poor fellow I must be to let you over his face; he saw, not two, but all events, he bought a white domino. mock and flout me as you have done!" four, eight, twenty Christines spin"You will beg my pardon, one day, ning round him, laughing at him and The hour of the appointment came for all those ugly words, Raoul, and fleeing so swiftly that he could not

had disappeared. struck at the walls. Nobody! "I shall never sing again, Raoul!" Which way, which way had Chris- than those worn earlier in the season, ready a master.

honor of the anniversary of the birth the stage. I congratulate you! . . . Would she return? Alas, had she attitude is towards making these cosof a famous draftsman; and it was But we shall meet in the Bois, one of not declared to him that everything tumes in erepe satins and velvet, or a some member of his family will say: deep. They are rare, because in the picture of a ship, a fireplace, a book tumes in erepe satins and velvet, or a some member of his family will say: was finished? And was the voice not

> "Fate links thee to me for ever and a day!" To me? To whom?

Then, worn out, beaten, emptybrained, he sat down on the chair which Christine had just left. Like bands. The skirt is joined to a bodice her, he let his head fall into his hands. top and has two inverted plaits at "Who is this Erik?" he said.



person whose disguise, eccentric air "My dearest!" he the English King. This privilege took bribes how he privilege took bribes how he are the contribute took bribes how he made and said: "Always meet petulance with and gruesome appearance were causing a sensation. It was a man dross. By dearest: my dea Henry VIII. The amusing part of the was sorry next morning; how he once kindness. A gentle hand can lead even ed all in scarlet, with a huge hat and "Perhaps!" story is that young Forester cares not struck his wife and then kissed her an elephant by a hair. Reply to thine feathers on the top of a wonderful she said, resuming her mask; and she a whit for this hat-right, and says that and made it up. death's head. From his shoulders went away, forbidding him, with a the only time he ever was in the presence of the King was in a ballroom, of good.

Ancient Yet Modern.

where he had first known suffering, a resemblance to a corn or barley that Then one, greatly daring, did try He tapped at the door. There was no can be picked out. Three hundred It was at this moment that Raoul from the dressing-room by a curtain, it should be tied with a silk start and pretty head fall into her two hands. through it so that the corn may be pressed and as the corn rises add more adhesive plasters cut like the first." | berjack in the North woods, who ing he is not successful neither is he

No, for Raoul heard her murmur: the same purpose.

never in his life heard anything more absolutely and heroically sweet, more gloriously insidious, more delicate, more powerful, in short, more irresist-Exclusive Patterns 3. Genil Bayon



ED BY SMART WOMEN. combination of both. In the model pictured here satin has been chosen room." | for the new finger-tip length blouse and velvet for the skirt. The velvet was employed to fashion the snug- small. fitting collar, cuffs and trimmingthe front to add freedom and the latest flared movement. The diagram shows just how to put the dress to-54-inch material. The bodice top of hasten death and disease. skirt requires 11/4 yards 36-inch addi-

over the shoulders % yard. Price 20c. maker. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

Diary in Cipher.

curred to man. This was a Diary of fact, but it is real. the real truth about himself and Men who have thought in all ages a jar upside down over it. The probthe great crush-room, this time in the with pitiless lines and traced dark who has inherited the unique right of everyone else, but written in cipher and climes have come to know this wake of his guide, he could not help and unspeakable sad shadows under keeping his hat on in the presence of so that nobody could read it.

wife, and how it troubled him to love. The more evil comes from him, grieve her-when he had been found the more good shall go from me." The out! We read also how he set out to Chinese have this proverb: "The wise reform this and that scandal. For man avenges injuries by benefits." thinking that the Diary could never Whilst the Hindu believes: "Return be read. Pepys put down the truth. good for evil, overcome anger by love. That long after his death somebody hatred never ceases by hatred but by

would patiently work out the cipher, love." was the last thing Pepys expected. Now the question is: Can this be Still, it gave us in a way the world's practised in a world like ours? I can

wer would probably be "a tramp." Not. about love and more about holding so! There are certain nice distinc- your own and getting your own back!" tions to be observed. A hobo is a But we were talking about success migratory worker-a man, like the and the successful, and if one is to reharvest hand in the West or the lum- turn evil for evil and railing for railmoves from place to place, as work trying to win success. in such matters.

The Canadian-English cemetery at Saloniki is shown above in a recent photograph.

HIS MAJESTY'S HOBBY

The Finest Collection of British Empire Stamps in the World is Kept in an Upper Room in Buckingham Palace. It Was Built Up by its Royal Owner.

H. M. King George takes stamp-col- is an early Mauritius stamp which he lecting very seriously, and when one bought years ago for £1,400, and Mauritius singly with a hand-die. be represented at the sale.

sion. The stamps were bought in the "pence." 'sixties for less than £40, and when put up for auction brought in no less than £5,359.

osity and error in one.

Doubtless it was the Empire stamps which interested the King. Though he has often been described as a "collector of foreign stamps," you could look through all the 300 leather-bound stamp library is regarded as the finest vigilance get on the market. of its kind in the world. Among the King's Treasures.

visited the Palace to see this wonder- specimens as other people get theirs books, but at present it will be more per room of Buckingham Palace. It was the King who started a stamp Cut white or colored paper into four-Two-piece sports and tailored cos- When they have done so the King has fashion that has become popular every- inch squares, or if you want a different tumes are things of much more elab- been there, seeking for fresh informa- where—that of collecting in blocks of style, cut oblong pieces about five oration as far as fabric is concerned, tion on the subject of which he is al- four. When he can do so his Majesty inches long by three inches wide. always buys in this way.

seys and crepes. Now the modish if he is missing during any of his rare off the sheet not in strip fashion, but under this, spacing it in about the mid-"He is sure to be in the stamp- old days it was the custom of post- or any pretty scene. If it is not color-

One of the King's greatest bargains in strips.

YOUR OWN BOOK-PLATES

We should treat books as if they were our very best friends, for though they cannot speak, yet they give us of the finest collections of postage which is to-day worth 4,000 guineas. many messages to help and cheer. stamps in the world came under the It is a relic of the days when an old Everyone ought to have a library, even only natural that his Majesty should watchmaker struck the stamps of if it starts with only a small collection of books. Start a little fibrary of your This remarkable collection, whose His Majesty is very proud of a sec- own and add to it as often as possible, disposal drew philatelists from all tion devoted to "errors" and curiosi- perhaps having a special bank which parts of the world to London, was dis- ties." Typical of this section is a you can call your "book bank," and covered in the attic of a Mayfair man-stamp on which "pence" is spelt saving extra money to buy books for

Perhaps you have a bookcase all The collection also includes relics your own for your books, ar, maybe, Empire stamps figured largely in the of days when small, outlying parts of it is one special shelf which belongs collection, prominent among them be- the Empire ran out of stamps of a par- to you, but either way, that is the ing a block of stamps from Ceylon ticular value. In such circumstances it place to start your library. Get a which cost the original collector 5s., was the custom to use a stamp of the notebook, and in it write the name of and which realized £650. A block, next highest value, printing the new each one of your books, with the name or unbroken sheet, of stamps pre-value over it in black. In one case, this of the author. As you get new books, served intact is much more valuable than the same number of single down, making the specimen a curi- is what your notebook really will become, and write down also the date Many of the curiosities and errors when you received your books.

For Book Lovers.

bearing the King's own head. One might mistakenly imagine that ex- As you buy and treasure your books, amples of such mistakes would be of- you will surely want to make some volumes that hold his collection with- fered to his Majesty, but it is the duty bookplates for them. These are slips out finding a single stamp of a foreign- of the examiners to destroy every of paper which you paste in each book country. His Majesty is actually a stamp that is not entirely correct, and to show to whom the book belongs, collector of Empire stamps, and his only those that have escaped their and are often very artistic and un, usual, especially when designed by Even if such stamps were offered people who love books. Some day you to the King, it is certain that he would may want to buy some very beautiful At times parties of philatelists have refuse them. He prefers to get his bookplates for your most precious fun to make some.

Print your full name near the top of This ball was an exceptional affair, "Really?" he replied, still more time season, So keen is the King on philately that A block of four is four stamps torn the paper. Find a tiny picture to paste offices to serve quantities of stamps ed, you may like to paint it or color it with crayone. A snapshot of yourself would look well here, or a picture of your home, but, of course, it must be

At the bottom of your bookplate You were not able to walk the you may print the date, or a line or first time you put your foot to the a short verse about books or reading.

Variety in Bookplates.

Make as many bookplates as you have books, and when they are done paste one in the front of each book. one may be different. It would be inof travel, poetry and study books. Try you are going to use it.

When your library is well started. and your catalogue made, and each one of your books is well cared for, with a pretty bookplate which you have made yourself in the front of every book in your library, you will understand better what Longfellow meant when he wrote:

"The pleasant books, that silently feat will try to scoop up the lemon. Our household treasures take familiar

> And are to us as if a living tongue tured faces."

"Travels With a Donkey." R. L. S. has just taken me on a whimsical journey. Over dusty roads all the time. Set it down and the lemon and rock-strewn parapets, we followed the pattering hoofs of Modestine. In my dull city fashion I tried to see the country through the calm, observant eyes of my guide, keen alike to linger over an antiquity or to propose a merry fancy. Whether our path wound tollsome peak or lottered by orchard stream, whether it stumbled among the strongholds of firm-lipped sectarianism or palely glided toward the winking windows of a dusk-filled valley, it was ever the same R. L. S. beside me. In all our vagrancies he viewed the scenes with the same immeasurable calm. How like spice to it all was the piquancy of his deep philosophy; and yet it was something warmer than a philosophy, rather a Hubby (complainingly) - "Women tranquil-surfaced love of God and His seem to think they're head and should- creation which no bluster of creed could ruffle. The visions he conjured Wifie (shortly)-"Well, it's some up were as refreshing as mountain springs and elusive as the dimples in their eddies. What would you not give to leave this hobbling worldliness and stride forth on such a pilgrimage to The hymn, "From Greenland's Icy the shrines of simplicity-to lie o' Mountains," was composed at Wrex- nights by some Camisard shepherd's ham in 1819. On Whit-Sunday in that path with the starset heavens your year Dr. Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph panorama and the purl of moon-silverand Vicar of Wrexham, preached a ser- ed streams your lullaby? Poor reader mon in his church on behalf of the So- who would not, I pity you; dear friend ciety for the Propagation of the Gos- who could not, rejoice with me, for I pel. Heber was son-in-law to Dr. Ship- have been with Stevenson through the the previous Saturday, asked Heber to

Cutting Costs.

The husband was having one of his occasional streaks of economy. "We must cut down our expenses," he said to his wife. "There's no argument about it. We simply must," The wife smiled.

such long distances on the wireless."

VICTORS ALL!

tional lining, or with ribbon straps relationship with all conquerors and to concentrate on anything we shall conquering things. Things that pro- attract that thing to us, whether it be Our Fashion Book, illustrating the mote uplifting thoughts and hopes that wealth, health, beauy, power, or God; newest and most practical styles, will the constructive will bring us to the and these things spell victory. If you be of interest to every home dress- positive principles which defy every, are passed in the race, don't give up inside the front cover. Your book-

thing that is destructive. er than hatred, and goodwill is always to him that believeth." Then what-

Just a lundred years ago was pub- a stimulating factor. Malice will cor- ever your task, whether it be learning and make the style of your bookplate lished the world's most extraordinary rode and tear down, whilst love is al- a language, or pursuing business or work. It was by a great public figure ways a savour to life. Meet hatred domestic worries, believe that you can named Pepys-pronounced "Peeps." | with hatred and you will degrade your- and you will. Half of each night he sat up writ- self; meet it with kindness and you ing, till he almost went blind-writing become elevated, and also the one who the queerest work that has ever oc- bears you hatred. It is a wonderful

enemy with gentleness. Opposition to foolishly does me wrong I will return We read how really fond he was of his him the protection of my ungrudging

imagine someone saying: "Ys, this is all very well in theory, but if you had to live where I do and among the peo-What is a hobo? The popular ans- pie I have to meet, you would say less

The wood of the red or Norway pine offers. A tramp, on the other hand, is Every man can decide for himself is heavier, harder and more resinous a migratory loafer, and a bum a sta- in these things, and if a man will win. It is his privilege and the power is

ground, and you had not conquered Perhaps you will have room for the The two greatest poisons in life are the "winged art" when you learned date and the name of your city and gether, and No. 1243 is in sizes 16, fear and worry. If these could be the shorthand alphabet. You had to province printed in small letters un-18 and 20 years (34, 36 and 38 inches eradicated—and they can—then never try much and often; and if one will der a two-line verse. Try and make bust). Size 18 years (36 bust) re- once need we falter. These poisons determine that he will beautify his the bookplate very neat and space quires 4% yards 36-inch, or 2% yards affect the blood, dim our outlook, corner of the world by his kindness your lettering and picture so that it and sympathy he will do it.

I tried and failed. Try again.

Royalty Leads the Way.

relate to stamps of current issue and

For success we need to enter into Psychologists say that if we learn The challenge is always there, and Whilst life courses in your veins you we ought to accept it and win through. are not on the losing side. The Old teresting to have certain sets for your It is always true that love is strong. Book says: "All things are possible story books and others for your books

The Inverted-Jar Trick.

Lay a lemon on the table and place lem is to pick up the jar and place it

But that is not allowed. The jar must The real method of performing the Spake from the printed leaves or pictrick requires a little practice, but the knack is soon acquired.

Take hold of the jar and whirl it rapidly about. The lemon will speed around inside the jar, and as soon as it is traveling at a good rate carry the far over to the other table, whirling it will still be inside.



True in Their Case. ers above men."

times quite true!"

A Famous Hymn.

ley and was on a visit. The doctor, on Cevennes!

known all over the world. India's Industrial Growth.

"write something for them to sing in the morning," and in a few minutes Heber produced the hymn now so well

India is now the eighth largest industrial country in the world, accord- "Quite right, dear," she agreed. "As ing to reports presented at a recent you say, there's no argument about it. meeting of the East India Association I'd suggest that you do not try to get

ONTARIO ARCHIVES TORONTO

THEIR CHRI

Three Lonely People

BY CHARLOTT Five o'clock and Christmas eve. regular story-book Christmas e smiled Kathleen Davis, as she pi look in an attractive store win the hurrying, gift-i crowd. "It couldn't be better if it

Great, feathery snowflakes filled air. Everywhere were festoon cedar and holly, glittering trees the glorious jumble of things mark the great Holiday. And a It all, to give the finishing and per touch, the cathedral bells at the of the street chiming:

"Joy to the World! The Lord is co "Joy, good will, friendliness. that is the keynote of Christm Kathleen said to herself.

Presently she stopped by a brill ly lighted shop window and stu the faces of some of the crowd. each was playing. were all hurrying so where where love awaited them. gent emen caught her at

aughed. The wind blown away most of the wrapp paper from the bundle he was ca ing, revealing a dashing red-and-s delightfully incongruous with the gentleman's outward dignity. "One of the nicest things al speaking the words aloud, "is the makes us children again."

A cripple passed. He was podressed but his face was an insp tion. "Tiny Time," she named I who, she judged, was taking all poor children in her block to visit se department-store Santa Claus. had her hands full managing brood but oh, the fun she was have "That's real giving," thought Ka leen. "She's giving herself and t

Two women approached. They st as posters. "She only gave me a ch snapped one, "and I gave her an pensive pair of silk stockings. W she'll not get much from me this year

Kathleen was infinitely sorry She really had no place to go exc to the room in her hotel. She lone the window, where a little supper fire in the grate and Mother away

This was the first year since Ka So much can happen in a year a she had never been able to buy Mother. And then after it was money. Not a great deal, of cour

She came to a flower shop. Fa denins, sweet peas smiled out at And there in the midst of this fa garden was the very kind of a Chri tissue paper at the elevated statithoughtfully before the window. The a delightful idea came to her.

eI should like to see that h bunch of lilies of the valley in

made a special arrangement to the cafe open. She had been was on table all day. She tried to care sching foot by shifting her and