

claimed the Romantic Girl, greatly excited and overlooking the final remark. "Won't it be great if we've been shadowed? That's what they call it. I've always longed for a real experience and now I believe I'm about to realize my heart's desire. I've a notion to be magnanimous and assume the entire fifty-three cents worth of merchandise, marsh-mallows and all. O-o-o; O-o-o the delicious quavery little thrills are starting in already at my collar-bone."

"You'll have another kind of thrill when you read in the local society notes that four young women, for we're not going to let you have the experience all to yourself, were detained for smuggling, their names being withheld out of regard for their families who are eminently respectable," commented the Practical One.

"Meantime," said the Engaged Girl, "I'm starving. I'm as shop-worn as a remnant sale. There's a tea room not far from here. Let's go and get something to refresh the inner-woman, and perhaps Copper Tresses will lose sight of her quarry."

Scones and coffee tasted good to these shop-worn skaters and they sat chatting gaily over what they really believed to be an adventure.

Meantime, Patricia, wholly unconscious of the "delicious quavery thrills" her resemblance to a supposed customs official was creating, exploited a forlorn hope in a fancy goods store and came out as destitute of Maltese lace as she had entered.

"And now for home," she thought, "but I feel that next to Maltese lace, a sandwich and a cup of coffee would be the best thing for me in my dejected condition. The Tiffin Inn must be along here some place. Oh, yes, there's the sign with its almond-eyes ladies regaling themselves with Oriental tid-bits. It's too tempting to be ignored." So she followed the Willow Bay girls into the Tiffin Inn and an Oriental costumed waiter showed her to a seat at a broad-topped tabourette with another person sitting at the opposite side of it—the Visiting Lady. The other three sat at an adjoining table within conversation distance.

"Why, how often I've met those girls this afternoon. I wish I knew them. They look so jolly. I wonder if they're Maltese hungry too," and she smiled faintly as she thought of her fruitless search.

The three at the table across the aisle tried to appear interested in irrelevant matters and not to giggle when the situation became too intense or when the Practical One suggested, *sotto voce*, eating the marsh-mallows and saving the duty on them.

The Visiting Lady, unaccustomed to the usages of public tea rooms, where people sit elbow to elbow and in silence drink the most sociable beverages permitted to gentle-women, felt embarrassed, and in the sweet innocence of her inexperience, resolved to venture a commonplace remark.

The fragrant coffee was stimulating and Patricia liked to talk; so she responded graciously and these two strangers talked of as many things as girls possibly could in fifteen minutes—except shopping. The Visiting Lady adroitly managed to avoid this pertinent subject. When the quartette arose to go Patricia included them all in a farewell smile and bow, as she sat sipping her coffee.

"It's later than I thought," said the Beautiful Shopper, as she buckled her skate strap and looked at the sun dipping into a golden glow in the west. I've half a mind to go over to Willow Bay and have supper with Mollie and go home by train. It's the only chance I'll have to see her before the wedding day. She'll be delighted to see me I know. Yes, I'll go."

The stores at Willow Bay were small and inconsequent, but as she passed them Patricia could not resist the temptation to pause and look in the windows. Before one of them a smothered exclamation escaped her. She disappeared within and a saleswoman fished a card of lace out of the marked down odds and ends in the window. "It was ordered for a trousseau," she explained as if to apologize for its presence, and when Patricia emerged from that inconsequent little shop, she was the happy possessor of the coveted Maltese lace.

In ten minutes she rang Mollie O'Byrn's door-bell softly, for Patricia hated door-bells to be rung like fire alarms.

It was opened by a cheery-faced young woman with her outdoor wraps on; toque and sweater, skates still hanging across her arm—the Visiting Lady once again.

"Oh," exclaimed Patricia, "I did not know we were to meet so soon again, but I'm pleased. I hope you are too."

The Visiting Lady didn't look quite certain that she was, and while she hesitated Patricia continued:

"It was so late that instead of going home, I decided to come over and have supper with Mollie. Won't you please ask me in?"

Mollie, recognizing her friend's voice, appeared and when the greetings were over presented the Visiting Lady as "my little cousin who has come all the way from Alberta for my wedding."

The Visiting Lady was beginning to be conscious of a dawning light although she could not tell whence it came, and Mollie was becoming mystified by her cousin's strange manner.

"Why, child, what's the matter?" she asked. Then the Visiting Lady began to laugh. "There's a ridiculous mistake Mollie, dear," she said, "this is the Woman Inspector I've been telling you about."

Then followed a babel of explanations and laughter and in course of time, supper. As they sat at the table, chatting after the meal was over, the telephone rang and the cousin from Alberta was wanted. When she returned, another mirth-provoking explanation ensued:

"You see it was this way," the other Engaged Girl explained from her end of the line, "we were

talking about an inspector being sent and I was called from the room when I returned Teddy was describing someone whom I thought was the same person. But it wasn't. It was his new secretary, and there isn't any woman inspector at all. Weren't we deliciously fooled?"

"That all goes to show what a guilty conscience and a vivid imagination can do," said Mollie. "Let's toast the marsh-mallows."



## Santa Filomena

This poem by Longfellow celebrated the unselfish deeds of Florence Nightingale:

When e'er a noble deed is wrought,  
When e'er is spoken a noble thought,  
Our hearts in glad surprise  
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls  
Into our inmost being rolls,  
And lifts us unawares  
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds  
Thus help us in our daily needs,  
And by their overflow  
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I as by night I read  
Of the great army of the dead,  
The trenches cold and damp,  
The starved and frozen camp—



MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Study by A. T. Clark

The wounded from the battle-plain,  
In dreary hospitals of pain;  
The cheerless corridors,  
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that hour of misery  
A lady with a lamp I see  
Pass through the glimmering gloom,  
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,  
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss  
Her shadow as it falls  
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be  
Opened, and then closed suddenly,  
The vision came and went,  
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long  
Hereafter of her speech and song,  
That light its rays shall cast  
From portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand  
In the great history of the land,  
A noble type of good,  
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here  
The palm, the lily and the spear,  
The symbols that of yore  
Saint Filomena bore.



## Old Brown House

By WINNIFRED WESTCOTT

THE evening air is laden with the perfume of mignonette and rose, as we pass around a curve in the winding country road. Down a little hill, over a small bridge of hewn timbers, and along

by a grey, crumbling stone fence or low wall. Over it wild creepers are growing, creepers with odd, little, blue flowers, and spikes of waxy berries. Beyond it lies an orchard of ancient, gnarled apple-trees, mixed here and there with a lower pear or plum tree, their rough, twisted branches almost hidden beneath a wealth of fragrant beauty. They show no signs of pruning, and about their roots the mullein-stalks stand thick.

Just above the trees, and a little further back, there is a sloping red roof, thickly overgrown with clinging grey moss, green at the eavetroughs, where the water stays longest. Through the trees glimpses may be seen of the immense stone chimney, out of all proportion to the rest of the house. The stone here, like that in the wall, looks as though it would tumble down were it not for the strong interlacing ivy that has crept up, reaching to the little attic window, then to the roof, and finally now waves its tendrils aloft, a far stronger thing than the house it shelters. The front door opens on a veranda, and this, too, is covered with green, the roof with moss and the posts with ivy. Even the low step is not bare. Creeping Charlie has forced its way here and has taken root in the cracks of the floor.

Old, forsaken, but picturesque and lovely, the house is set in its background of orchard and garden. Roses in profusion, hollyhocks, primroses, bachelor buttons, plox, all the old favorites are growing in rank luxuriance, showing spears and shafts of red and gold and blue through the varying green of the foliage.

Through the orchard runs what has once been a gravel walk, now only a line where the bushes from either side lean over and gently touch. So quiet and beautiful the old place is, we are loath to leave it.

But as we drive farther along, just around the next bend in the road, there appears on the same farm an up-to-date, precise brick residence, and we feel that we know the story. The little, old, romantic house has been abandoned for the modern one, "with all conveniences," and no beauty.

Long ago, in the fifties or sixties, a youth with his face full of promise and power, and a girl with a look of content in her eyes, came to the little house. Here they planted the hollyhocks and the tiger-lilies, and set out the lilacs and the rose-bushes. Here children's feet pattered over the veranda and round to the well. But now that youth is resting in the churchyard, and the girl has closed her eyes beside him. The children are scattered. Quarrelling for the farm, now valuable, they have each taken what they could get, and have departed. The oldest son has the place now, and it is his brick house that stands so bare, with not even a hawthorn bush to make it a home.

Some day we are going back, just at twilight, when the shadows from the veranda posts are long, and the last rays of the sun are reflected back as gold from the little panes.

The calm and beauty and peace and quiet that cling to the old house are balm for the weary soul, tired out with the constant strife of action, but when we pass the brick house up on the hill shut your eyes tight, lest the vision of the little, old, brown house be marred.



## Little Stories of Great Men

By JAMES CHALMERS, THE MISSIONARY

JAMES CHALMERS was born in the Old Country a long time ago, in 1841. Until he was fourteen, I suppose, he was much like other nice little boys, and no one ever thought he would grow to be one of the heroes of Christianity. But when he was fourteen, he read a letter written by a brave missionary in the Fiji Islands. And after that, young as he was, his one thought was how he could help the heathen.

For some years, while he was growing up, he studied and trained. When he was about twenty-three, he and his young wife left England, and sailed for an island called Raratonga, a long, long way off in the southern part of the Pacific Ocean. In those days, sea voyages took a long time; often many months were spent in making a journey which is made now in two or three weeks. And Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers did not reach Raratonga for a year and a half after leaving England! A whole book could be written about their adventures on the sea. Their ship was wrecked, on Savage Island. And a pirate captain called Hayes took them on board his ship, and at last carried them to Raratonga, where they stayed for ten years working at the mission station and teaching the natives. Then they were sent to New Guinea.

Ask your teacher to show you New Guinea on the map. It is a great big island, inhabited by many wild and fierce tribes of savages, many of whom were, and still are, cannibals and head-hunters. A man's dignity and wealth, among these people, were counted by the number of enemies' heads which he had cut off and hung up in front of his house! Yet James Chalmers went about among them fearlessly, going from village to village in a canoe, teaching the tribes and turning them from their evil ways. He made real friends of them, and found their good points, that they were often kind, intelligent, modest and polite. He had countless narrow escapes from death. He was never, for a single day, out of danger, but he called it the "pepper and salt" which gave zest to his work. And sometimes very funny things happened, as well as dangerous ones. In his book, "Life and Work in New Guinea," which I hope you will read one day, he tells about his boots, and the wonder they caused the people of Orokolos.