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GERALDINE IN SWITZERLAND

IV.

Their talk was quite impersonal at first, he had been to the Bel Alp before and knew all the routes and walks. He pointed out the various mountains and told her of out-of-the-way places; it was wonderful how many he had been to, she thought. She told him about the Egghorn party, and how she had stopped short at the moraine.

"I don't see why we shouldn't go across it—to the Egghorn—tomorrow," he said. "Let me take you?"

"But I'm going away."

"Is it absolutely necessary?"

"No—" and she hesitated.

"Then why not stay?—We haven't been introduced; but we live outside a Pab ballad." He leant forward a little. "Does it matter so much—surely we know?"

"Yes, we know," she echoed. There was more feeling than was necessary in her voice; she wondered how it had come there, and tried to cover the situation by adding quickly, "Or we might go to Nessel?" which only made it worse. "But I should be afraid to look over the precipice."

"I would take care of you."

"It's a long way," she demurred.

"Not more than an hour or two, and you walk like Diana—I watched you this afternoon."

"Do you mean of 'The Crossways'?" for Geraldine had read her Meredith.

"Not, some one much farther back than she, and more beautiful." He said the last words in a whisper.

"I don't like compliments."

She made the little abrupt movement that he was beginning to dread.

"What time shall we start for the Egghorn?" he asked hurriedly.

"I don't know. Breakfast is at nine—but I didn't say that I was going. It's getting chilly," she got up.

"Let me get you a shawl—it's a pity to go indoors."

The twilight was coming, the after-dinner group on the little plateau had dispersed in various directions, in twos mostly—why not they?

"I left one in the Bureau this afternoon," she said and felt it to be a concession.

He went to the house; she watched him and counted his long strides—he was made to run, after Diana, she thought. He returned with a little white weep. It was becoming and Geraldine knew it—a woman who charms always knows. He put in on her. They were no longer strangers.

There was a curving pathway on the left, they went round it in silence, and disappeared away from any sign of the hotel, and beyond all sounds that belonged to it. They felt he and she alike, as if they were walking back through the centuries. The world had probably looked like this when it began, before any horrid houses were built, or tourists invented, and when there were no conventionalities to worry about. There must have been the same bareness of vegetation—rocks and stones—and white peaks then too—the great chain of mountains that looked eternal and infinite—the cold, caressing air—everything, as it was now, in the first twilight of all, when one man and one woman walked alone. For a moment she felt as if she knew, as if she remembered, she pretended that

she did, then brought herself back to the present with a jerk.

"I wonder why we live in cities and towns," she said, "with streets and noises and crowds of hurrying people?"

"I don't."

"I wish I didn't. It's wonderful here. I could stay forever."

A few hours ago she had been counting the hours to her departure, he thought.

"Suppose we do—shall we?"

She frowned a little, perhaps because of the eagerness in his voice.

"No," she said coldly—"I'm going away tomorrow."

"Not tomorrow," he argued, "you gave in about the Egghorn."

"Did I?" She laughed, low and sweet, it was like a ripple of happiness. She looked round at him. "It must be splendid to write about philosophy," she said suddenly.

"Well, hardly that; unfortunately most people find it dull to read."

They went on in silence again, a stone evidently hurt her, for she started, then stopped and made a little sound of pain.

"I have come out in thin shoes," she said.

Instinctively he put out his arm, but she drew back before it could reach her. There was one of the usual convenient seats beside the path-way, backed by high rocks, gaunt and desolate-looking, with the suggestion of primitive things that fascinated her. She sat down; for a minute or two she seemed to forget him.

"I want to take it all in," she said at last, "I never came abroad before, and everything is wonderful to me."

He stood, looking at her in silence with his back against a wall of rock, for she had evidently not expected him to sit too; she had a curious power of putting a sense of distance between them, across which it was impossible to reach. The twilight deepened, they could almost feel the shadows gathering, an enchantment seemed to be coming with them. She looked as if she knew, as if she waited for something far off to return.

"I wonder who you are?" he said. The words escaped him.

"Who I am?" She looked up and answered quickly, "Why, I'm nobody."

"I wish I knew about you. I feel as if you were made for something uncommon."

She was amused, a smile flickered in her eyes.

"Well, at present," she said with the frankness which was one of her chief characteristics, "I have a typewriting office near Westbourne Grove."

It gave him almost a shock, though he hardly showed it at all.

"How did that come about?"

"There were three of us at home, I wanted to get away."

The atmosphere had changed in a moment, any sense of enchantment had vanished, altogether, they were at the mercy of human facts; but perhaps they were as dangerous.

"You—at the head of an office?"

"Yes, my own office—I invented it."

"Are you there all by yourself?"

"No, I have two clerks and an idiot."

(To Be Continued.)

W. C. T. U.

On the second day (Sept. 5.) of the Anglican Bicentenary Church Congress in Halifax, N. S. four sessions were held in two sections. The most notable sessions were those devoted to the social evil, the liquor traffic, and the Church's attitude towards Socialism.

Rural dean Dibb who opened the discussion on the liquor traffic, said that the Anglican Church was the uncompromising foe of the whole miserable traffic. He showed by active scientific experiments the evil effects of alcohol, and called the Church to action against it.

Mr. N. W. Hoyles, K. C. dealt with the question from the legal side saying legislation was only one method. He suggested counter-attractions, and commended the work of the Church Temperance Society. Men cannot be made sober by act of Parliament it is true, but they can be encouraged in this way. He dealt with the three legislative lines, prohibitive, restrictive and reformatory, and urged the duty of the Church to take an active part in securing prohibitive legislation. No argument was needed in favor of the abolition of the bar. He advocated the intermediate sentence giving a drunkard a chance to reform. He cited the statement of the Governor Jall that men had spent forty months in jail in six years. He was sure something better than this could be done.

Archdeacon Madden of Liverpool, spoke of Canada as leading among nations in sobriety temperance and chastity, and said Nova Scotia was in the most favorable position of any Province in Canada. He thought this was due to the Puritan blood in their veins. Another force which has brought this happy result is to be found in the text-books used in the schools. The Canadian Provinces are twenty years in advance of the English cities in this way. The social advantages of temperance appeal strongly to

the workingman, as they could not possibly have done twenty years ago. He referred to the cheering fact, as shown by the statistics of the temperance progress in England. Here in Canada the people were ahead of England in these matters, and he could see a distinct bend toward total prohibition. He referred in particular as did Mr. Hoyles to the advanced legislation of Nova Scotia. Prohibition is not as yet in sight in any part of England, though much has been done in Liverpool and other large cities. They had problems to face there that were absent here. The Church should do more than alter what is evil; it should provide what is good in the way of counter-attractions.

Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts said Canada should turn her eyes to the West. She had very little to learn from England. Her problems were different and more easily solved. There were no vested rights except such as were granted from year to year. Local option was a simple way of showing that the laws inspired by public opinion could be executed.

Rev. W. H. Van Allen, of Boston, said he was touched with envy and shame in hearing that the General Synod of the Canadian Church had declared for the abolition of the bar. The American Church had not advanced that far yet. The Church should not fear the rich or their concealed threats. He vigorously scored the incongruity of discussing missions after drinking expensive wines.

The Bishop of Harrisburg, said that in the United States one result of local option in several sections had been that the social evil stopped altogether. He thought the Canadian clergy were ahead of the American in dealing with intemperance.

The Bishop of Ontario presided at this session.

Actor—In that war scene last night I came near being injured by the bursting of a shell.

Manager—Who threw the egg?

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"I am unable to explain the cause

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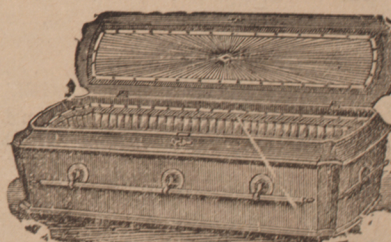
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