

and the constant excitement his life held, he had half forgotten the brilliant promise of his girl playmate. Now he found that the promise was abundantly redeemed in the hundred and one sketches in the portfolio, pencil, water-colour, and pastel. The faults were manifold, but they were those for which lack of training was responsible. A vivid conception, a clear, bold outline, a delicate and delightful appreciation of colour were all manifestly there. Above all, there was the fellowship with nature, the rapturous enjoyment of Nature's beauty, which is the supreme gift of the artist.

Here was a joyous vision of two brown-sailed fishing boats scudding under April rain clouds across a sunlit sea. There little valley amid the frowning mountains at evening, brimful of solemn brooding intensity. A great hawk soaring across the bog-land was strangely reminiscent of Hiroshige's wonderful woodcut of an "Eagle above the snow-covered plains of Yedo," which the girl never could have seen. A Connemara village lay silent in the moonlight, with a stream of yellow light from one window streaking the steel grey of the road. Three tall pines swayed on the summit of a bleak hill, silhouetted against the setting sun. A mountain pool held all the colours of the artist's palette, simmering half hidden in its bosom, beneath its gold-brown surface. Silently, almost timidly, Sybil watched Hugh's face light up with pleasure as he turned over the sketches with keen enjoyment.

"Well?" she said at last, asking the question only when she was quite sure of the answer, "do you approve? Will I ever come to anything?"

"You have kept your promise, Sybil," he said slowly, "you will be an artist."

Delight shone in the lucid eyes that met his own, and dazzled him with their brightness. "Do you mean it, Hugh—do you mean it? This is not flattery or friendship?"

"Plain truth. It is the critic that speaks, Sybil, not the friend nor the flatterer"—he had almost said lover. She flushed a little as he paused for a second to choose a word. Did she guess the word he had omitted when she switched the talk deftly back to the old days in Connemara, and they lapsed into the spirit of frank companionship as they talked. They were boy and girl again, but with this difference. There was one topic on which he was nervously anxious to speak, and which she was nervously anxious to avoid.

Half as a diversion she begged him to take her to see his wonderful Turner. "I have read everything that has been written about it," she said, "and I have been longing to see it as a saint longs for heaven."

There came to Hugh a desperate resolve, in which cowardice and courage were strangely mingled, like a soldier's, when he volunteers for a forlorn hope. In the picture gallery he would ask his question and know his fate.

LIKE a saint she worshipped in silence before the picture, with lips parted and shining eyes and changing colour. Hugh's eyes were riveted on her face, as hers on the Turner. For once he had found something more beautiful than his masterpiece. His love so overpowered him he could scarcely speak.

"Do you like it?" he stumbled out at last.

"Like," she cried indignant, "what a word, what a weak, foolish word. It is wonderful, most wonderful! Its beauty goes right through to one's soul. It makes me tingle all over with sheer unreasoning, incomprehensible delight. I cannot yet think of how it is all done. That will come later, but now I only just want to sit still and look at it to my heart's content."

He set a chair for her at the spot where she could see the picture best and he could see her, unconscious as the picture itself of the admiration she evoked. Her cheeks glowed with a warmer red, her eyes were all alight. The lips parted a little in a smile of



If ticketed for  
The  
**California**  
Limited

**Santa Fe**  
All the way

All-Steel Pullmans

You ride in cars of steel, on rails of steel - and it's "Santa Fe all the way"

Do you play golf? Do you enjoy autoing on perfect highways? Or do you prefer a walk down lanes of pepper trees and palms? Spend *this* winter in California, and you will experience all the charms of outdoor life in a semi-tropic environment. On the way visit the **Grand Canyon**.

The California Limited is an all-steel Pullman train, exclusively for first-class travel. Runs daily between Chicago, Kansas City, Los Angeles, San Diego, Oakland and San Francisco, with Pullman for Grand Canyon. Fred Harvey dining-car meals are served.

Four other Santa Fe trains to California. Three run daily; these carry standard Pullmans, tourist sleepers and chair cars; all classes of tickets honored.

The Santa Fe de-Luxe, between Chicago, Kansas City and Los Angeles, runs once a week in winter; America's finest train—"extra fast, extra fine, extra fare."

The only railroad under one management through to California; double-tracked half way; safety block-signals "all the way."

F. T. Hendry, Gen. Agt.,  
151 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.  
Phone, Main 1876.

—Remember the Panama Expositions at San Francisco and San Diego in 1915— (1)

## ELECTRIC SERVICE

Means comfort, convenience, economy, and safety.

The home that is completely equipped with electrical devices is a happy one.

All the drudgery of housekeeping is eliminated by electricity.

You can wash, iron, sew, sweep, cook, keep cool in summer and warm in winter, by means of electrical apparatus designed especially to relieve you of unnecessary and fatiguing labor.

*At our showrooms all these devices are ready for your inspection.*

*Competent demonstrators will operate and explain them for you.*

**The Toronto Electric Light Company, Limited**

**"At Your Service"**

12 Adelaide Street East

Telephone Adelaide 404