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"Beloved Enemy"

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE told her, "in recommending stamping out the whole revolt, ruthlessly. But I should be charged with wrecking the people of Ireland, at a time when they need help against this handful of thugs who are solely responsible for all this destruction." Helen lifted the white curtain at the window and looked down into the courtyard. Below soldiers were standing at attention for the lowering of the colors, and as she watched the inspiring ceremony the decision which she had been fighting crystallized abruptly. She turned to her father.

CHAPTER 3
It was late when Helen returned to the Lodge. She was still shaken by her encounter with Dennis Rioridan and the knowledge of his identity which Jerry had unwittingly revealed to her. Gerald greeted her at the door and showered her with questions; they had been terribly worried about her. Helen found her father in bed, his face marked by fatigue. He was tired and discouraged.

"I should be amply justified," he

vegetable stalls. Suddenly with the awareness of an animal, Dennis sensed rather than saw an unusual movement of men in the crowd near him. A whistle blew shrilly. For an instant Dennis went rigid, then he drew a handful of silver from his pocket and threw the coins up in the air. The jingle of the money caused a shout of excitement and delight among the lowly Irish crowd. They were all pushing, milling and pressing every which way on the ground. The advancing plain clothes men were tripped up and delayed for the necessary instant Dennis needed to lose himself in the crowd. He and O'Rourke dashed for a side entrance. It was blocked by a pen of ducks and geese, but they plunged through it headlong, scattering the frightened fowl. On the street a cart, loaded with straw, was moving slowly by. O'Rourke lost no time. His right arm reached up and landed on the driver's jaw with stinging impact. Dennis jumped on the back of the cart and concealed himself beneath the straw. A moment later Colonel Loder and his men emerged from the Market. The street was deserted except for a very innocent looking straw cart pulled by a sleepy horse and driven by an equally sleepy driver.

When Lord Athleigh heard of Rioridan's miraculous escape he fumed with rage. Thirty men detailed to arrest him and he slipped through their fingers! What fools! Now they would never know if Helen's suspicion was right. In her room Helen flung herself on the bed and cried tears of pure joy.

At Rioridan's Hotel that night, after the meeting of the Irish Council had adjourned, Burke reproached Dennis. O'Rourke looked at him covertly.

"I wonder," he said when the men had gone and he sat cleaning his revolver with deliberate casualness, "if you're wonderin' what I'm wonderin' in?"

"That was no ordinary roundup—as I looked at it. Why were they after you?"

"Perhaps," suggested Dennis, "I was too clever the other night when I bragged to Colonel Loder that I was 'Dennis Rioridan.' And after thinking it over for a couple of days—as English will—perhaps he decided that I might be myself and wanted to ask me again!"

"That's not what I was wonderin', Dennis. I was wonderin', if anyone besides you and myself knew you were goin' to be there."

Dennis stared thoughtfully into space. "There was somebody. I'd pledge my life she had nothing to do with it, but I've got to know."

The note which Dennis wrote Helen was delivered mysteriously by someone in the Lodge. She found it in her handbag the next morning. Dennis, entreating her to come to his lodgings. Her instinctive desire to avoid him was overpowered by the feeling of guilt which weighed upon

her, and she went. At his lodgings in Pembroke Street Dennis greeted her warmly, but she was tense and uneasy. "You apologized in your note for not being able to meet me yesterday," she began. "If you hadn't written I should never have seen you again, because I know you are Dennis Rioridan. Jerry told me, without knowing it. That's how they knew you'd be at the market—through me."

Dennis stared at Helen grimly and in silence. She continued quickly: "I can't apologize—because I'm not your friend—I'm your enemy."

"Did you tell them you would the same here today?" he asked coldly. "No—one no one followed me. I have not betrayed you—today."

"Why did you come here at all?" "I thought it would be honorable to come and explain why I did it—but now I'm here I don't feel very honorable about it—I can't explain it at all."

Dennis burst out: "Inform on a man—and then tell him, about it! You're a strange woman. His expression of amazement gradually changed to a sort of marvellous admiration. "Maybe I'd have done the same thing for Ireland—but I wouldn't have had the foolish courage to come and tell you I had done it!"

Helen walked slowly to the door, but he sprang up, begging her not to go.

"I must. Because even if you don't hate me, what I did proved that we could never be friends—that we must never see each other again—you know that now, don't you?"

Dennis held her eyes with a level gaze and he spoke softly: "Yes, I know it now. But all the years after you've gone from me I'll be thinking of what might have been. Every evening for a month I'd have asked you to meet me at the hilltop. And all through the summer evenings we'd have walked in the hills, side by side, not talking much, wouldn't we have?"

Helen nodded speechlessly. "And one evening I'd have put my arm around you—and us walking alone in the moonlight! Then we'd have walked slower and slower and stopped and I'd have said, 'It's an honest and beautiful woman you are—' Helen was crying now, but he continued, "And I'd have said, 'I love you, I love you!' And after we were married we'd be on the farm in County Galway, riding fine horses together—"

Helen took his hand in hers, imploring him to stop, but he went on: "And at evening us sitting down in our cool house with the country tablecloth on the table, and the white bread, and the strong red tea in our cups—"

Her eyes were brimming with tears. "Goodbye," she whispered. "Goodbye . . ."

They stood looking at each other for a long moment, their hearts crying each for the other, fighting against the desire that consumed them. And suddenly they were in each other's arms, clinging together with passionate desperation. Dennis kissed her hungrily.

"Oh darling," cried Helen through her tears, "God help us both!"

TO BE CONTINUED

OBITUARY

Horace T. Johnston
Mr. Horace T. Johnston passed away Monday April 11 at his residence after a short illness of angina of the heart at the age of 72 years. He was born at Jacksonville but lived at Meductic where he farmed for a number of years before coming to this town where he has since lived. He is survived by his widow, one daughter, Mrs. Fred Bragdon of Meductic; one son, Harley of this town; and one sister, Mrs. Ella Puddington, Boston. The funeral took place Wed. Ap. 14, conducted by Rev. H. E. Allaby. Interment was made in the Dowville Cemetery.

Mrs. Elizabeth Rogers-Patchell
Northampton lost one of its oldest residents in the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Rogers-Patchell who passed away Sunday evening, April 11th, at the home of her son, Harry T. Rogers, at the advanced age of 89 years. She had been in good health until a few weeks ago when she contracted a severe cold from which she never fully recovered.

She was born at Northampton May 20, 1848, daughter of Margaret and Joseph Woolverton. She was married July 19, 1871, to John J. Rogers, who died June 17th, in Oct. 1918, she married Joseph Patchell of Witpittlock, who passed away five years ago. After the latter's death she returned to Northampton where she has since made her home. By her first husband she had seven children; six survive, Mrs. Burns Cluff of Northampton; Mrs. Olive Benn and Mrs. Augusta Knowlton, Debec; William and Amley, Woodstock; and Harry T. of Northampton, 17 grand children and 23 great grandchildren. The funeral was held Tuesday with prayer at the home at 2 p. m. followed by service at the Kirk, Northampton which was conducted by Rev. D. L. Giddings of Hartland and Northampton United Church.

The hymns "Hiding in Thee Under His Wings" and the "Old Rugged Cross" were rendered by a quartette Mrs. Henry Connell, Miss Kathleen Ralston, Harrison and La Faye Rogers. Mrs. William Robinson organist.

The pall-bearers were six grandsons, Frank Willard, Clifford and Walter Cluff, Donald and Arden Rogers. The floral tributes were many and beautiful; Piffow, Sons and Daughters; Flat Bouquet, Mr. and Mrs. C. Cluff, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cluff, Kathleen and Frank Cluff; Flat Bouquet, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Cluff and Marion; Flat Bouquet, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Rogers and Family; Spray, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Vandine and Family; Spray, Kathleen, Ruth, Muriel Rogers and Ronnie Estabrooks; Flat Bouquet, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. La F. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. W. Robinson; Basket, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gibson and Donald; Flat Bouquet Mr. and Mrs. Arden Shea and Heloise; Flat Bouquet, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Foreman, Mrs. Margaret Colwell and Robert; Flat Bouquet, Woodstock Fire Dept.; Basket, Woodstock Bowling Club; Flat Bouquet, Northampton IVIO Club; Flat Bouquet.

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JACKSONVILLE W. I.

The W. I. held a "Men's Night in the Hall, Thursday night, April 8. Rev. J. W. Howe was chairman. Program began with "O Canada" followed with a sing song. A recitation by Mrs. Hugh Wiley, Orchestra selections by Mr. and Mrs. Herb

Corey and George Seeley, Reading by George Seeley, Address by Rev. W. P. Stiles, Quartet, Harry London, Theodore Clark, Charles Margison and George Seeley, Reading by Charles Margison, a duet with guitar accompaniment by George Seeley and Herb Corey, Address by Rev. J. W. Howe, a duet by Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Burpee. A contest was won by Herb Corey. Refreshments were served. (Continued on Page Three)

Values For April 23-24-26



SO LONG WINTER! HELLO, SPRING!

The change of season means more than the first crocus appearing or the first robin's song, to the M. M. A. Store. It means a grand new array of foods calculated to stimulate winter-weary appetites, and yet fit Spring Budgets. Salads, fresh fruits, new vegetables are arriving every day to help you vary your menus and lighten your diet for Spring!

SANI FLUSH tin .25

Baird's Pure Extracts
Vanilla or Lemon 2 oz. Bot. .23

Hawes Floor Gloss Pints Pint .59
"Wipe it on—See it shine"

BONELESS HERRING 2 lbs .25

Boneless Cod "Firelight" lb. .15

Household Ammonia pint .15

Dandelion Butter Color bottle .35

Cream of Wheat 28 oz. pkg. .25

PEARS L.S. 2's squat 2 tins .25

Gallon APPLES No. 10 tin Solid Pack tin .49

Blossom Jelly Powder Assorted Flavors 5 pkgs. .25

4 cakes Fairy Soap and 1 cake Many Flowers Soap for 25c

Moirs Royal Mixture lb. .39

32 oz. Tin and 1 Moth Bag All for 89c

STORES HOME OWNED

Yellow Eye of White Beans 36 oz. (SPECIAL) tin .17
"Extra Large Tins" "Quality and Economy" SAVE PREMIUM COUPONS

(Special) lb. .39

Simms No. 3 Brooms (SPECIAL) each 29c

Simms No. 3 TWINE MOPS (SPECIAL) each .19

Aylmer Orange MARMALADE 32 Oz. (SPECIAL) jar .29

Shredded Wheat Special 2 pkgs. .23

Notice To Travelling Public

The following Roads will be closed for heavy traffic over 4000 lbs. until further notice :

River Road from York County Line to Hartland.

Main Trunk No. 2 from Meductic to Woodstock.

Main Trunk No. 6 from Florenceville to U. S. A. Boundary.

Newbridge Road — York County Line to River Road.

Greytown Road.

Jacksontown Road—Upper Woodstock to Centreville.

Connell Road—Woodstock to Bloomfield Corner.

Juniper Road—Bristol to Juniper.

Pole Hill Road — River Road to County Line.

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