

Theodosia's Sun-Dog

(Concluded from page 13.)

most as fine a one, I thought, as Theodosia had painted in her poem. As my wheels creaked past her place she came out, muffled to the ears. She had resurrected from some forgotten corner an old great-coat of her brother's. She had a hatchet in her hand and I knew she was going to chop the ice out of the watering trough. It startled me—Theodosia Parkman chopping ice out of a watering trough or anything else on a morning like that!

"Take cheer," I called, waving my whip toward the sun-dog; "it's propitious."

But things did not go very well with Theodosia. The real sun-dog had not helped matters much after all. "I'm afraid I've waited too long to turn my hand to money making," she once admitted, sadly. She had confided her plans to no one in Eden but her old servant and myself. She could not keep her sudden rigid economy from her neighbors, but she concealed its purpose.

When I saw that she was determined to slave the winter away, I divulged the whole business to Oliver, in the vague hope that he might suggest some way out for her. We were sitting in his little old parlor at the time. It was sleeting—an abominable day.

"So that's the reason she's working her fingers off, eh?" he said, and, knocking his pipe empty against the hearth, he got up and strode to the window, where he stood looking out, hands jammed into his pockets.

"I'd never have told you but I thought you might suggest some plan to help her, without her knowing it. Of course it will have to be done that way."

Till a late hour that night we turned over plan after plan, only to discard each in its turn. "Let's sleep over it," I finally suggested, and departed.

The next morning I was laid up with rheumatism and had to forego my usual drive to the station. I was very much surprised when one of the neighbors brought me word that Oliver had been called to Chicago. He was home again in three days, and went directly to Theodosia. She it was who called to me on my way over to see him, and through her I got the first version of his trip.

"Oliver had some urgent business to attend to in Chicago," she explained, "and while there he happened across an old schoolmate who is a publisher and persuaded him to give me a hearing. I sent Lemuel to the station to post 'The Sun-Dog' only a moment ago."

It was wonderful to see how hope had rejuvenated her. I offered my congratulations, and, chucked, after I got away, over Oliver's "urgent business." The acceptance of the book came surprisingly soon—had I known more about such things then I should have thought suspiciously soon. I called on Theodosia at the very first opportunity, and as I drove up the lane I saw that the chicken-house door was open and that Lemuel was loading the incubator onto his own wagon.

Theodosia did not wait for me to knock. "Come right in," she cried, opening to me. It was a rather warm day for March, but she had a blinking red log in the fireplace.

"What extravagance!" said I.

"Not now," she laughed, happily. "Of course you know about the book?" She was radiantly happy. Never had I seen her half so pretty. "Isn't it perfectly glorious?" she asked, with all her charming frankness.

"It's fine, Theodosia," said I, squeezing her hand again.

"Oliver says he's sure the publisher can sell five hundred copies right here in Eden," said she. It was surprising how often she Olivered this and Olivered that during my brief stay.

"It's a great thing for Theodosia," said that gentleman to me some days later. "Anybody can compile a book and get it published if he is willing to pay the price. But to have a book taken outright on its merits, the publisher assuming the risk, that's quite a different affair. I can tell you."

The book was to come out in June,

an ideal time, Theodosia declared, from a poet's point of view. A few weeks before the date set for its appearance I got a letter from Oliver, who had been called to our state capital in a business emergency. He requested me to search his desk for a very important document which I was to mail immediately to him. "You'll likely have to read every drawer through before you find it," he wrote.

It was while searching for the letter in question that I came upon another that was vastly more important to me. It bore the name of a Chicago publisher and read:

My Dear Oliver:

Your friend's "Sun-Dog and Other Poems" will be ready on date specified. We shall do what we can for her, which is not much as you know. It will be well for her, if she wants to get rid of the edition, to sell as many copies as possible among her friends.

You will find receipt inclosed for six hundred dollars, payment in full as per arrangement between us. Will make settlements with her as per contract, and will return to you whatever may accrue

Peace Doves Much Perplexed

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be. They can not afford to take a stand of irreconcilability. But those proposals will not deviate in principle from those already stated upon more than one occasion by Mr. Asquith. They will include the indemnification of Belgium and a guarantee of lasting peace by the destruction of Prussian militarism. It is impossible to suppose that there will be any recession from this, and it is equally impossible to suppose that there can be even a parley on the basis of a victorious Germany. We may deplore such rigidity, but it is useless to shrink from a patent fact. The temper of the Allies is too obvious to suppose that there will be any toleration or even discussion of a peace that is to be founded on the basis of a draw. However firmly we may believe that a conclusive military issue is now impossible we may as well realize that the Allies do not share in that belief. On the contrary, they hold that such an issue is not only possible, but certain. How, then, can they be expected to approach a peace meeting from the standpoint of final failure?

It is so fatally easy to speak of this country or that as being "sick of the war," and restrained from peace only by a few bellicose statesmen. It is a myth, pure and simple, so far as the Allies are concerned. It is one of the things that we like to say, irrespective of its truth. It is because there are so many points upon which the people of the warring countries have irrevocably set their hearts that the prospects of peace seem now so dim. An indemnity to Belgium is one of them, and it is equally impossible either that the Allies would waive that indemnity or that Germany would pay it. A still more tremendous problem is Alsace-Lorraine. Obviously, this holds no place in a status quo and yet it may be said to be almost the one thing for which France is fighting. To surrender Alsace-Lorraine might easily be the end of the Hohenzollern dynasty. To retain those provinces would mean that France, if necessary, would continue the war alone. The Allies will certainly not regard the independence of either Serbia or Roumania as a debateable question. And Russia will not regard the possession of Constantinople as debateable. When Germany suggests that the whole Balkan situation be reserved for discussion she is asking the Allies to abandon a position that to a large

to us up to the amount you have advanced. I fear, however, it will be many a year, magnanimous soul, before you get your money back.

There followed some schoolboy reminiscence and the publisher's signature. Dear old Oliver! I could have hugged him!

When he came back I told him about having learned his secret. For a minute he was more annoyed than I had ever seen him.

"We can keep it from her," said I, reassuringly.

He gave me one of those quizzical side glances of his and a smile lit his usually sombre face. "It isn't going to be very easy for me to keep secrets from her after the middle of June," he remarked, quietly.

"Oliver!" I shouted.

"There, leave me a piece of my hand," he laughed.

We were driving past Theodosia's lane. It was dusk and the odor of early summer was in the air. Theodosia had lighted her lamp. The blind was up and we could see her shadow on the wall opposite the fireplace.

"You'll be literary partners then, I suppose," said I.

"Better than that," said he, quietly, "much better than that."

extent they have already declared to be fixed and immovable. In other words, she is asking them to regard themselves as vanquished, and as compelled by force of arms to recede from a position from which they have declared that they will never recede. And it is just here that we find the fatal obstacle to any peace movement such as that shadowed forth by Germany. The Allies will entertain no proposals whatever that are based upon a theory of German victory. On the contrary, the destruction of Prussian militarism stands in the forefront of their demands, and if this has any meaning at all, it means the defeat of Germany. They insist that the victory is actually theirs and that only time is needed to demonstrate that fact to the world. At the moment there seems to be no common ground that can be used as a point of departure.

Music and Plays

(Continued from page 24.)

he gives a lot of interesting reminiscences about old-time artists and operas:

In Milan, at the Teatro della Canobbiana—now the Teatro Lirico—in the Spring of 1832, the customary season of opera was almost due. In those times the impresario, as you may know, not only engaged his company of singers, but also the composer, who was generally required to provide a new opera for the opening night. This year, to the great surprise and disappointment of the impresario, the composer, of whose name there is no record, either failed to appear or sent word that he could not furnish the opera promised.

It happened that Gaetano Donizetti was then in Milan and to him it was that the impresario in desperation betook himself for a remedy.

"See here, Maestro," said the poor fellow, "only fourteen days remain before the opening of the season and you alone can save me! I do not ask a new opera from you—that would be impossible—but at least something rearranged, something made over, a melange of some sort."

"You are joking," replied Donizetti. "I could not and would not rearrange my own stuff or anybody else's. I'd rather make you a new opera in two weeks. Listen: if Romani is in town, as far as I am con-

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