

me accept an invitation which will only bring you disappointment. You are in love with Miss Helene.'

A blush and a denial on the part of the younger man somewhat contradicted each other.

'Oh, indeed you are, my boy. I should be in love with her myself if I were your age. Well, you will go there, fall deeper in love, propose, and very properly be declined because your station in life is too humble. I warn you of the disappointment, for I should be sorry to think I saved the young lady's life merely to bring a great trouble into yours.'

'A trouble, dad?' he answered. 'Why, the greatest kindness you ever did me was going out that night to save her life—for me.'

'For you?'

'I think I shall succeed. I have only seen her twice, with five long years between, and yet, without knowing it, I think I have loved her all the time.'

'How presumptuous is youth!' the doctor answered, 'and yet not presumptuous altogether, Frank, for you are worthy of her in yourself, though your father's station in life will probably drag you back.'

And much of what the doctor then predicted soon came to pass. It seemed cruel of the duchess to tacitly encourage what was so palpably going on during the visit which followed, for she certainly did not spoil the many opportunities her daughter found for being in her young rescuer's company. Day by day, just as Doctor Morrow had warned him, he fell deeper in love. At last only a few days remained, and the doctor knew from the electric state of the atmosphere that the culminating point was at hand. Young Morrow himself had little doubt of the result. It was the doctor who most feared what the duchess would say when she heard the avowal.

In the twilight, when blushes could be less seen, they stole into the room one evening later, and the fact that they came hand in hand foretold something of their story. The young man told the rest of it simply and bravely in these words:

'Your Grace: Rightly or wrongly, remembering my position, I love your daughter with my whole heart. Did I do wrongly in telling her, and hearing from her lips that, however unworthy, she loves me in return?'

For reply the duchess crossed the room and kissed his forehead.

'I should not do that, Frank,' she said, 'if I did not approve. Helene loves wisely in loving Dr. Morrow's son.'

'It will leave you lonely, mother mine,' said Helene.

The duchess laughed quietly.

'Perhaps not; for I have my own little secret to confess,' she said. 'It is leap-year—and—and I took advantage of it, that's all. You won't mind another father, Helene, when I tell you it is the cleverest man in all the world. The young people cannot have it all their own way, I told him, and the doctor was good enough to agree and accept me for what I am worth.'—*Couteux Leader*.

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This chap, he was a perfect wreck,
His cough was something awful;
His sneezes shook the very roof,
His friends, they murmured 'poor fool.'
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The poor chap's getting well quite fast;
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ADVENTURES IN PAPUA

WITH THE CATHOLIC MISSION

(Reprint of A.C.T.S. Publication.)

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW.

(Continued.)

On the third day from Bioto, the carriers and myself came up to Dilava,

The First of the Mountain Stations.

All the way we had seen human beings twice—once at the horse paddock of Kubuna, close to Bioto, once when we had met a hunting party a few hours from Dilava. A great part of the three days' journey was through country devoid of inhabitants. This was remarkable, since the inhabited Kuni and Mafulu districts, where the Mission carries on its work, are much wilder, steeper, and more difficult to get about than the great uninhabited tracts we crossed on the way. But the mind of the Papuan, who can fathom?

As for this Kuni country, in which Dilava is situated, there are no words to describe it. One might say it consisted of ridges; that it seemed entirely perpendicular; that it was a mass of mountains—without conveying any clear impression. Such statements, I know, would have left me cold a week before. I should have thought them figurative, and that, in any case, the country could not be all set on edge. But it was. The mountain sides were so sharply inclined that you could only have kept your footing on them by hanging on to the trees that covered them, thick as moss on a stone. Here and there and everywhere they sliced off into sheer precipices, with clouds floating through. One had to walk the greater part of the last morning, for the track ran like the roof of a house, and was simply a nick out in the shoulder of appalling heights, and it was, moreover, slippery as butter with the rain, so that the horse could scarcely keep his feet. The Mission folk all go with nails in their boots; fortunately I knew enough to have had my boots heavily nailed before starting, for it is impossible to keep one's footing among these precipices without such preparation. And if you lose your footing, on an edgeless shelf, with a sheer drop of a thousand feet below.

Late in the morning, at the summit of a long, long pull, we came upon Dilava, a tiny station perched like a swallow's nest on the top of a sharp-toothed peak that stood out high among the clouds, with blue saw-edged mountains, and purple pyramid mountains, and black humped mountains like crouching beasts, and green mountains furry with dense bush, shouldering in and nudging it all round. To build the tiny station it had been necessary to cut the top off the peak of its especial mountain—you could not build a house anywhere in the Kuni country without that preliminary.

On the Top of the Peak

were crowded together several small stick buildings—Fathers' house, kitchen, school, Sisters' house. There was also a church surprisingly built out of sawn boards. These boards had come out of the forest, and had been sawn by Fathers and Brothers in a sawmill, which they had made out of wood—with the exception of the saw—and put up over one of the mountain torrents. There is another sawmill in the district—that at Mafulu, also made and put up by the Brothers and Fathers. One naturally asks, were the Brothers, who did the chief part of the work, engineers before they joined the Mission? Not at all; one was a watchmaker, another one a maker of wooden shoes!

Two Sisters live at Dilava, and three Fathers make it their headquarters, wherefrom they visit and minister to over sixty villages, spending most of their time travelling through the wild country that lies round about. A great part of it is still unexplored; on almost every trip the Fathers find new villages, new rivers or mountain peaks, now and then whole new tracts of country, never before seen by white men's eyes. Last year, a Father chanced upon a valley in the high ranges with a population of several thousand

Ken. Mayo

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