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**The Broken Circle!**

CHAPTER XXII.  
"His ideas are sensible," thought the general to himself. "I am sure that, if I had thought of marriage at all, it would have been much in the same way." Aloud he said, "I should like to ask you one more question, and I beg that you will not think me curious."  
"I know your true friendship for me," said Sir Basil, "and I feel that nothing you might ask me would be prompted by idle curiosity."  
"I should like to know," pursued the general, "if you have passed through the fever called love?"  
"No, I have not," said Sir Basil. "I am heart-whole and fancy-free. I may add that I thank Heaven for it."  
"So do I," thought the general. He was silent for some minutes, not quite seeing his way to the next question.  
"If the story of the marriages of one generation could be written, it would be a wonderful volume," said Sir Arthur, musingly. "Some men are led into marriage. I was; and my marriage proved a happy one. I had never given a thought to it until some one told me that a certain lady favored me very much. I found it was true, and we were very happy."  
Sir Basil was surprised to see that the general looked flushed and perplexed. He was a little amused, too, at his choice of such a subject for discussion. He wondered if Sir Arthur had any thoughts of marrying again.  
"There are some very knotty points about this same love-making," continued the general. "I do not think, taking it as it is conducted now, that the ladies have a fair chance."  
"Why not?" asked Sir Basil.  
"The advantages are mainly on the side of the man," said the general. "If a man sees a girl and likes her, he has but to tell her so; she can say 'Yes, or 'No,' as she pleases."  
"Certainly," chimed Sir Basil.  
"Reverse the question. If a young girl sees a man and likes him ever so much, she cannot say so."  
"It is certainly not the custom of

English girls!" laughed Sir Basil.  
"Do you think it fair to the weaker sex that they should be obliged to conceal their sentiments?"  
"I must confess I should not like to see the custom reversed," replied the baronet. "Besides, there is a view of the matter which does not seem to have struck you, Sir Arthur. Women are more clever than men; they have a thousand quick instincts that we do not possess; and I fancy that, if any girl gave her heart unsolicited, there are many ways in which, without losing either her dignity or her modesty, she could let it be known."  
The general looked hopeless, helpless. This view of the subject had not occurred to him.  
"I mean," continued Sir Basil, "that, without saying one word, by her face and manner any woman could make a man understand that she liked him."  
"If that be the case," thought the general to himself, "why has not Lord Leah done so?"  
Then he remembered that she was too proud and cold; she would die rather than stoop to that. But he must save her. Even the duchess admitted that at times an unhappy love proved fatal.  
"I should like to know your opinion, Sir Basil," he said. "Should you think less of a girl if she had a great affection for a man who had shown no signs of any for her?"  
"Certainly not," he replied.  
"I will put a case to you," said the general, warming now to his work. "Suppose that a lady, young and beautiful, all that is most gracious and graceful, meets a man and likes him so well that her liking grows into love for him, and that love takes such complete possession of her that not only her happiness but her life is endangered; would you think it prudent or discreet if some of her friends, some one who loved her, told him of it?"  
"I should think it the kindest thing to do," said Sir Basil, carelessly.  
"You would approve of such a line of combat?" said Sir Arthur.  
"If the man so loved were quite free, I could see no objection to it," said Sir Basil.  
"Thank Heaven I hear you say so!" cried the general.  
"Why, what has it to do with me?"

asked Sir Basil.  
"I—I know some one," stammered the general—"someone who cares for you in that way, whose life is wrapped up, so to speak, in yours."  
"In mine!" cried Sir Basil. "You must be mistaken, general."  
"I am not, indeed. Think of all the people you know, and see if you cannot find some clue."  
"I am sure I cannot," said Sir Basil, quickly. "I have not mixed much in ladies' society, and of those I know I cannot imagine one caring much for me."  
"Yet there is one," declared the general, slowly. "What the noonday sun is to the flowers, you are to her. She loves you as I believe very few women have the power of loving."  
"How do you know?" cried Sir Basil, in astonishment.  
"I found it out by accident. I would have given a great deal not to have known it. I have never been happy since."  
Sir Basil grew pale and agitated.  
"How strange that you should know that! Are you quite sure? Is there no mistake?"  
"None. I could almost say I wish there was. I assure you that I have been most unhappy ever since I made the discovery; I have not known what to do. I honestly believe that in time the girl will die if her love remains unrequited. It seemed to me that in keeping her secret I was almost helping to kill her; in telling it Heaven only knows what other harm I may do! If I did not believe it to be a case of life and death, I would not stir in the matter. Even now, far as I have gone, unless you wish it, I will not mention the name."  
"I do not know what to say," declared Sir Basil, deeply agitated. "That any one loved him so deeply touched him."  
"Think over it," continued the general. "You are heart-whole and fancy-free; why not make this girl happy? If you loved any one else, it would be a different matter; but you do not."  
"No, I do not," said Sir Basil, slowly.  
And then for some minutes there was silence between them. It was the expression on the general's face that made Sir Basil speak at last.  
"Tell me who it is," he said, abruptly. "I should prefer to know."  
"Heaven grant that I am doing right!" said the general. "I would give my life for her; because I love her so; but if I do her any injury while seeking only to do her good, I shall never forgive myself."  
"Tell me," said Sir Basil. "I—I dare not guess."  
"Yes, I will tell you," replied the elder man, solemnly. "Heaven grant that I am acting wisely! It is my niece and adopted daughter who loves you."  
"Your niece? Miss Hatton?" cried Sir Basil. "You cannot surely mean it. Why, the duchess told me that she had had more offers of marriage than any women in England!"  
"So she has," said the general.  
"And you say this proud, beautiful girl loves me? It seems incredible!"  
"She loves you with all her heart," replied the general. "And you are fancy-free. Let me mention this—she is true, gifted, generous; she has some of the noblest qualities of a woman; she will be one of the wealthiest heiresses in England. Think over it, Sir Basil. She would be so happy, poor child, while I—I cannot tell you what it would do for me—I love her so dearly, and she is so unhappy."  
"Are you quite sure that there is no mistake?" asked Sir Basil. "Your niece could aspire to any position—socially speaking, I should be no match for her."  
"There is only this matter for consideration," said the general—"she loves you. Ah, if you had seen her tears!"  
"Tears!" repeated the baronet, in great distress. "You do not surely mean that she has shed tears on my account? You make me feel as though I had been in some measure to blame."  
"I should like to add this," said Sir Arthur—"I should like you to remember this one thing always—what my heart has dictated I have done for my niece; I have told you the story, and I leave it with you to act upon it as you think best. We will never resume the subject; let it be buried between us for ever. I have spoken for her sake against my own will."  
Silently they grasped each other's hands, and parted.

(To be continued.)



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**SIDE TALKS.**

By Ruth Cameron.



**THE RECKLESS PEDESTRIAN.**

Enough has been written to all volumes about the reckless auto driver. I should like to register a less familiar protest—against the reckless pedestrian. And by the reckless pedestrian I mean the person who is unnecessarily careless in his use of the streets and does not do his share in making them a safe place for automobiles to run in and people to cross over. Here is an example of the sort I mean.

**With Lowered Head.**  
As I was driving through a busy street in a small city, I saw a girl with her head bent, evidently thinking of some important matter, coming across the sidewalk toward the street. I subconsciously kept my eye on her as the driver of an automobile does on every moving object that may concern him. One would have expected the girl to look up as she stepped off the sidewalk. But she never raised her head a particle and actually started to cross the street without looking either way. I blew the horn and sid up with a vaguely surprised air as if astonished to see such a thing as an automobile. Yet machines must pass there at the rate of, at least, half a dozen a minute. Could anything be more foolishly reckless and absurd?

**The Pedestrian Foolish.**  
In wet weather the pedestrian who stops carelessly into the path of a machine, and forces the driver to throw his brakes, is endangering not only his own life, which presumably he has some right to risk, but also the lives of the occupants of the car. Again and again we read of skidding accidents where the brake has been thrown to counteract some pedestrian's carelessness and the occupants of the machine are injured or killed as a result. Suppose the pedestrian, in such a case, were arrested on a charge of manslaughter, would that be injustice? Provided, of course, that the man in the car was driving at a reasonable rate. The nearest I ever came to a bad accident was when a boy on a bicycle shot out from a hidden path in the bushes in front of our machine and we took the ditch to save him.

**Four Miles an Hour.**  
Unless you believe in abolishing machines or in having them run as they used to be with a man with a red flag walking in front of them—you must recognize that streets are places for pedestrians to cross with reasonable care. Children ought to be taught to look always to the left as they step into the street and then to the right as they reach the middle. This would become a subconscious habit and would save many lives.

**For Spanish Influenza.**



**Estimates Increase in Italian Revenue.**

ROME, March 18.—Minister of Finance Bertone, in a financial statement to the Chamber of Deputies today, estimated that the revenue for 1922 would amount to 12,500,000,000 lire, compared to approximately 11,000,000,000 lire in 1921. He said the government proposed to co-ordinate taxation, whereby it was hoped gradually to return to a normal budget. Sunday Herald.

**Finishing Touches Applied.**

**SUNRISE LAND PREPARING FOR PRINCE'S VISIT.**

TOKIO, April 11. (Associated Press)—Tokio, with its cherry trees in full bloom, was applying its finishing touches to its festive attire to-day, preparing to welcome Edward, Prince of Wales, who is due tomorrow for a week's visit to the capitol and a tour of Japan until May 8, as a guest of the Japanese nation. When the battleship Renown steamed into Yokohama with its royal passenger, one of the most eager of the throng of welcome was Prince Hirohito, Regent of Japan, whose visit to London last year brought about the exchange of courtesies culminating in Prince Edward's visit to the Orient. The seven days the British Royal visitor will spend in Tokio will be absorbed largely by court and official visits, as well as by numerous state banquets. There will be short periods, however, in which the Prince may see the interesting sights of the city. The program has been planned in such a way that it will allow the visitor to see as much as possible of ancient customs and of Old Japan.

**ALL BRITONS WELCOME.**

With this in view, a visit has been arranged to the Meiji shrine, where the Prince will see the people's loyalty and reverence for the greatest Japanese of modern times. At a special performance to be given in one of the leading theaters, he will see a gorgeous spectacle of Old Japan while in the royal gardens he will be introduced to that curious blend of art and nature—landscape in miniature. British subjects living in the Orient who desire to meet their future ruler have not been overlooked. He will be "at home" for one entire afternoon in the British Embassy, where all Britons will be welcome. It also is planned to have him attend special Easter service in the English church. His week in Tokio ended, the prince will start for Nikko, the famous Imperial mountain resort, and Mecca of the devout the whole year round. Next will be a visit to Hakone, one of the most beautiful spots in all Japan. From there he will journey to Kyoto, perhaps the only city in

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the Empire that still retains most of its old world atmosphere.  
**THROUGH THE INLAND SEA.**  
Nara, ancient capital of the country, will be the next stopping place, followed by a visit to Osaka, center of the manufacturing industry. This section of the royal tour will end at Kobe, 20 miles from Osaka, where the prince will embark on a specially equipped steamer for a trip through the picturesque Inland Sea. After a short visit to Takamatsu, sacred island of Mavajima and the naval college at Etajima, the Prince will sail on the Renown for Kagoshima, southernmost city of the Empire, famous for the beauty of its surroundings and as the birthplace of many of the country's most noted soldiers and seamen.

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**Mounted Police Kept Busy in North.**

A marked increase in the work of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police is noted in the report of the force just made public by Commissioner A. B. Perry. The total strength of the force, all ranks, is 1,680 men, an increase of nine over the year previous. The scope of the work in the report covers the entire Dominion. Particular importance is attached to activities in the Arctic regions. The report says: "Our work in the Arctic presents features of special interest and importance. Whereas last year Tree River, on Coronation Gulf, was our most remote outpost, that position has been taken

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