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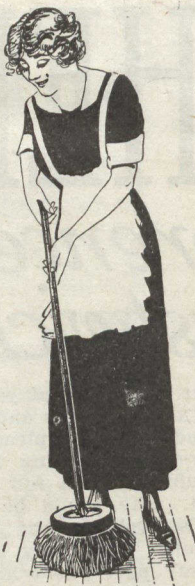
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The Outlook in Canada

TRULY, it is an ill-wind that blows nobody good. One Continent's "down" is another Continent's "up." The industries of Europe are, generally speaking, at a standstill, and matters will be worse before they can be better.

The whole world is looking to the North American Continent—to Canada and the United States—for much of its provisions, machinery, textiles, boots and shoes, beverages, vehicles, cement, brick, earthenware, fancy goods, furs, glass, garments, paper, soap, tobacco, wood products and much else. Canada must get ready to meet the demand made upon her. We have continued prosperity ahead of us if our manufacturers and merchants rise quickly to take advantage of their opportunity.

It is a time for business hopefulness, not for business gloom.

ed, then the wheel went spinning round and the ball upset his calculations again by depositing itself in 34.

He was still puzzling over his memorandum when the servant entered the room, announcing Mr. Saxon, and at the same moment Sallie stepped in from the balcony. Her admirer carried a huge bunch of crimson roses in one hand and in the other a pale pink satin bonbonniere, full of chocolates. Sallie received the gifts with a little scream of delight. "You are a dear old godpapa."

Saxon went over to his future father-in-law.

"I hope I find you better, Lord Brismain," he said, then, with an expressive shrug, "studying the laws of chance, I see!"

Brismain detached his mind from the pursuit of numerical combinations. "Thank you, I am much the same. Never quite free from pain. And your niece, has she arrived?"

Sallie was recalled from her inspection of the chocolates by her father's question.

"Oh, yes, Ferdinand, I forgot for the moment—Mrs. Moorhouse arrived last night, I suppose."

"Yes, poor soul! It's sad to see her. She's just broken-hearted—does nothing but blame herself for the loss of the little girl—says she thought Eve was close beside her until she missed her in the boat. Anyway, they got separated on the ship and the child must have been left behind."

"Drowned!" Lord Brismain interjected, and the other man bowed his head silently. "I'm almost beginning to lose hope now. It's more than a week and no news of my son."

SALLIE turned away towards the balcony again with a look of passionate grief on her face.

After a few more words with Brismain, whose eyes travelled continually to his roulette board, Saxon followed the girl.

"When will you come and see poor Evaleen? She wants a woman friend badly to comfort her now. When I met her last night she was like a demented creature, crying and accusing herself of forgetting the little child. But she carried her baby off the wreck, and I don't see what more a poor fragile woman like her could have done. I thought if your father were well enough for you to leave him, perhaps you would come back with me to the Cecil and say a few kind words to Evaleen. Can you leave him?"

Sallie made an expressive grimace. "He's awfully difficult to please and very feeble. One never knows when a heart attack may come on—but, of course, I can't stay in the house all day. You might take me for a run in your car and then I could look in at the Cecil for a moment and make the acquaintance of Mrs. Moorhouse. One of the servants must stay with father till I come back. It's such a pity he won't have a proper nurse, but the mere idea sends him frantic. One of these days he'll drop down dead when no one's near him."

Saxon went back to talk to Brismain while Sallie got ready to go out with him.

"What is your idea, Mr. Saxon? Do you think there is the slightest hope of my ever seeing my son again?"

"Why yes, most certainly. People have been lost at sea for much longer than this without any news being heard of them, and yet they have appeared again."

"Not so near to land though. The Lausanne was wrecked only two days out from New York Harbour. If Theodor and those others were in an open boat, surely they would have been sighted by some passing steamer. And yet that fellow Lawson escaped."

"Ah, yes, there was a mistake between the names of Bornson and Lawson. The other was a Swede, who must have been in the missing boat. I gave your message to Inspector Lawson and he's coming to see you to-day."

"Oh, he's coming to see me, is he?" Brismain said in a low, hard voice. "Coming to see me, eh?"

There seemed an underlying threat

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