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The Saskatchewan Insurance Co.
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Any information desired will be furnished on request.

JOS. CORNELL, General Manager.

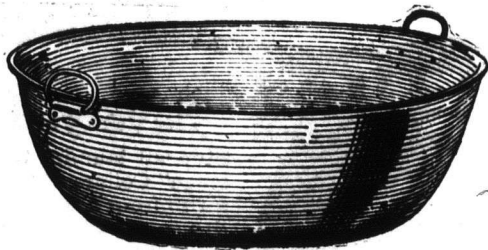
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us to have a disturbance by using force, miss—in fact I didn't quite know what you would want me to do, miss."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" she wailed. "But, at any rate, he can't stay there much longer."

"He has just sent in, miss, to borrow a rug in case the weather should turn chilly in the early hours of the morning."

"But—but—he can't do it!" she gasped.

"He slept out all through the war, miss."

"Oh, dear! And all those people coming to dinner to-night!" she cried in despair.

"What are we to do? Can't the police do anything?"

"Well, miss, they would remove him if they knew you wanted it."

"Want it? Of course we want it! Tell them to send him away at once!" she said hastily, even as Elizabeth signed the death warrant of Essex. She was too angry to think.

"Very good, miss," said John. He went to the door. The shades of evening were falling and the crowd was getting larger, noisier and less respectful. There were three policeman near at hand in earnest deliberation, with note books. Eva watched the proceedings from behind the curtains.

"I am afraid you must go, sir," said John. "I'm very sorry."

"Not at all," said Bertie. "Who says so?"

"Miss Rowen, sir."

"I thought you said she was out."

John coughed. "Yessir, so she was—in a manner of speaking."

"Who's to send me away?" said Bertie looking thoughtfully up into the umbrella.

"Miss Rowen has told me to tell the police, sir."

window and saw the corner of Eva's elbow.

"Mind, I'm only coming by force. Where are the handcuffs?" He held out his hands.

"I don't know as there'll be need for that, sir."

"Put 'em on," said Bertie, "at once, or I shall attempt to escape."

"Well sir," said the policeman, "it ain't a usual request—"

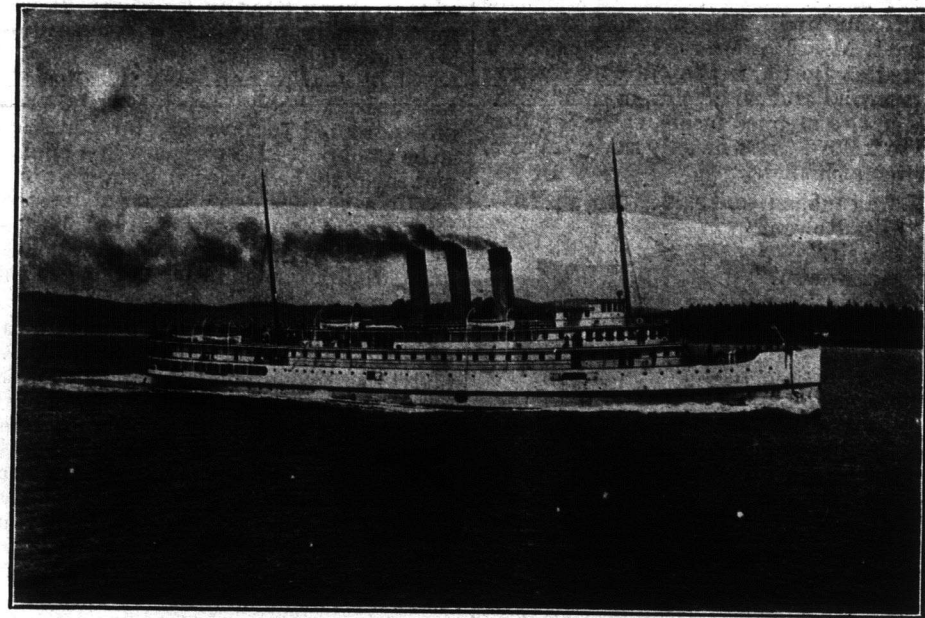
"Never mind; oblige me."

So they put them on. Eva saw it and felt a twinge of remorse. The party moved off with the rabble at their heels.

"One moment," said Bertie. He stopped just in front of the drawing-room and for some seconds cast up at the window which he knew to belong to Eva's room a glance containing a most effective mixture of pathos, passion, regret, forgiveness and despair.

Then he passed with bowed head into the gathering darkness, and Eva sank down torn with anguish at what she had done. An hour or so later a policeman called with a ragged and dirty scrap of blue paper folded and addressed to Miss Rowen. It contained in shaky writing, done with some red substance which might have been blood, but was probably ink and embellished with many blots and splutters which were caused possibly by emotion but probably by a police station pen, the following words:—

My heart is broken. You may have forgotten my very name. I do not blame you. I am sitting on a very hard bench. Next to me is a very old lady. She is very drunk. Her head is on my shoulder as I write. I have no right to write, but I cannot go without one last word to one who I deemed to love me once. The very old lady has awakened? Dar-



S.S. Princess Victoria, B.C. Coast Service, Canadian Pacific Railway.

"She told you to tell the police?" he said in heart-broken accents. "Then is all indeed over!"

"Are you going, sir?" said John gently. "No," he replied with determination. "I'm here to stay! Ruat coelum, fiat justitia!"

John beckoned sorrowfully to the policemen, who approached in solid formation. The crowd cheered.

"Kindly remove this gentleman, who is trespassing."

The policeman who had the buttered toast touched Bertie on the arm. His voice was gruff but tinged with compassion.

"You can't stay here, sir," he said.

"Why not?" said Bertie sweetly.

"I should be much obliged if you would go quietly, sir."

"I would do anything to please you," said Bertie, "but do be reasonable."

"If you would be so kind as to get up and go home, sir; our orders are—"

"Home," said Bertie pathetically. "Ah, if you knew how cold and cheerless is the home you would drive me to! All alone, with only two men to tend me—"

"Can't stay talking 'ere, sir. Are you goin'?"

"No."

"Then I'm afraid we must take you to the station, sir."

The other two policemen came near, and the crowd pressed round and chuckled.

"Ha!" said Bertie, "you use force! Very well, give me your hand." With their help he hoisted himself up and stretched his legs.

Then he patted the knees of his trousers and put his hat straight. Incidentally he glanced at the drawing-room

ling, I cannot speak of her language. I am a leaky boat adrift on the ocean of life. I badly want bailing out. I call you darling, I have no right to call you darling, darling. Oh this bench is hard! Not so hard as the bench will be to-morrow morning unless some responsible house-holder comes round to-night and explains that it is a mistake. But I have no one in my extremity or, indeed, anywhere. I ask no mercy. I deserve all I get. Few men can say that. I think my mind is wandering. Farewell; may you be happy. Think of me sometimes in my lonely cell. Oh my broken heart! Farewell for ever.

BERTIE.

P. S. Any time will do of course, but get Mr. Rowen to come as soon as you can, dear.

She read this pathetic document twice through her tears and then, though it was nearly time to dress for dinner, she hurried on her hat and coat. All the blots on his noble nature were erased and he shone forth a martyr to her hasty temper. What was all that behavior during the afternoon, which seemed curious at the time, but a proof of the untameable ardor of his love? How he must have suffered for her on the doorstep! And now—! She pictured him in chains with cropped hair and stamped all over with horrid arrows. Oh why did she ever speak harshly to him? She hurried down to her father, who had just come in, and explained that Bertie had been wrongfully imprisoned through her fault and he must come round and get him out now at once, without waiting for the carriage; one never knew what a wasted minute would mean in deal-