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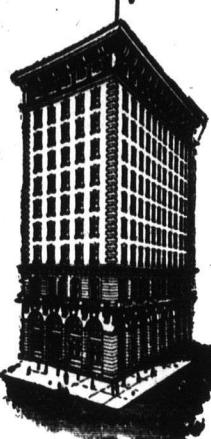
The Company issues many different plans of insurance. Premiums are low and the profits to policyholders remarkably high. Information on request.

The Great-West Life Assurance Company

Dept. "Q"

Head Office - Winnipeg

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For several weeks Myra saw nothing of John Kerr. Then she saw him at church again with Miss Spencer. John had greeted her cordially, and would have introduced his companion, but with a cold bow Myra hurried on. John looked rather hurt.

That Sunday Dick Campbell overtook Myra before she was far from the church. One of her nephews was with her.

"You and the kid jump in, Myra," Dick called. "I'm going past your place—going out to my brother's."

Dick had been a widower for some years, and was reported to be thinking seriously of trying his matrimonial luck again.

"I say, Myra," he continued, after they had talked about the crops for a while, "what do you do evenings? there's a dance at Hay's Corners Wednesday night—can't I drive you over?"

"I don't care about dancing," Myra replied, "and just at present I am studying for an examination."

"Shucks! A pretty girl like you doesn't need to bother about examinations. Let me drive you to church this evening; I'll be coming back from Fred's about that time."

"I always walk with Elvira," Myra explained. "She doesn't care to drive after dark, and she would hardly care to walk alone."

Dick muttered something that sounded like "Hang Elvira," but at this moment they reached the Kennedy place. Myra said good-bye, and Dick drove off reluctantly.

"Was that Dick Campbell?" Elvira demanded. "Why didn't you bring him in?"

"I didn't think of it," was the reply. "Besides, he was going to his brother's."

Elvira looked annoyed, and Myra suddenly remembered that for some time gossip had been coupling Elvira's name with Dick's. "He would make her a good husband," she thought, and manage her better than poor Jim did. If he calls tonight, he can drive her to church. So Dick, rather to his surprise, found himself driving Elvira that evening, Myra having availed herself of that old feminine excuse, a headache.

One hot day Myra was walking home; it was the haying season, and all the horses were busy. Again John Kerr overtook her.

"Can I give you a lift?" he asked with distant politeness.

"If you will be so kind," Myra replied. "It is very hot to-day."

"Very," John replied laconically. They drove for some distance in silence, then John turned the horse's head toward cross road.

"I will get out here," Myra said. "My road is straight ahead."

"I have to call at a house on this road," John explained. "I won't be two minutes. Then I can drive you home."

"Really, I couldn't put you to that trouble," was the reply. "I should prefer not to take you out of your way."

"It's not a bit out of my way," John said. "Won't you tell me what I have done to displease you?"

"Why, nothing," Myra faltered. "Why should you think I am displeased?"

"Myra, be honest with me," John said. "We used to be good chums at school, and then we didn't see much of each other, somehow. But that day last spring, when I overtook you just as I did to-day, you seemed so much like the old Myra that I promised myself we should be friends again. But the next time we met you almost cut me—because you were wearing your fashionable new clothes, I suppose."

"Oh, no, John," Myra cried. "It was only—" She hesitated, then went on. "I had a quarrel with Elvira about my new hat. She said it was unsuitable for a woman of my age."

"You are two years younger than me."

"But you are a man. Elvira says that makes all the difference. Besides, I was rather shy about meeting Miss Spencer."

"But she is going to be a neighbor of yours, so you must meet her sometime," John said.

Myra forced herself to speak carelessly. "When is the wedding to be?"

"The end of next month. It is to be a big wedding—a church affair. But Albert will send you an invitation, of course."

"Albert? Albert who?" she asked.

"My brother, of course. Surely you haven't forgotten him, though he has been away for two years. He is to be married."

the Browning farm, and he is having the house made over to suit his bride."

"But—but I thought it was to be your wedding," Myra stammered.

"What! Didn't you know it was Albert who was engaged to Amy Spencer?"

"No; each time I saw her you were with her."

"Albert was laid up for a while with a sprained ankle," John explained. "Myself, I don't admire fair girls," he added, with a glance at the dark head beside him.

Myra flushed. "Surely you have gone a long way down this road," she said.

"We can turn at the next corner, and get home in no time," John replied.

"Dick needn't begrudge me this one ride."

"What do you mean?" Myra asked with flaming cheeks.

"Miss Haynes says you are engaged to him."

"The old gossip. She doesn't know what she is talking about."

"But you have been out with him several times."

"Well, he asked me to drive, and—and—"

"And I didn't. Is that what you mean, Myra?" He tried to look into her averted face.

"Little school chum, will you come for a long drive next Sunday afternoon? There's a lot I want to say to you. And wear your white hat, won't you? The one with the poppies on it."

Before Myra went to bed that night, she took out the white hat and straightened the petals of the flaming poppies.

"Dear little flowers," she whispered. "I wonder if it was the touch of scarlet that did it all?"

The Swift Current Trail

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Frances Donaghy, Belmont

Where the prairie stretches westward in a wide unbroken level

Far as fly the noisy wild geese to the lakes so far away,

Where the winds are ever dancing in their tireless ceaseless revel

Where the empty days are silent and the moonless nights are gray.

Where the drifting flocks of wild geese is the springtime's only comer,

Where the air of autumn flutters to the prairie chickens wing,

Where the world is dark with snow-clouds or is bright with verdant summer,

And the ever-blowing winds across the open prairie swing.

Where the barren plains are lying, blank untouched, unsoiled, unbroken,

Where the air is still unvibrant with the modern scythe and flail.

Where the world is as 'twas fashioned when creating God had spoken,

Winds the grass grown, rutty highway called the old Swift Current Trail.

There o'er that deserted roadway went the carts with frantic creaking,

Lade with bales for north, and westland where the wastes were bleak and cold

Past the scrub and o'er the open, when the winter's cold was breaking,

Back and forth, but ever onward, till the autumn time grew old.

All along the well-worn pathway went the builders of a nation,

Men of calm indifferent courage, facing all the lands unknown,

Who should build the waste an empire, with an empire's wealth and station

Great through hard-won slow achievement, rich in acres tilled and sown.

Widely scattered they are sleeping, on the highland in the coulee,

In the farthest north and southland, and beyond the eastern seas

But they rest and know that others hold the trust they guarded truly

—And the land is great forever with the memory of these.

Now the long deserted highway shows no wear of toil and traffic

Now no carter's evening campfires stud like gems the velvet gloom

But the dozen ruins remaining, tell a story terse and graphic—

And the ghosts of those who travelled, on the night horizon loom.

Spirits! guard your virgin prairie, scene of all your great endeavour;

Let not fires you kindled hardly flicker and be darkness pale;

God be sure it, be its helpers, watch it, have guard it ever,

With prayers or sod or memory of the old Swift Current Trail.