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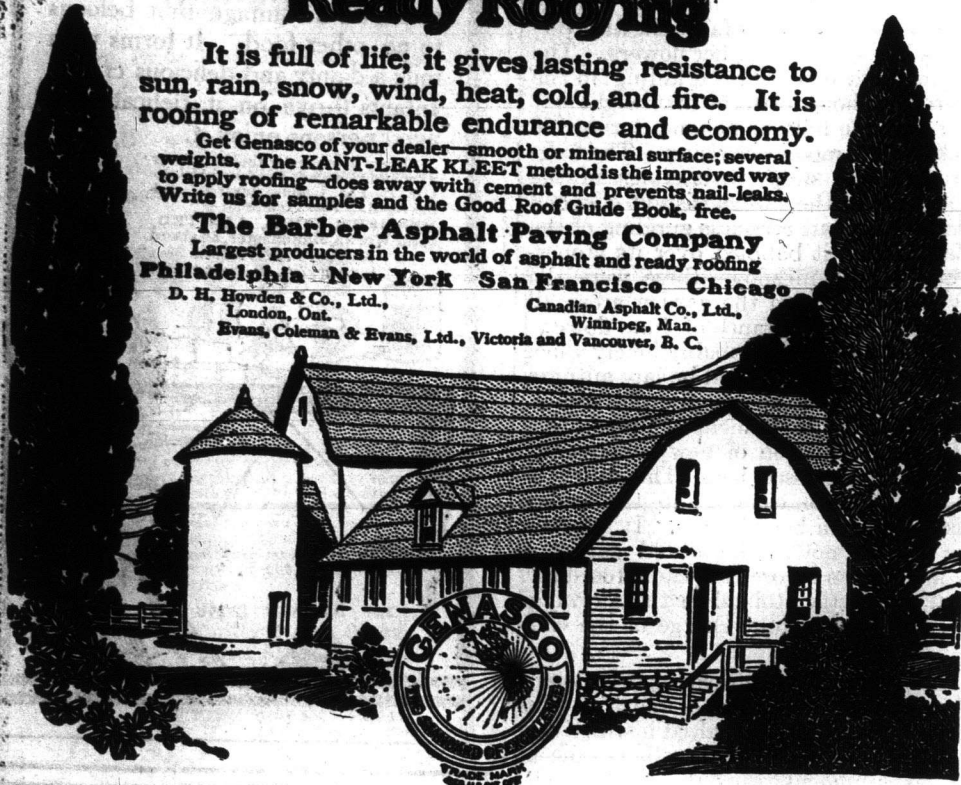
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HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL CO. TORONTO

Miss Matty laughed aloud—a girlish rippling laugh. It was truly the same Bob Carveth, blunt, to the point, matter-of-fact, yet withal exceedingly charming. The glance of his kind gray eyes was the same. His voice, awakening the old memories, was in no wise altered.

"Yes, Bob—still single and—likely to remain so."

"Not by a long shot, Matty! Not if I can help it!" he exclaimed. "I want you to marry me. That is why I am here. I have just arrived from the West tonight."

Miss Matty remained silent, and he continued in a low eager tone:

"You know I have always loved you. You know it, Matty. When I left Springvale twenty years ago, I hadn't one cent to rub against another. I was ashamed to offer you nothing. You cannot ever know what it cost me to go away without—without telling you. I did not even say good-bye. Will you take me Matty, at this late hour? We can both leave for Europe to-morrow!"

He leaned across until he could see her eyes. She looked at him long and steadily with a very strange expression in her brown orbs. Was it reproach, or sorrow, or pity, or scorn?

"And you too, Brutus!" she said at last. "I, too?" he repeated, puzzled both by her tone and words. Could it be that she had changed after all!

"This is the most unkindest cut of all," she quoted, sadly. "Bob Carveth, you are the seventh man to propose marriage to me inside of a week!"

"You will have to explain, Matty. I don't get you."

"There is nothing to explain. Oh, Bob, why did you not tell me you loved me twenty years ago? I would have given up everything and been glad to work by your side. How mistaken men are in their estimate of women. And now—"

"Yes, now, Matty? Is it—am I too late? There is another?"

"There is no other Bob."

"Then why—"

"It's the money that is the big drawing card, is it not Bob?" she asked in a low hurt tone.

"Money? What money?"

"Don't pretend you haven't heard! The news is little more than a week old and already the whole county seems to know that Uncle Walter has left me fifty thousand dollars and a house in Winnipeg."

"It's news to me. Except for one man at the station who did not in the least know me, I have spoken to no one in Springvale but yourself."

"Then—then you had not heard?"

"I swear it. Besides—well, I don't want to brag but the occasion seems to demand it—I am worth a good many times that amount, Matty, myself. I own two ranches in Alberta and some very good Pacific Coast property. For years I was poor—desperately poor—and more than once I was about to flinch in the struggle. I held on however, and was rewarded. I think I can offer you a good home now, Matty—something like I know you deserve. Will you have me, Matty, old comrade?"

Just at this point, the moon, aider and abetter of all true lovers, passed under a cloud.

Several moments later Miss Matty's new-found laugh pealed out:

"Bob!" she exclaimed, "I have just remembered that old saying that two red-headed people ought never to marry."

"We'll risk it," said Robert Carveth.

Poetry and Poet

The Literary Editor was absorbed in precious and uplifting thought when the Horse Reporter trotted into his sacred seclusion.

"What would you say," inquired the Horse Reporter after the Lit. Ed. had been aroused to sublunary affairs, "if a man sent you in a verse of poetry that read like this?" and he lined off the following couplet:

Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hiring wolves whose gospel is their maw.

The Lit. Ed. burst into roars of laughter—real horse laughs, they were—but the Horse Reporter stayed on the track.

"That's all right," he said; "but what do you think of it?"

"Did you write it?" hawhawed the Lit. Ed. "It sounds like several of yours that I had to decline. By Jove! old chap, you ought to stop trying to write poetry and stay with the ponies. Look at that rhyme—paw and maw. Why it sounds like children calling for their parents in dire distress."

"I didn't write it," the Horse Reporter explained humbly.

"Well, you ought to be glad you didn't. Who is the guilty wretch?"

The Horse Reporter smiled pleasantly.

"His name was Milton, first name John," he said. "You've heard of John, I guess. He was an Englishman, and those are the last two lines of a sonnet he handed out to Lord-General Cromwell in 1652. Look it up and see for yourself," and the Horse Reporter pranced out of the sacred seclusion snorting with joy.

Selma, a town in North Carolina, was for a long time infested with tramps, says the New York Herald. It has at last found a novel and successful mode of getting rid of them. A railway runs straight through the town, and beside it for half a mile runs a street. When a number of tramps arrive in town they are gathered in by the police, and lined up at the town hall at one end of this street. Half a mile away stands a policeman at the other end. Then at a pistol shot the tramps race away for liberty.

All but the last man are allowed to keep on running as far as they will—so long as it is away from town. The last man is seized by the policeman and set to work on the roads.

A half-mile race on a heavy road is hard for a trained athlete. For an untrained and beer-sodden tramp it is a torture; but with their feet winged by fear of work on the roads, the tramps puff and blow their hardest, and arrive at the terminus with aching sides and jaws, out of breath, and ready, but for fear of a second capture, to drop in their tracks and rest indefinitely. It is said no one of them has yet cared to repeat the experience.

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