

responsive soil, and coming suddenly upon a daffodil in all its golden glory. There had been some accidental meetings, requests to walk her way (one doesn't say 'No' with impunity to the director of the company); there had been subtle flatteries, and, hardest of all for a lonely girl to resist—sympathy.

Almost unconsciously she had told him of her frustrated ambition, and he had been so deeply concerned. What she needed, he declared, was rest—long, lazy days under the blue Australian skies. He'd get his cousin, who was a throat specialist, to thoroughly examine her throat. He spoke of a little summer cottage nestling in the heart of the Blue Mountains, of the morning mists and the throbbing moonlight nights. Would she not honor him by letting him take care of her. With a touch of humor, 'he'd be awfully proud to have mended a star.'

Her eyes were lifted to his in gay response to his humor. But all the delight died in them, and they grew wide with fright, when he had suggested that perhaps she would let him visit her in her garden of delights. In a flash he knew he had given himself away. Poor, bruised Kitty Howard! She turned and left him without a word. For a moment Jimmy swore softly. Then—'She'll come round,' he grinned; 'they always do. The trouble generally is to get rid of 'em.' So Jimmy, being a master in the art of waiting, took himself into the country for a few days, and at first Kitty Howard prayed with a force that left her a white and quivering thing for deliverance from the great spider's web in which she was as helpless as a struggling fly. Two days went by. The air in the shop was more stifling. One grew too tired to pray, too tired even to think. This morning's mail had brought her a letter such as the Jimmy Furnivals know how to write.

Why should she struggle any longer, she asked herself wearily. If she resisted him it would mean a dismissal slip in her pay envelope, and she was quite without money or friends. He asked her in his letter to meet him that evening at eight. Well, she would do so; and she would accept his offer if he renewed it. It would mean at least a few months' respite from this prison life, and if her voice was not restored to her, well, one could always for a few pence purchase the key to that other door of escape from the chemist.

A sudden fear of what she visualised gripped her. She felt herself drowning in a sea of blackness. 'Mother of God, pray for me!' and again, with shaking lips, 'Monstra Te esse Matrem.' And as she prayed, the Bishop, with Annie Egan in tow, stopped before her and asked to see some black silk stockings.

Up to that moment Annie Egan had not had the faintest notion of the Bishop's intention, and her eyes grew wide with wonder, but when after after some consultation, the beautiful lady behind the counter wrapped up two pairs of stockings and handed the parcel to her, Annie Egan's heart swelled and swelled. For a moment she was dumb, and then, greatly to his Lordship's embarrassment, she dropped on her knees amongst that surging mass of spring-shoppers and kissed his ring. He placed his hand very gently on the bent head, then, glancing up, he surprised the look of hopeless misery in Kitty Howard's eyes.

'You are in trouble, my child?' he asked gently. 'Yes, oh yes, M'Lord.' He spoke gently to her for a minute. 'I'll be expecting you at the Palace at half-past six, then,' Annie Egan heard him say, as they turned from the counter.

Kitty Howard slipped away from her department into the cloak room. She pushed open the window, and for a moment breathed the fresh air. 'God's in His heaven!' she exulted.

The way to the Palace led her past her park, and as Kitty went her way there was an exultant rhythm in her walk, a dewy vividness about her pink and gold beauty that made the young man loitering towards her draw in his breath for very wonder. Seeing her, he stood still till she reached him, then smiling frankly—'May I speak to you?' He spoke shyly, hesitatingly. 'You are the young man who went down into the city?' her eyebrows interrogated, but her voice held an inflection of certainty.

'And you,' he said, 'were the singing princess.'

His eyes noted her patched shoes, so she had been in life's battle. 'May I walk with you? I am going your way,' he said.

'Oh,' said Kitty, 'it seemed to me you were walking in the opposite direction.'

'I was,' he admitted cheerfully, 'but I am not now.' He ended with firmness, and fell into step beside her.

'I'm going to the Palace,' said Kitty demurely, nodding vaguely in its direction.

'So am I,' said her companion, with delighted surprise.

'I am going,' Kitty spoke decisively, 'to see the Bishop.'

'What a charming coincidence. I too am going to see his Lordship. Let us go and see him together.'

Their glances met, and they laughed. A sudden adorable shyness wrapped the girl; and to Bryan Lawlor, whom nature had made a poet and circumstances had turned into the only child of a wealthy brewer, it seemed as though her real self were gleaming through a misty veil that but enhanced her loveliness.

So in the twilight they reached the gates of the Palace. In the trees above their heads a bird called to its mate. The man's eyes grew serious. 'Won't you tell me how to find you if you should vanish again, singing princess?' he asked. 'How I searched for you; and to think I found you by the merest chance!'

When the door opened in answer to their ring, the young man elected to wait on the terrace, and half an hour later, when the Bishop escorted Kitty to the door, they found him with an impassive face.

'A penny, Bryan, for your thoughts,' offered the Bishop, for the two were old friends.

'They're worth far more,' the brazen young man replied. 'They concern a princess who got lost in a mist and who was found again, by the merest chance, in the spring twilight.' They also concern a pile of masonry that is going to be transmuted into a home.' He waved a hand towards a somewhat blatant house on the hill.

The Bishop took a hand of each.

'You are good children. You are a pair of dear, good children.'

Kitty leaned forward impulsively, 'Was there ever a Bishop like ours?'

After they had gone, the Bishop stood almost motionless for a long, long time. Night stole over the city. In the distance he saw the windows of St. Mary's flash into a sudden brilliance. They were preparing for his coming. He thought of Annie Egan, and all that the hole in her stocking had involved. He laughed, and for a moment his face grew boyish. Then, turning, his gaze rested on the dark outline of Wardern and Son's buildings, and his face became suddenly stern and drawn, at the thought of the danger threatening his little ones. 'The wolf in the fold,' he muttered. He stretched his hands in yearning benediction over the city—'My people! My flock!'

FOUND AT LAST.

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