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The House of Dreams-Come-True
By Margaret Fedler

(Continued)
timidity; he would hold to an idea or belief immovably if he conceived it right, no matter what the temptation to break away. And in the flood of light vouchsafed by Lady Anne's disclosure, she felt convinced that he had somehow come to regard the tragic happenings of the past as standing between him and any future happiness. Why, Jean could not altogether fathom, but she guessed that the dominant factor in the matter was probably an exaggerated consciousness of responsibility for his wife's death, and perhaps, too, a certain lingering tenderness, a subconscious feeling of loyalty to the dead woman, which urged him on to the sacrifice of his own personal happiness as some kind of atonement. Unless—and a swift spasm of pain shot through her, searing its way like a tongue of flame—unless Lady Anne had been altogether mistaken in her fixed belief that Blaise had not really cared for his wife but had only been carried away on the swift tide of passion—that tide which runs so fiercely and untrammelled in hot youth. Jean had her black hour then, when she faced the fact that although her love was given, and although she tremulously believed it was returned, she would probably never know the supreme joy of utter certainty, never hear the beloved's voice utter those words which hold all heaven for the woman who hears them. But, through the darkness that closed about her, there gleamed a single thread of light—the light of her own bestowal of love. Even if she never knew, of a surety, that Blaise cared, even if—and here she shrank but forced herself to face the possibility sincerely—even if she were utterly mistaken and he did not care for her in any other way save as a friend—his "little comrade"—still there would remain always the golden gleam of love that has been given. For no one who loves can be quite unhappy.

CHAPTER XVII
IN THE ROSE-GARDEN

The chalcidony of the spring skies had deepened into the glowing sapphire of early June—a deep pulsating blue, tremulous with heat. On the sundial, the shadow's finger pointed to twelve o'clock, and the sleepy hush of noontide hung over the rose-garden where Jean was gathering roses for the house. "Can't I help?" Burke's voice broke across the drowsy quiet so unexpectedly that she jumped, almost letting fall the scissors with which she was scientifically snipping the stems of the roses. She bestowed a small frown upon the head and shoulders appearing above the wooden gate on which he leant. "It's not very helpful to begin by giving me an electric shock," she complained. "How long have you been there?" His attitude had a repose about it which suggested that he might have been standing there some time watching her. "I don't know. But as I am here, may I come in?" Without waiting for her answer, he unlatched the gate and came striding across the velvet greenness of the lawn. His visits to Staple had grown of late so much a matter of daily occurrence that they were no longer hedged about by any ceremony, and Jean had come to accept his appearance at any odd moment without surprise. Since the day when she had lunched at Willow Ferry, and learned, as she believed, to understand and make allowances for the bitter-

mess which had so warped Judith's nature, her acquaintance with both brother and sister had ripened rapidly into a friendly intimacy. But the fact that Burke's feeling towards her was something other, and much warmer than mere friendship, had failed to penetrate her consciousness. It was patent enough to the lookers on, and probably Jean was the only one amongst the little coterie of intimate friends who had not realised what was impending. It is not very often that a woman remains entirely oblivious of the small, unmistakable signs which go to indicate a man's attitude towards her. In Jean's case, however, her thoughts were so engrossed with the other man that, at the moment, all other men occupied but a very shadowy relationship towards the realities of life as far as she was concerned. So that she scarcely troubled to look up as Burke halted beside her, but went on cutting her roses unconcernedly, merely observing: "Idlers not allowed. You can make yourself useful by paring the thorns off the stems." She gestured towards a basket which stood on the ground at her side, already overflowing with its scented burden of pink and white and crimson roses. He glanced at the russet head bent studiously above a bush rose and there was a gleam, half angry, half amused, in his eyes. His fingers went uncertainly to his pocket, where reposed a serviceable knife, then suddenly he drew his hand sharply away, empty. "No," he said. "I didn't come over to be useful this morning. I came over"—he spoke slowly, as though endeavoring to gain her attention—"on a quite different errand." There was a vibration in his voice that might have warned her had she been less intent upon her task of wrestling with a refractory branch. As it was, she merely questioned absently: "And what was the 'quite different' errand?" The next moment she felt his hands close over both her, gardening scissors and washleather gloves notwithstanding. "Stop cutting those confounded flowers, and I'll tell you," he said roughly. She looked up in astonishment, and, at last, a glimmering of what was coming dawned upon her. Even the blindest of women, the most preoccupied, must have read the expression of his eyes at that moment. "Oh, no—no," she began hastily. "I must finish cutting the roses—really, Geoffrey."

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settled or satisfactorily arranged for. We want you to continue doing business with us. Cash means better prices. Signed, D. J. RILEY, Belle River.

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Notice is hereby given that the 1931 Motor Vehicle Registrations expired on March 31st and all Motor Vehicle Operators are hereby required to secure their 1932 registration papers without delay and not later than Monday, the 18th instant. (Sgd.) J. J. TRAINOR, Commissioner of Provincial Police. Charlottetown, P. E. I. April 8th, 1932.

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Burke searched her face for a moment. He was thinking of the other women he had known—women who would never have remained blind to his meaning, who had, indeed, shown their willingness to come half-way—more than half-way—to meet him. "I really believe that's true," he said at last, grudgingly. "But if it is, you're the most unselfconscious woman I've ever come across." "Of course it's true," she replied simply. "I'm—I'm so sorry, Geoffrey." (To Be Continued)

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