



Live Under the Old Flag

Not merely the flag that "braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze"; but the flag that stands for liberty to every man, for freedom of the home, for the joy of democratic living.

A FLAG FOR EVERY HOME.

Living under the British or the Canadian flag does not mean merely the flag on the Town Hall, the Parliament Buildings and the Armouries. It means the flag directly over your door. Lots of people live under the flag that is owned by somebody else. They imagine that a flag must have a flag-pole on the lawn or on the roof. But the flag for every home means a flag that can be flung from any window, verandah-post or gable.

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This Union Jack 32x48 inches, complete with pole (6 feet long), halyard, and window socket, at \$1.45, post paid, is a real bargain. It is designed to fly from an upstairs' window.

The Canadian Courier,
Toronto, Canada.

COUPON

Send me a flag. I have indicated with an X the one I want, and am remitting herewith the amount quoted above for this flag.

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Union Jack, 32x48 inches 51 cents, Mail Post Paid
(Canadian Ensign, same size, 5 cents extra.)

Union Jack, 32x48 inches (same flag as above), complete with pole
(6 feet long), halyard and window socket, \$1.45, Mail Post Paid
(Canadian Ensign, same size, 5 cents extra.)

Union Jack, 24x36 inches 25 cents, Mail Post Paid

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Set of Allies' Flags, 7 in' number, 15x20 inches, 70 cents, Mail Post Paid

though, of course, he does not understand the business. Have you still the same objection to my making his position better?"

"I have. And it is one that must remain in force. Let him earn a good character; that is all I want."

Ronald went away, and Mary was surprised to find how greatly she missed him and had leaned on him. She missed also the many thoughtful attentions he had paid her unostentatiously.

Mr. Westlake came to the office every morning and spent some considerable time in chatting with her.

"Really, sir," she said one day, "there will be a poor show of work for Mr. Ronald if you will not let me begin."

"My son would not grudge me the pleasure of talking to you. He never talks to you, of course?"

She laughed. "I am afraid he used to sometimes. He has not talked much of late; we have been too busy."

"Don't you think you might give an old man the pleasure of your company at lunch sometimes?"

"What do you mean, sir?" she asked with a bright smile. She had charmed him completely already, and he longed for her as a daughter-in-law.

"I mean that I think you might consent to Mrs. Westlake calling on you, and let us invite you to our house. It is not good for a young girl like you to live such a secluded life. Were you ever at a dance?"

"Yes, sir," she replied with a smile.

"My son dances very well."

"I do not doubt it."

He began to talk of Ronald and she listened willingly. Every day after this he expatiated on the same theme.

RONALD meantime was endeavouring to forget his trouble in gay society. He did not succeed. He compared Mary with every girl he met, and he decided that she was superior to every one in mind, manners, and appearance. His love was great enough to cause him a gnawing pain which never left him. He mixed in very good society, but it gave him no pleasure. Good, bad, or indifferent, it was all the same. He was conscious of only one desire—to return to Willowbridge.

He met an old university friend one day at his club and entered into conversation with him.

"You must come with me this evening," said Mr. Alton. "I am going to Lady Iredale's, and I know I may bring you. I haven't seen you for an age. Dine with me first."

Ronald did so, and during dinner his friend entered into particulars concerning the Iredales.

"First-rate family, as no doubt you know. The Conqueror wasn't in it with Iredale's ancestors. Descended straight from Adam, you know; pedigree vouched for. Anyhow, old Iredale couldn't be prouder if it was. In my opinion he's a beast."

"Indeed! I thought they were old friends of yours?"

"So they are. That's just why I know he's a beast. Your casual acquaintances may be angels. You may think so if you seldom talk to them, but you never consider your friends angels. Iredale isn't really a friend of mine. After his abominable conduct I don't consider him such."

"What conduct?"

"I suppose you have heard that Sir Thomas and Lady Iredale had only one child—a daughter—of whom they were both amazingly proud, and with reason."

"I know very little of society."

"I have never seen a girl to equal her. She made quite a sensation when she was presented. I can't tell you how many men knuckled under to her. I know that a marquis proposed to her, and he wasn't by any means the only one."

"Not you, I hope."

"I've got over it by this time, but I was hard hit. Oh, yes, I proposed, and she refused me."

"Foolish girl!" for Mr. Alton was very wealthy, of good family, and admirable character. "She wouldn't find a better looking fellow than you," said Ronald, laughing.

"But she did. She engaged herself to the handsomest man I ever saw,

and a precious scoundrel he turned out to be. He put himself at last within the reach of the law, forged, and was convicted. She refused to give him up, and rumour says her father turned her out of the house. Anyhow, she disappeared, and no one knows what has become of her."

"If her father consented to the engagement he had no right to have acted in this manner."

"He is as proud as Lucifer. Of course, she couldn't marry a forger, but he needn't have treated her as he did."

"What was her mother about?"

"Lady Iredale is a weak, affectionate creature, who doesn't dare to go against her husband. She has felt her daughter's loss terribly."

The party was a small one. Lady Iredale, a faded woman, who had evidently possessed rare beauty, received Mr. Westlake graciously. After a time he found himself in the inner drawing-room, opposite a large portrait of a young lady in court dress—a young lady of exceeding beauty. Her white arms and shoulders gleamed, her ruddy hair shone, her whole expression was radiant. But Ronald started back in amaze, for it was the image of Mary Williams, glorified by court dress and costly accessories.

"That is the portrait of my daughter," said a sad voice beside him. It was that of Lady Iredale, who had noted his rapt gaze.

"She is very beautiful," said Ronald; "but she is more than beautiful; she has the sweetest face I ever saw."

He had no doubt whatever that she was identical with Mary Williams. It was impossible that there should be two such girls.

"That is quite true," Lady Iredale replied. "Her principal beauty lay in her expression, everyone said. She was very much admired."

"She is not at home now?" said Ronald, who was longing to solve the mystery.

"She is not."

Lady Iredale sighed deeply.

"I met a young lady very like her," he said, feeling instinctively that it would be a comfort to the mother to talk of her daughter.

"Where did you meet her?" asked Lady Iredale with agitation, and he saw that his surmise had been correct—that she was ignorant of Mary's whereabouts.

"Oh, down west," he replied vaguely.

ANOTHER question was on her lips, but she suddenly checked herself, and said hurriedly: "Let me introduce you to Sir Thomas."

Sir Thomas was a tall, thin, stately man, with strongly marked aquiline features, a grey moustache, and iron-grey hair. Every gesture proclaimed to the simplest onlooker that he considered himself not quite as the common herd, or, as Mr. Alton had expressed it, the Conqueror wasn't in it with him.

He greeted Ronald with urbaneness, and entered into conversation with him for a few minutes, going afterwards from guest to guest and according each the same gracious honour, for he prided himself exceedingly on his Vere de Vere manners as host. Ronald had once had the honour of conversing with the King when Prince of Wales, who had not extended to him one-tenth part of the patronage exercised by Sir Thomas Iredale. On the contrary, he had spoken to him as one gentleman speaks to another, knowing very well that he was "the paper man." He had told him that if he ever happened to be in the neighbourhood he should like to see over the mill, and would lunch with him with pleasure. Ronald wondered if Sir Thomas would have a fit of apoplexy if anyone suggested his lurching at Mr. Westlake's.

People were coming and going, and settled conversation was impossible.

"You would perhaps like to see some other likenesses of my daughter," said Lady Iredale.

"I should like it extremely."

She brought him an album entirely filled with portraits of Miss Iredale. In yachting dress, in bicycle dress, hunting costume, evening dress, and it was Mary's face on every page, her