

of vexation, the young man loosed himself from the clinging arms.

"Enid, that is unreasonable," he said. "You know very well that what you ask is impossible. From what I have told you already, you might guess that my business is of a private nature, and does not admit of the company of a second person."

Big tears welled up in Enid's eyes: one overflowed and trickled down her cheek; she brushed it hastily aside and turned away as if to hide her weakness from the two men. Both were, however, acutely conscious that she was quietly weeping; the knowledge made Dick fret and fume and bitterly regret what he, to himself, termed his insane folly in having mentioned the street attack and thus given her a legitimate cause for fear; whilst Ted was filled with a burning indignation at what he considered his friend's callousness.

"I really think you might have some regard for Miss Anerley's feelings in the matter!" he began hotly; then, seeing the other man's face stiffening to a cold anger, he recognized his mistake and tried to make it good. "Well," he said, apologetically, "perhaps I had no business to say that."

"I think not," replied Dick coldly. "I think I should be the best judge of what is due to Miss Anerley. She scarcely requires your championship."

At the second mention of her name, Enid turned sharply round. For a moment she looked with dismay at the two antagonistic faces, then said with energy, her blue eyes flashing through her tears—

"What nonsense is this? Have you two vowed to make me utterly miserable! If you begin to quarrel on my account you will succeed most effectually in doing so."

Our Debatable Navy

(Concluded from page 7.)

is charming to his friends, because he is so thoroughly at his ease that he can put all those around him at their ease. His temper is unruffled; his style polished and refined. He has all the fascination of manner that distinguishes a great noble who is too sympathetic to be naughty and too intelligent to be dull. But to his foes the reverse of the same qualities seems by no means admirable. His imperturbable good temper is exasperating. His easy insouciance seems almost insolent, and his light-hearted mode of disposing of his assailants is infinitely more aggravating than invective and abuse. Occasionally Mr. Hazen rises to heights of eloquence. Then he is at his best.

A totally different parliamentarian is Hon. Mr. Graham. "George" is a boy among the boys, with a rough and ready Irish wit which charms his associates and stands him in good stead in debate. He has an epigrammatic humour which makes him effective in repartee and enables him to "hold the crowd" whenever he takes the platform. He is no orator, yet he can always win an interested hearing from the most hostile audience. Few are more keenly conscious of the psychology of the crowd, and few indeed know as he does when to sit down. He will never risk the chances of a battle that is already gained. When he has made his point he stops. In the House he is a bonnie fighter, bestowing his blows with a wholesome impersonal flavour that leaves no embittered recollection.

"Take care of that man," said Disraeli of Bismarck on one occasion, "he means what he says." That is the strength of Dr. Michael Clark, the eloquent British-born Canadian from Red Deer. His devotion to his end, not the devotion of a fanatic who is sustained by the glow of passionate enthusiasm, but the practical, businesslike determination of an engineer who has a certain amount of tunnelling to do, is one great secret of his power. When Peter the Great saw his semi-barbarous Muscovites driven from field after field by the Swedish veterans, he rejoiced and took courage; "for," said he, "in the end they will teach us the art of war." Dr. Clark is not an opportunist. He thrives in and on opposition. His theories are frequently pilloried and assailed, but it does not disturb his equanimity nor shake his conviction. He thinks out

"It takes two to make a quarrel, Miss Anerley," said Ted gravely: "you need have no fear as far as I am concerned;" then, addressing his friend in the old cordial way, he said: "Let us understand each other: I have no wish to pry into your affairs, old man, nor to in any way force your confidence: to be of any value the latter must be spontaneous. I only ask to be allowed to accompany you as an extra pair of fists in case of emergency."

Just for a moment Dick hesitated: he was deeply touched at his friend's devotion, which he felt he had not of late by any means deserved; and he was filled with self-reproach at having brought tears to the eyes he loved best in the world. In this softened mood, he asked himself, if it might not be possible to yield to their wishes without endangering the secret he so jealously guarded; he reflected that on the morrow no explanations would be needed—he had only to receive the answer to his ultimatum; and in the very possible event of Aram Kalfian's having prepared some trap for him; it might perhaps be as well to have a second person at hand.

"You are a good fellow, Ted," he murmured, "and I by your side seem a churlish brute enough. If I hesitated, old chap, it was not because I doubted you in any way; the honour of a third person is concerned in the matter."

Delighted at having gained her point, Enid flung her arms impetuously round Dick's neck and kissed him.

The next morning the two friends journeyed up to town as arranged. They reached the house in Peckham Rye without adventure; but this time, in response to Dick's ring, a dirty, slatternly-looking woman opened the door. Upon the young man asking for Dr. Aram Kalfian, she answered stolidly:

"E's gone: left England last night."
(To be continued.)

his own scheme of political philosophy and applies it to the body politic. But he is no mere doctrinaire. He is intensely practical, willing to bide the proper time, but with a deep underlying faith in the triumph of every Right.

Yet it was, perhaps, Hon. George E. Foster more than any other that the House waited to hear. He was the man who three years ago had eloquently championed the policy he was now called upon to oppose and denounce. Mr. Foster has faiths, he has even enthusiasms; although, owing, mayhap, to his long and intimate acquaintance with practical politics, they are sicklied over with a pale cast of philosophic doubt. No one makes so great a mistake as those who imagine he is simply a cynic. He is a level-headed man capable of seeing and sympathizing with both sides in a debate. Intellectual differences do not create abysses between him and his opponents. There are some men to whom a difference of conviction upon the practical application of some general principle to a particular set of circumstances is sufficient to justify the major excommunication. It is not so with Mr. Foster. He has no repulsion; no sense of personal antipathy. He can enjoy a joke at his own expense, and appreciate the arguments directed against his own position. It does not irritate him to be opposed, or annoy him to be denounced.

And it is doing injustice to none of his colleagues to state that Mr. Foster made the most brilliant speech of the debate. It worried him not that, in the keenly reasoned periods of his eloquence, he had to dispose of the Foster of 1909. The mercurial mobility of his convictions always renders it difficult to feel confidence in the stability of his policy. With the man who supplanted him it is different. Hon. W. White may not be a genius, but you know where he is. There is a sense of continuity, of immobility, if you please, about his policy, which enables you at least to feel you know where you are. Like a patient ox he stands in midfurrow, while Foster skips like a kangaroo about the plain. When you try to follow his course, it is like riding shute-the-shute railway. It is all ups and downs, violent alternations at a rattling speed. Plenty of thrills, no doubt. The ox-wagon may be safer—but it is much more monotonous.

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