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THE CALGARY VENUS

BY CHARLES STOKES

WITH those of us who know him intimately, Mr. J. Henry Paxter has never posed as a connoisseur or even humble admirer of the fine arts. Mr. Paxter is, of course, the well-known real estate agent—J. Henry Paxter, Limited, of the McSporran Block, Calgary, and also of Saskatoon and Moose Jaw. The fates who presided at his birth gave him liberally of those qualities so essential to success in his chosen calling, but left him totally ignorant of the finer feelings. A patent medicine calendar is as good to him as a Corot landscape, but neither is so wonderful as the blue print of a new subdivision.

To understand his solitary and ill-fated excursion into art, therefore, we must go back to last summer. Mr. Paxter's then newest sub-division, Mount Tuxadora Heights (only half a mile from the end of the projected green-and-white carline) had, as all the world knows, panned out remarkably well. It enabled Mr. Paxter to advertise himself as "the" real estate man; it bought him a brand new lim-

ousine; it landed him in a twelve-roomed house on Thirteenth Avenue West, the Park Lane of Calgary, and it sent his wife and daughter on a three months' vacation to Hawaii. Things, decidedly, were looking up for Mr. Paxter about that time.

To him entered, one sunny afternoon in September, a discontented client. This client was from Ontario, but his language was Missourian.

"You told me," he said, "that Lots 9 to 15, Block 28, would be worth a cool thousand each in a year."

"Did I?"

"I only wish to say—and I will speak plainly—that you are a shark."

"In other words—?" inquired Mr. Paxter, tapping on his desk idly.

"I want you to return my money."

"I think you said Lots 9 to 15, Block 28?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Romford," said Mr. Paxter, "them lots is going to sell the quickest and at the biggest profit."

"That, sir, is pure bunk. My opinion is that Mount Floradora Heights —"