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Made in Canada.

THE Lady of the Night
—OR—
Amelia Makes a Success

CHAPTER II.
THE HERO.

And he laughed and looked at her as if he were puzzled. "I don't know why I told you."

"It doesn't matter," said Nora; "I shan't tell any one. But it seems rather mean of him."

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "It is not as if I were his son or his nephew. And I don't mind—now; I did at first. And after all, I'd rather be as I am than up at the house there, with all those fine people. I like the open air, like being with the horses; I should like to have to wear the clothes those men wear, to have to tangle about the ladies, fetching and carrying like a—like a poodle."

"So should I," said Nora with hearty sympathy.

"And yet you are a woman yourself," he said with a smile.

"Yes, I am," admitted Nora, with a sudden meekness; "but I was thinking how I should feel if I were a man. I'd rather be you than one of those men I saw on the terrace just now. You can do something, and, judging by the look of them, I should think they could do nothing but smoke cigarettes, and dangle after the ladies, as you say."

"They were so engrossed in their conversation that they almost forgot

bridle; she took advantage of a turn in the path, and, with a toss of her head and a wave of her tall, dished back on the way that she had come. They started after her, and the helper, thoroughly enjoying herself, made for a bank of laurels, crashed through it, and sailed on to the lawn, her pursuers in full pell behind her. To Nora's dismay, she saw some figures on the terrace again; but it was impossible for her to turn back, and she ran on, dragging her tam-o'-shanter well over her face. The wretched helper made straight for the terrace, crashing over the flower-beds, and in the full light of the moon the people on the terrace looked down on the strange scene. Nora heard the girl with the yellow hair exclaim:

"Why, look! there's a cow broken loose—or is it a bull!—and they are chasing it. How amusing! What a good-looking boy! And the other is a girl, actually! I wonder how it came loose." She laughed and a glance of amusement and trifling scorn. "Why, it's a romance; don't you see? How stupid you are! They are sweethearts, and they have forgotten to look after the cow!"

Every word of the thin, clear voice was heard distinctly by Nora and the boy; both their faces crimsoned and the hand that held Nora's cloak clenched tightly. The lad had headed the helper and turned it, when the voice of the girl on the terrace rose again.

"He really is a good-looking boy. Who is he, Sir Joseph?"

A short, thick-set man, with a fat, sallow face and heavy eyelids, had come out of the house and stood beside her. His hands were thrust in his

pockets, a big cigar was in the corner of his lips; he turned it over before refighting, and the thick lids drooped more heavily, so that his eyes were concealed.

"Only one of my men," he said in the husky voice of a man who eats and drinks too much.

"Oh, call him up, do! I want to speak to him."

Sir Joseph shrugged his shoulders, hesitated a moment, then said—

"Certainly, Miss Florence; but he's rather a shy fellow, and I doubt whether he'll come; though there are few men who would refuse to come at the call of beauty—Elliot!"

The lad heard, but did not even turn his head.

"Stupid boy!" said the lady. "Call the girl, Sir Joseph."

"Easier said than done, Miss Florence," said Sir Joseph. "I don't know her name, don't know who she is. She may belong to the place, but I don't remember her."

The lady made an impatient little moue and called out imperiously—

"Girl! Come here; I want to speak to you."

It is scarcely necessary to say that Nora did not turn her head; indeed, she might have been deaf for any indication of having heard the summons. In silence she and Elliot drove the cow to the boundary. They came to a gap which had been blocked with a couple of heavy pieces of larch; Nora ran to them and tried to lift them, but they were too much for her, and Elliot, saying quietly, "Come to the heifer," with the greatest ease displaced the two pieces of wood.

"How strong you are!" said Nora enviously as they drove the cow through. "I couldn't even move them."

He looked down at her with a smile. His face had cleared and was good-tempered again.

"But you're a girl, you see; girls aren't expected to lift heavy weights."

"Oh, but I can; I really can!" she said eagerly. "I am very strong—not so strong as a boy, of course," replied fully; "but I should have got them down somehow or other if you had not been there."

"I am very glad you hadn't to try," he said gravely. "You ought not to try your strength in that way; you'll hurt yourself some day."

"Oh, no, I shall not," said Nora, a trifle haughtily.

"Oh, yes, you will, if you were my sister I wouldn't let you do it."

Nora laughed and looked up at him with a flash of her grey eyes.

"You'd find you wouldn't be able to help yourself," she said.

He laughed back at her and shook his head reprovingly.

"I think you have got a will of your own," he said, "and I rather pity the man who would try to drive you; you'd be worse than the heifer here."

"Much worse," assented Nora laconically.

There was silence for a minute or two, then she said, with an air of indifference—

"What was the name of that lady with the canary-coloured hair who called out to me? Who is she, do you know?"

"Her name is Florence Bartley; she is one of the party staying at the house; her father is Sir Somebody Bartley; I don't know anything about her except that she seems to be quite a favourite, what you call the 'belles' of the party. She's got a will of her own, too; it seems that most small women have," he added with a smile and a glance at Nora from the corner of his eyes.

"It's well they have," said Nora with a toss of her head, "or they would be over-ruled by the big people."

"That's true," he said, and with a touch of admiration, as if she had said something new and clever.

Goodness me!
I've forgotten the name of that medicine—for the wife.

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"They called you Elliot," she said; "is that your name?"

He nodded. "One of them," he said. "Elliot Graham."

"Why, you're Scotch!" exclaimed Nora. "I'm Scotch—I mean Scotchish—on my mother's side. She was a Cameron."

"It's a good name," he said succinctly. "That accounts for your pluck. It was a plucky thing to come after that heifer alone and at night!"

"I see nothing plucky in it," snapped Nora. "What could harm me? I am nearly home now; please don't come any farther."

"No; I'll drive it in for you," he said.

"You need not trouble," she said. "I see Ned is coming."

Ned came towards them with drooping head, his whole figure eloquent of remorse and self-reproach. Elliot stopped, looked hard at the heifer, then at the pretty, resolute little face beside him.

"I've told you my name," he said bashfully; "perhaps you will—you might tell me—I should like to know—yours."

"My name is Ryal, Nora Ryal," she said, looking up at him with a frank smile.

He coloured deeply and raised his cap.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "I thought you might be a lady—and yet I wasn't quite sure. I mean that I felt—I am very sorry."

"What about?" asked Nora, her smile growing sweeter, her eyes dwelling on his with a friendly look. "You have been very kind, and I am very grateful."

"Yes, but all the same—," he stammered; and raising his cap again, he was about to turn away, overwhelmed by a lady's confusion, when Nora took a step towards him and, holding out her hand, said in a voice as frank and sweet as her smile—

"Won't you say good-night? I would have told you my name before if you had asked me. Good-night, and thank you very much. I'll do the same for you some day, if I have the chance."

His great strong hand closed round her small one and he held it for a moment.

"Good-night," he said; His face was still flushed, there was an intent and eager light in his eyes. "I hope—," he said, "I hope—you may have that chance some day—for my sake."

How little either of them foresaw that the chance of repaying his service that night would one day come to Nora, and how full the repayment would be!

CHAPTER III.
THE BOUNDER.

When Nora had gone to her room that night, she went to the glass and surveyed herself thoughtfully and with a critical air. Hitherto she had never given any thought to her appearance, had been almost indifferent to the fact that her dress was more like that of a farmer's daughter than that of a girl of good position. Dress made so little difference in this remote spot; every one knew, though she went about in short skirts, and jackets and capes well-worn and weather-tanned, that she was Miss Ryal, of the Grange, and was always as respectful to her as if she had been dressed in Bond Street taitment.

There is a sharp and distinct line of demarcation in such places as Hithercombe; between the gentry and the commonsens; you belong to one or the other; there are no infringements by either side; there are no social jealousies; every man knows his position, accepts it, and acts accordingly, rendering out clear the things that are Caesar's. If Nora had gone about with a sack skivered round her, as Ned did on wet days, she would still have been Miss Nora to the farm people of Hithercombe, and would have excited neither remark nor reproach.

To-night she regarded herself with a little frown of disapproval. That this young man, Elliot Graham, should have mistaken her for a dairymaid, caused her a vague annoyance. Of course, it was because he was a stranger and did not know her, and therefore the fault was his, and not hers; but all the same, her pride had been touched a little.

(To be continued.)

Just Rolls
Others.

We need the lives of others to make our own complete. It takes the smiles of neighbors to light our humble street; And all the joys we treasure would cold and sordid be Unless another waited to share our victory.

For on a desert island where man must live alone, Though lashed with gold and silver which he could call his own, The stuff would lose its value and he would cease to care, And he would sigh for someone with whom his wealth to share.

Fame were an empty glory without the friends who praise, From others comes the splendor which crowns the toil of days; There's none so great or humble but what at night must find That with the lives of many, his life is intertwined.

We must have kindly neighbors, we must have loyal friends, On them and all they give us the joy of life depends; The thing called Self is trifling, it makes success, defeat; We need the lives of others to make our lives complete.

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Side Talks
by Ruth Cameron

HOW THIS AGE MAY BE MORE WONDERFUL THAN THE LAST.

Of all the wonderful vistas that the science of the present age has opened to us to look down, it seems to me none has any more marvelous possibilities at the end than the realization that the impressions which we receive by our sense are caused by vibrations of varying rapidities.

Vibrations of from 25 to 40,000 a second we receive as sound. Then there is a gap. And then vibrations of from one million to two millions a second we call electricity. Vibrations at the rate of 250 billions a second we get through our vision as rays of red light, and the color scale increases to violet rays at 1,000 billions a second. One more gap, and then we reach the X-rays at 250 trillions a second!

Now not only is it intensely interesting to perceive these relationships, but even more interesting is the thought that immediately comes to the scientist's mind—

What about these vast gaps?

The Key to the Mysteries.

Shall we not come some day to understand the vibrations between—to control them and respond to them?

Is it not possible that the key to all the mysteries of the universe, the secrets not only of this world but of the other world, lie in these gaps?

We all know that Edison has been working at some mechanism to make it possible for those who have passed beyond to communicate with us if they wish to. Many have made fun of him on this account and said that his great intellect must be tottering. My faith is with Edison—not necessarily that he will do the thing, but that he has some good reason for thinking that some of these wonderful vistas that have been opening up might lead in that direction.

My Idea of Heaven.

Ever since I outgrew the conventional Heaven of gold floors and harps, I have wondered if Heaven might not be a place in which we took in happiness through many senses that we do not possess here on earth. That is, if the Creative Force could give us the joy of sound hearing, why could it not give us other happinesses through other senses that no one on earth can possess or can imagine? If it could give us sex love and mother and father love here, might it not have other great emotions to give us in a further existence?

Now may it not be possible that this is true, and that these millions of vibrations which we do not respond to here, do manifest themselves to us when we pass out of the body and into the spirit world?

Of course I am talking about matters of which I know nothing, but since these vistas have been opened to us, is it not permissible for anyone to glance down them and wonder what may be at the end?

Past Inventions May Seem as Nothing.

And could there be any more fascinating direction in which to send one's thoughts than these vistas offer?

It has hardly seemed as if the age to come could be more wonderful than the age just passed, with its steam engine, its steam boat, its telephone, its wireless, its flying machines. And yet who would dare say that it may not be infinitely more wonderful, that powers and possibilities that we have not yet the ability to imagine, may not be opened to the human race?

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