

of disaster in the north and west; narratives of big guns abandoned in a wild flight for home and the desire to throw in their lot with the new republic. Russian and German stood side by side in the common bondage of humanity; field kitchens had been set up in the streets, and the starving troops were fed by their well-equipped foe. There was no sign of strife now, for passions had been worn threadbare, and the lust of slaughter had trickled away till the stream no longer ran.

All this Rosslyn watched from the windows of the palace, where he lounged, smoking his cigarettes in rooms hitherto sacred to the greatest of autocratic monarchs and his supple sycophants. He felt perfectly at home there, rejoicing in the knowledge that he had had so powerful a hand in bringing this about. He was anxious to get back to London now and carry the good news. He waited hour after hour, until Steinitz and Leroux returned.

"It is just as I told you," the former said. "The terms are precisely those I outlined to the late Kaiser, subject to the confirmation of England and France, of course. And now, as I see you are anxious to be off, I will give you a minute of the terms in my own handwriting, and you can go."

"Am I to have the pleasure of taking you?" he asked.

"My dear boy, it is quite impossible," Leroux explained. "My place is here, and I should be a traitor if I turned my back upon it. Germany will know some day the debt she owes to you. Meanwhile you can return to London, and, if you start now you will be in time for these marvellous happenings to appear on the breakfast table of every Englishman to-morrow morning. Give my love to Vera; tell her I am well and happy, and that I will send for her in the course of a few days. Perhaps I will come and fetch her, for I shall have much to do in London. The Englishman is a generous foe, and much of the vast hoards of gold we shall need will come from his pocket."

It was barely dark before Rosslyn set his aeroplane going and circled widely over the city. Then he turned towards the west, and set out on his lonely journey. There was nothing to stop him now, and no peril to fear; and it was barely twelve o'clock before the plane settled down outside its resting-place. An hour later and Rosslyn was setting the telephones humming in all directions. It was no part of his programme to confine his information to any one newspaper, and therefore he found his rooms occupied by a score of excited journalists directly he set foot inside them. For the next hour he spoke amidst a silence that was broken only by the scratching of pencils and the fluttering of notebooks. He told the whole story simply and without embellishment. It was a narrative so thrilling and graphic that it actually gained in strength from its very simplicity. Then, utterly tired and worn out, Rosslyn threw himself upon a couch and slept soundly.

He was out betimes in the morning, and made his way directly to Vera's flat. Already the streets were astir with a wildly excited mob that had already heard the news. It was evident enough that no work would be done in London that day. A few minutes later and every street and thoroughfare was fluttering flags and banners. People were beginning to congregate in vast numbers, cheering and shouting and forming into long processions that streamed through the streets. For the moment, at any rate, all social barriers were broken down. Here was the well-dressed city man arm in arm with the hawker of toys; here was the aristocratic club loungeer hobnobbing with the man who brought the coals. There were thousands of women in the procession, laughing and crying in the same breath—in fact, here was human nature, untrammelled and unrestrained, giving vent to their feelings, as if the years had fallen from their shoulders and they were children once again. For a long time Vera and Rosslyn watched this amazing spectacle as it rolled by in a never-ending stream, until they grew dizzy and turned to

one another for relief.

"I shall be able to grasp it presently," Vera whispered. "It seems too wonderful to be true. And to think that you, with that wonderful aeroplane of yours, should have done so much towards bringing about this wonderful result! If it had not been for you the misery and bloodshed might have dragged along for months more. Ah! Paul, if I could only tell you how proud I am of you!"

She smiled through her tears and held out her hands to Rosslyn. He took her in his arms and kissed her tenderly.

"I have been more than rewarded," he said. "Of course, I am glad and proud, but, after all, you are you, and the rest of it is nothing by comparison. The end is here—"

"But is it the end?" Vera asked. The end perhaps, or only the beginning? But, be that as it might, Rosslyn, looking forward, could see beyond the clouds the first faint streaks of a wide and glorious dawn.

THE END.

In Lighter Vein

The Gorgons.—A Philadelphia school-teacher has lately been instructing her pupils in Grecian mythology. It is the plan to have the children read the tales aloud, and the next day recount them in their own language. One lad, to whom was given the assignment to render in his own language the story of "The Gorgons," did so in these terms:

"The Gorgons were three sisters that lived in the Islands of the Hesperides, somewhere in the Indian Ocean. They had long snakes for hair, tusks for teeth, and claws for nails, and they looked like women, only more horrible."—Lippincott's.

Business Instinct.—One of these peripatetic merchants who deals in the jetsam of the suburban villa, such as old iron, old boots, and rags, neatly scored off an irritable householder the other day—or so the story goes. "Any rags? Any old iron?" chanted the dealer, when the man of the house himself opened the door. "No; go away!" snapped the householder, irritably. "There's nothing for you. My wife's away." The itinerant merchant hesitated a moment and then inquired, "Any old bottles?"

Covered It.—Aunt Mary (visiting in the city)—"I want to hear at least one of your famous grand opera singers and then see some of your leading actors."

Nephew (to office boy)—"Jimmy, get us some tickets for the vaudeville and movies."—Life.

One He Knew Of.—Mr. Deal, the undertaker, was never at a loss for an answer when any one attempted to poke fun at him or his profession. One day a would-be wit, meeting him, remarked: "Yours must be a grewsome business, Mr. Deal. I suppose you undertakers never look at a man without wishing him dead?" "You are mistaken," replied the undertaker. "I know some people whom I would be perfectly willing to bury alive!"

Pretty Bad.—Commander—"What's his character apart from this leave-breaking?"

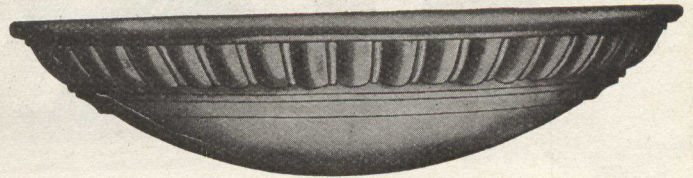
Petty Officer—"Well, sir, this man 'e goes ashore when 'e likes; 'e comes off when 'e likes; 'e uses 'orrible language when 'e's spoken to; in fact, from 'is general behavior, 'e might be a officer!"—Punch.

Saved.—Mrs. Farmer (just back from the county fair)—"Well, Abner, we've all had a narrer escape from being eaten alive! They had a wild cannibal Igorote at the fair, and if it wasn't the same feller that helped us hay last July!"—Harvard Lampoon.

Harmonious Electric Lighting

The modern way of house lighting is to surround the electric lamps with MOONSTONE globes and dishes which harmonize in color scheme with the wallpapers and draperies of each individual room.

The soft, diffused light makes a new and charming effect. The operating cost is less for the reason that a greater illumination is achieved at a smaller consumption of candle-power.



No. 6020. Semi-Indirect Unit.

Write for a copy of

MOONSTONE BULLETIN No. 1

If you furnish us with the dimensions, our engineering department will tell you, gratis, how to light every room and passage in the house.

Made in Canada.

Jefferson Glass Company, Limited
388 Carlaw Avenue, Toronto

Take Your Vacation at Muskoka Lakes



Come to this region of congenial summer hotels and cottages, excellent camping spots, splendid fishing, picturesque canoe routes—winding streams and many delightful islands. Make your summer home in this ideal resort district. Beautiful small islands and choice locations for sale.

TAKE THE CANADIAN NORTHERN RY. to the finest recreation districts in Canada, including: Lake St. John District, Muskoka Lakes, Rideau Lakes, Lake Edward, Que., Georgian Bay and Parry Sound as well as many others.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR THESE BOOKS—"Where to Fish and Hunt", "Hotel Lake St. Joseph, Quebec", "Muskoka's Lake Shore Line", "Summer Resorts Along the Road by the Sea", "Outdoors in Canada".

Enjoy a real recreation and rest for tired nerves in the picturesque lakes, streams and wooded isles of Muskoka Lakes District.

For further particulars as to rates and service apply to nearest C.N.R. Agent, or General Passenger Department, 68 King Street East, Toronto, Ont.

