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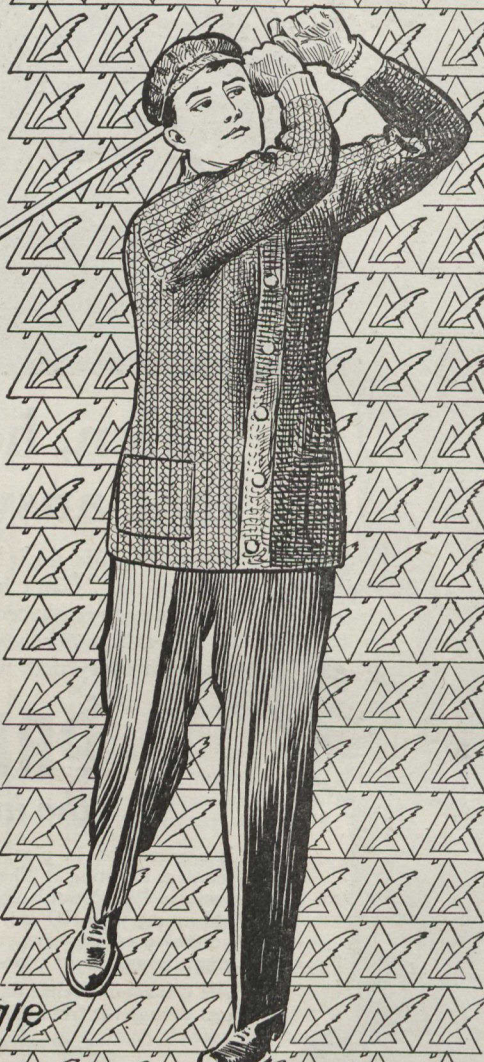
PARIS, CANADA

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passed noiselessly through the window and into the room. The man by the table did not hear her soft tread, and all self-consciousness, all scruples, dropped from her as she reached his side.

"If you love him, tell him the truth . . . love is the greatest thing in the world."

The words echoed and re-echoed in her brain, and she put her hand gently on Giles' arm.

"Monsieur," she said, "I—want to tell you—something." At her touch he started violently, and looked up at her, the haggard misery of his face stabbing her afresh with pain.

"Sylvia!" he stammered, that was all, and his eyes looked hungrily up into her face, with a mute appeal in their depths which at last she understood.

"I—I've got to come and tell you—because you—won't—tell me," she faltered, her eyes falling before his.

"Won't tell you what?" he asked, hoarsely.

"What—what—I've got to tell you," she answered, "only—it is so—hard to say it, and—I—am afraid."

"Afraid of me, little girl." A great tenderness rang in his voice, his hands all at once caught and held her hands. "You are not afraid of me. Can't you look on me as—your father, and tell me—"

"I can't look on you as my father," she answered, mischievously, a whimsical smile flashing out over her face, "because—you see—I don't want you for a father any more. I want—I mean—I've come to tell you—I—oh! monsieur, I can't say it—it is too hard, but—can't you understand—oh! can't you understand."

With the childish impulse of her younger days, she flung her arms about his neck, and laid her soft face against his, and in a lightning flash Giles understood.

Gathering her closely into his arms, he held her to him as if he would never let her go, kissing her cheeks, her brow, her lips, with tender, lingering kisses.

"Did you mean to tell me you loved me like this?" he whispered.

"Like this," she answered, softly, her lips touching his in their turn, "you wouldn't ever tell me—and I had to tell you—because love is the greatest thing in the world, and I could not let it go."

"We cannot either of us let it go, dear heart," he said. "We will keep it—always and always—my little girl—my queen—my wife!"

THE END.

## Arbroath Defined

Arbroath, 25th September, 1912.

Editor, CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir,—In your issue of 3rd August, 1912, Mr. Augustus Bridle in discussing the personality of Mr. David McNicoll, states "Fourteen years of that time he put in around home and at school in Arbroath—some undefined little burg in Scotland as mysterious as Craigenputtock."

Your correspondent is apparently not a student of Scottish history or he would know that Arbroath was well known to ancient Scottish kings and King Robert the Bruce summoned his first Scottish Parliament to meet in the Arbroath Abbey on 4th April, 1320, and from that assembly transmitted to the Pope a document which Sir Walter Scott describes as worthy of being written in letters of gold and which declared the independence of Scotland.

Around such historical surroundings as are to be found in Arbroath, David McNicoll could not otherwise than be imbued with liberty and independence which has enabled him to rise as so ably put in your correspondent's article.

Arbroath was also a pioneer in railway work in this country, as the Arbroath and Dundee line was one of the first to be opened. By the year Mr. David McNicoll opened his eyes in Arbroath the third station for the town was in course of erection, and railways and railway work were booming in and around Arbroath. Fourteen years amid such surroundings no doubt developed the talent which has been instrumental in building up the Canadian line.

Arbroath still forges ahead and two years ago a large new station was

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