

For forty miles west of the Divide the train stopped only twice without being flagged. Mail and merchandise were handled at both places, and one of them was Lucerne.

Fortunately, Mack took kindly to the doctor and his women folk. Everything he had he placed at their disposal—his tents, his garden patch, and his boat. Appreciative of liberal disbursements of tobacco, Mack kept the doctor filled up with yarns about the old trapping days, the fire that had depleted animal and plant life in the Pass before his time, and the Grand Trunk construction period just closed. He never forgot to report to the women whenever a bear had, in the half-light of morning or evening, been detected surveying the townsite progress from the head of the wide clearing flanked by three or four crude structures. That he knew a picturesque spot as well as fine fur, Dr. Heathcote often admitted. Thereupon he always rehearsed how persistently he had held the piece of land staked years before the British Columbia government thought of turning the western half of Yellowhead Pass into a National Park.

The restaurant at the townsite made a real camp meal acceptable merely for the sake of variety. Women were as scarce at Lucerne as were wolverines, hence the restaurant keeper's wife was glad enough each day when supper time came. There was a whole week toward the end of July, however, when neither the restaurant meals nor the woman who cooked them tempted Mrs. Heathcote, much less Violet. A desire to test their camp cookery and the doctor's axe agility seized the women at the Point when told by the woman at the townsite that she had glimpsed, the previous evening, a big black bear outside the back door digging amongst the bones and scraps of an overturned garbage can, and that she could not furnish the usual slice of blueberry pie nor the customary lake trout because her husband had been occupied most of the day fixing the improvised shelter that had been tipped over and ransacked.

That was the laziest and the busiest summer Violet had ever known. While the doctor went from cover to cover of every available magazine and Mrs. Heathcote crotched one yoke after another, Violet pulled every stroke that carried them up and down and across the lake. Not one word of print did she read. The open book of nature was too soul-stirring. Idle, yet busy, she sat for hours at a stretch looking not at but into the mountains, the trees and the ripples. Lake Lucerne she called the water, for did not Yellowhead Pass and Yellowhead Mountain sufficiently perpetuate the memory of the Hudson's Bay yellow-haired representative of almost a century ago? To her the lake would always be Lake Lucerne, and she built that thought form so positively and continuously that she believed the same thing would happen as had happened in regard to her own name. At any rate, if eventually the map did not thus record the four-mile sheet of water, people would think of it as Lake Lucerne.

Strolling on a July morning along the tote road skirting the base of the Seven Sisters, Violet peered amongst the wild flowers hoping to find her favorite—the flower Rudolf had brought her as long as it could be procured from Covent Garden. Not one could she find. She did discover a few bluebells. Months afterward they lay flat on a card marked "Lucerne, Canadian Rockies."

Facing the lake and Mount Fitzwilliam, Violet wondered if the mood of the Canadian lake was not more variable than that of the Swiss lake. Even so, it mirrored as sharply its surroundings. Never in its history had as many people crossed the Canadian lake as had crossed the Swiss lake in one year, and never would so many people live around it, she was sure. For eighty odd years steamers had plied the Swiss waters; a motor boat was the largest craft launched on the Canadian Lake Lucerne. Presently, she caught herself speculating as to whether it had been on the waters of a Swiss lake or on the slope of a Swiss mountain that Rudolf had given Elise the first kiss. What did it matter to her, she

asked herself? Rudolf probably had Elise. She still had Gerald.

The first month passed without Violet bringing to light a kit of which she thought daily. At length she produced it. Then she told the doctor and his wife, while avoiding their eyes, that she was going to paint a picture, but would show it to no one till it was finished. They were not inquisitive. Therefore, unmolested Violet spent daily a number of hours studying and a few hours expressing her vision of Lucerne.

August was drawing to a close and the holiday almost over. Never before had Violet gone away and left her painting outdoors. But it was finished. Into it she had put her very self and she must leave others to judge of her work. Not yet, however, might anyone see it, so she threw over it an old silk scarf the same tint as her ray.

To the head of the lake Violet rowed as if in a dream, resting only once and that was to watch the train halt at the station. Returning, she stopped again because the doctor heard a rumble and noticed a handcar speeding toward Yellowhead as fast as section men could pump it.

"I've something to show you," announced Violet when they landed on the Point. The same moment that she lifted the delicately tinted scarf and heard the exclamation "What a lovely picture," Mack came along. She invited him to look, saying that it was the first time the finished picture had been uncovered.

"No, it ain't," corrected Mack. "There was a man here awhile ago—come from Jasper—got off the train at Yellowhead to see the Divide, he said. The section crew brought him down and waited for him. He said something about the war and being a long ways from home. Anyhow, he's leavin' Jasper tomorrow—said he couldn't think of goin' home without seein' Lucerne. He took that thing off—asked who painted the picture. Says he, 'I'd like to have that.'"

For several years the painting hung in the dining room of the Heathcote home. Meantime, its ownership changed. A stranger writing from Toronto desired Violet to set a price on the picture painted by her at Lucerne. She did so, but thought no more about it. In the course of time another communication reached her from Toronto. There was a cheque and a note suggesting that she hold the picture because it was too precious to send during the war to the writer's customer overseas.

Again Violet was at Lucerne. The picture painted there five years earlier was on the way to Switzerland in response to a direct request from him who had once said to Violet "You are an artist." With increased power she was painting another picture of the Lucerne of Canadian Rockies.

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Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall.

Courtesy to the Caller

When you answer the telephone, you are courteous in your answer. If you are answering a business telephone, however, it would be more courteous if instead of saying "Hello," you announced the name of the firm or department. One greets another on the street with "Hello", but then one sees the other and there is no need to announce the person speaking. On the telephone it is different. You anticipate what a person wants to know when you reply to a call, "This is Hoe & Company, Mr. Blank speaking."

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