

looked around, I saw the girl and my girl. She smiled modestly, and her eyes expressed all the sentiments which my eye could not speak.

I smiled, but necessarily remained silent. I could not converse with her for I did not know the best treatment of her soul and mind. It occurred to me, however, that she was willing to appeal and practice by attempting to place her responsibility for her safety in my unthoughtful hands.

We continued to walk on and soon commencing with each other only through the medium of a sort of general conversation.

It was astonishing to me that Mr. Grubbe did not make an objection. To avoid the possibility of interruption from his course I set my little companion through the large swinging door and out into the wide and beautifully illuminated street.

Along the way we conversed amicably with but single silence between us, going in at the door, windows and studying the human stream that surged along. We went into a parlor and I invited the girl to sit down. She sat all the faculties, all the ideas, all the appreciation, all the emotions, all the joy of a real child although she lived under the handicap of a tense and perpetual silence.

Somewhat late in the evening we returned and my companion retired immediately. I retired also, and we had been so fortunate in our adventure as not to encounter Mr. Grubbe from beginning to end of it.

The following morning I was astonished to find Miss Fram dressed in the waiting room and fully dressed for travelling.

Her smile would be the usual welcome which she lips refused to speak when she saw me coming. I pointed to the dining room, but she made signs that she had already breakfasted.

While I stood with her longing for some medium through which I could penetrate that tenseness which separated the girl from the rest of the world, Mr. Grubbe came in to us.

"Oh!" he said. "No more early birds. What do you think? I've changed my mind. I'm going to Edmonton. How was that war of going to Vancouver, eh?"

In the usual way he conveyed this information to our young lady companion. I fancied I could see her jaw drop, and although it was no affair of mine beyond my duty as a gentleman to protect a woman (and had she not asked for that protection?) I was much annoyed at the change in the Archimedes' plans. I am sure he must have noticed my resentment. The girl saw it and on this seemed to lean for any support which I might give her.

From that moment the unfortunate girl refused to leave my side. She seemed to be in terror of the man. Perhaps he had said something to her that gave rise to her fear, although his actions, so far as I could see, had not betrayed any motive which might create alarm.

While at breakfast she sat in full view of us in a part of the waiting room which could be seen through the dining room door. And a little later, during a temporary absence of Mr. Grubbe, she led me to the telegraph counter of the hotel, and on a blank wrote a few words and showed it to me as if for my approval. The message read:

"Mrs. ——— Street, Edmonton. Meet me at train and drive away quick—Eugene later. — Mary Fram."

I smiled my approval and in appreciation of her bright diplomacy.

During the entire day we drove out together on the train, Mr. Grubbe, much to my chagrin, alone being qualified to converse with my silent friend and to entertain her. The girl, however, resented the endless gossip although it was undoubtedly well meant. The man seemed to imagine that persistent bombarding was a sure highway to the girl's heart, and the words fell from the ends of his fingers like radio broadcasts from a high tower.

My nearest approach to the silent soul was through the medium of an occasional smile which would pass between us as opportunity permitted.

The woman and the girl dragged from the train in Edmonton. The girl looked puzzled and my mind disapproves with her from under the very roof of her bewildered sentiment. In the hurry she soon forgot to say farewell to me with that beautiful smile as she sat by within my power. No doubt her intentions were good under the surface and I dare say she commended me with the same tenderness with which I remember her.

I could only imagine the disappointment and perhaps rage of my friend. She stood for a few moments like one perturbed, then turned to me with a weak smile.

"Now, what do you know about that?" he exclaimed.

He had my sympathy for one who in love deserves pity rather than censure.

RESOLVE

A life, a struggle beneath the soil,
A dream of life beyond,
A blind upspringing of leaf and bud
Till the air and the light is won—
Through stress and darkness, through storm and rain,
The flower shall find the sun!
A hope, a whisper of Love divine,
A cry from the earth-bound clod,
A vague uprising of heart's desire
To the stars from the tear-dewed sod—
Through loss and sorrow, through doubt and pain,
The soul shall find its God!

—L. A. Larsson

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If anyone can convince me of an error, I shall be very glad to change my opinion, for truth is my business, and nobody was ever yet hurt by it. No; he that continues in ignorance and mistake, it is he that receives the mischief.
—Marcus Aurelius

Talk about those subjects you have had long in your mind, and listen to what others say about subjects you have studied but recently. Knowledge and timber shouldn't be much used till they are seasoned.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes

Poverty and hard work were often looked down on,—he did not know why—for wickedness was the only thing that ought to be a reproach to any man. Those that looked down on cotton-spinners with contempt were men who, had they been cotton-spinners at the beginning, would have been cotton-spinners to the end. The life of toil was what belonged to the great majority of the race, and to be poor was no reproach.
—From Life of Livingstone.