

wasn't. She was manageress, head-waitress, boss, what-you-may-call-it, of Morley's hotel. It was something of an innovation to have a manageress—stress on the last three letters. Morley had wanted a manager, had advertised for one, and Sadie, seeing the advertisement did not stipulate 'man,' had replied. To be sure she might have taken the word 'manager' as masculine, and, like a purist, refrained from application because 'or manageress' was not added. Morley had had some smart waitresses in his time, and the notion of a manageress, sprung at him in the signature to a very capable letter, settled the matter. He only glanced at the signatures of applications after hers, and she was the only 'She' to apply. So here she was, after a long journey on the cars from Calgary, by Edmonton, and by the tossing stage.

She had just finished writing out the Bills of Fare for the evening—Morley had not gone the length of Menu-card, leaving that for the plate-glass avenues of Calgary and Edmonton, and Bill of Fare seemed more in common with the brand new, sawdust and resin-smelling Saint