

A Living Prisoner;

Or, Friends In Name, Enemies at Heart.

CHAPTER XXIX.—(Continued.)

"That is not good, I know, but we have great difficulty in obtaining it here. Last year, Mr. Smutch gave me some before he went away, but I have used it all up."

"Oh! so you know Mr. Smutch!" ejaculated Harry, marvelling why his friend Ebor had not mentioned the existence of this young divinity.

"Yes, a little."

"And you like him?" It was one of those impulsive questions which Harry was in the habit of blurt out on the spur of the moment, and without due consideration.

An uncertain expression passed over Froven's face, and his eyes narrowed.

"It was very kind of him to give me his casting lines. I ought to like him, but, and her voice dropped, 'I don't think I do much.'"

Harry forbore from any further inquiries. His curiosity was roused, but he could see by her manner that she disliked the subject, and that it proved embarrassing. Was it possible she was in love with Ebor, and sought to conceal her sentiment? A pang shot through his heart. He did not know how to brook the thought that he would make her a very good husband. He was of opinion there were others who might make her a better. Mindful meantime, of the young lady's request, he produced his fly-book, and brought out two short, trout-twisted lines.

"Here, take these," he said. "They will do to go on with, any rate." "What miracles a good pair of eyes can achieve!" He was actually supplying her

with tackle wherewith to fish his pool! "Thank you very much," she said, with grave simplicity. Then, taking up the book—"May I look at it?"

"Most certainly. There is no need to ask permission."

She turned the pages one by one, looking at them with the greatest interest. "Sophie, Hutchins, Clare, Jay, Dusty, Millie, Silver, Wilkins, and Jack Scotts," she said, with smiles, "you have plenty of good flies wherewith to snare our good Norwegian salmon."

"How do you know the names of them all?" inquired Harry, struck by the profundity of her knowledge.

"The lads and her laugh was as sweet and clear as one of the sheep bells on her father's hills.

"For a very simple reason, Mr. Hopperton. Because I tie flies myself."

"I do though, don't I, Jens? And catch fish with 'em, too, what's more?"

"Quite true," he said. "No fly take so many larks in die Elv, as Froken Andrine's fly."

Her name was Andrine then, Harry thought it a very pretty one, which exactly suited her beauty.

"Let me give you a homemade salmon-catcher in return for your kindness." And she presented him with a spoon-like rod. It was a beautifully made fly, of a light-blue silk body, striped with silver, which stripe of bustard and mallard largely predominated. Harry possessed none of the name pattern.

"It is a curious thing that a partiality there is snow-water," observed Andrine. "I have noticed it many times. This is another favorite pattern, showing him a fly with a yellow wool head."

"How clever you are," he exclaimed admiringly.

Her brow contracted ever so slightly as she was not used to compliments, and he did not disturb her serenity.

"No, I am not. I only wish I were. My father is very clever, but I am stupid. I can't believe that Miss Velvino. Anybody to make flies so well."

"Would you really?" And her face kindled.

"Yes, really."

"Then," she said with the utmost simplicity, "I will teach you, although I don't pretend to be a professor."

Harry's pulses thrilled with expectation. He could imagine how delightful the lesson would prove with such a teacher. He could scarcely take his eyes off her, and this rapture, because of her absolute unconcern and freedom from all coquetry.

"I should like it awfully," he said eagerly. "But how did you learn in this out of the way part?"

"An old fisherman taught me, one Oia Erjanson by name. He had been over to Norway with some great English lords, who took a fancy to him. He showed me how to fish, for, with a little air of pride, 'very few Norwegian ladies can throw a fly.'"

"Are you Norwegian or English?" asked Harry. "I have been wondering all the time."

She smiled.

"I am half and half. My mother is an Englishwoman, and from her I learned to speak your language. My father is descended from the Old Vikings. He is a Landsman here, and everybody knows him except you, and you, Mr. Hopperton, casting a popular glance at her companion, 'have never come to see him.'"

"Indeed," he responded, confusedly. "I did not know where you lived."

"You have passed this house very often. It is the one near the 'Pool' pool, and grows up in the garden, and cabbage in the garden, and are proud of our cabbage, because nobody else has any, though I admit they are not beautiful."

"I remember now. I have noticed them often, and wondered who they belonged to."

"My mother will be very glad to give you some," said Andrine, with a pitying glance characteristic of her race. "But you should like to come and see her, because she so loves hearing news of her own country. We are always at home on Sunday afternoon, for Elizabeth goes to church, and mother and I look the part. The directness and simplicity of this speech quite won Harry's heart. Andrine was totally unlike any other woman he had ever known. Small as was her stature, her eye, and her countenance, he felt that he had met a friend, and not a stranger. Even Annie Thompson fully appreciated her own good looks, and was not above praising certain little tricks of fascination. He did not object to them, but for all that, they still remained tricks, and were a trifle artificial.

But here was one, a hundred thousand times more highly prized personally, yet as innocent and straightforward as the yet a child. Her inexperience wrapped her round like a shield. Her manly honor told him it would be a base, mean thing to strive to take advantage of it. She was a veritable flower of nature, and the gallantry which had been in a measure, permissible in Mrs. Thompson's case, would be wise only out of place here. In this secluded valley, first round by mountains, the foul breath of the world had not yet reached her. She had escaped its taint, and like man, and therefore, will confidently approach him, she knew and suspected no danger.

Adequate ignorance! Alas! that it should ever be dispelled!

"I will certainly come and see you mother on Sunday, if I may," said Harry, adopting the same frank tone as employed by Froken Velvino.

"That's right," she replied. "We can settle then about beginning the lessons. Give up rising. Good-bye, Mr. Hopperton, and good luck to you. So saying, she waved her little hand in a friendly fashion, and retraced her footsteps over the bridge by which she had come. Harry's humor had entirely vanished.

He no longer mingled with another person sharing his right in the river, and he dashed away at the Bridge pool, casting over the identical spot again and again, as long as Andrine Velvino was visible on

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Tea is grown high up on the mountains of Ceylon—with its native delicacy and fragrance held captive in the sealed lead packages.
BLACK, GREEN or MIXED

flowers, and a small square of carpet, partly laid the painted grey boards. Harry took a rapid survey. It was easy to see from the disposition of the various knick-knacks, vases, book-ends, photographs, and feminine fingers had been busy for the room, though bare and unfurnished according to his usual notions, still he possessed a thoroughly homely and comfortable appearance. His lightness, freshness and cheerfulness were striking.

Andrine and Fru Velvino were seated at a centre table, sipping hot coffee, whose delicious aroma at once assailed Harry's nostrils. They greeted him with a warmth and cordiality that seemed to emanate from a predilection to please on his part, and in the meantime he found himself thoroughly at home, and drinking his coffee just like one of the family. He glanced at Fru Velvino curiously. A man all of a sudden interested in the mother of the first he admires, it only because he expected to see what she would develop into. But in this case he was disappointed. He could not imagine any number of years producing the smallest similarity between Andrine and her mother. They were totally unlike.

Fru Velvino was neither poetical, ideal, nor Madonna-looking. She could not possibly have been mistaken for an iceberg. Her face proclaimed her nationality. Her hair was black, and her eyes were blue, and her cheeks, bright eyes, dark hair, and pleasant face proclaimed her nationality. Her motherly Englishwoman, whose rosy cheeks, bright eyes, dark hair, and pleasant face proclaimed her nationality. Her motherly Englishwoman, whose rosy cheeks, bright eyes, dark hair, and pleasant face proclaimed her nationality. Her motherly Englishwoman, whose rosy cheeks, bright eyes, dark hair, and pleasant face proclaimed her nationality.

CHAPTER XXX.

SPORT continued good throughout the week, and when Sunday arrived Harry was in the highest of spirits. During the last two or three days Annie Thompson's image had rapidly faded from his mind, and since the meeting with Andrine, he had in place prepared to set up a new idol in its place.

Do not be too hard upon him. If there were but one pretty woman in the world, she might as well prove constant; but there are so many, and because they admire her, she does not follow that; but she does not equal Andrine the jasmine. She is the queen of the mountains, and her sweet and fragrant flowers. Perhaps, on the whole, woman would fare worse if they were not so beautiful. There are few who would not be glad to have Harry's admiration—that precious thing—more evenly distributed.

One day dressed himself with extra care. For the first time since he had left Bergen, he put on a stiff white collar, and wore a very dark tie. He was not in the least ashamed to put on a hat, and he had a hat for the first time since he had left Bergen. He was not in the least ashamed to put on a hat, and he had a hat for the first time since he had left Bergen. He was not in the least ashamed to put on a hat, and he had a hat for the first time since he had left Bergen.

LIFE OF PRIVATE DETECTIVE

REVEALS SOME SECRETS OF HIS PROFESSION.

Keepers of Confidences Which Would Make the World Gasp With Astonishment.

Busy! I should say so. Always busy. The profession of the private detective is one of the most interesting in the world. They are the protectors of the wavering weak from the wiles of blackmailers, whose strength lies in the knowledge of some slip which their victim made in the long, long ago. These letters and telegrams are all marked important, writes a private detective in London Answers.

"Importance" flutters about my office-table the whole day long. Something has gone wrong. There is a rift in some family lute, a screw loose in some business, an erring son or daughter has vanished and must be found, a leading firm wants a travelling shadow, a West End shopkeeper wants his assistants and his kleptomaniac customers watched, a young society heiress has fallen a victim to the craze for bridge, and her guardian requests that one of my lady detectives shall pose as companion and spot the rogues who are cheating his ward.

Watching the Bagman.

A much-watched man nowadays is the commercial traveller. Business princes believe in shadowing employees thoroughly. They say it helps them to weed out the drones from the workers, and fraud from the honest. So, whenever an employee becomes suspicious, we are called in. The detective leaves headquarters a few minutes after the traveller, but joins the same train. The detective shadows the traveller for weeks probably. On the day the latter hands in his list of orders the detective hands in his or her report of the man's calls. This is compared with a route which is always kept at the place of business. Difficult work this. If the suspected traveller is in reality fraudulent he is wily as well, and not easy to manage.

Perhaps, for example, the firm thinks the man is quoting higher prices than he ought, and pocketing the difference. The only way to find out is to follow him from shop to shop—a task, by the way, which is far from easy. Usually I enact the role of traveller myself. "Our traveller," I explain, as I present the firm's card to the shopkeeper, "would have appeared to have left town the other day with an out-of-date quotation-list by mistake. Would you mind giving the particulars of prices he has asked you?" The shopkeeper has visions of reductions, and promptly supplies the necessary particulars. If the traveller has charged too high he must look out; if not, his firm will probably atone for their misplaced suspicions with an extra bonus later on.

THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN

FOR COLLEGE ST., TORONTO

Dear Mr. Editor:—
Thanks for your kind notice of my meagre efforts in appealing for help on behalf of the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto. It would take more space than you can spare to tell of the good work done for the sick and deformed children of this Province. Let me, however, in a few words, tell you of the progress of the work of the Hospital.

One nurse, six little white beds, a few dollars, a few friends—this was the beginning. The beds have grown to 250, the dollars to thousands, the friends to hundreds. 1875, the first year, 44 in-patients, 67 out-patients; 1913, last year, 1,648 in-patients, 26,507 out-patients; 1875, 1 nurse; 1913, 70 nurses.

Since 1875, thirty-eight years ago, the Hospital has admitted within its walls 21,018 children as in-patients and 159,231 as out-patients, a total of 180,249, or an average of 4,748 per year. Of the 21,018 in-patients, 15,200 were from Toronto, and 5,818 from other parts of the Province; 10,160 of the total in-patients were cured, and 6,357 were improved.

In the Orthopedic Department last year, of the 1,648 in-patients, 278 were treated for deformities, 25 hip disease, 37 Pott's disease, 2 knock-knees, 19 bow-legs, 62 club feet, 3 lateral paralysis, 6 wry neck, and 75 tubercular disease of knee, hip and ankle. In 1913, the Surgical Apparatus Shop manufactured 427 appliances for in-patients and out-patients, including ankle braces, spinal braces, hip splints, bow-leg splints, club-foot splints, plaster jackets, etc.

In this Department in 38 years nearly 800 boys and girls have been treated for Club Feet and 650 corrected. Half of these came from places outside of Toronto. Surely we have a fair claim for help from the people of this Province.

Will you, the reader of this letter, help to give crippled children a fair start in life?

Busy dollars are better than idle words. The sympathy that helps is good, but the Hospital has to have the sympathy that works.

While Christmas Bells are ringing to the glory of Him "Who made the lame to walk and the blind to see," give, give, give, and help the Hospital to help God's little ones, upon whom the heavy hand of affliction has been laid.

Will you please send a dollar, or more, if you can spare it, to Douglas Davidson, the Secretary-Treasurer of the Hospital, or

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CHRISTMAS APPEAL

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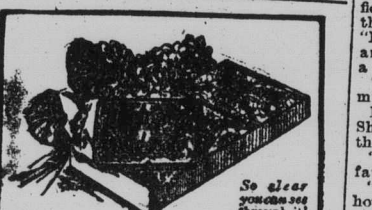
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The moment you see it you will want it.

It is crystal clear—a pure, translucent green, the shade of violet leaves. Everywhere that this soap has been brought out, the demand for it has been instantaneous. Every person who sees it wants it. You, too, will want it.

There are many other reasons why you will like this soap; its fragrant odor of fresh cut violets, its instant lather even in the hardest water; the glycerine in it, the finest skin food there is.

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So clear and sweet as snow-water.

Her brow contracted ever so slightly as she was not used to compliments, and he did not disturb her serenity.

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Apeing an Injury.

Then there is the railway claimant, the man who says he has been hurt, and who is suspected of having "arranged" the injury. There are men and women who will go to a lot of trouble to get a finger caught in a compartment doorway, or tear a dress, in the hope of getting damages. The private detective shadows these people, and often discovers how they have worked the "accidents." The same applies to fire claims.

Great interest, I find, is always taken in the way the ladies of our profession go to work. People are always asking me what the lady detective earns, what are her qualifications, and if she comes from the poor or the middle class. The lady detective comes from all classes, and is paid according to her ability. She must be ready to do almost anything and go anywhere at a moment's notice. She must speak at least one language in addition to her own, and have a good, all-round education. Her income may be anything from two pounds to eight pounds per week, quite apart, of course, from presents given her by grateful clients.

Exposing Frauds.

Perhaps the lady detective's hardest task is to detect the habitual thief or kleptomaniac who is expert enough to employ stratagem—the one who has sewn a ring of hooks round the inside of her skirt on which to hang the stolen articles. She knocks down something from a stall or counter to the floor, stands over it, lowers a hook by means of a reel concealed in her dress, winds the reel and the article, and hangs it safely out of sight on one of the hidden hooks.

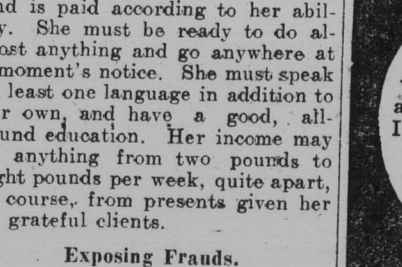
Then there is the assistant who is suspected of selling patterns of the latest modes to rival firms. It has taken considerable time and cost a lot of money to procure these latest modes before other houses, and the manager is well-nigh distracted when he sees them shown elsewhere. Lady detectives have

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