

"Nymphs of the Ocean."

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by the window. It was quite dark outside, and she imagined rather than saw the snowy outlines of the trees against the dark sky.

"I think we had better go, Wolfe," she said presently. Her face wore a resolute look. "But you will take care of me—I'm so 'fraid in the dark! D'you think mother will be vexed? You know, Wolfe, she hasn't held me in her arms since that day—it's so long!" with a sob. "Come on, Wolfe. We must hurry"—the sobs were coming faster now. "I can't go alone."

And from the light and warmth within, the child and dog went silently out into the night.

Jack felt haunted by the child's voice that evening. The dinner seemed interminably long. The sound of the old lady's voice, as it had been when thick with emotion, rang in his ears. "I can see you now," she had said, and the tears had been near his own eyes at the moment. He could not see the sweet face of his wife opposite him for the pictures Fern's "favourite story" had conjured up. Always she was running down the grassy lane with that wide, despairing look in her eyes, or, when that fancy faded, there was the young mother "all in her beautiful evening gown" singing her fair-haired baby to sleep.

It was at one of these moments when he was summoned from the dinner table to be told of Fern's disappearance.

Like a flash he remembered her question. "She has run away," he said, and

his face paled, as he thought of the possible consequence of her action.

As long as he lived, Jack could never face a blinding snow-storm without a return of the sickening horror he had felt that night, though, not till their efforts were crowned with success, did his resolute courage give way.

It was Wolfe who saved her—Wolfe who held up one poor, frozen paw as a sacrifice to that evening's work.

The hours of the Old Year were numbered before they reached home that night, and Fern's eyes opened first in response to the burning tears which fell upon her face.

"Mother," and the little girl's arms were outstretched. "Don't cry. I am sorry—so sorry! I will be good."

"Fern, little Fern," said her mother tenderly. "You will never run away again and I will hold you in my arms as often as you wish."

"I will be good," repeated the child. The sound of the church bells came faintly to their ears. And, with the bells, a woman's voice was heard, as she sang the song she had sung to the baby Fern so long ago.

The tolling ceased on the stroke of twelve. The old year was fairly gone.

Fern was asleep at last, and the mother sank to her knees by the bed-side. "My Father, I thank Thee," she whispered.

The bells were ringing again. The first faint glimmer of the New Year dawned.

The Tale of Two Cottages.

By Charles Dorian (Algoma).

Pinette, the town's candyman, was building for himself. I was not interested in the house until I saw the roof go on—until then it was a nondescript mass of wood. The location was not ideal, being too close to the Italian quarter—but that was where he wanted it to be. I was interested in the building because it was unique—I knew where mine would be.

Algoma was a flourishing mill town long ago and was a point of special interest. When a dam burst and carried the town away in a flood it never survived, except sporadically. Pinette, however, was flourishing in a small way, upon the remains of the once thriving town. Every day his punt put into shore regularly laden with driftwood, the debris of the mill. He had collected a goodly pile of it and then set about to use some of it in a home for himself. It was a curious structure. The length of the boards mattered not, nor did the thickness, but they had to be nearly all the one width. This he accomplished with an axe, paring off those that went over five inches. They were worn smooth with the churning they got in the lake.

Pinette built his house of wood just as one would a house of brick—laid the pieces flat, one on top of the other, nailing each into place, mortising the corners squarely.

He was modestly proud of his work and would say very little when spoken to about it, but his eyes would beam with pleasure when he saw that his originality was noticed. He drew forth three cigar boxes full of rusty nails, most of them with visible signs of having been hammered into shape.

"I had too many," he explained, and added, his eyes a-twinkle, that they had cost him as much as the lumber. I was agape with amazement when he told me that the whole undertaking had cost him only \$15.70—and this included windows, roofing paper, lock and knob, and even the stovepipes.

Later I saw him and he had the walls padded with several thicknesses of paper and was patching pieces of soap boxes in a sort of parquet over it. The floor was inlaid in the same way.

A cosier cabin one could not have; it was strong as a log shanty and a veritable fort against storms. It was the link between the primeval hut and the modern bungalow. It was only about 14 feet by 16 feet and two stories

high. One window overlooking the lake lighted the room. The upstairs commanded a grander view, sweeping the wide vista of myriad islands which make this place so beautiful as a summer resort.

Summer resorters have a mania for islands. All the great names on the tourist guides are the names of islands. If one goes to Duluth en route to the Great West one must have a peep at Macinac; if it is an eastward journey which allows one to miss the Thousand Islands one must start over again and "do" it right; northbound to Gowanda and the silver country one hears of the Thirty Thousand Islands of Georgian Bay and gets mixed up among them. All memory of cobalt boom fades away as one settles down to a season's sound enjoyment isling about within gunshot of Muskoka's charming beach, a willing captive in the snares of the beautiful bays of the Georgian coast.

Algoma was nearly being the greatest summer resort of them all—yet Algoma is not an island. The Navigation Company's folders even retain the original name, Algoma Mills.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company keeps a keen eye upon favourable spots for the pleasure of people who every year demand to know where they shall spend the summer vacation.

Some twenty years ago a line was completed from Sudbury, the great nickel centre, to the Soo, and midway between those two points the finest scenery in the Ontario Highlands is spread out. In the heart of it nestled the charming little settlement of Algoma Mills, and thither the powers of the great C.P. gathered.

The water from Crystal Creek was even recommended to supply the dining cars, and the idea grew that water so clear and pure would be of especial benefit to tourists. The location was ideal for a summer hotel: the beauty of the place so alluring and the advantages for rest and recreation so pronounced that the plans for a large summer hotel actually came out. Algoma was the terminal then; the Soo extension did not materialize until ten years later.

Whatever caused the abandonment of the hotel scheme is not generally known, but it is a conservative old concern is the C.P.R., and no doubt the commercial advantages of a coal dock meant more in the long run than the