

genuinely unconscious of her sister's drift.

Theo hummed the wedding march and broke off to say, "Will you have to be married in two churches?"

"Theo!" Agnes' face glowed and her eyes lost their usual calmness. "What makes you say such a thing? I shall never be married at all—you know that well. And I cannot imagine why you should think that Mr. Hassall—"

She broke off, for Theo, throwing down her basket and scissors, seized her arm, and shook it playfully.

"Don't be in a paddy," she said. "I know you don't care a jot for him. But anyone with half an eye could see that he was gone on you, and I felt sure he had come to tell you so to-day. I caught sight of his face as he was coming up the drive. Like this—see?"

She imitated the Vicar's walk and expression, and burst out laughing at Agnes' horrified face.

"What was he talking to you about?" she demanded, "if it wasn't the 'higher emotions'?"

She put a touch of Hassall's tone into the last two words so cleverly that Agnes smiled, in spite of herself, and then grew grave.

"He was telling me something about Laurie," she said.

"WHAT? Tell me—there's a dear. I would rather hear anything than bear this horrible deadly silence."

Agnes repeated what Hassall had told her, and Theo, reflecting over it, said, "I wonder if that was why Laurie and Tubby were so edgy to each other about the letter. I've never mentioned it to anyone for fear of making trouble, but perhaps you had better know."

"It was about a week after Fen came here, we four—Laurie, Tubby, Fen and I—had been playing tennis all the afternoon and had tea under the trees. You and mother were both out that day. Fen and I were looking about for a ball that got lost, and the two boys were having a cigarette before starting play again. I was quite near them when Laurie pulled out his fusee case to light up and a letter fell from his pocket on to the grass. He didn't notice it, but I did, and darted forward to pick it up. Just to tease him, I read out aloud, 'Yours until death, L.' Laurie held out his hand for it and said, 'Thank you, Theo,' and as he seemed a bit starchy—which is unusual in dear old Laurie—I gave it him at once. Then, to my utter surprise, Tubby, looking as if he'd got a pin in his nose, said, 'Excuse me, old chap, is that a letter of yours?' Laurie answered, 'I don't quite take you. If you mean, did I write it, certainly I did not.' Upon that Tubby said, 'Do you mean someone wrote it to you?' And as they both seemed getting a trifle warm, I called out to Fen to come and begin play again. Do you think, Agnes, that letter could have been from that wretched girl to Laurie?"

"Why to Laurie?" Agnes asked, in her low contralto. Theo stared at her.

"Of course to Laurie; it couldn't have been to anyone else. I was only wondering if Lisbeth Bainton wrote it."

"Possibly she did, but all the same it may not have been sent to Laurie. Perhaps she wrote to Tubby."

"Tubby?" Theo, with wide-open, unbelieving eyes, regarded Agnes as if her sister had suddenly lost her senses. "What on earth had Tubby to do with it?"

"I don't know, Theo, but he wouldn't have been so annoyed about the letter unless he knew or cared something about it, would he?"

"Oh, Agnes, you don't understand. Tubby! why it's insane, it's—oh, how I loathe and detest the whole hateful business. I wish I could get away from this place, escape somewhere to forget the detestable suspicions and mysteries that are all round us."

"I don't suspect anyone, Theo—least of all dear Laurie. He is above suspicion in my eyes. I trust him implicitly. In all his life we have never known him do anything that was mean or dishonourable."

"And do you think that Tubby

Mauleverer would be mean or dishonourable?"

Theo's cheeks were blazing. She was up in arms for her absent lover, although the perplexity of the whole situation troubled her sorely.

"No, dear," Agnes said gently, "Mr. Mauleverer may be careless and foolish about some things but he's quite straight."

"I should think so indeed—and if anyone dared to suggest to me that he isn't, I'd never speak to them again." Then, touched with sudden remorse at Agnes' grieved expression, she threw an arm round her sister, and kissed her. "I'm a beast to vex you, Aggie darling. Don't notice my bad temper—but you know I do like Tubby Mauleverer—and it's all so confoundedly worrying." Then with the irresponsibility of a temperament that refuses to dwell on any unpleasant topic, she went back to her roses and Agnes heard her singing,

"Oh, promise me that some day you and I  
Will meet together 'neath a summer sky."

Her thoughts had flown to Tubby, whom she pictured at that moment on his way to New York.

(To be continued.)

## Orientizing Our Pacific Province

(Concluded from page 6.)

the people of British Columbia—excepting "certain influential classes," to quote Victoria's representative in the House of Commons, are becoming alarmed. They see, already, the hand-writing on the wall and shudder to think of what may happen if the Asiatic invasion continues.

As for the Hindus, whose case is in the immediate melting pot, they are in a peculiar category. Japanese come pretty freely into the country, and Chinese, by paying the "head-tax," have still wider privileges of entry. The poor Hindu, British subject, no better nor worse than any other class of Asiatics and on a higher level than many European immigrants, is refused admittance.

To do him justice, the Hindu wants no more than "fair play." On the ship in Vancouver harbour in which some 300 Hindus were "marooned" while the immigration authorities made individual inquiry respecting every intending immigrant the marooned Hindus, finally refused admittance, had the unimaginable vexation of witnessing the landing of both Chinese and Japanese from steamers arriving at the port long after their own. The law as it applies to Japs and Chinese is simple, that applying to Hindus is complicated, and statesmen have still a long way to travel before they establish an equitable system.

Now is it no idle boast to say that—in the minds of the Hindus—it is not Anglo-Saxon civilization that is in the crucible; it is Christianity itself. Our pious, church-going statesmen might as well realize that fact first as last. We send missionaries to India, "Where every prospect pleases and only Man is vile," to teach the universal brotherhood of man, and to declare that "God hath made of one flesh and blood all the nations of the earth." The Hindu does not believe this, but we are trying to convert him to the dogma.

The misfortune is that the ecclesiastical dogma together with the theories related to it or begotten by it must go down in this province before the higher law of self-preservation.

While I believe that the doctrines of Christianity are indissoluble and the foundations of the Christian Faith are unshaken, I agree with the Hindu that it is time these doctrines are put to the test. I have no doubt as to the ultimate result, but we are not yet in the Millennial age. In the meantime the Hindus who are knocking at the doors of this country are simply taking a great "Christian" nation at its word. It is the people who profess and teach these doctrines who are now on trial.

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