

When he had stabled his animal and opened his shop, it was not long till Felicity Waters came smiling in. "I brought this book back yesterday afternoon, but you weren't her," she explained. She was quite radiant with a strange excitement, caused by the desire to express feelings more enthusiastic than her usual neat diction provided for. "This wonderful book—I've never read anything like it—once I was well commenced I couldn't lay it down. At first I was quite disappointed, for there was nothing strange or extraordinary in it; not like a novel at all and just like real life. But when I got used to that, it—it stirred me!"

She was waving the book about to emphasise her remarks. "Such brave men, such courtesy, such splendid fights. It made me dream that I dressed as a soldier and went and fought a battle. I almost wish I could."

"Life is a battle," murmured Peter.

"Yes, and think of the courage and patience some people bring to it. . . Oh! You mean that I should—"

There was a shadow in the doorway, and turning, she saw Harry Bayfield. He had paused on catching sight of her, and was nervously fingering the embroidery on his cuffs. She gave a formal little curtsy, but her uneasiness was betrayed when the book slipped from her fingers and fell to the floor. Harry came forward to pick it up, and when he had done so, found himself close to her. They were both aware that Peter had melted away into the shadows, and was no longer in the shop.

To relieve the tension, Harry turned his eyes to the book he had lifted. "Waverley," he read.

She answered defiantly. "I suppose you are going to laugh at me again for finding pleasure in stories."

But he raised troubled eyes to her face and replied apologetically, "No, I would not laugh at anything you do."

"Why so serious, sir?" she asked, trying to assume a careless tone. "Are you not the adamant soldier, that does not give a fig for sensibility?"

He was stung by some memory that the words called up. "I should not have said that," he declared. "I was excited and heedless. It hurt me when you said that men are faithless to everything but their own conceit."

"Did I say that?" cried Felicity, who knew very well that she had said that and more. "I was not thinking of my words." She paused, and added faintly, "I was speaking to conceal the pain that was in my heart."

"Because I was going away—Oh, Felicity!" He

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If people are to get more service from public utilities they must first make it possible for the utility to provide such service. It is impossible to furnish 1921 service at 1914 rates.

Only by showing a satisfactory balance on present operations can they finance the replacements and extensions so badly needed.

To deny them relief is to withhold it from themselves.

British Columbia Electric Railway Company

took a step nearer.

"Goose. . . But really, Harry, I don't want you to have a wrong opinion of me. Truly, I could never admire a man whose first thought was not for his country's honour."

"I begin training next week."

"You brave boy! I shall pray for you."

"Darling girl!"

She was in his arms.

A few minutes later, as they wandered down the street, the burden of their chatter was, "How lucky we cooled down and saw reason after that ridiculous quarrel of ours."

And Harry, "When I began to think about Life seriously, I soon saw how petty my annoyance had been."

And Felicity. "I wept myself to sleep for two nights, and then I understood that I—liked you better for going."

To both of them, old Peter and his wares were absolutely non-existent. He had passed out of their thoughts along with all the rest of the ordinary things that were outside the range of their Elysium. . . .

How often, on waking, we forget all the varied pageant of our dreams! And yet, wise men tell us that they determine much of the actions which guide this whimsical life of ours.

Patriotism in War and Peace.

WHY BUY "MADE IN B. C." GOODS?

There are two brands of patriotism; one the demonstrative and necessary patriotism of war; the other, the silent exacting patriotism of peace. During the world struggle no nation proved to have greater love for country and the principles of humanity and justice than Canada. Since the armistice, however, there appears to be a certain lack of the essential thought for the welfare of the nation's up-building.

The proof? It is to be found in the trade returns, which show that we, the citizens of Canada purchased in the United States alone last year over \$900,000,000 worth of merchandise, of which total \$274,000,000 could have been secured from our own industries.

What would the result have been if Canadians had given preference to their own industries wherever possible? It would have meant a saving of \$41,000,000 in exchange, and a distribution of \$50,000,000 towards the municipal, provincial and dominion treasuries of Canada, for every dollar of merchandise in its turn over from producer to consumer pays eighteen per cent in taxes. It would have meant the distribution of more than \$100,000,000 in wages to the workers of this country—and Canada has 200,000 unemployed.

In our own province we paid out \$9,950,000 in exchange last year—a sum sufficient to have maintained 8,290 families in comfort for twelve months. There are 2,000 veterans of the great war out of employment in and about Vancouver. These are the same gallant

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