

The Miss-adventures of Jimmy Carew.

(From the Log of Harold Brooks.)

By G. R.

SYNOPSIS.

Carew and Brooks, on statutory leave, are canoeing to races in St. Lawrence. Carew finds locket containing miniature; and later rescues Miss Bessie Moore from capsized skiff in bay at Rome, her escort, Potts, also being pulled ashore.

CHAPTER III.

Algernon Cholmondeley Potts.

"My dear girl!" cried Mamma, as she climbed the steps. She was a trifle palpitant, and dusty besides. But she clasped Bessie's fleckless piqué in a maternal embrace, filling James C. with indescribable envy as she bit Bessie several times. It looked like a small boy with a peach, and keeping it all to himself. Then, beaming on her daughter through a pair of rimless pince-nez, she ran on:

"I heard all about it, my dear, at the mill. The foreman there said Giggs told him you had gone down three times, that he and two gentlemen dived for you, and that he thought he would have to use his grappling irons when one of the gentlemen succeeded in recovering you, but not a moment too soon, as you were quite out of breath. I said, my dear, that some accident would happen if you persisted in going out upon that treacherous bay unless accompanied by some one to be thoroughly depended upon." She flashed a disapproving look at A. C. Potts, and A. C. took a walk this time. "And which is your gallant preserver?" continued Mamma. "Is this the noble young man?"

She saw I was a more convenient size, I suppose, for the work of maternal gratitude in hand, and she made a break for me. For the first time I was glad it was Jim. But I wasn't in any real danger. Bessie was going to look after that. Jimmy wasn't to lose any of the floral wreaths that were coming to him. The girl exclaimed with a good deal of unnecessary feeling, if she had only appreciated mine at the moment:

"No, no, Mamma, dear, it was Mr. Carew. This is Mr. Brooks."

"How do you do, Mr. Brooks? Mr. Carew, how shall I ever be able to thank you even out of the gratitude of a mother's heart?"

I couldn't tell her myself, so I stayed mum. And he was so busy just hating himself for being a hero that he didn't seem to be the ready push-the-button bureau of

information that Mamma took him for, and Bessie filled in.

"You remember Mr. Carew, of course, Mamma. He was 'La Salle' at the historical ball at Quebec a few years ago—the year I came out, you know."

"Of course, my dear. How stupid of me! I remember Mr. Carew perfectly now. I felt there was something strikingly familiar about you, Mr. Carew. Le Sieur de La Salle had such an heroic air. And now pray sit down and tell me all about it."

I managed to drift away, but I could have ridden off in a flat car, they would never have noticed it. I didn't want to hear that story again, not even from the red lips of Bessie Moore. I knew that Jimmy felt he would like to get his grappling hooks into Mr. Thomas Giggs, or the foreman of the mill, or whoever had embellished the facts with grappling irons. At the farther end of the veranda I encountered Algernon Chumley Potts.

"Aw!" he said, somewhat loftily. He could do it, for he stood six feet two. "And how long are you chaps going to be here, by the by?"

"Better ask my long friend," I suggested amiably.

"Aw. Going to the canoe meet, are you?"

"That's the idea."

"Aw. Come from Ottawa, I believe?" Jimmy had registered that fact in the hotel. I nodded, and Algernon offered me a cigarette.

"By the way," he said, semi-confidentially, "what are the chawnces down there, you know, of a fellah getting a good Government berth, and in that way—er—the entré into good society, you know? Eh?"

"That depends, of course, on the fellow," I said.

"Aw, of course."

"But I should think you would have an excellent chance," I added, "especially in regard to Society."

He looked pleased at that, and drew himself up another inch, throwing back his head, and putting out a cloud of smoke, like a long chimney.

"Jove, I believe I'll have a try!" he said. "I'm sick of this hole! By the way, ever see the Duke?"

"O, I live quite near to Rideau Hall."

"Jove, how lucky! Really? By the way, about this Government berth. How does a fellow go about it, now?"

"I'll tell you, confidentially, the best way to pinch something good," I said. "My