

TWO "MEN OF EMPIRE" SERVE IN DIFFERENT SPHERES



The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, who are to succeed the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at Rideau Hall in Ottawa, are said to be lovers of plain living and simplicity, and their sojourn in Ottawa is likely to be marked by easy grace and hospitality of their household rather than by anything resembling pomp. This picture was taken recently in London, where the Duke and Duchess have been active in patriotic enterprises of almost every description.



Private Jesse White is not advertised to succeed to any particular post except possibly that of a plain civilian with a game leg and a pension. Nevertheless he is a man of distinction and merit. First of all he was wounded while fighting for the Empire in France. Now, while "convalescing" in a Folkestone hospital he rescues 3-year-old Freddy Clayson from drowning. Mrs. Clayson looks the part of the grateful mother. White is not self-conscious.

his bag and turned to his companion.

"Do you know, although I've only known you a little over a day, I hate to say good-bye to you. When I first came yesterday and my friend told me he had to go back to town, I didn't know how I could put in the time while he was away. And now all I want to do is to stay here, and, to tell the truth, I don't care if he never comes back."

"I know I'll be fearfully lonesome again."

"You dear little princess you! I'd like to—say, little pal, will you meet me on the beach where my boat is, Friday night about nine? The train gets in at a quarter to; I'll go right down to the beach, and we can have an hour's paddle anyway."

Geraldine hesitated.

"Please say yes. I must be off now or I'll miss my train, but do say yes before I go. Please princess."

"All right, Dream Man."

He was off down the road in a swinging stride. Geraldine gazed after him till he rounded the bend, then turned slowly toward the house. The train whistled as she went. She sighed and smiled.

The next day brought more guests to Cedar Brae, among them Miss Carson, Geraldine's neighbour. The girls had not met before, but now found each other mutually agreeable. Geraldine was glad of the company of a girl her own age, and Miss Carson was equally glad to find some one congenial.

"You know I don't like coming to a place like this alone," she said. "My chum, who was coming with me, was unfortunately delayed at the last minute. She is coming to-morrow night, though, with my brother and two of his friends. They'll be here on the eight-forty-five. I suppose there will be quite a number come for the week end."

She went on talking, but Geraldine scarcely heard her. All she could think of was that Mr. Bruce and Mr. Carson were coming on the same train. Were they acquainted? Would Mr. Bruce find out before he arrived that she and Mr. Carson were not friends, had never even met in fact? Or would she have a chance to explain first? Even if she did explain now, he would think she was driven to it by Mr. Carson's unexpected appearance. Oh, why hadn't she had a chance to tell him before he went away? Or why had she done such a foolish thing in the first place?

"Do you think so Miss Marden?"

"I beg your pardon, I didn't catch what you said."

"I said that one of my brother's friends is my fiancée. He is tall and fair and everybody thinks I should marry a dark man because I am so fair myself."

"Oh, do tell me, are you going to be married soon?"

The two girls walked off arm in arm, engaged in one of those confidential conversations so dear to the hearts of girls.

At nine o'clock Friday evening Geraldine was on the beach. Edna Carson had gone to the station alone, having failed to persuade her new friend to accompany her. Geraldine had watched the yellow glow of the setting sun change to red, then to pink, and finally to a faint purple. The train whistle had sounded some time ago and now the sound of voices came to her ears. She got up from the sand and moved nearer to the road. Eight or ten young people were coming from the direction of the station. Considerably ahead of the others Geraldine recognized Edna Carson walking with a tall, fair man, doubtless her fiancée—but no, it couldn't be—yes it was Mr. Bruce. Was her secret already known, then?

Her heart skipped a beat, stopped, then throbbed angrily in her throat. With a glance back at the others Mr. Bruce had put his arm around his companion's waist and kissed her!

Geraldine stumbled back to the beach. Mr. Bruce, Edna Carson's fiancée. She threw herself on the sand, tears filled her usually happy brown eyes.

"Why was he so nice to me that day? An engaged man has no right to act that way."

And yet, why not? Surely it wasn't usual for a girl to fall in love with a man of one day's acquaintance. But she had—oh, yes, why not admit it just this once? and then set to work to forget all about it.

"Oh, dear," she sobbed, her shoulders shaking.

"Miss Marden—little princess! Why my dear child, what is it?"

She sprang to her feet. Mr. Bruce put his hands on her shoulders.

"Mr. Bruce, please leave me alone!" she cried, hurt anger drying her tears.

His hands dropped to his side and he took a step back.

"I beg your pardon. Would you like me to go?"

"No—no, not yet please. I—I have something to say to you."

"And I have a confession to make to you."

Geraldine knew what it was and she shivered

indignantly. Did he think it necessary to "confess" his engagement to her? She resolved not to give him a chance, it would be too humiliating.

"Mr. Bruce, please listen to me, I have something to tell you, something I wanted very much to tell you the night you went away. I didn't have a chance that night and now you will think I am explaining because I am driven to it. But oh, Mr. Bruce, please believe that I meant to tell you that night out in the canoe. No, please let me finish. That first day I met you, I didn't come upon you accidentally; I didn't even think you were Mr. Carson. I didn't know who you were. I don't know Mr. Carson, never even met him; it was just an impulsive plan of mine to make your acquaintance. I had heard you talking about going sailing all alone, and I was all alone too, and so awfully lonesome, and—"

Suddenly she was in his arms, her words stopped with kisses. For one glorious moment she thrilled with the ecstasy of it, then she struggled free of his embrace.

"How could you? How could you do such a thing? You don't deserve the love of a girl like Edna Carson. If she knew this, do you suppose she would care to have you for her fiancée? Oh, yes, I know about it," as a bewildered look crossed her companion's face. "She told me her fiancée was coming to-night, and besides I saw you k-kiss her." Angry sobs choked her voice.

"Dear little princess, let me explain." His voice was quiet, and, oh, so kind.

"No, no, no!"

"But I say yes, yes, yes! Listen dear, I do love Edna, and I hope I deserve her love, but I am not her fiancée."

"Not her fiancée?"

"No, sweetheart, that is my confession, Edna is my sister. I am Bruce Carson. Oh, forgive me the deception dear. It was only done in fun after you pretended to recognize me. And I love you, little princess. I know I have known you only a matter of days, but I love you—just heaps, dear."

He took her hand and gently drew her to him, meeting with no resistance this time. She looked up, shyly, tears still gleaming on her lashes, and as his arms closed round her she whispered, her lips against his cheek:

"And I love you, too, Dream Man—just heaps."