

earth. Life loomed large and mysterious. The splendor of God's beautiful world fitted quietly into his mood or sent his pulses leaping with the joy of creative work.

Eventually, Genius got a job. He had to do it because it was a case of bread and bacon or no bread and bacon. His faith had shrivelled to less than that of the lilies of the field. He was discouraged, but not beaten. For a short space would he go down and mingle with his fellows in the surging, resounding paths of trade and commerce.

Here, and here only, could he hope to achieve the means to an end. He had a plan in view. He would work and save, work and save, work and save, until finally he had put away enough gold for his purpose. The gold would purchase paper, stamps and a typewriter, and furnish his body with the fuel of energy and endeavor. Thus fortified, he would begin afresh his systematic attacks upon the magazines and their trusted guardians, the editors.

At the end of eighteen months, by conscientious self-denial, he had achieved his purpose. He had money in the bank. He had purchased a new typewriter. In a few more weeks he would resume his interrupted course

that led straight away along the thorny road to fame and fortune.

The weeks elapsed into a month; months slipped by; a year passed. They had given him a "raise." He was earning more than he had ever dared hope. He had become a "something" in the mechanism of a great machine.

Besides, he was in love with Betty. More than his typewriter and his manuscripts and his ambition was this growing passion for a little, dark-haired stenographer. He wanted her above all else. Betty and her happiness meant more to him now than Canadian literature. A home! A wife! A baby, perhaps! Faugh! What was the use of wasting his years, his savings, and losing Betty, all for the sake of a glimmering ideal which might never be realized?

The chapter closes with the marriage of our Genius. Ambition broken on the rocks of matrimony! A baby born into the world; larger apartments; more babies; then, finally, a house and automobile. Betty is happy, so are the offspring, and Genius himself long since has forgotten his youthful aspirations. No one has lost anything except Canadian literature.

## A Threnody

Where St. Croix' stream runs blithely to the sea,  
Within a cot where Passamaquoddy smiles,  
Bearing upon its breast its beautiful isles,  
A mother's heart gives forth this threnody:

ROBERT

"Youngest wert thou, and yet the first to fall,

As first thou wert to hear thy country's call,  
Where 'Frightful Hun,' seeking to terrify,  
Used war-banned methods—you were called to die,  
And Glencoe's children once more paid the price  
Of loyalty—and sacrifice.

"My heart is filled with woe, my eyes with tears.