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of Watson's. They'll let the Archbishop out to anybody. I suppose I oughtn't to talk against them, as I'm in the business myself. But it's too bad. He'll kill somebody one of these days. He's as mad as a hatter. And I don't think you have ridden much, have you?"

"I was never on a horse before in my life," said Philip, truthfully.

She looked at him admiringly. "Weren't you? I do call it plucky to begin with the Archbishop."

Philip felt a renewed glow of pride. Yes, he had been plucky. He felt sure of it himself. But it was nice to be told so.

"Well, you see, I didn't know any-thing about him," truthfulness compelled him to admit.

"Here is certainly an experience. I wonder where he's gone to?" said the

"Where is his most likely destina-"Oh, he'll go home when he's made

things hum a bit on the shore,' she said

He turned to walk with her towards the distant town. On the way she told him, with the odd child-like frankness that characterized her, all about herself. Of gen. parentage, she was left, at eighteen, an orphan, with no knowledge of anything except horses. She vivre.

She rode up to him, the hoofs making had accepted a position as riding misno sound on the soft sand. She was a tress in a big school hich boasted many brown rosy being, with frank innocent young lady pupils, and was keeping herself by this odd method of livlihood.

"It was better than a circus, wasn't it," she said quaintly. "I'm not very good at books; but I could always ride

anything they put me on." "I think you are plucky," he said in his turn.

Oh, it's second nature, you see," she answered. "But, look here-it sounds like touting, but it isn't-come to our place, and let Mr. Harrison give you a few lessons; if you're really going in for horse exercise. Won't you?

"I will," said Philip. And when he looked at her, for almost the first time in her life, she blushed.

He went back to the hotel, and there he found a letter from Bertie. Various things were written in it. But it ended up with the intimation that as Miss Besso had broken off their engagement, after twenty-four hours duration, he had somewhat lost faith in the prophecies of the clairvoyant. "I think I will come down to your nautical retreat," it ended, "and see how you are getting on with your joie-de-vivre."
Philip smiled. He ached from head to

foot, and his face was half skinned with the sun. But his heart was light in his wearied body, and he went to bed with a girl's "Well, you are plucky" ringing in his ears. A month later as he and she cantered easily over the sunlit sands, he knew to its very innermost depths, the secrets of joie-de-

The End of the Great War Canoe.

By Bonnycastle Dale. Photos by the Author.

We had made a special expedition to island, a surf that came tossing its roar-Seal Rocks and the reefs of the west shore of Whitby Island, Fritz wanted to take a Devil fish, a perfectly narm-less ambition for a lad of fourteen. He had read the writers of the last few decades, and had imbibed a natural horror of the grisly thing, yet he thought that with our four Indians and myself there he might stand a show of getting away alive. There was a fairly heavy surf rolling on the west beach of the

ing crests after some wild gale on the Pacific. Right down the straits the wind was blowing, fresh as it was, it promised to increase in power before nightfall. All this I had viewed from the great hog back of rock that makes the walls through which the treacher-ous currents of Deception Pass boil and swirl. Our big forty foot war canoe was waiting inside the Pass for the slack tide. The Swiminish that manned her, four flat faced, big brown eyed chaps, were already aboard, lazily splashing their paddles in the calm waters of the tiny cove that sheltered us. Finally, one spoke, "Time to go, now." "Can we make it?" I asked him. A bow and a grunt, and I stepped aboard with the big camera, and we were off.

The tide was just beginning to run

out through the Pass, and we sped along swiftly and safely in what had a few minutes before been a seething pot. We plunged a bit already, feeling

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