

but paternal love of his prisoner invested with a romantic interest. His instinct was a swifter one than his prisoner's own. I at first regarded them as of no deeper moment than the messages of the many noble-hearted women, Irish and foreign, whom a fight for freedom always charms to the side of the hard-set swordsman. They were such slight things, and yet of such incomparable womanliness—sometimes a verse or two from Racine or Browning, unforgettable as the "eagle's feather" of the *Memorabilia*, sometimes a pressed flower with its own perfumed meaning, or again a box of French chocolates, whereof by a woman's instinct, the dainty ornamentation of the box was even sweeter than the sweets. By degrees I came to learn, although in the vaguest way, that my correspondent was a Russian lady, Madame Raffalovich, who hospitably extracted from me a promise to pay her a visit whenever I might find myself in Paris. Still the Governor's romantic insight rather amused than impressed me, and the messages from Paris were largely jostled out of my mind by hundreds of similar kindnesses, and by the innumerable prosaic anxieties that awaited me the moment the gaol gate was crossed.

A month or two afterwards I was in Paris, on my way to the Riviera, where a villa had been placed at my disposal by Madame Venturi, an Anglo-Italian lady who sat out the Parnell Commission Court from its first day to its last, with the unwearied and unrewarded fidelity of which women only have the gift. Dr. Kenny and Tom Gill, who were in Paris with me, were as keenly interested as had been the Governor of Galway Gaol in my mysterious correspondent, and insisted on accompanying me on what I supposed would be the formality of making my promised call. The address brought us to a vast detached mansion in the Avenue du Trocadero, the doorway crowned by a far-spreading *marquise*, and the carriage approach barred by massive iron railings. Appearances were daunting, and my own spirits were not raised when as we rang a great bell tolled twice overhead, and two statuesque valets appeared on the perron, promptly as geni of the *Arabian Nights* at the clapping of hands. I am afraid it was with a certain selfish relief I learned that Madame was not at home, though we were informed she was expected back at any moment. I left my card with the sense of duty cheaply done. My own decision would have been without hesitation to write a civil letter of excuse, and leave the matter there, an excellent pretext having just presented itself in a telegram urging me to give up my trip to the South, and return to Tipperary without delay to deal with an urgent crisis that had arisen suddenly there. Joe Kenny's curiosity was now, however, rising to fever heat; he urged the rudeness of returning charming kindness by an empty pretence of a call, and there would still be time to catch the night mail from the Gare du Nord. Mrs. Kenny and he ultimately prevailed on me to call back before quitting Paris. But for their happy insistence, I should most certainly never have returned to the Avenue du Trocadero, and should have missed the one overwhelming personal happiness of my lifetime.

(To be continued.)

Rangiora Celtic Club

There was an attendance of about 50 members at the weekly meeting of the Rangiora Celtic Club, held in the Catholic schoolroom on Monday evening. Mr. C. Dash presided. The evening's programme was a debate by the ladies, the subject being—"That the country has greater advantages than the town." The affirmative leader was Miss E. Youngman, supported by Miss E. O'Donnell, and the negative leader, Mrs. G. McGloin, supported by Mrs. Clem Devlin. At the conclusion a vote was taken and the negative declared the winners.

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A Complete Story

What the Soldier Saw

(By M. E. M. Young, in the *London Month*.)

Through the night went the Paris-Bordeaux train. Often it stood still in the open for quite a stay and gave itself to prolonged and hideous shrieking. Then it clanked on again, till it clanked into some wide, gaunt, reverberating, iron shed, which called itself Poitiers, or Tours or Orleans.

When it got into one of these, the passengers in Gunner P. J. Burton's carriage—English-speaking soldiers like himself—woke, and wondered if it was any good these days making a try for something to eat, and concluded it didn't look as if it was, and went to sleep again.

Gunner P. J. Burton, 1257631 C.F.A., didn't join in these discussions with any heartiness. When they said "No good," he said "No good," for company. When they shut their eyes and dropped into heavy-breathing sleep, he shut his bright blue childlike eyes, for company too. He didn't go to sleep though. Very soon the lids opened on the bright blue eyes. But P. J. Burton wasn't seeing the haggard-faced Sergeant of the Irish Guard who snored in the opposite corner.—

He was seeing Widdington, Alberta.

Widdington is a very young thing in the way of towns. The only bit of sidewalk it has is in front of Joe Pantwise's big concrete dry-goods-store. The general store and the post office and the three saloons are wooden shanties still, and the town isn't even lighted. So that when you go ploughing through the deep dust of a dark night, and Pantwise's proud sidewalk gets you unawares upon the shin-bone, your opinion of that enterprising citizen suffers a change.

But Widdington couldn't be too young for P. J. Burton. Faith in young towns had made him what he was last June: in young towns and ladies' shirt-waists. He travelled in shirt-waists, to young towns, and he wasn't likely to leave a live man like Pantwise out of his round.

The sun can shine in Widdington: it fairly glares. The blue eyes, turned now towards Sergt. Brady in the dark, are remembering that white glare. They had come out into it from the shade of Pantwise's store, where they had been having a pretty good time looking at Miss Cullen, the shirt-waist Buyer. She was mighty easy to look at. Coming out, and down off the slice of sidewalk into the dust, who's this comes along but John Shores, an old-time pal of Burton's (a man with more education though). Shores is wearing khaki, and he gets Burton by the button-hole, and starts talking. . . . That's how it all happened. If Burton had come out of the back entrance, instead of the front, he wouldn't have met Shores wearing khaki, and—who knows?—he'd have stayed behind, maybe, the way Miss Cullen would have had him do.

He was mighty glad he hadn't stayed behind.

—Three men got out at the next stop, and brought back bread and apples. They shared them with four others, and they looked at Burton in his corner, but his eyes were shut again, so they didn't wake him. They didn't quite know where to have this chap. He had been there when they rattled up late on a ration-lorry, and fell over him into the train—and there he stayed, not to call surly, but kept himself to himself more than there was any need.—

He was seeing the lower deck of the transport that brought them from Halifax to the Scotch port of landing. He was on guard down there, and mortally sea-sick. The place was thick with a leaden stuffiness which tried to pass itself off under a bright smell of soap. Such a mixture. And cold! Talk of cold! His head was awful. It wasn't his head any more. Anybody might do what they liked with that head, for all he cared. He kept himself on the go for a while by watching out for the slap of the water, that came—now on this side of the boat—now on that. That told they kept changing their course: they were dodging a submarine. Well—if the fool submarine thought it worth its trouble—drowning a man with a head like that! He put his rifle down on the table—it came to that—and his head, and his two arms—all down together on the table. He couldn't stand up to it any longer.

But he was mighty glad he came.