

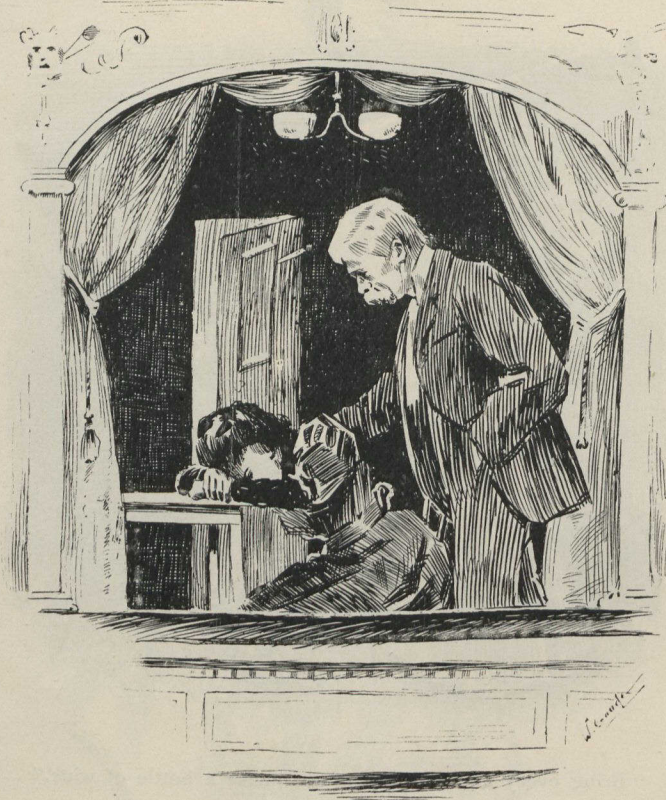
aging that he was making great progress towards winning the affections of the pretty waitress.

Now, the girl was not a bad girl.

It would not have been remarkable if she had been bad, for the atmosphere of a frontier town variety theatre bears little likeness to that of a convent. It is easy to be good when one has no temptation to do wrong; but, with every inducement to be "crooked"

we remember that for nineteen years he had lived in a land where the foot of the white woman has not trod. Traders, missionaries, even the officials of the Hudson's Bay Company do not civilize a country—the white woman does.

Captain Glenn was at a loss how to set about his wooing; he knew that among the Indians (as with children and other savages) the best way to secure affection is by the giving of pre-



"Don't cry, my lass."

this girl kept herself "straight." Of course, she saw the infatuation of the old man, but, although his liberality in ordering liquid refreshment put money in her pocket, it cannot be said that she used any means to encourage him in his excesses.

Captain Glenn was a very bashful man when in the presence of women.

This is not to be wondered at when

sents. But Miss Strang refused the gold watch and chain, the rings and bracelets which he had bought for her. The old fellow was puzzled at this, for it had always been part of his creed that it was possible to win any woman with gifts.

At length, he made up his mind to ask her, point blank, if she would become Mrs. Glenn. So one evening as he