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corner at a quick trot, the pony slowed up and stopped in front of a dilapidated shack standing in the centre of a small clearing. Mavis stared incredulously; she had not expected to reach her destination so soon. Her stare took in everything, from the battered shingle roof to the first worn log, then the tent in the yard, the sagging wire fence and the stable with the log corral by it. "Well," she ejaculated, "what a practical joker Jim is—Beautiful little City. Lovely little white cottage with flowers and vines around it—h'm." She sniffed and dismounted stiffly, led the pony to the corral by the stable, fed it an armful of hay, then turned and walked slowly up the weed-grown path to the shack. The door swung open with a protesting screech. There were more surprises in store for her. She stood in the doorway and took them all in with a look of curiosity and disgust. The one large disordered room with two bunks in one corner, a rusty cook-stove, a lid off showing a black, burnt-out fire, a dishpan containing the dinner and possibly the breakfast dishes stood on the back of the stove. The floor was dirty—a magazine lay sprawled in one corner as if the reader had thrown it there in disgust. Mavis next turned her attention to the table, a dusty phonograph with a record on stood there amidst a jumble of magazines and papers. Without knowing just why she did so, she stepped over and started the phonograph where the needle rested on the record. "Goodbye, Sweetheart, goodbye," a woman's voice wailed. Mavis laughed and shut it off hastily. "One of his favorites," she murmured. Standing in the middle of the floor, her hands on her hips she gazed about her. "Of all

dumbfounded, staring at him. The young man spoke again. "Do you belong to some woman's uplift society for cleaning up bachelors' dirty shacks?" he inquired politely. She did not answer, but stood there, her sleeves rolled back from her shapely white arms, her face was flushed and a strand of wavy dark hair fell across her forehead.

"What do you want?" she demanded, suddenly.

"Supper—what do you want?" he answered with a boyish grin.

Mavis stamped her foot, her dark blue eyes darkened more with anger. She felt as though she could have cheerfully killed him with her hatpin. "Could you tell me where Dr. Greenlees is?"

"He lives right over there," the young man waved his arm in the general direction and studied her with interest. "Looks just like him," he thought.

Mavis gasped; what a silly little fool she had been. She rolled down her sleeves and brushed back the strand of hair from her forehead.

"You have some black on your chin," the man told her casually.

"Thanks," she answered drily and rubbed it with her handkerchief. Then, catching up her hat and gloves, she started down the path to the corral. The disagreeable young man followed, whistling softly to himself. "Thank you, but I don't need assistance," she told him haughtily, but he caught the black pony and helped her on in silence. Mavis looked down on him coldly. "I'm awfully sorry if I disturbed anything," she told him. "I dare say you will soon have things the way you want them."

He did not answer, but appeared not to have heard her. "Just follow this



Group of French Canadian troops on leave for twenty-one days, just arrived from the trenches, getting their first look at New York. They will shortly leave for Canada to visit their homes. Note the various styles of helmets they are wearing. This photograph was made on the deck of the La Touraine upon her arrival in New York.

things, this is the worst." She had heard and read a lot about bachelor shacks out West, but she thought "I never imagined Jim would have a place like this." She sighed—"Poor boy, he certainly does need someone to look after him, as much as he says this country needs a doctor."

Pulling off her gloves she laid them with her hat out on the bench by the door. "I guess I'll clean up a little before he comes." She sighed again, then, rolling up her sleeves, she started the fire and washed the dirty dishes, after which she hunted up the broom and soon had the floor looking cleaner than it had for many a long day. Sitting down for a moment she eyed her work with approval—"That looks a little better. Now I'll try and straighten these things up." She started at the table dusting and piling the books. A step sounded outside, but she was too busy to turn around. A rather good looking young man stood in the doorway, his hat on the back of his head and his brown hair curled around his damp forehead. There was a surprised look on his face and he dropped the two fish he held with a thump.

"You see I've taken charge here. Perhaps you can notice a slight change," Mavis said gaily without turning. "Of all the filthy places I ever saw, this sure beats—"

Now some young men hate being made fun of—this young man did. "Is that so?" a cool voice drawled from the doorway. Mavis whirled around her hand at her throat. Instead of her brother being there as she had supposed, a strange young man stood there, a sarcastic smile curling his thin lips. Mavis stood

path across the field, the first house you come to is Dr. Greenlees'." He bowed and stepped from in front of the pony. Mavis rode off.

The young man watched her until she disappeared behind a clump of willows. He sat down on a log and filed his pipe absently. "I'm an awful brute," he told himself with a sigh, getting up and going into his clean shack.

Mavis rode slowly across the field. She was angry and desperately tired after her unaccustomed ride and house cleaning. "What a silly thing to do," she groaned. Then she hit the surprised pony with her whip. "It was all your fault," she told it. The pony galloped angrily, its ears flat back on its head. After riding about a mile she came in sight of a white cottage with a few straggling vines and sweet peas growing around it. "This must be the place. I should have believed Jim even if he did exaggerate about Carvel." Her brother, a tall thin young fellow, with the same dark hair and blue eyes, appeared in the doorway, as she rode up, to the gate.

"Hello, Sis," he called, catching sight of her and hurrying down to open the gate. "I was just going to send out a search party for you." He helped her off and kissed her hastily. "Go on in, I'll attend to Billy."

Mavis found herself in an attractive airy room with dainty scrim curtains. It had a pleasant homely look about it. "Quite a change from the other shack," she thought and chuckled.

"What's wrong? What are you laughing at?" Jim demanded, coming up behind her. "Don't you dare make fun