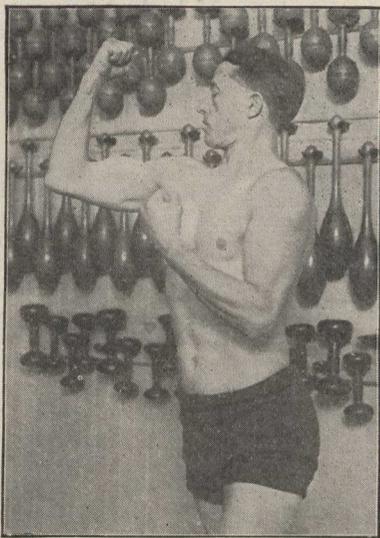


LOVE IN TWO-TWOS

By TOM GALLON



The Question of Strength

MEASUREMENTS show these two men to be of equal muscular development. But a lifting test shows the blacksmith to be 20 per cent. the stronger man. The explanation of this difference in strength is that the "professor" of physical culture has by the use of his "system" of gymnastics developed his muscles alone, while the blacksmith by actual work at his trade has developed not only his muscles but the tendons which attach the muscles to the bones. Ability to do work is the real test of strength.

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The Runners of the Air

By

Charles G. D. Roberts

will commence in our issue of November 11th. It is a powerful airship story, with the scenes laid in France, Austria and Servia. It will be completed in ten issues. The best short serial ever published in Canada
Canadian Courier, Toronto

JOY CARTER—I am troubled about you. You are not yourself; you have spoken sharply once or twice (quite without knowing it, I am convinced), in reply to me."

"Oh, if you please, Miss, I never meant—"

"I am sure of that, Joy; but I don't like it. You are troubled." The clear eyes of Miss Esther Shaw looked through her pince-nez at the girl not unkindly. "What is wrong?"

Joy Carter fidgetted from one foot to the other, and picked up a corner of her apron, as though the answer were written there and she needed to decipher it. Very slowly, while she looked at the corner of the apron, two large tears welled up into her eyes, overflowed, and dropped down; Miss Esther Shaw watched the course of them, and looked more troubled than before.

"Oh, if you please, Miss—it's Mr. Nudford," said Joy Carter softly.

Miss Esther Shaw heaved a sigh, and shook her head. This was the bogey that had been pursuing her all her life, and from which she had hitherto escaped, together with her maid.

"Joy—Joy—haven't I warned you?" she asked plaintively. "Haven't I told you how much better off you are here with me, than risking your future happiness with any mere milkman or baker—"

"If you please, Miss, Nudford is a butcher," said Joy softly; as if that was any excuse.

"All trades are alike; and a butcher is likely to be brutal, by reason of his calling," said Miss Shaw severely. "However, you must have your own way, I suppose? When does this man Nudford propose—"

"Never!" broken in Joy excitedly. "That's the worst of him, Miss; 'e don't know 'ow to do it. You've 'ad the benefit Miss as regards tender cuts an' lean chops, this six months past; the very way 'e wraps 'em up is enough to express 'is feelings; but as for proposin'—the man simply don't understand the meaning' of the word. Let 'is' and touch your for a moment, 'e will, in 'anding you change, or any little thing like that—but, bless you—no more than that. And yet, believe me, Miss, you can see 'is very 'eart, as it were, in the scales 'w'en 'e's weighin' up for you."

"You have a poetic imagination, Joy," said Miss Esther Shaw sedately. "But I don't quite see how I am to help you in the matter. You see, Joy"—Miss Shaw had risen to her feet, and crossed over to the fireplace, and was looking gravely at her own reflection in the glass—"I am quite inexperienced."

"I should 'ave thought, Miss, that anyone as pretty as you—"

Esther Shaw turned quickly, and looked at the girl out of her bright eyes through her bright glasses. "That will do, Joy," she said. "You have not yet told me in what way I can assist you."

"I thought, Miss, that if you would give Nudford what I might—call a jog," suggested Joy bashfully, "it might be better for him, Miss."

"Well—can't you do that?" asked Miss Shaw sharply.

"If you please, Miss—I don't exactly like—"

"Very well, Joy, since your affections are set upon this man, I will help you. If you care to ask Mr. Nudford to see me, I will put before him, as delicately as possible, his duty. I trust it will be with the happiest results. That will do now, Joy."

Left alone, Miss Esther Shaw turned again to her own reflection in the mirror. She had led so busy a life, and so strenuous a life in fact, that she had forgotten that but a year or two ago she had been regarded as pretty; and here was Joy Carter reminding her of the fact. She shook her head at the vanity.

"At all events, I must help poor Joy," she said, with a smile. "I wonder what her butcher is like."

Now, although Miss Esther Shaw had led so busy a life that she had

forgotten that she had ever been pretty, and had, moreover, thrust love utterly to one side, it must be stated here that love, quite unexpectedly, had pursued her; and that one man, at all events, had noted that she was pretty, and had sighed about her in secret. He had never spoken to her; it had only been his good fortune to see her at a distance; but he loved her. He had read some of the things she had written; he had heard her make a pretty little halting speech on one occasion, in expounding views which never should have fallen from such young lips as hers; and he had almost desperately made up his mind to seek an introduction to her. His name was Richard Oakman, and he was also struggling in that great world that is ruled by the pen.

Fate, for some mischievous reason, made him more desperate still; he determined to seek the lady for himself. It is scarcely necessary to say that he had long ago discovered where she lived, and, in fact, all about her. Thus it happened that on this particular afternoon he climbed the staircase which led to her modest flat, and after some hesitation knocked at the door. Joy Carter being absent (probably in earnest search of her butcher) the door was opened by Miss Esther Shaw herself.

She saw before her a young man, hat in hand, smiling a little foolishly, and stammering her name. Unused to visitors of the male persuasion at all, she jumped to one conclusion: this was Joy Carter's butcher; A very presentable butcher, if shy and awkward: evidently he had put on his Sunday suit for the occasion.

"I've been expecting a visit from you," she said. "You needn't be afraid of me; come in."

Mr. Richard Oakman started in some surprise, but accepted the invitation. He was so much astonished, in fact, that the eloquent speeches he had been framing in his mind as he came along were dissipated in a moment; he could only stand and stare at this young woman who could take a matter of vital importance so casually.

"I am very glad to see you," said Miss Shaw, in her decisive way. "I have heard a great deal about you, and I have wanted for some time to talk to you. Won't you be frank with me? Remember that the happiness of two lives may depend upon your frankness."

"I'm sure I'm very grateful—obliged to you," said Richard Oakman nervously. "I never thought for a moment that you would receive me like this; I was afraid—"

"That I should be bitterly opposed to anything you might have to suggest," she broken in. "Where it is a matter of happiness, I am, I fear, very easily moved. It is my habit to be frank, and I will be frank with you." She advanced towards him, and looked unflinchingly into his eyes. "You are in love!"

"Yes—I am in love," he said hurriedly. "I have not dared to speak about it. I have watched her day by day—"

"Over the counter," she thought quickly; and decided that this butcher was much too good for Joy Carter.)

"—Worshipped her from afar," he went on passionately.

"And yet have been afraid even to speak to her of what your real feelings were," she reminded him. "Would you like me to suggest to you what is the best thing for you to do?"

"If you would be so good," he said humbly, but with bewilderment. "When next you see her, be frank and straightforward and manly with her," went on Miss Esther Shaw enthusiastically. "If Joy comes into your life—"

"It would—it would!" he exclaimed quickly, seizing her hands and drawing her towards him. "From the very first moment that I saw you, I knew there was but one woman in all the world for me. If only you'll tell me that you love me—"

"Yes—that will do very well for a rehearsal," said Miss Shaw, a little