

wrecked canoe, the source of the terror in the oncoming craft.

A second wave slopped the broken canoe directly across Reynolds's path. Something underneath a thwart caught his eye. He reached out his hand and took hold of the side. He looked in. A little girl's upturned, white face met his glance. He pondered quickly. It was a hopeless undertaking to try to take the canoe in. The girl lay in the water that washed over her lips and swept her hair round her throat. Any moment another wave might turn it all upside down. And there was the shark—somewhere. He drove his feet down, thrust his arms in and drew the child out. The canoe was flung far from him by the rush of a surge. But he had the girl safely in his grasp.

Dazed, he started slowly to swim on towards shore. He made a few strokes and his limbs failed him. By himself he could with difficulty make the distance. Burdened with the child, it was impossible. His eyes darkened. His lips sucked in brine. He was perishing. But his dulled ear caught a sharp, imperative, pitiful sound behind him. It was the yelp of his abandoned dog. It was swimming alone. With infinite pains he turned and saw it, perceived dimly the pleading eyes, the upturned muzzle, the blunt ears. Shifting the child slightly, he thrust out stiff fingers to save the dog. The animal puffed and struggled. It yelped again. It choked. And beyond them he saw the swiftly rising crest of another breaker. The child in his arms suddenly struggled, too.

In that instant he saw the faithfulness of the dog. It had followed him. It had asked neither reason nor cause. It had simply followed him. It had trusted him. In his arms he clutched a child. Something familiar in the girl's face moved him, how he did not know. The thought came to him that she might, at some time, have wished that people would be good to a dog. Bitterly, quickly he made his decision. With a huge intaking of breath, he dived, without one look behind him, without a sound to signify that he heard a feeble yelp as the breaker engulfed the floundering mongrel.

Ten minutes later he strode out of the water and up the beach to a woman who sat shrieking for her child. At sight of him she rose and threw herself forward. Men crowded around, with orders, with commands, with warning.

In the midst of this clamor he stood, holding the child. His wet clothes dripped. At his feet gathered a dark pool of blood.

Somebody stepped up and took the little girl from him, calling out loudly, "She's alive! She's all right!"

Another man staring keenly at Reynolds, touched him on the arm.

"The shark!" he said.

Reynolds shook his head. Without a word to the astonished people huddled circlewise round him he turned and strode back towards the sea. They called to him. A man, waving his arms menacingly, ran toward him. He shook his head. Gathering his strength he plunged into the water, hastened out into it till it rose to his waist, to his shoulders. Then with a sigh, he yielded himself to it, swimming seaward wearily, out towards the crashing breakers, to the place where he had heard that last piteous yelp of his dog.

"It's so simple," he mused. "Anybody can do that. Just—his fact grew peaceful, as the warm tide flowed over it—"just be good to the dog!"

And with this solitary and ridiculous substitute for a morality too high for him, Archibald Thomas P. Reynolds swam on—and on—out of that sea into another, seeking a black, blunt eared, clumsy mongrel—a cur.

WOMANS WAYS.

The Sacred Invitation.

If further proof were needed of the growing laxity in social mat- it is the case of the once sacrosanct invitation. A dinner, a neon, a country house visit, once accepted in writing, was con- ed as binding as marriage, as inevitable as the income-tax. Short death or accident, it was simply not to be got out of. The de- uent who ignored this rule was held up to the detestation of other esses, and he (or she) was apt to get left out of the next house- y, or only to be asked to the Dinner of the Bores. But nowa- charming and desirable people are allowed great latitude with rd to invitations. Society is so enormous, and parties of all ls so numerous, that there can be no effective snubbing brought bear on those who shirk their engagements or insist on turning at the wrong time. The indignant hostess must always be per- ly aware that the culprit will be received with open arm next ek in some still more agreeable house than her own. Whatever does, she cannot socially extinguish him, for the "old, unhappy, off" days when English Socitey was ruled by a dozen tyrannical d rather terrible elderly women are no more. The modern hostess ows, in every sense, her "world."

Dating Yourself.

Every age has its ideal, its special idiosyncrasy; and the present e expects everybody—man, woman, and child—to stand on their yn, to take their line, and not to hang on to other people for suc- ur or sympathy. The woman who thinks it charming to be help- s and who exacts small attentions every minute will find herself t of the movement. The young man of the present day does not mire a helpless female; he expects her to understand the insides motor cars, to carry her own clubs at golf, to punt him on the ver, and to be discriminating about cigarettes and to show judg- ent with the wine-list when she invites him to dine at her club. The d-fashioned, clinging, appealing kind may still find favor during e first few weeks of marriage, but in three months she would be assed as an incompetent bore. Above all, she must show no trace sentiment, or else be banished to the outer darkness where dwell e Legion of Frumps. The hearts of the present generation are set n enjoying the hour as it passes. They are pleased to see you arrive, ut display no undue affectation of regret when you go. One may e reasonably sure that the Stephon of the twentieth century does not ollect the odd gloves of his inamorata, nor decorate his rooms with aded roses or cotillion favours. Regret is voted out of date, and re- norse a foolish attribute of a bygone century. That they do enjoy he passing show is certain; the question is, when old age—or even middle-age—arrives, whether these gay and casual youngsters will be as happy as certain of their elders are who possess a subtly selec- tive memory.

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