

"Is this your first tour through the Dominion?" said Myra, again with a purpose.

"Since I was a boy," he answered.

Myra looked at him curiously. He spoke in the tone of a middle-aged man, and indeed there was little of youth left in his serious eyes and set mouth. She pondered for a minute in silence, then she looked at him again with half assumed, half real, disappointment.

"I wish you remembered me, Mr. Boehm!"

Ulysses started and a puzzled expression came into his face. He had seen her before. Where? When? Suddenly the whole scene of their meeting at the Sterryville hotel, as she had recalled it on the previous night, flashed into his mind.

"Of course I remember you!" he exclaimed. "You are—Penelope!"

"Myra Sterry, you mean, of Sterryville, Ontario," she answered.

Myra Sterry, of Sterryville, Ontario, had read the *Odyssey* since first they met.

"Why didn't you answer my letters?" he asked.

"I did—when you wrote to me," she answered, smiling.

"I know! I know!" he exclaimed. "I was most ungrateful—most unworthy! But when I got to England and began to study in earnest, somehow I—can you ever forgive me?"

"Yes, I forgive you," said Myra, lightly. It was

kind of you to write at all. You must have thought me a very foolish, sentimental girl."

"You belittle your own goodness!" said Ulysses Boehm. "I have never forgotten your sweet sympathy. I shall be grateful to you all my life."

"Do you mean that? I am very proud," said Myra, simply.

They looked at each other gravely and questioningly, and from that minute Ulysses began to love her.

"Do you remember the old bow?" she asked.

He followed her across the room and watched her take the Tourte bow out of her father's old English cabinet.

"It belongs to me now," said Myra, "but none of my friends can use it. I think it must be yours in future, Mr. Boehm."

"The bow of Ulysses?" he murmured, and smiled at her with uplifted eyebrows, drawing it caressingly through his hand.

Myra laughed a little and shook her head.

"Stranger things have happened," he said in the same low voice. "Myths, like history, repeat themselves."

"But Ulysses was a married man," answered Myra Sterry.

"Well—Ulysses intends to be!" said the English violinist.—M.A.P.

FORT ELLICE

A TO-DAY OF YESTERDAY

By NAN MOULTON

IN a West coming magnificently into her own, a West of golden wheat and prospering homesteads, a West toying with frantic figures of the future and dreaming of an Empire Beyond, a West very young and very strenuous, very aggressive and very material, one likes sometimes to turn away to another West, to the fascination of the past of adventure, the past that centres round the buffalo, the Indian, and the Honourable the Hudson's Bay Company, that most romantic of all commercial institutions in British history. And, turning thus away, on one August Sunday, the Tramp Royal and I hit the trail for old Fort Ellice on the Assiniboine.

It had been raining for weeks over the prairie, but now August sunlight was laughing across the sky as we faced the clean-washed prairie-land and filled our lungs to the bottom with sweet wine-like air, while the feet of the horses squished with a suggestion of delightful coolness over the juicy green stuff, and the little brown birds rippled brief mafins from swaying reeds. Beyond what was once "The Ranch" with its huddle of buildings and deserted ranges, we crossed on an old trail through seas of wheat, headed and in bloom and of a perfume so enticing that we sympathised with the reluctance of the horses to leave behind anything so utterly delectable, till we came to The Flats submerged now under the waters of an over-full coulee and stretching off to either low horizon in sun-touched ripples of blue. Up from The Flats again we arrived at the Sand-Plains, tan-coloured miles of uselessness with little gay flowers relieving the desolation, and a small cabin off in a patch of green to the left. This belonged to Ben Pippin, whom the Tramp Royal described as a "nifty breed" and claimed as a friend. We stopped to call, but only some listless-looking hens and a sullen cow greeted us. Ben had either gone to mass at the French Mission across the Assiniboine or had not yet returned from town after going to spend his allowance. The Tramp Royal was regretful, for Ben was noted for a rather weird hospitality, but I was relieved to have escaped the experiment. I have, before now, been offered up a sacrifice to the god of savage entertainment.

Running now beside our trail were the deep cuts of the old Red River carts that had creaked their leisurely way from Brandon. The trail is grass-grown now, of course, but the grasses wave so distinctly in the cuts of the old trail that almost it seemed a cart had just rumbled past with its furs or Indians or mail. The Tramp Royal said he had seen them along this very trail in the lost years, long lines of gaily-painted, heavy-laden, slow-moving barges of the prairie with stolid Indians and creaking whips and easy-going oxen en route for the

then busy commercial and social centre of Fort Ellice, where more and longer lines of Red River carts sauntered in from Edmonton, where a slow steamer connected, and which was a distributing centre for the whole Touchwood Hills.

There were deserted shacks here and there, sad things telling of lean years on the ungrateful Sand-Plains, of a realisation that this was not yet the Land of Promise, of a further wandering south, and finally the rich prairie, the Garden of the Lord. The Tramp Royal had known the men in the lean years, knew them now in the years of plenty. Seeing the farms blotted again so quickly back to prairie, one shivered a bit at the littleness of man's mark, until one remembered the sequel and grew glad again.

Then my one Scotch ancestor stirred within me with pleasure. Blue-bells, nodding, waving, rioting in masses under the glare of sun, blue-bells, a great glow of lapis-lazuli against the topaz of the plains, blue-bells, a very heaven turned loose. "Ah! does everything come then to this prairie country of yours?" I asked, a bit unsteadily. And the Tramp Royal just smiled his wait-and-see smile. It was hard to bear any more loveliness just then, but it came—a blaze of lilies mad with colour, tangles of faint pink roses, banks and banks of golden daisies, the largesse of the prairie, bobbing at us with gay audacity, or thrown up like great glad lights against the sombre poplars, and willows, for we were nearing the river now, as the trees heralded. For a while we twisted along the edge of a deep canyon with the trees going down in troops like cattle to water, then were hidden in a shaded trail winding softly through saskatoon and wild cherry bushes, scrub-oak, and the eternal poplar until we came out suddenly on a wide empty plain with a moss-grown ruin its one monument to a dead world. Twenty-four years ago this plain was as busy in its own way, the T. R. said, as Winnipeg is to-day, with tepees covering its flats, with Indian dances and the making of braves, with the factor's wild handsome daughters wheeling past on wilder ponies, with Red River carts, and trappers, and traders, and Mounted Police, and soldiers guarding the moss-grown ruin that had formerly been a fort. A township had been planned and laid out, but had, however, never materialised, for the new railway, when it came, had swerved away from the old fort and its hopes.

Beyond the plain and overlooking the river, the factor's house still stood, a substantial rough-cast structure; and the company's huge store was doing service as a stable, carriage-house and hen-house. Over in a field stood one tall isolated chimney, all that was left of an

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