

"Man, are you mad!" the factor shrieked wildly; but the roar of the water drowned his voice.

But the Duke was not mad. He had also seen Irwin come up and go down again. It was the first glimpse he had caught of his fellow boatman. Realizing the other's helplessness and sure of his own powers in the water, he at once struck out. In all, perhaps three minutes had elapsed between the overturning of the boat and the time when the Duke cast himself free from it and with long, powerful overhand strokes swam in Irwin's direction. The stream carried him rapidly downward, but his headway across was slow till he reached where the canyon ended. Here the banks became once more low and sloping and the water less swift and free of rocks.

From his observation point the factor saw in quick succession the swimmer reach the body of Irwin as it came up again. Saw him reach and with one sure hand grasp the drowning man. Irwin, after going down the second time, had been dashed against a boulder and now lay inert and unconscious. This in itself was a help to the rescuer, as he had no frenzied struggles to overcome. Slowly but surely he began making his way shoreward.

In frantic haste Macdonald came down the side of the butte. Reaching the shore level he ran along the bank to where the shelving of the shore allowed for a landing, and as the swimmer touched bottom and rose to a walking position with his charge in tow, Macdonald waded out and seized hold and together they dragged Irwin on shore.

Fortunately, coatless at the time of the accident and dressed only in trousers shirt and moccasins, the Duke was far from exhausted. The factor had only succeeded in drawing off Irwin's coat when the Duke was ready to aid with the resuscitation. With quick, trained hands the Duke went to work and Macdonald assisted, watching the other work in amazement.

In half an hour, very white and shaky but alright again, save for the blackened swelling upon his forehead, Irwin lay back conscious upon the shore.

As the Duke rose from making the clerk comfortable, Macdonald, moved by an overpowering impulse, reached over and grasped his guest's hand.

"Man, man, you ain't a Lord!" he roared, shaking the hand enthusiastically, "you're a real man!" Suddenly conscious of what he had said, the grizzled factor let fall the hand and with dropped eyes stood awkwardly kicking the sand of the beach. He was about to go on and try and cover up this horrible break when the Duke reached out and imprisoned his hand.

"Damn it, Macdonald!" he laughed boyishly, "I'm the happiest man in the world. It's worth coming a good many miles to hear just what you've said. I'm a man am I! Well, thank the Lord for that, and now, perhaps for the rest of my stay here, you'll remember that and we will have no more of this stiffness and restraint and 'your Lordship' stuff has been the bane of my life."

For a long moment the two men's eyes met. Met as Northmen's eyes do, on a basis of friendship and equality. And from his prostrate position on the sand Irwin half raised himself up, emitting a faint cheer.

Mr Greeley at Table

Several of the anecdotes that our late ambassador to England, Mr. White-law Reid, used to relate of Horace Greeley, his old chief on the Tribune, have recently been going the rounds of the press. Most of them refer to his peculiarities in the office; a few to those he displayed in company, especially at table, where his absent-mindedness and his queer theories combined to produce unexpected results.

Once, when he was to take supper with a daughter of Nathaniel Willis, founder of The Companion, she arranged the meal especially to suit his ideas. It was simple, and there were plenty of the Graham things that he advocated so ardently. But lest her own family should rebel, there were also hot rolls upon the table. Mr. Greeley's eye fastened upon them at once, and ignoring the Graham gems conveniently at hand, he reached for a hot roll—and then for

another. As he began on a third, his hostess remarked that she was delighted to see that he liked her rolls, but that she had thought he did not eat such things.

"Fanny, do you always practise what you preach?" was the unperturbed rejoinder; and he made his entire meal off the delicious but indigestible rolls that his own decree had banished from the Greeley home—leaving a scant few for his table companions, who had to eke out their supper with the undesired gems.

But if he was funny when he knew what he ate, he was funnier when he did not—as in the famous episode of the crullers, which occurred at the table of his boarding-house. When the crullers were passed to him, instead of taking a single cruller, he accepted the entire basket, and absently placed it in his lap, as he continued his discourse. Presently, vaguely aware of something there, his hand wandered downward,

and encountered a cruller. This he mechanically grasped, and raised to his mouth. Quite unaware of what he was doing, he ate and talked, talked and ate; cruller after cruller disappeared until the basket was empty. The company were convulsed with suppressed merriment; one or two had to leave the table, to have their laugh out in the hall.

But the kindly landlady, distressed on account of possible results, remembered having heard that the best antidote to indigestion was cheese. Quietly removing the empty cake-basket from Mr. Greeley's lap, she put in its place a plate of cheese, trusting to Providence that his habituated hand would continue its action. It did. His talk flowed on, but his fingers found the cheese, and it, too, disappeared to the last crumb.

Those who saw the sight, it is declared, were firm in the belief that Mr. Greeley did not know he had eaten anything that evening.

Sympathy

One of the charming characteristics of childhood is a certain delicacy and tenderness of sympathy. An instance is furnished by a little story that Mr. A. J. Swinburne tells in his "Memories of a School Inspector."

A young curate in Lancashire who, although too well-bred to boast, was conscious of the world of difference he was effecting in a parish that had suffered from the slackness of a rector of the old school, once asked his catechism class:

"Tell me one of the people who wrote the Bible?"

"Master Heyes," answered the class. Even the curate's iron self-control could not prevent a shadow of disappointment from passing over his face.

But although the little girl just in front of him was not more than five, her eye, keen as a robin's, had read his thoughts, and her tiny voice whispered: "Please, sir, you 'elped 'im."



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