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- CALGARY, ALBERTA, CAN.**
- Queen's Hotel** Calgary, the commercial metropolis of the Last Great West. Rates \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day. Free 'Bus to all trains.  
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the worst, a door opened, and a short, brown-faced man, with gray beard and travel-stained clothes, stood in the threshold.

Haskell jumped up, and stretched out a nervous hand.

"Ask him!" he piped, in a high-pitched voice. "Ask him—he knows."

The chairman was on his feet, vigorously shaking the little man's hand. The other commissioners were welcoming him, when Haskell looked at the contractor. Brent's face had changed. The smooth, sallow contour was flecked with a yellow tinge, and his brows, unruffled before, had drawn into deep wrinkles. His arm was moving back and forth restlessly, as if inviting, and then avoiding, a greeting. Horton's nonchalant air had vanished, and the two watched Stewart closely. The latter dropped into a chair beside Haskell, and put an affectionate hand on the young man's shoulder.

"How goes it, old chap?" he said; and then turned to the two reports, his assistant's and Horton's which were handed him.

The circle of men dropped into silence as the little, bright-eyed man threaded the clean, typewritten pages. Haskell leaned back in his chair, and felt courage flow anew through his veins at his chief's very presence, and around the two, the board sat with understanding patience.

Brent alone betrayed any sign of uneasiness, tapping constantly on the table with his heavy finger tips, and glancing occasionally at Horton, who was nursing a silk-clad ankle with ill-concealed discomfort.

Suddenly Stewart pushed away the papers and spoke. He turned to the broad Scotch he always used when greatly moved, for his father had a cottage on the Pentlands that looked across at Arthur's Seat.

"Yon report—Horton's—is not worth the paper it's written on—forbye what ye paid for it. I've come from the South Pacific to tell ye. There's a dam there, or speaking more correctly, there was a dam there. It was a fine dam to look at, I'm told, but it was no' fine when I saw it, being in pairfect dissolution. It was faced up wi, granite, looking sleek and pretty, but its guts were rotten—juist a jumble o' dirt and stuff they called cement. The contractor's name was Brent and the engineer's Horton. It's an out-o'-the-way place, and they did what they would."

HE paused, slipping his arm into Haskell's, and looking quizzically round the ring of intent faces. Brent's eyes twitching, and Horton's bent out of sight.

"Before I left, I wrote my assistant a letter, expressing my views."

Haskell thrust a hand into his pocket, and held out an envelope.

"As it's here, I'll read ye an extract: almost prophetic, I'm thinking: 'If Brent gets it, and I think he will, watch him,' mark that, please. 'Watch him all the time, live on the work, sleep on it, build yourself into it.' Gentlemen, yon's exactly what he did, an' I'm proud of him. Will ye leave the matter in my hands for another report, if ye've no' had too many?'"

But Brent was on his feet, speaking in a hard, rasping voice.

"I protest against this extraordinary treat—"

"Sit down, sit down," the commissioners almost growled. The atmosphere was charged with some electrical essence generated by Stewart's plain speech. Horton's eyes were darting about, as though he wished every window were a door of exit, and Haskell's fingers were twitching with a mad desire to get at his throat.

The chairman restored order with some difficulty, and said:

"I think Mr. Stewart's arrival very opportune, and suggest that the meeting adjourn till I can confer with him."

No one moved till Brent arose and Horton with him. As they passed out, there was absolute silence. The contractor's face was changed, grim and lined, while down the expert's chin trickled a little thread of blood, for he had bitten his lip through till it bled.

As the door closed behind them, the chairman got up, courtly and dignified, came over to Haskell, and shook his

hand warmly, and, in turn, each of the men followed him; then the precise secretary annexed the reports, and the meeting was over.

Stewart was speaking as they walked along the brilliant street, the cool evening air in their faces. The fire in his voice had died into unemotional precision as he counseled his assistant with worldly wisdom:

"I'm not saying that Brent will lose his contract. I'm not for that. He will keep the contract and lose money, for he bid too low. It's our task to make him do honest work, and you've started well. He's a force of nature, his end is the use of man; you'll not forget that."

A FEW hours later Haskell looked out of his window at the flaring chess-board of a great city. Above, the shining sphere of a full moon flooded the heavens with a soft light, and from far spaces breathed the sweet airs of night. This time it was the heart, not the active, creative brain that stirred within him; and love—love that he had bound and dungeoned, stood on tiptoe before him with outstretched arms. Every perception was submerged in the thought that the world was empty without love. He knew that reputation and success awaited, that clean, honourable years were ahead, and that his strong body and active mind would rise to every emergency, but—

Just how will never be told—yet in half an hour he was on the broad steps of the house in West Fifty-sixth Street. Again the fire leaped on the great hearth, again he hesitated on the threshold, and again the slight figure rose to greet him. Her hand trembled in his, and there was a world of question in her troubled eyes; but through Haskell's veins ran a delicate fire.

He knew instinctively that she knew all—but he did not falter. His voice was low and steady. There was a new note in it that she recognized with a thrill that carried with it the heart of his purpose.

"May I tell you a story? It will explain why I am here."

"It's a story about a boy in Vermont, whose parents died when he was sixteen. The boy was left with a solid-rock farm and two sisters. He tried to make a living, but it was no use. Then, one day, a survey party came along, in charge of a man called Stewart, and the boy got a job, and at the end of the summer had saved enough to go to Columbia for the winter, and worked in a grocery store at night. Every summer he worked, and every winter he studied. Stewart was good to him all the time, lent him books, had him at his house, talked to him, made him feel that it was the finest thing in the world to be a civil engineer. Then he got his degree, and Stewart took him into his office, and he felt toward his boss as he did toward his own father. The work went well, and then other things came—things that come into every young man's life. Everything went right, and then suddenly he got up against it in a curious way, too; he heard something that wasn't meant for him."

She looked at him quickly, but the level voice went on:

"What he heard made him investigate, and he did, faithfully and honestly. The result was that he had to act; it was hard to do this, harder than he had ever guessed anything could be. You see, he had Stewart's honor as well as his own to take care of. He wanted to make that work stand not only for himself and his chief, but for the good name of every American engineer who ever looked through a transit. If that ideal were lost, he would have nothing left, and so he lost everything except that."

"Everything?" she said faintly.

The lace at her throat was trembling, and Haskell's heart began to hammer, for this was the hour of all hours for him.

Helen's eyes, full of rare divinity of womanhood, met his for a fraction of time, and dropped, while, through every fiber of his being pulsed a sudden intoxicating flood.

"No," she half-whispered, "not everything."

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