

"the matter?" she asked; "has anything happened?" Draker growled at her. "The matter is that I want you to quit this fooling and come along with me." The man's manner was so deliberately brutal that Jocelyn first flushed and then paled. Jerrold began to understand and to feel that it was time for him to speak. He spoke very quietly.

"Miss Draker," he said, "is in the middle of a game with me. Unless she desires it I cannot release her till we have finished the game."

The big man turned on him fiercely; his plain face working with rage.

"I wasn't talking to you, Mister Yank," he growled, "and I guess I don't want any tuffy from you." He turned to the girl. "Are you coming, Jess. I've had enough of this nonsense."

The girl seemed to hesitate for a moment, then she said slowly, in a low voice, "You're cutting up mighty foolish, Ben." But as she spoke she made a movement as if to accompany her cousin. Instantly Jerrold restrained her laying a hand upon her arm.

"Please don't go, Miss Draker," he said, "till we have finished our game and our talk."

Draker swung round upon him, menacing, furious. "Don't you put your word in," he said, "and don't you put your hand upon my girl's arm again, or I'll give you hell!"

The girl gasped, trying to speak, trying to make the peace, but Jerrold interrupted her. "Perhaps," he said, "you had better leave this gentleman and me to talk quietly together." He had scarcely finished when the Westerner made for him, "Damn you, I'll talk to you," he screamed, and swung a monstrous fist at his face. Jerrold saw that a stupid scuffle was suddenly forced upon him, tried to remember his college science, and put up his hands in self-defence.

He might as well, with as much chance of success, have opposed his science to the rush of a bull, to the rush of a locomotive. His dexterity parried one of the Westerner's swinging strokes that was aimed at him with a sweep like a flail that had nothing of art in it and everything of crude human ferocity. His dexterity even enabled him, maddened by the sudden unfamiliar sense of brutal physical contest, to plant his fist squarely enough on the glaring raging face of his adversary. The next moment a crushing stroke from his enemy's great fist dropped him, knocking him sick and almost silly to the grass, and even as he fell the Westerner, with a hoarse cry of animal passion, flung himself upon the fallen man, and gripped savagely at his throat, shaking him in his rabid anger with the stupid cruelty of a wild beast.

Jerrold's reeling senses strove to rally for a last struggle; he clutched impotently at the arms of his antagonist; to his confused mind it seemed his duty to cry his college cry, if only those squeezing fingers would relax and grant him breath. Then suddenly he saw the girl swing her driver into the air and even while he wondered dully at her composure in continuing the game under such strange conditions the hard head of the club swung with an ugly fluid against the hard head of his enemy, the fierce face above him lost all expression, the strangling hands relaxed their grasp, and the man, his movement impelled by the force of the blow that had conquered him, rolled away from Jerrold and lay by his side motionless with his face in the grass.

Jerrold scrambled to his feet quickly, quickly collecting his wits. Jocelyn was kneeling by the side of the stricken man. She looked quietly up at Jerrold. "Can you get me some water?" she said. He wanted to thank her for what she had done, to ask her how she had come to do it, but it was no time for thanks or questions. There stood a little pump a yard away, at which players washed their golf-balls. He picked up his cap mechanically, went to the tap, filled his cap with water and brought it back to Jocelyn. She took it without word and poured what was left of its contents on to the thick hair of her cousin. The water as she poured ran redly from the head on to the grass. The man lay very still.

"He is not dead!" Jerrold gasped. Jocelyn shook her head and smiled wistfully. "It is lucky I was not playing with a creak," she answered, "he is only stunned. He will be all right in a minute. I told you we were a tough lot." Jerrold laughed weakly. He could hardly realize what had happened. The

place was the same; the same blue sky, the same green fields; the same little town of red brick houses in the distance; and this queer tragedy in the midst of it all. He tried to pull himself together and he stared at the log-like man and the fair girl bending over him and soothing his scarred head with the cool water, squeezed from the cloth cap. While he stared Jocelyn suddenly and swiftly pulled away the man's coat and drew from the hip pocket a revolver. Swiftly and nimbly as a housewife shelling peas she had clicked the chamber away from the carriage of the gun and shot the cartridges dexterously into her hollowed palm. Then she set the machinery of the pistol together again with a snap and slid the purchased cartridges into her own pocket. Jerrold stared at her open-mouthed. It was all so bewildering.

"I told you we were a tough lot," the girl said again, drily, as she rose to her feet. A cart was passing on the road a few yards away; the cart, perched on a pile of hay, chewed a contemplative straw and looked at them with lazy indifference. A man on a bicycle halted at the gate, and entered the field, pushing his machine before him. He was the ground-man that had charge of the links, and as he entered, he propped his machine against the fence and came quickly towards the group. Jerrold did not know what to say; Jocelyn met the newcomer with composure.

"There has been an accident," she explained simply. "My cousin who does not understand the game, came too near me when I was preparing to drive and I am afraid I hit him a rather nasty knock. But he will be all right in a minute. He is better already. See."

Indeed as she spoke the colour began to return to the prostrate man's cheeks; he opened his eyes, then shut them again in a dazed way, opened them anew and with seemingly collected senses scrambled to his feet. The moment he had done so, without a word he darted across the grass towards the little club-house. Instantly Jocelyn sped in pursuit. Jerrold started to run with her but she waved him away. "Let me come with you," he pleaded, but she cried sharply to him to stay where he was and to wait her return, and there was a command in her voice that had its charm to the commanded, for it subtly carried with it the implication that he would be happy to obey. The ground-man looked at the retreating pair and then he looked at Jerrold.

"Awkward things these clubs in ladies' hands, sometimes," he commented, and Jerrold echoed his last word with a difference of intonation. "Sometimes," he said, for he had a right to be grateful that this was not one of the times.

"The gentleman seemed a bit put out," the ground-man went on. "Not to be wondered at, perhaps, after getting a clip on the ear like that," and sagely nodding he went about his business. If he had noticed that Jerrold seemed somewhat dishevelled he kept his peace, and accepted the story that he had been told. Jerrold waited for awhile where Jocelyn had left him. It seemed a long while but it was really only a few minutes. Then he saw the young man and the young woman come out of the club-house, pause at the door, shake hands and part. Draker went one way towards the gate of the grounds, without looking behind him. Jocelyn came slowly across the grass to where Jerrold lingered. She was soon by his side.

"I knew what he would do," she said simply. "Wanted to shoot himself. Just ashamed, as well he might be. That's why I unloaded his gun."

"I see," said Jerrold with a like simplicity as of one that accepted unquestioningly the ways of a world strange to him. "Then we both have cause to be grateful to you for you have saved both our lives. Not a bad morning's work."

He laughed weakly as he spoke, and was angry with himself for so laughing for he wanted to be strong. "There's one thing more I want you to do."

"What is that," Jocelyn asked. Nothing might have happened, so unruffled was she. Jerrold's head was swimming, but he spoke boldly.

"You have chosen to save my life," again. "It is in your care, and I want you to keep it if you will."

"I guess, I will," the girl said gravely. "When I saw you lying there I suddenly felt that my life lay by your side, that my body suffered with your body, that I just had got to do what I did do, and that you were bound to forgive me, be-

cause I acted out of love. But we are a tough lot."

Jerrold's answer was to clasp her in his arms, then and there, and kiss her. And the ground-man in the distance, busy about his work, saw and smiled.

Peopling the Colonies.

WORK OF THE EMIGRATION BOARD.

The Duke of Argyll presided at a meeting held at Stafford House, London, about six weeks ago, for the purpose of hearing addresses on the work of the Central Emigration Board and the advantages of selected emigration to the British colonies.

The Duke of Argyll, in opening the meeting, read a letter from the Duke of Sutherland, who, after commenting on the useful work done by the Board for the Empire, said: "I am especially glad to hear of the practical appreciation shown by the Prime Minister of the Commonwealth, who, I understand, has forwarded the Board a donation of £100 to be expended in emigrating suitable persons from the Motherland to Australia. I should like to see other Governments follow Mr. Deakin's example. The machinery set up by the board ensures that only persons suitable for colonial life will be emigrated under its auspices. If the Board is to do the work it has set itself out to do thoroughly and well, it must have money at its command, and I do not think money can be better expended than in assisting people to the colonies from the Old World stock. The Board's work is a national work, and carried out as it is by men having practical knowledge of the colonies, and well known in public life here, should, I think, appeal to everyone who has the true interest of Empire at heart. I wish you every success, and enclose a cheque for £50."

The Duke of Argyll, continuing, remarked that the fact that Australia had made a grant of £100, was one of the most gratifying incidents in the work of the board. It indicated how anxious the Commonwealth was that such an organisation should exist in London.

Sir H. Seton-Karr moved the following resolution: "That this meeting desire to associate itself with the Central Emigration Board in promoting the emigration of desirable and suitable persons from the United Kingdom to the British colonies." He heartily commended the resolution, he said, on the ground that the board did its work with sincerity and thoroughness. The emigration question was one capable of great development, and was all-important alike to the Mother Country and the colonies. We had either to develop it ourselves or else it would be developed by an alien race, and possibly by Asiatics. The resolution was carried, and Mr. Rason, Agent-General for Western Australia, then proposed: "That this meeting, while recognising the increasing necessity of exercising the most careful supervision in all emigration work, desires to record its approval and appreciation of the methods adopted by the Central Emigration Board as regards the selection, transportation, and settlement of the persons sent out by the board to the British colonies." He observed that, while Australia desired an increased population, she desired that it should be of the right sort, and at the present moment they wanted men who were prepared to make their settlement upon her soil. The obstacles which Australia had made in regard to immigration were only the ordinary precautions which a responsible Government must take in guarding the destinies of a State.

The resolution was carried.

Give me a stoup of sparkling wine,
Give me a song, a trusty friend,
Give me the wiles of beauty's smiles,
And I'll be happy to the end.
But when the head with fever burns,
And higher creeps the temperature,
When chest is sore, and rest is o'er,
Give me Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

The tram car conductor was stealing a kiss from his best girl.

"Now, that's not fair," she laughed with a pretty blush.

"No, dearest," he retorted quickly, "it is only half-fare. Here is another to make it a whole fare."

And he rang up another.



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