



Let the children

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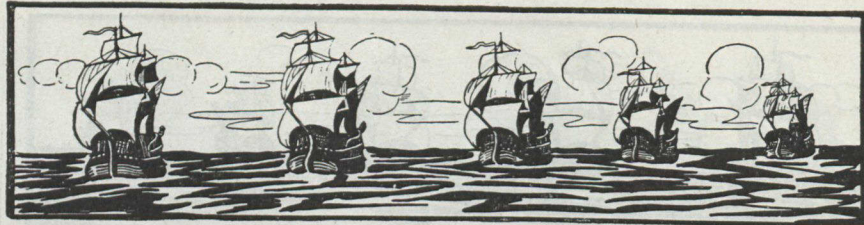
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## In the Realm of Books

(Continued from page 41)

### The Escape of a Princess Pat

BY GEORGE PEARSON  
McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart  
Price \$1.40

**T**HIS volume is a full account of the capture and fifteen months imprisonment of Corporal Edwards of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, and his final escape from Germany into Holland. The volume is a very readable and exciting history, and, so far as possible, the details of the escape are authenticated by various documents which have been published as an appendix.

### Miss Pim's Camouflage

BY LADY STANLEY  
Thomas Allen  
Price \$1.50

**M**ISS PIM, an English spinster of fifty, finds herself suddenly possessed of the power of becoming invisible. Realizing that her marvellous gift may be of great help to her country, she offers her services to the military authorities, and is by them commissioned to make a trip through Germany, gathering valuable

information. This she does, managing to secure interviews with the Kaiser and Von Hindenburg while there, and finally returns in safety to receive the Victoria Cross as the reward of her services. The book is brightly and pleasantly written and will furnish amusement for many a leisure hour.

### The High Romance

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS  
MacMillan Co. of Canada.  
Price \$1.60

**A** LONG and rather tedious account of the natural and spiritual adventures of a wandering American newspaper editor and writer, who, filled from boyhood with the desire to express himself through the medium of literature, finds himself tied down to grinding and uncongenial work for many years. Financial worries beset him and are complicated by ill-health. He travels the length and breadth of the United States seeking a livelihood and comes in contact with most of the prominent people of the day. The book ends upon a joyous note, with his conversion—or rather return—to Catholicism, the faith of his fathers.

## JOHNNIE'S LUCK

(Continued from page 11)

of Johnny that in his moment of triumph he remembered it was hard on the other fellows.

After lunch Johnny set off for Downing Street. He walked with such a step and air that some weary pedestrians turned to look after him with a sigh of envy, wondering what particular piece of good fortune had happened to him.

After a period of waiting he was admitted to the Chief's presence. A good many other people were waiting to see the great man. He came to meet Johnny with a kind smile, but hardly as though he expected him. Johnny had a feeling somehow of having come at the wrong time.

"I won't keep you a minute, sir," he said. "It was only to thank you for remembering me. It's more than I deserve. Of course I'm delighted, and will do my best."

Sir Richard looked bewildered. "What is it about, Mr. Despard?" he asked gently.

"About the position you have kindly offered me—the Junior Lordship—"

Johnny's heart fell from its elation, oddly heavy. It wasn't possible Sir Richard had forgotten!

"I think there has been some mistake. You have had a letter?"

"Yes, Sir Richard." Was it possible someone had been playing a prank on him? Down went Johnny's heart from its elation to his boots. Why, what a fool he had been!

"I'm so sorry, sir," he went on, producing the letter. "I had this this morning. I took it to be genuine. Of course it was most unlikely."

Sir Richard glanced at the letter, and his smile was a little grim.

"Not at all, not at all. You go too fast for me. There has been a mistake, but only in the office we are prepared to offer you. Not the Junior Lordship. That goes to Merrick Lindsay. If you will accept a small office, the —," he mentioned an office of no great distinction, but one that carried a respectable salary—"we shall be very proud to have your services."

**J**OHNNY was bowed out in a state of bewilderment. What on earth did it mean? After all, it was better for him, since this office carried endowment and the other did not. Why, that must be it. The chief had discovered that the want of money stood between him and Molly, and had given him the less-important but better-paid job.

In Birdcage Walk he came face to face with Bobby Lovelace, who was accompanied by another golden youth. They barred his way with an air of manifest enjoyment.

"Why, Despard," said Bobby Lovelace, his face so wrinkled up by laughter that his eyes had all but disappeared, "you look as though you were among the

lucky ones—where Ashley and I will never be."

"So I am," said Johnny simply. "I've just seen Sir Richard. He's given me the —" and he mentioned the post.

The two youths looked at each other with crestfallen and guilty faces. Then Bobby Lovelace recovered his normal, cheerful impudence.

"A man of your ability, Johnny!" he said. "You ought to have had something better than that."

But Johnny Despard was very well satisfied. So was Molly Uniacke; so was Lord Urlingford, who was saved from climbing down from an untenable position.

Lord Urlingford was very proud of Johnny.

He'll go far, you'll see. He'll go far. Johnny's one of the safe ones. Sir Richard takes a great interest in him. He's not one of your fireworks, but it is very creditable to him that at his age he should have received such a distinction. Very creditable, too, I am bound to say, to the Premier's gift of recognizing the right man for his purpose."

Lord Urlingford had a loud, far-carrying voice, and the speech reached Bobby Lovelace where he sat in an obscure corner with a child of the house, to whom he was making frantic love. The occasion was one of the political parties given by Mrs. Lauderdale, the wife of the Colonial Secretary.

"Just listen to old Urlingford," Bobby said into the pretty pink ear to which his lips were so close. "He's swelling himself out like a turkey-cock over Johnny Despard's preferment. Think he did it himself, I shouldn't be surprised. Not that I envy old Johnny his luck. He's a good sort. And he's head over ears in love with Miss Uniacke. I wish someone would do me as good a turn."

"As good a turn as what?" asked the child of the house, who was literal-minded. She was not supposed to be present at the important assemblage at all, not being out yet, but had received permission to look on from the musician's gallery, where young Mr. Lovelace had discovered her and joined her.

Bobby kissed the pink ear.

"That is another story, adorable Miss Mamie," he said. "And I've no end of a bad time over it too. You'd never think to see old Burnett standing there looking so benevolent, that he could make himself so uncommonly unpleasant. I assure you that over doing Johnny that good turn I had as bad a half hour as I ever had under the birch at Eton."

"Why don't you talk plainly?" asked Miss Mamie, pouting. "And if Sir Richard was unkind to you I'm sure you deserved it. I'm just hopelessly gone on him."

"Cruel child!" sighed Mr. Lovelace, drawing out a long curl of Miss Mamie's hair and letting it spring back again into its original form.