

# EARN A VICTORY BOND IN YOUR SPARE TIME

Under our plan you can earn a Victory Bond with a very little effort.

By owning a Victory bond you are helping the Government to make that Silver Bullet which Lloyd George said would win the Great War.

You will have the satisfaction of knowing that you are helping to Finance the War, helping the Boys in the Trenches, and at the same time you will be the owner of the safest kind of an Interest Bearing Security obtainable.

## IS THIS WORTH A LITTLE EFFORT?

If you are willing to devote some of your spare time to introducing *Canadian Courier* to your friends and neighbors the publishers will give you a Canadian Government Victory Loan Bond FREE.

Can you afford to miss this offer? This is an Opportunity to combine Patriotism with Good Sound Business Judgment.

Remember you do not have to spend a cent. We will help you in every way possible to earn your Bond.

Fill in the corner coupon *to-day* and we will send you full particulars at once as to how

## You can own a Victory Bond Without Expense

Just a little effort on your part commenced by your clipping the coupon.

THE COURIER PRESS, LIMITED,  
181 Simcoe St., Toronto, Ont.  
Gentlemen—Please send me particulars  
of your "Earn a Victory Bond" plan.  
Name .....  
Address .....  
City or Town .....

"Suppose you give me the job?" says Molly quietly.

He looks her up, down and across with an eye like a gimlet; she takes the scrutiny cheerfully, as her duty and his due, offers him her clear, gray eyes (her only reference for character) and her capable, trim, broad-shouldered figure as security for fitness.

"I suppose you know your own business best," he says brusquely. "You're engaged. What name do you wish to go by?"

"My own," says she, "Molly Dickett."

NOW the secret is out, and you may observe her again piloted by the first mate, scouting through the shops of Buenos Ayres for a blue-and-white striped cotton frock, broad enough through the shoulders. Aprons she purchased and caps (larger caps than Mrs. Cope's, who compromised on white lawn bow-knots) and high-laced, rubber-soled, white canvas boots, only to be procured in English shops for sporting goods. Their price caused the first mate to whistle.

"What's the idea of all this?" he demanded suddenly. "Of course, you know, you must be up to some game. Your kind doesn't ship as stewardess."

"What game were you up to?" Molly replied quickly. "Your kind doesn't ship as first mate, does it?"

"What kind?" he said gruffly.

"The 'Dicky' kind," she answered.

He blurted out some amazed incoherence.

"Oh, I've seen Harvard men before," she assured him pleasantly.

Molly took the best of care of her two ladies and accepted their gratuities with a grave courtesy. They confided to the captain at New York, that she seemed unusually refined for her position, and he replied that for all he knew she might be.

"We'll never see her again," the first mate grumbled sourly, when she stepped off the gang plank, and the captain shrugged his shoulders noncommittally.

They did, nevertheless, but her mother never did. After that one dreadful interview in the Dickett library (it had used to be the sitting room in her college days) when Eleanor had cried, and Kathryn's letter had been read aloud, and Mr. Dickett had vainly displayed his bank book, and her mother had literally trembled with rage, there was nothing for it but oblivion, oblivion and silence.

"A stewardess! My daughter a stewardess! I believe we could put you in an asylum—you're not decent!" Mrs. Dickett's cheeks were grayish and mottled.

"Come, come, mother! Come, come!" said Mr. Dickett, "there's some mistake. I'm sure. If you'd only come and live with us, Molly—we're all alone, now, you know, and Lord knows there's plenty for all. It doesn't seem quite the thing, I must say, though. It—it hurts your mother's pride, you see."

"I'm sorry," said Molly sadly. It is incredible, but she had never anticipated it! She was really very simple and direct, and life seemed so clear and good to her, now.

"To compare yourself with that Englishman is ridiculous, and you know it," sobbed Eleanor. "What if he was a cowboy? He didn't wear a cap and apron—and it was for his health—and George is too angry to come over, even!"

"It's for my health, too," Molly urged, trying to keep her temper. "I never was the same after I went on that vacation to Maine—I told you before. Life isn't worth living, unless you're well."

"But you could have the south chamber for your sitting room, as George suggested, and do your writing at your own time," Mr. Dickett began.

"I've told you I'm not a writer," she interrupted shortly.

"George would rather have paid out of his own pocket——"

"We'll leave George out of this, I think," said Molly, her foot tapping dangerously.

"Then you may leave me out, too!" cried George's wife. "I have my children to think of. If you are determined to go and be a chambermaid, this ends it. Come, mother!"

Mrs. Dickett avoided her husband's grasp and went to the door with Eleanor. It is hard to see how these things can be, but the cave woman and her whelpish brood are far behind us now, and Molly's mother was cut to the dividing of the bone and the marrow. The two women went out of the room and Molly stood alone with her father.

"I'm sorry, father," she said quietly.

"I can't see that I should change my way of life when it is perfectly honorable and proper, just to gratify their silly pride. You must realize that I have to be independent—I'm thirty years old and I haven't had a cent that I didn't earn for more than ten years. I have never been so well and so—so contented since I left college, really."

"Really?" Mr. Dickett echoed in dim amazement.

"Really. And mother never liked me—never. Oh, it's no use, father, she never has. I can't waste any more of my life. I've found what suits me—if I ever change, I'll let you know. I'll write you, anyway, now and then. Good-by, father; shake hands."

And so it was over, and she jumped into the waiting "hack" ("it was some comfort," Eleanor said, "that she wore that handsome broadcloth and the feather boa"), and left them.

Perhaps you had rather leave her, yourself? Remember, she had dined the brother of a baronet (and dined him well, too!). And George Farwell had never earned her salary on the Day. Still, if you will stick by her a little longer, you may feel a little more tolerant of her, and that is much in this critical civilization of ours.

She leaned over the rail in her striped blue and white, and the first mate leaned beside her. The sapphire sea raced along and the milky froth flew from their bow. The sun beat down on her dark head, and there was a song in her heart—oh, there's no doubt of it, the girl was disgracefully happy!

"A fine trip, won't it be?" she said contentedly, and drew a deep breath and washed her lungs clean of all the murk and cobwebs left behind.

"Yes," said the first mate, "my last, by the way."

"Your last?" she repeated vaguely. "Your last?"

HE nodded and swallowed in his throat. "Shall I tell you why?"

"Yes, tell me why," she said, and stared at the ship's boat, lashed to the side.

"I've told you about myself," he blurted out roughly, "and my family,