

"This afternoon."

"I shall expect you. By the way, do you know a Miss Betty Walton?"

"I've never even heard the name."

"What time will you be here?"

"About two o'clock."

Yes, the Maywoods had returned the night before, and the daughter of the house had found several cards bearing the unfamiliar name of Miss Walton on her desk. Inquiry from the servants revealed the fact that a young lady in deep mourning had called a number of times and had said that she would call again. Miss Maywood dismissed the matter as of no consequence, yet she felt a certain curiosity when the same card was put in her hand the next morning. She received Miss Walton in the drawing room.

"Miss Maywood," began the young woman, "for your sake I have remained silent, but since the publication of this, I realized that further concealment was unnecessary."

"This" was a copy of the News, on the front page of which was the great picture of the wreck. In the foreground stood Captain P. V. St. George Brotherton, clasping in his arms a woman. Miss Maywood stared at it in astonishment. Her first feeling of resentment was followed by a wave of relief.

"It's Captain Brotherton!" she said in a low voice.

"Yes."

"And the woman in his arms is—"

"It is I."

"I don't understand."

"Let me explain. I knew that he was engaged to you. He told me so. But after he met me he loved me only. Don't think him a traitor. He was ashamed. He fought against it. He would never have told me. I should never have known had it not been for the disaster. Don't you know that love is born at a meeting, by a look, a word, a gesture? Well, it was that way with us, and when we stood together on the deck before he put me in the last boat, he had not spoken of his love for me, although we had been together every minute of the voyage. Honor bound him, but now that he was about to die, he could not refrain from telling me. I don't think I should tell you any more."

"No," said the other woman, "I don't wish to hear any more."

"I should have kept silent for his sake and yours after—but when this picture came out there was no longer any reason for concealment, so I have come to you to ask you if you have a picture of him that you will give me. If you loved him as I did, you would understand and there shouldn't be any jealousy now, because he couldn't help it, and he's—gone." Miss Walton broke down. She buried her face in her hands and sobbed. "You must hate me," she murmured. "You must think—"

"Hate you?" asked Miss Maywood.

"I'm the happiest girl living. I respected Captain Brotherton and I honored him. He was surrounded by a halo of romance. He made such delightful love to me! You shall have pictures—anything that you like."

When Carbrey was shown into the drawing room that afternoon he found a stranger there. A woman stood by the window, with bowed head. There was something in her appearance that was vaguely familiar. Not in vain had he spent hours staring at that picture of the lovers on the deck of the sinking ship! Presently she turned, as Elaine entered. Carbrey perceived that Elaine had taken off her mourning.

"John," she said, extending a hand that trembled, "This is Miss Walton. She is the lady who was in Captain Brotherton's arms in the picture you didn't let me see!"

Carbrey stared. Love is a great illuminant. Miss Walton looked from one to the other.

"This," she said at last, "is the man you spoke about?"

"Yes," answered Miss Maywood.

"Your man?" asked Miss Walton slowly.

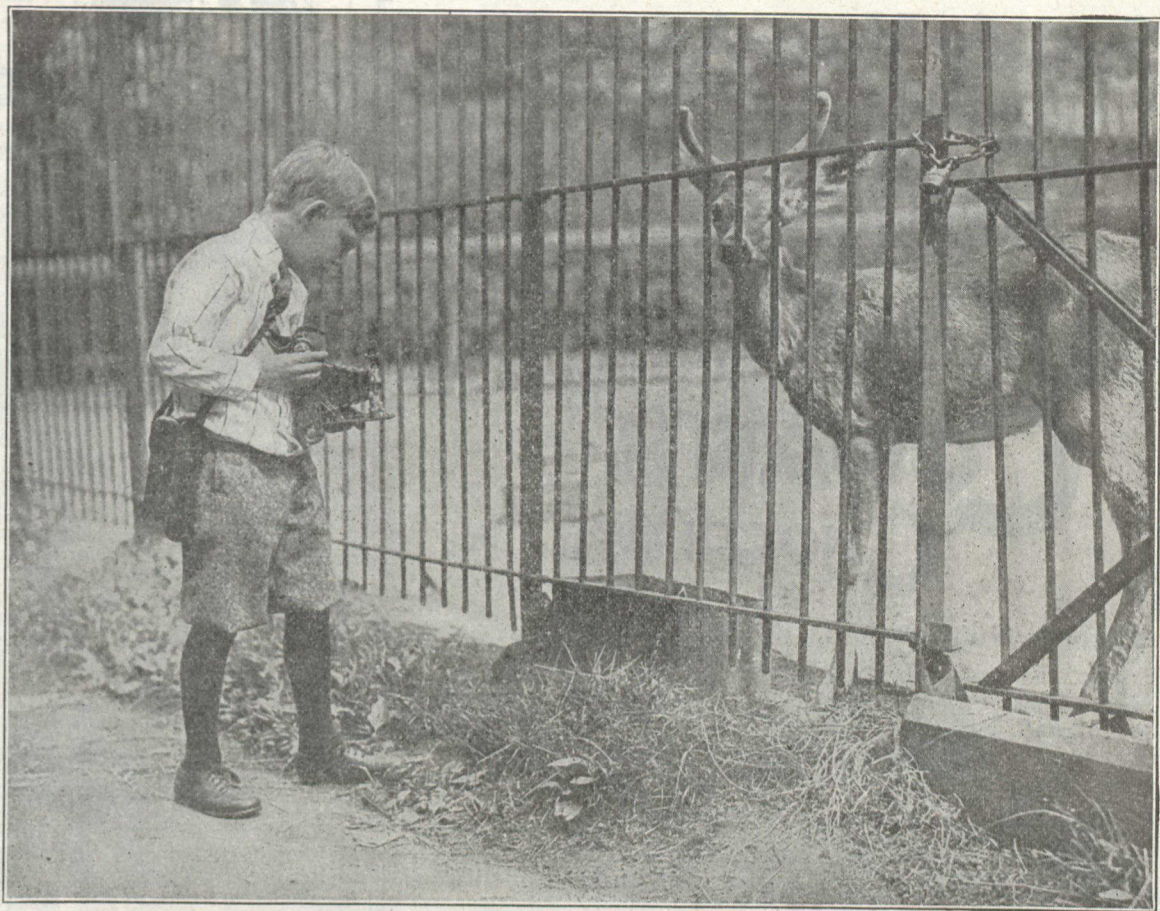
"Mine!" cried Elaine, nodding and smiling as her cheeks flamed.

Miss Walton turned. In a second the door closed behind her retreating figure.

### Display Our Flag!

CANADIANS have been accused of a lack of patriotic display. Our American cousins have been held up to us as exponents of a proper degree of patriotic fervor. We have been exhorted to do more flag-waving, to indulge in more self-approbation. There is a whole lot of right in this suggestion and a whole lot of wrong. Certainly, more attention should be given in the Dominion to the display of our Canadian flag. Children should be taught not only to respect it but to *know* it. A great number of Canadians cannot distinguish it from the Union Jack.

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