

one doesn't see at first glance—" but as he spoke his eyes were fixed on the face of the girl, touched by the last glow of sunset. At the cabin Carmody's eyes were quick to catch the good fellowship in which the children held Mary Kauffman and the deference of the woman towards the girl.

Retracing their moonlit way, Mary broke an interval of silence with the remark:

"I don't see how you did it! There isn't a prouder woman within twenty miles of the Gap than Mrs. Keegan; her father was a boss and she can never forget it, and yet she took from you enough money to keep them all winter—with the boys in school, at that—and didn't seem to have the notion that she was receiving charity."

"I don't want anybody to know about this Mary," he said, "can I depend upon you to see that Mrs. Keegan doesn't let a hint of it slip into the ears of the community?"

"Yes, sir," the girl answered, "her gratitude would be the only thing that would make her do it. I think it is beautiful of you to do so much for them."

While Carmody came with Mary occasionally to the cabin, he more often met the girl at the shoulder of the mountain where, on the occasion of her first visit to the widow, Mary had called his attention to the grandeur of the river tearing its way between the narrow sides of the Gap. They had never met by appointment, and perhaps the girl had quite forgotten that she had told Carmody that she often came there to feast her eyes and rest her soul—but the Boss had not! And it is certain she did not realize that, in those meetings upon the shoulder of the mountain, it was of herself and her world that they invariably talked. There had not been a human being in the whole settlement up to the time of her acquaintance with Carmody began, to whom she had felt free to talk of the things that were in her heart. The realization that the people with whom her lot had been cast could not understand the things about which she most wished to talk had caused her to withhold companionship from them.

But this sensitive reserve made her only the keener for the real companionship which Carmody offered her—and in so quiet a way that she had no feeling that it was being offered. So it came about that the girl in these meetings above the rapids, did most of the talking, and the Boss listened, for the most part, with now and then a question or a smile which drew out fresh revelations of her history and her character.

The nearest approach to a word of sentiment from the lips of The Boss was when the girl told him of the grief and loneliness following her mother's death and realization that she was left absolutely alone in the world so far as relatives or support was concerned.

"It strikes me that some get more than their share of the hard knocks," was Carmody's comment. And then he added:

"If you were in trouble now, you wouldn't feel quite so desperately helpless, would you?"

"No, sir," she answered without restraint or embarrassment, "after knowing how good you are to those in trouble, I couldn't feel quite so deserted as I did then. But the Mennonite family with whom I went to live were good to me and gave me a chance to go to school. They fed me well—but I was hungrier for sympathy and comfort than for food, and they didn't know how to give me that, excepting in the way of religion. And even in their religious life they are as quiet as they are honest and earnest. Sometimes I used to get so wild to let out my feelings instead of forever keeping them in that I used to go up into the haymow when they were away and just scream!"

Occasionally, Carmody had, when in the humor, talked of the big bridge and of the satisfaction it gave him to think that every bolt and nut and rivet had been put in place to stay; that there had not been a single thing slighted or a dishonest evasion or trick in the whole work; that he liked to build

bridges, not only because it was his business, but also because there was a joy in looking back at the work—perhaps when lying awake at night—and thinking that the safety of perhaps thousands of people could be trusted to those spans. And then the girl would grow enthusiastic and say: "I think it's something like that in teaching school, too."

One evening, as the softness of summer still held the ground against the overdue frosts of autumn, Mary found Carmody waiting for her at the Shoulder Rock. Before, she had always had plenty of time in which to dream before he came—and often he did not come at all, for their talks were by no means at regular intervals. To-night, however he was not only awaiting her, but there was something in the smile with which he welcomed her that betrayed an unusual quality in his mood. As she took her usual seat on the roots of a pine she vaguely wondered what made him seem a little different than before.

He looked up quietly, however, and in his ordinary tone of voice remarked:

"I've been wondering just how I seem to you?"

"Why, how do you mean?" she asked in return, with a little startled laugh.

"Old? A lot older than you, for instance?"

"Why, no—I hadn't thought of it that way. I guess I hadn't thought of it at all. I—"

"Never mind," he interrupted. After a moment's silence, in which he looked dreamily down the Gap, he arose and seated himself beside her on the yielding pine needles, clasping his knees with his hands and again gazing abstractedly into the gorge.

She had become used to his lapses into silence and understood them too well to speak.

"Mary," he finally said, "have you had the least suspicion that I have come to love you, that I want to take you away with me as my wife when the big bridge is finished?"

Her face went white under his steady eyes. She did not attempt to speak, but only shook her head.

"Well, I have. And before I ask if you love me—or if you will—I want to tell you how you seem to me. From boyhood I've been rather solitary and inclined to keep to myself. Then, too, I got interested in doing things before I was fairly out of my teens. The work fascinated me and I gave myself to it with all the energy of a solitary man. There were family obligations and burdens, too. Between all these things and the fact that the nature of my work took me much of the time into out-of-the-way places, I have had comparatively little association with women. But after I had watched you for some time it grew upon me that you were sweet and good and—well—just the kind of woman I'd like to live with always. This became clear to me after we had had our second talk under these trees. Our friendship had been so matter-of-fact, so simple and unsentimental—to put it that way—that I felt reasonably sure you hadn't thought of anything but just simple, straightforward companionship with me. And so you met me on that ground without any hesitation, or fear or—nonsense. It has seemed to me that you came about as near to thinking out loud with me as a girl can with a man. And everything I learned of your thoughts and feelings in that relationship made me more and more sure that you were as sweet and good as you seemed. Every day has made me care more for you. If you will marry me, Mary, I'll always be good to you and true to you and—"

Tears were in the girl's eyes as she cried out:

"You mustn't! I couldn't let you marry me. You're The Boss—and I'm only—"

"The fact that you've waited on table at Mrs. Stinton's makes no difference. You're a school teacher, which is a much more intellectual pursuit than being a boss over a gang of laborers—when it comes to comparing things of that sort. I should be the one to hesitate on that ground—if either of us

## LONDON

### MADE TO MEASURE

## SUITS

### TO MEASURE

There is a distinctive style and finish about a "Curzon" Suit or Overcoat which the "ready-to-wear" or "semi-ready" garments sold in Canada and the States lack. Indeed the "Curzon" cut and finish is hardly equalled even in garments sold by the best Custom Tailors, whose charges are always exclusive, if not altogether prohibitive. There is just that ease and comfort about our garments which give the wearer a comely appearance.

Then there is the cloth to remember. nothing but real British materials every time.

Merely fill in a post card and address same to us as below, asking for our latest assortment of materials. Together with patterns, we send you fashion-plates and complete instructions for accurate self-measurement, tape measure, all sent free and carriage paid. We dispatch your order within seven days, and if you do not approve, return the goods and we will refund the money.



## \$20 SUIT TO MEASURE FOR \$8

### CURZON BROS

Go to Curzon

**The World's Measure Tailors.**

(Dept. 108), 60/62 CITY ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND.

Addresses for Patterns: For Toronto and East Canada: CURZON BROS., c/o MIGHT DIRECTORIES, Ltd. (Dept. 108), 74/76 Church Street, Toronto.

For Winnipeg and the West: CURZON BROS., c/o HENDERSON BROS. (Dept. 108), 279 Garry Street, Winnipeg.

*Please mention this paper.*

## CHALLENGE



## GOLLARS

### Save you money

Stop all laundry troubles. "Challenge" Collars can be cleaned with a rub from a wet cloth—smart and dressy always. The correct dull finish and texture of the best linen.

If your dealer hasn't "Challenge" Brand write us enclosing money, 25c. for collars, 50c. per pair for cuffs. We will supply you. Send for new style book.

**THE ARLINGTON CO. OF CANADA**  
Limited  
54-56 Fraser Ave., Toronto, Can.  
8142

Made from a New Fabric of a Superior Quality.

## EXCELDA

### HANDKERCHIEFS

One-third the price of silk or linen. Two Gold Medals awarded for EXCELDA Handkerchiefs. Sold by the Retail Stores all over the Dominion.

Please ask for EXCELDA Handkerchiefs, and insist upon seeing the name. A genuine article at a popular price.

**YOU NEED NOTHING BETTER. BRITISH MAKE**

When purchasing from Western Home Monthly advertisers, be sure and mention the paper.