

stopped. From the ambush of a grocer's waggon he saw the couple descend, saw the driver touch his hat in acknowledgment of his fare, saw her glance apprehensively up and down the street, before gathering up the folds of her green skirt, and slipping furtively through the doorway. As the man vanished after her, Mellish awoke to a consciousness that he was about to lose them. The street door had closed again before he could reach it. In his haste to gain admission he impetuously pushed every one of the eight new brass bells in rapid succession. The automatic latch sounded a responsive staccato, the knob yielded to his hand, and he sprang into the inner hall, stumbling over a scrub-woman's pail, standing just within the dim vestibule. From somewhere above him there floated down through the gloom of the narrow stairs the sound of voices and a woman's laughter.

Up through the darkness, the closeness, the stale odor of cooked food, Mellish sprang two steps at a time. The physical strain had told upon his strength; the throbbing beat of his heart rang in his ears, shutting out other sounds, deadening thought itself. As in a dream he was conscious of softly opening doors, and curious heads thrust out as he passed successive landings. That was the consequence of his reckless pressure on all those new brass bells. Half way up the third flight he was just in time to see the trail of the green moire vanish through the doorway of the front apartment. Some how he managed to cover the remaining distance and thrust his foot forward, just as the door closed, to keep it from latching. At the same time he knocked with wrathful vigor. He heard her startled exclamation as the door was flung open by a man who certainly was not Windon Hinckley, a man whom he had never seen before. "Well, my friend, what do you want?" the man asked sharply. "I want my wife!" Mellish gasped hoarsely, and flung himself into the room. As he did so she turned and faced him, a woman with coppery hair and a lizard green dress—but not Nora, thank Heaven, not Nora! He voiced the thought wonderingly, incredulously: "You are not Nora!" It took a minute or two for the truth to sink in. He had followed the wrong couple through a mile of New York streets, he had tracked them to their lair, he had violently broken in upon them, and all that he could think to say in explanation was just these four enigmatic words, "You are not Nora!" He felt their ludicrous inadequacy, as he uttered them. "Mercy, how he scared me!" said the woman, "I felt sure that it was Sam!"

Mellish suddenly felt strangely shaken, strangely faint and weak. Every thing seemed to have grown curiously black, blacker even than the stairs he had just come up, two steps at a time. That was it, he told himself, the stairs and the heat and the excitement. He heard the man's voice saying, brusquely, as if from some remote distance, "Well, now that you know it isn't Nora, don't you think you had

better be going?" And the woman interposed hastily, "Jim, can't you see the man is sick? He is going to fall!" Mellish tried to get to the door, tried to frame some words of apology, excuse, protest, all in one. Instead, he collapsed weakly into a chair. It was a new morris chair, with gaudy plush cushions. His last conscious sensation was the stuffy smell of new upholstery.

As the haze cleared from his eyes, the woman was holding a thick tumbler containing brandy to his lips—the woman who had felt sure that he was Sam, the woman whose hair was so like Nora's, and whose eyes and mouth were so different. As she leaned over him, he noted the cold, bold violet of her eyes, the irregularity of her teeth, one of them badly blackened. In the immensity of his relief he felt his heart expand towards this clandestine couple who had been so afraid that he was Sam, and who now so plainly wished him to be gone. It really would have been awkward for them to have a stranger seriously ill or dying on their hands. Police, reporters, coroner's jury—such were the fears that he read in the attentions they forced upon him. No wonder they chafed his hands and spilled the brandy down his collar, in their haste to see him on his feet again! Yet he was not in the least haste to be gone. It was such a comfort to lie there feebly, with eyes half closed, and gaze around the room. The dingy wall-paper, the tawdry hangings, the cheap newness of the Third Avenue furniture, all bore in upon him the realization that such people and such surroundings did not form a part of his world, of Nora's world—that it was impossible to make Nora fit into any of the ridiculous pictures that his sick fancies had conjured up. Dainty, fastidious Nora, who always demanded the best of everything and usually got it—why, her very selfishness would have been proof armor against a rendezvous like this. He almost laughed aloud, as he grasped the full absurdity of his fears. He owed these two a big debt of gratitude for having cured him, once for all, of his chronic jealousy. With sudden energy he gathered his long, thin limbs together and rose to his feet. As he backed himself out into the dingy hall, with a final apology, he felt an honest amusement at the visible relief of this man and woman, the irregularity of whose lives had so nearly touched him.

It was past their dinner hour when Mellish at last reached home. Nora, radiant in her new lizard green, opened the door in person, greeting him effusively, too absorbed in herself to notice the disorder of his appearance. Windon was here, she told him, and would stay to dinner. Windon? Well, what of it? In the joyous confidence of his new cure, Mellish felt that he could afford to be cordial even to Windon Hinckley. Besides, he thought, as he made a hasty toilet, it was at most only for an hour; Nora would have to excuse herself as soon as coffee was served, if she was going to the theatre with

him to-night.

The dainty dinner scored the success that Nora's dinners always scored when they were not dining alone. Nora herself was, as usual, nervously voluble. "How did Mrs. Faversham's luncheon go off? Why, there had not been any luncheon. She hoped he had not been foolish enough to try to meet her. Mrs. Faversham had telephoned that it was postponed; her cousin had not come from Buffalo, after all." Then, turning suddenly to Hinckley, "Tell me, Windon, about that mysterious cousin of yours, Cousin Nelly, isn't it? Your sister says that you were desperately in love with her once. What is she like? Is she half as nice as I am?"

As he looked across the dinner table at Nora, dimpling under Hinckley's flattery, suddenly Mellish's elation fell. They had shut him out, those two young congenial spirits; they had forgotten he was there. The old familiar spasm gripped his heart. He realized that he was not cured after all; the wonder was he had not realized it sooner. His bizarre blunder in following the wrong couple all through a summer afternoon was no proof of Nora's innocence. To-night, like every other night, he was powerless to read the truth of a single word that fell from those red, mutinous lips, a single glance shot from those wide, gray eyes, a single thought behind that serene white brow, with its wonderful crown of shimmering copper. Once more he bowed his shoulders under the incubus of his unreasoning jealousy. Long after dinner was over he continued to sit in the dining-room; his coffee growing cold before him; his cigar slowly turning to ashes where it smoldered in his saucer. The clock on the mantel-shelf struck nine, when at last he roused himself and drew from his pocket the theatre tickets that Nora had forgotten to ask about—the splendid aisle seats that he had equally forgotten to show to her. At intervals Hinckley's boyish, penetrating laugh echoed down the length of the hall. Thoughtfully Mellish tore the tickets across the middle, dropped them in his saucer with the ashes, lit a fresh cigar, and pausing at the parlor door long enough to frame his usual flimsy excuse, put on his hat and passed out into the summer night.

Britain vs. Germany

Editor Canadian Courier:

Mr. Moore's article in a recent Courier, while ably argued out, is nevertheless grossly misleading, and his comparisons are, to say the least, "oderous." Germany not only forbid the use of French, or any language but German in the schools of conquered territory, but forbid their use anywhere in public. Now, compare this with the British practice. In all her colonies and the Dominions the citizens may use any language they choose. Though with the exception of South Africa and our Dominion the official language is the English. In the Dominion Parliament French and English are equally used, and recorded in Hansard. If Mr. Moore will consult the much damned "Instruction 17" of the Ontario Act he will see that both French and English tuition is provided for. And as this is an overwhelmingly English-speaking Province, it is made obligatory that the children in the French settlements should be taught to speak and write English as well as French. The course provides for the study of French literature, history and composition. This is hardly to be characterized as German kultur. In Quebec Province the official language is French, and provision is made for English schools for the English minority there. From the above I think we have no reason to lament a failure of British justice and freedom, or a hypocritical attitude towards Germany.

UNITED EMPIRE LOYALIST.

TWO Tommies were strolling idly along the street when they chanced to gaze into an attractive shop window.

Being soldiers, they both had an eye for a pretty girl, and there within the shop was a real winner. "Sandy," whispered Mike, "shure, she's just the fairest colleen my eyes hiv iver rested on. It's mysilf that'll go in and buy something, an' perhaps she will have a smile for me."

His companion came from "ayont the Tweed," as his answer proved.

"I'll gang wi' ye," he said. "But, hoot, mon, ye neednae spend a bawbee. A' ye hev tae dae is tae ask her fur change o' a shillin'."—Tit-Bits.

A STAGE PICTURE IN REAL LIFE



HE came back from the trenches—the only son; back to Winnipeg. Mother and father and all the rest meet him at the station. Here they are in the street. They're so glad to see him, they don't say a word. It's all in the looks. And looks are often deceiving. If a stage manager had charge of this group he would have father bustling up along side the lad, nudging him into fits of laughter, mother crying for joy and the girls hanging on to the outskirts, uncertain whether to laugh or cry or a little of both. Human nature stages happiness—as it really is; too deep down sometimes for theatrical expression.