

tears, "my love, don't grieve. Be brave, and you will soon forget me. She is so good and kind. Good-night. Good-bye."

Lady Derwent looked at O'Hagan and her eyes narrowed. She was not going to sit calmly by and see her dreams shattered into dust.

"Where does she live? Far away?" she said casually. And again she caught Tim's eye.

"Only at Ballyseaton. A short way by train, and quite close to ride to, over the hills."

Lady Derwent smiled, but she said no more till her sister and her sleepy husband had driven away. Then she turned to O'Hagan.

"Why not ride over and bring her back—you and me? We'll lunch there, and be home for dinner tonight? Oh, Tim, your face haunts me! She will forgive you—"

They were quite alone. He groaned aloud, as he laid his head down suddenly on his arms. The bright sun, streaming in, fell aslant his dark hair, in a careless mockery of sorrow.

Lady Derwent dropped her hand upon his shoulder. "I did not know—you cared so much," she said huskily. "Come on. We will be there quite soon."

MAGGIE was gathering fallen apples when a pair of riders came up the moss-grown drive. Her face was pale with her sleepless night—she had changed from a pretty child to a winsome woman. And she had found the house empty, save for the old servant, for her father, thinking her safe at the Murphys', had gone for a few days to stay with an old chum. She looked up as the horses passed, and a great wave of colour swept over cheek and brow. O'Hagan and Lady Derwent! What could they want of her? She did not stop to wonder, but went in quickly and greeted them so calmly, so gently.

"How good of you both to come! I am so sorry father is away from home."

Lady Derwent kissed her.

"Ah, ha!" she laughed. "What about his birthday, eh? Well, we've come to lunch with you, please. So don't say 'No,' for here we are, and here we mean to remain!" and she threw her gloves and whip on the sofa.

"Of course! Please do—" Maggie began. And all the while O'Hagan's eyes never left her face.

"Go and see to the horses, Tim," said Lady Derwent, and then she turned to Maggie and told all. "So that everything will turn to wedding bells and flowers," she ended gaily; "and poor old Tim will be himself again. Here you are," as he entered the room, "Maggie says she will forgive you," and she pushed the girl forward as she slipped away.

O'Hagan clasped her tightly in his arms. "Oh, my precious! And I thought I had lost you! Why did you go away?"

And her only answer was a kiss through happy tears.

"YOU are to come back with us to-day," cried Cecilia from the garden. "How surprised they will be to hear our news!"

But neither of them heeded her. For in the land of dreams and hopes ordinary voices are not heard.

Englishmen in Canada

THAT Canada offers abundant employment for the right men in its illimitable corn-growing areas is beyond dispute; but it is not without concern that we hear of English villages, where labour in harvest-time is also short of the need, being grad-

ually denuded of their sturdiest men. The Salvation Army alone has sent fifty thousand to the Dominion during the last five years, and its active commissioners who were at Winnipeg a fortnight ago announced that it was contemplated to bring out a further seventy thousand families. Arrangements have already been completed for settling a number of families on a model farm upon the irrigated lands of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Calgary next summer, and this is to be only the beginning of a "mighty stream of population." Manitoba has this autumn needed ten thousand more men for the harvest, and acres of wheat have remained uncut for want of hands; but the Salvation Army declines to import men solely for that purpose, its object being to obtain the "steady job" of constant employment for its emigrants. The agents of the Army appear to be under the impression that in this emigration movement they are relieving the pressure in the great cities; but they are taking the wrong men for that, the best class of rural labourers, whom the unemployed of our towns are quite unfitted to replace.—*The Outlook.*

At the Sign of the Maple

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this final one into the permanent quarters, each move typifying increased work, increased help, increased funds, and increased interest on the part of Winnipeggers.

It would take too long to tell of all the other women who have helped and how. Among them are Mrs. George Craig, Miss Rogers, Miss Smith, Mrs. G. R. Crowe, the present President, Mrs. Colin Campbell, who conducted the Women's edition referred to already, and Mrs. George Scales, who was President repeatedly, and who, before she removed from Winnipeg last year, turned the first sod for the new building.

The whole city of Winnipeg is now keenly interested in the Y. W. C. A. and proud of its progress. As with the country itself the most difficult pioneer days are over, and now a busy steady prosperity and success will attend the further four-fold aim of the Winnipeg Y. W. C. A.

The Vassal

Wind of the North, O far, wild wind
Born of a far, lone sea,
Where suns are soft and breezes kind,
Why are ye kin to me?

Uncounted years above the sea,
Rock-fortressed from its rage,
The Fisherman, thy fathers, kept
A barren heritage—
Grim as the sea they forced to pay
The sea-toll of their wage.

And lo! The Fate which made thee hers

And gave thee of her best
And set thee in a sunny place
Down-sloping to the west
Forgot to change thy fisher's heart,
Serf to the sea's unrest!

Wind of the North! O bitter wind,
I hear the wild seas fret—
In the dim spaces of the mind
I am its vassal yet!

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY, in the December *Canadian Magazine*.

Nothing doing—and doing nothing seem to be two different nothings.

It all depends on circumstances, which sometimes alter even watch-cases. The man who says "Nothing doing" is the man who would do something or somebody if he had the chance. The man who is doing nothing—probably likes his job.



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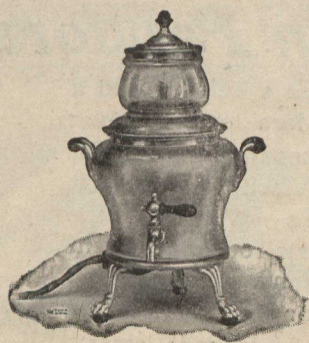
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