

"Ah, good," cried the other girl, desperately plucky. "I see I needn't ask you what she said, Roddie. It's success this time. I'm to congratulate you?"

"Yes, please. Mirabelle has just made me very happy."

"Hurray!" she cried frantically, determined to keep it up. "I do congratulate you, old boy, with all my heart." And she held out her hand.

Roddie Hastings took the hand, took the other hand, took the blue-and-white armful of bravado straight to his breast.

"Madge, Madge! With all your heart? It's your heart, I want dear."

Was she dreaming? She felt that heart beat against his own, felt his kisses rained down on her soft face.

"Roddie, what do you mean?"

"I mean that Mirabelle has made me very happy by telling me of her engagement to that chap Sinclair who has just come down, Madge. It seems that she 'always cared for him. He's so constant, so true. She'd never be afraid of his flirting with any other woman,' and so on. Our little plan, bless you, was not as clever as you thought it. But it's success if—if you can get me engaged by the end of these holidays, after all. They've shown you to me, Madge. It's not that platonic-pal nonsense I want from you any more, and it's not all this rubbish about being a locum tenens. I want you for a really-and-truly sweetheart. I ought to have known it days ago. That afternoon on the sandhills taught me something, Madge. Did it teach you something, too?"

Madge, with her face against his, gave a little sobbing laugh.

"You silly boy. You darling, silly boy! As if I hadn't always known, without any teaching, that I never could care for anyone else."

And the lovers clasped and kissed under the flowery hedge. Madge's easel, overturned, lay neglected, and beside it her shady hat with its wreath of syringa flowers.

No more mock-orange now, for the happy bride would wear real orange blossoms in a month or so. Love's locum tenens had come into her kingdom at last.

American Donation to Canadian Red Cross

It is sometimes said that there is no sentiment in business, but it is time that, in these days particularly, sentiment plays a very large part in business. And when sentiment tends to draw allied nations still closer together it is, perhaps, the very best kind of business. An experience with this kind of sentiment came to the notice of the land department of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Calgary a short time ago. Mr. W. G. Fraser, of the aerial training station at San Francisco, had a balance of fifty dollars coming to him on a land transaction with the company. As Mr. Fraser is now lined up with Uncle Sam's fighting forces, he desired that the money should go to some patriotic purpose, and wrote the C.P.R. asking them to turn it over to the Canadian Red Cross. He might, of course, have had it paid direct to him, or to some American patriotic society; but he elected that it should go to the Canadian Red Cross, which a few days ago received a cheque for the amount.

Hard on the Lions

The Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon's keen wit was always based on sterling common sense. One day he remarked to one of his sons:

"Can you tell me the reason why the lions didn't eat Daniel?"

"No, sir. Why was it?"

"Because the most of him was backbone and the rest was grit."—Tit-Bits.

Sine Qua Non

The Sunday school teacher was talking to her pupils on patience. She explained her topic carefully, and as an aid to understanding she gave each pupil a card bearing the picture of a boy fishing. "Even pleasure," she said, "requires the exercise of patience. See the boy fishing; he must sit down and wait. He must be patient. And now can any little boy tell me what we need most when we go fishing?"

The answer was quickly shouted with one voice: "Bait!"

With Best Wishes from Mary

By Edith G. Bayne

THE little Canadian nurse adjusted the night lights—two dim oil-lamps, one at either end of the long ward—and then taking up a medicine glass went into an adjoining room, technically the surgery but actually merely a screened-off section of the main apartment.

"Some more bromide, doctor," she said to the French surgeon, who, in shirt-sleeves and with a soiled white apron on, stood working over a table full of bottles, jars and instruments.

An orderly behind him was cleaning the operating table after the last surgical case. There was now a brief lull in

the stress of work, but the doctor's face was worn and haggard like that of the nurse.

"For yourself, Mees Ellen?" he asked, his eyes resting anxiously on the girl's face.

She smiled and shook her head.

"I'm all right. It's for the Canadian boy—the hip case, you know. That hypodermic doesn't do for him and if he doesn't get relief from the agony, I'm afraid that—"

"Ah, yes! I remember now. It's the boy from your own home city as you call it," and the doctor poured out the drug, scolding Miss Ellen gently, meanwhile.

"You work too hard and too long, Mees. Ma foi! You are very brave, yes. But you should call Madame Loissette now. It is time she was up."

"Let her sleep. Poor thing! She was exhausted, after seventy-two hours on her feet."

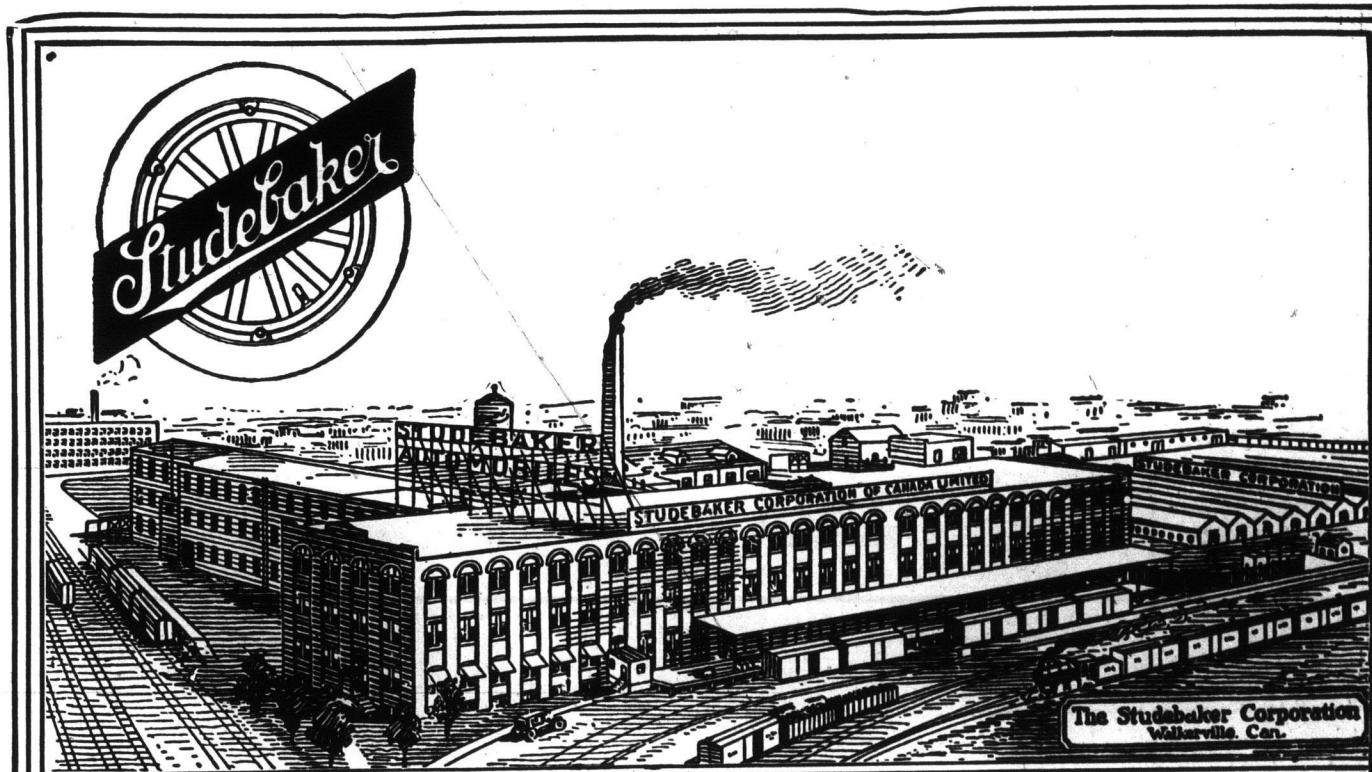
"But yourself, Mees! I am not satisfied. I like again to see you look what you call rosee, is it not?"

"I'll sleep soon. Just because I was silly enough to faint yesterday, you needn't imagine I'm a piker. I'll not show the white feather again."

The surgeon, if he did not understand the idioms, at least caught the gist. He shrugged his shoulders and sighed as Miss Ellen departed.

The Cockney orderly slipped after the nurse and touched her on the arm.

"Tyke 'is hadvice, Miss," he pleaded.



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