he wanted to see it begun, for inis was to ning in his life.

mat it would not be slaved and planned. o, but her plans were t tell her this, for his e as the glorious surreward for all the toil crifice. She talked of til to her it became hing. It would be a fortable little place. ner could come, too. en and nod his head a wonderful little

e day of release. The n into the inner of-

id, "here is a cheque ns on your sales for

and looked at it

was on commissions

said the manager,

GREAT STEEL WORKS FAILS. The Hopkins Company Bankrupt. The Biggest Crash Ever Recorded in the Iron Industry.

Little Left for Creditors.

Winnipeg, January, 1911.

At arst Hopkins did not read the story He laid the paper on his knees and looked vacantly across the train. Not a muscle of his face moved. He sat like an image, hearing and seeing nothing. Presently he took in a deep breath, shook himself a little, lifted the paper and began to read calmly. He read it through to the end. It was not hard to understand. There was nothing left. There wasn't going to be any glorious surprise for the girl.

He left the station and walked the short distance to the boarding-house slowly, wondering what he should say. The paper hung loosely in his hand. Then he tossed it away. He did not need to know any more. If he ever wanted the details, he could get them from his lawvers.

She was in the dining-room when he entered, and he forced a smile as he answered her bright little nod. Their engagement was a secret they had con- ing through her tears. "Lucky! Why,

her in his heart. Then his hand fumbled in his coat pocket and he drew forth a little slip of paper. She took it and looked at it wonderingly.

"It's a month's commissions, Kitty," he explained.

Her hands dropped to her sides and she lifted up to him a face that seemed

to be glorified.

"Oh, Jim!" she cried, and then her head lay against his shoulder and she sobbed. Hopkins stroked her hair gently and looked across the room, at the wall. Once or twice he swallowed hard. "Are you disappointed, dear?" he

asked presently.
"Disappointed!" she echoed. Jimmy, I am so happy I just can't help being silly. But I ought to shake you for trying to frighten me. You came in looking as if something awful had hap-pened."

"Did I?" "Of course you did. You were playing a joke on me. And all the time you knew you were the luckiest boy

"Am I?" he asked.

"Listen to him: she exclaimed, smil-



Bird Nest Hunting in the Cliffs of British Columbia.

fided to no one, and they even sat apart | you great big ungrateful child! and you at meals. He thought he detected a flash of inquiry in her glance, for she was quick to observe, and as he sat down he felt that her eyes were following him, trying to read the meaning of what she saw. He ate his dinner silently, thinking. He wondered how he could ever tell her about J. Graham Hopkins now, or whether he ought to tell her until-Some time she would have to know, of course. He wondered if it would make her unhappy. At least, he was glad that he had never painted a golden future to her. But did he have a right to marry her now? Vaguely it semed to him as if it might be some sort of crime. He arose from the table undecided. Maybe it would be best to make a clean breast of the whole foolish, miserable

business. But perhaps-She was waiting for him in the little

reception-room upstairs. "What is it, Jimmy? she asked anxiously, searching his face as he stooped

to kiss her.

"Nothing, dear," he said. "Yes, there is, Jim," she answered. "You are smiling, but I know there's something. I could see it when you

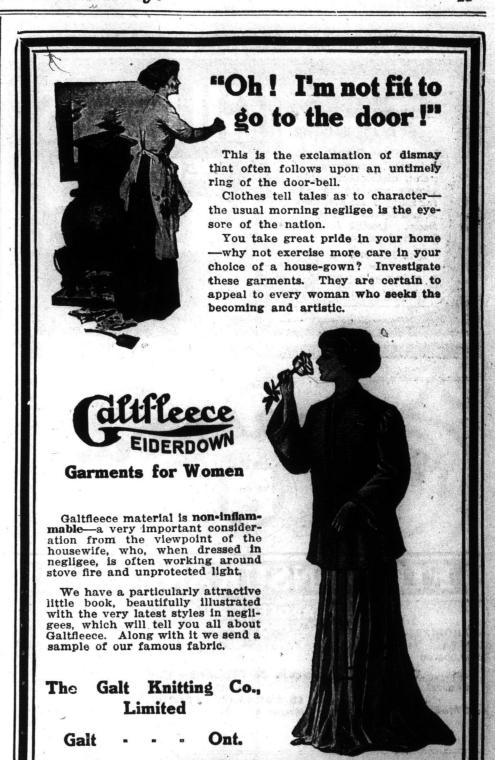
came in. He looked at her without speaking for a moment, a great throb of pity for of their beneficial effects.

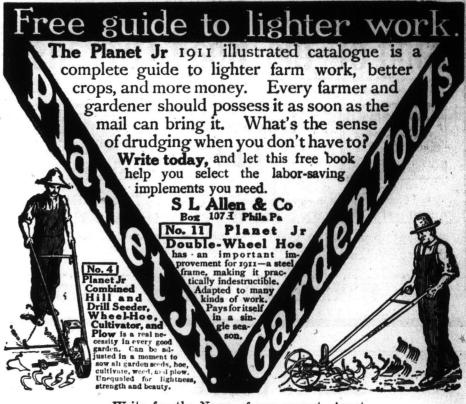
hadn't even told me they had put you on commission."

"I didn't know until to-day," said he. "Well, you ought to count it the greatest day of your life, dear," she answered. "Think what it means, Jim. All the wonderful plans we have been making are going to come true. Our little home-I can just see it now, Jim. And -and-you'll go on being successful. I know that. Oh, can't you see what a wonderful day this is?"

"It is a wonderful day," said Hopkins, placing his hands on her shoulders and nolding her at arm's length, so that he might look at her. "And you are a very dear and wonderful person," he added, smiling. "And if you are very good, some day I'll tell you a story.

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