

a merry smile. After a brief greeting with his son he turned for an introduction to Lou, and was soon chuckling at everything she said.

One of the reception committee came hurrying up to Evan and whispered that the assembly was waiting.

"We've got a box for your folk," said the bank-clerk.

The other boxes were filled with ladies, none of whom were more attractive than Lou Nelson. Old man Henty pushed her chair out where a thousand bankmen might admire her, and it took her several minutes to master the color in her cheeks.

The two "organizers" came on the platform together, and the audience applauded generously. Evan sat down while Henty, his face aflame, announced in quavering voice:

"Ladies and gentlemen, and especially boys of Bankerdom, instead of introducing you to Mr. Nelson and myself we will ask you all to stand and sing the Canadian National Anthem."

The orchestra leader faced the audience, with his baton poised, and one of the players led in the singing. The sound of the pipe organ itself was drowned in the strains of "O Canada" that swelled from so many young Canadian throats.

Thoroughly thrilled, when the singing was done Evan arose to speak. There was a demonstration of a few minutes, then the speaker's voice rang out vibrantly:

"Dear friends, I thank you for such a welcome. I am going to make a short speech, but not because