

only hotel the town possessed, were Telesphore and his little Alixe, talking a little but looking not at all at others, nor caring if others looked at them, while their quondam attendants smiled at the abruptness of a truly Western marriage ceremony.

"If we could have had some cake, or even a nesselrode, out of it." Jean murmured to Waring, toying with the flowers at her belt.

In refinement and common sense no one had been Waring's equal; splendidly athletic, standing well to the top in his class record, gentle and honorable as a few men can be, awfully square, the others had said, about keeping his word to the men, even in the smallest matter; as for women, not seeming to seek their presence. That was it—he was too much of an idealist about girls, but, by Jove, you should have seen him walk into one fellow who had made some belittling remark about them!

He graduated, then Jean heard he had gone to work in some humble position to collect more funds. Anyway, here he was!

Her brief, unhappy married life had somewhat embittered her, for she had had in Lennox a revelation of such an aggregate of selfish indifference as she had never suspected. By this trip West, she was earning money in a position which with care and study she might always happily retain.

During that splendid weather at the close of summer, the rides, talks and rambles of Jean and Waring together became more frequent and intimate, till, on the evening before her departure, he could not hold back the surging words, and bluntly told her that this work was not her sphere, that she was the ideal woman for a home, and that if she could give up her freedom and ambition to link her life with his, he would try to make compensation for such sacrifice.

She begged him to refrain, but, once started, he told his story—his memories of college life were fraught with sweet thoughts of her, her clever work, her magnetic charm, her love for sport, her little chat with him at the last conversazione, her graceful figure in its trailing gown, the perfume of the violets she wore.

Then frankly she admitted a certain liking for him, but she couldn't define its extent; she had been too deeply deceived and hurt in her early marriage to make that mistake again. She doubted whether Waring would stand the test.

She thought that she could live without him, that his love could never equal hers.

"Hold the rein tight," he said curtly, flicking her pony, then his own, a sharp little cut on the shoulder; and they galloped back in silence to the hotel, where he moodily left her.

When the train drew in, eastward bound, which would bring her back to Ontario, a boy handed her a note, with a box that was covered with dints and stamps and scars. The note ran thus:

"I wish you a pleasant journey; I cannot say good-bye. Though I prayed that these flowers might be for my betrothed, yet they are for my only love.

J. W."

The box held a mass of violets.

"Who could think that he would notice such things as gowns and flowers?" she asked herself remorsefully, "at least, in those days. How long to remember a flower, or a glance."

Back in the calm Eastern life, so stale and monotonous, she felt no vigorous leaping of the pulse, no clear length of vision as in the West.

But after all, the West was in her mind only two yards of flesh and blood, two honest gray-blue eyes, a firm sweet mouth, and a heart of gold. Something tugged at her heartstrings incessantly.

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Hurt! Waring hurt! There it was in the morning daily.

How? Shielding a watchman at the millgates from a body of angry strikers, who flung themselves on the two unarmed men and left them barely breathing. The cowards! And he waiting for orders from his firm before settling their demands! She called Maisie, said she would go to him, and sent Telesphore a pinked message for the latest report of Waring's condition. The answer read: "Waring and Grozelle gone without leaving address."

But had they gone to the hospitals further West? She racked her brain to think. She sent message after message, whose replies would reach her she knew not when. The hours of day and night dragged by in ceaseless questionings.

"How could she know,  
In lonely barren after-time, she'd pray  
For weakest touch of hands she'd flung away?  
How could she know?"

Always there had been that hope to see him again, soon, to hear him once more asking her for her whole-hearted un-skeptical love.

The door bell rang with peculiar distinctness; there, in the gray morning, dusty, travel-worn, stood Telesphore. Waring was in Toronto—in Grace Hospital—cared for—wanting her—calling for her.

They moved along the corridor, and Telesphore, pointing to the door of his ward, bowed and left her, when, quickening her pace, she hastened to his bedside and cried: "Dear heart—here I am, for always, always, do you understand?"

But Waring, with face averted, whispered brokenly: "Jean, I—have changed—my mind, and, as she looked at him in horror, the light of ineffable bliss shone from his eyes to which she bent that he might kiss her shining hair, and, he added, "for I could swear that you do love me, Jean,"—and she laid her lips, oh so tenderly, on his.

#### Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The Treasurer would be pleased to hear this week from those members whose fees are still unpaid.

Mr. J. W. Flavelle's address was pointed and practical, essentially a business man's talk which appealed directly to every man present.

Professor H. J. Cody, M.A., will address next Thursday's meeting. Mr. Cody's many student friends will doubtless avail themselves of this opportunity to hear him.

#### MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

Owing to the illness of Dr. Kirschmann, the lecture on "Space" which he was to deliver to the Mathematical and Physical Society February 20, has been postponed to some later date.

C. DOUGLAS.

Said a young cadet to his Juliet  
"I'm like a ship at sea;  
Exams. are near, and much I fear  
That I shall busted be."

"Oh, no," said she, "a shore I'll be,  
Come rest, our journey o'er."  
Then silence fell, and all was well;  
For the ship had hugged the shore.

—Crimson-Grey.