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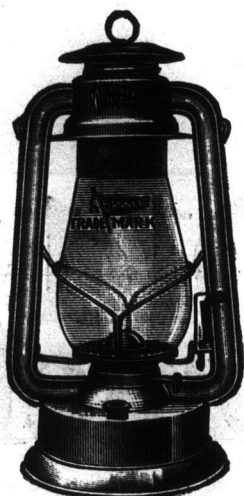
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19

"I tell you its the finest boy I've seen this winter," said the Dr. indignantly, in answer to the newly made father's proud, but half anxious remark, that it was very red. "And red," he snorted, "Why he isn't red. All babies look like that. He'll lose that in a little while and," he added more gently as he playfully pinched the young mother's pale cheek in farewell, "you'll soon see more red here."

Left alone, Camelia bent over the babe for the hundredth time, in an ecstasy of newly found mother love, examining the tiny face cuddled against her. So engrossed was she that it was not until Francis knelt at her side and joined in admiring the babe that she noticed her presence in the room. "Dear little pet," said Francis, hugging him to her, "How I hate to have to leave you." "But why," gasped Camelia, "Why, Francis, I never dreamed of your going so soon. Couldn't you stay with me for the summer anyway," she added, as she realized how lonesome she would be without her. "Oh, I couldn't really," Francis answered earnestly, "besides," she added mischievously, "it would be too expensive on Horace for there will be lots of bills coming in during the

next few months." Then seeing Camelia's puzzled but still despairing look she dropped on her knees beside her. With one arm flung round her she told how she and Arthur Graham had loved each other for the past five years, but only lately had he gotten up courage to tell her. And now they were so happy. It was her trousseau she was sewing on for they were to be married in the early summer. "But, dear," she continued, "I will not tell you another thing just now. How pale you are! I will leave you to rest while I run and pack and—congratulations later!" she cried, as she fled out the door.

Faint with surprise, Camelia sank back in her chair. Oh how glad and thankful she was that she had been wrong and Francis had never cared for Horace in that way, and she herself was safe in his love. Leaning back she closed her eyes, and her husband, coming in a moment later, thought her asleep, but, as he knelt to look at his little son, he felt her hand on his head, and, looking up, saw the tears stealing down her pale cheeks. "Why, my darling," he said, tenderly encircling her with his arms, "I thought you asleep. Why do you weep?" "I guess," she sobbed, "because I'm happy."

The Water Wizard.

Being an Account of How an Old Settler Locates Springs.

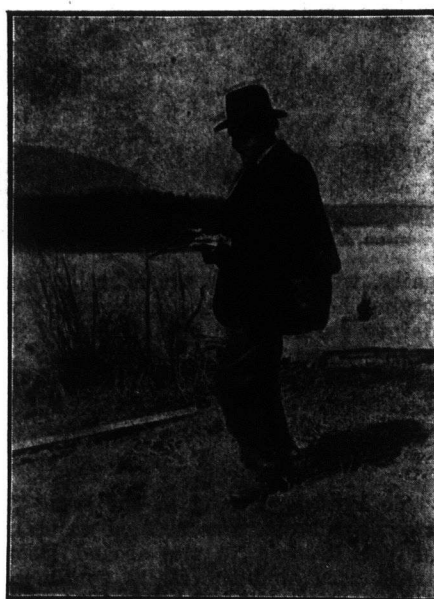
By Bonnycastle Dale.

Mayhaps this article will cause a sneering smile. It may create interest! It may make some wonder how I am so credulous. It may also make me decide in my own mind just what I do believe and just what I fail to believe of this strange power in this old man's hands.

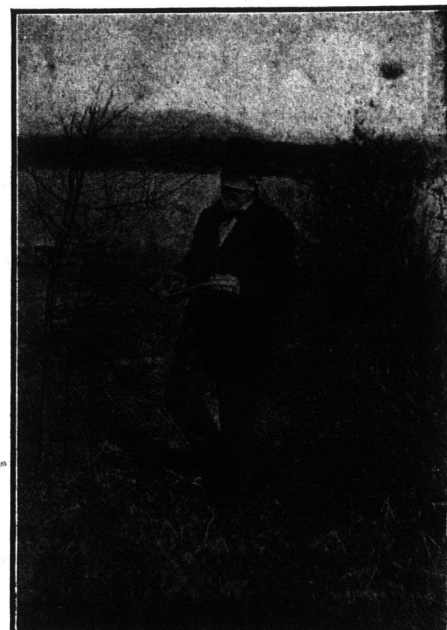
First of all, let me briefly picture to you the country the deviner works in. In the first place his home is perched away up the Esquimaux and Nainamo railroad line at seventeen mile post. In

of this country. So you see the main supply of water is by seepage.

Now I remember, in that good old Ontario, that we used to buy a property and say: "Build the house there, plant the orchard here, and I think this would be a good place for the well; so sink it right there." Remember there are very extensive plateaus there, under which the water lies, and, when struck, "springs" up in an ever flowing well. Out here it is different. The bed rock



The water wizard at work.



The water wizard blind-folded.

a part of the country that needs water very badly, so high perched up among the hills is it. You must remember that this hugh province of British Columbia is divided into two portions. The mainland—all the lands on the main continent, and Vancouver Island and the islands adjacent. This division is geographical, not departmental; but is often used in common writings to designate the two parts. I have the honor of living on the long, magnificently rugged Island of Vancouver, which lies some eighty miles out in the Pacific, from the City of Vancouver, where the C.P.R. terminates. This mighty island consists of a long backbone range of mountains and their consequent foothills, benches and coast lands. All this high thrown rocky scene is amply clothed with fir and cedar. It is cut up and diversified by numerous rifts and faults that make charming valleys. These are watered by the melting snows of the higher tops and the heavy precipitation

in many places is sandstone, sometimes metamorphosized. Again, you may meet with a strata of "pudding stone," the almost impenetrable conglomerate so common to this island—evidently up-thrown beaches firmly cemented by the clay stone. So you may sink many a hole and not strike a "spring."

When I first came out here I, ignorantly, if silently, laughed the water deviner idea down. I could not accept the common belief, even though good men shared it. Then I began to quietly follow up all tales and make notes of the result of the so-called "water witch"—a he witch this time, and no dread of the stake either. Finally, it happened that Mr. Wigglesworth—a peculiarly appropriate name for the deviner—and I travelled together. The man's belief in his work, or art, or profession, call it what you will, was simply sublime. He ended his journey at a friend's house. Here, after luncheon, he took a slow walk through the orchard, holding in

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