CANADIAN COURIER.



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ered. The idea that he had been fos-

ered. The idea that he had been fos-tering found sudden expression. "I'm growing old, James!" he said. "No, no!" disclaimed Jim hastily. "You are just what you always were!" he added, his eyes dropping, however. Mr. Randall straightened himself abruptly, overcoming his momentary depression. The old enthusiasm shook his voice as he said: "I have long had this thing in mind, James. Randall & Co. needs new blood. I have no one belonging to me. You have always been my favor-

blood. I have no one belonging to me. You have always been my favor-ite down here amongst my business family. I want you to come in with me; it's your due. Together, we—" "Mr. Randall! Stop, please!" Jim's face was working with emotion. "I can't let you go on. You don't know that I got my position back under false pretences—I almost lied to you, sir—I—"

sir-I---" "Don't you suppose I knew, James? "Don't you suppose I knew, James? Don't you suppose I made allowances for your loyalty? That was the rea-son I took you back. I knew that you still had your miserable inheri-tance intact; that you had squandered your savings only before you turned back to me, heartsick. You came back, and you justified my faith in you. You have made good! You have found your real asset; it con-sists of something more enduring than a few paltry unearned dollars." Mr. Randall paused, his eyes twinkling merrily. "Isn't there some one you wish to confide in before we commerrily. Isn't there some one you wish to confide in before we com-mence our discussion of ways and means?" There was a world of affec-tion in his quizzical glance.

tion in his quizzical glance. Jim grasped his hand, squeezed it until the old gentleman winced, and dived through the door. He rushed unceremoniously into the tiny room occupied by the pretty stenographer and closed the door behind him. "Annie!" he cried. She looked up. "The boss has just told me that I've made good! He's offered to take me into the firm!" "Oh!" she breathed. "Oh!" Into her eyes welled two big tears --of pride.

Into her eyes welled two big tears -of pride. "He says I've made good!" exulted Jim. "He says I've found my real asset!" He took her hands in his and drew her toward him. "My real asset!" he repeated—"and I want you to share it with me!"

Great Actor's Farewell (Concluded from page 13.)

(Concluded from page 13.) uniform of Her Majesty, surprises Peggy learning her multiplication table. Thereafter one can settle down to a comfortable assurance that the course of true love will, in the end, run smooth, and that the genial phil-anthropist will find what consolation he can, as Cicero might say, in the contemplation of his own integrity. The transition of Forbes-Robertson from the role of Hamlet to that of Dick Heldar illustrates the differences between talent and genius. Dick Heldar, as played by Forbes-Robert-son, is a tremendous piece of acting in a very indifferent play. The hints of approaching blindness are con-veyed with consummate skill, and the finale of the second act, when darkveyed with consummate skill, and the finale of the second act, when dark-ness descends, is not the inevitable melodrama one would suppose, but poignant tragedy. The scene in which he discovers that the picture, which he finished in the failing light, has been ruined, after he had proudly

been ruined, after he had proudly shown it to his fellow-war correspond-ents, holds the agony of desolation. The retirement of such men as Forbes-Robertson from the stage leaves us poor indeed, and our sense of loss will be just in proportion to the esteem in which we hold the dra-matic art. For a generation, and especially since the passing of Irving, he has been its foremost English ex-ponent, while in dignity, grace and ponent, while in dignity, grace and poise of character, he has upheld the noblest traditions of a noble profession.

fession. But, to quote a line from Jerome's Stranger, "Leave-takings are but wasted sadness." And, so saying we open the door quietly and gently that he who has so enriched our experi-ence may pass out to many years of golf and painting and quiet country lanes and, in the end, sweet old age.

