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minutes presents himself on the terrace and sets Lionel, now beginning to cry, on his feet.

The child runs to his mother, and there is a scene of confusion and tears. Afterwards no one could remember what happened until suddenly the Colonel was seen holding young Hallam's two hands in his own. The young fellow stood looking supremely ashamed and embarrassed—his feet were bare, and his tennis shirt soaked with perspiration, one of the sleeves was torn and a tiny stream of blood, from a scratch on his arm, was dripping slowly on to the white stone floor.

The Colonel's face was red and white in patches, and his voice was husky:—

'It was a gallant deed, sir, a gallant deed—and I said you would not be up to the scratch; forgive! I was a prejudiced brute, sir; God bless you! God bless you!'

At length Hallam managed to make good his escape in the direction of the bathrooms. When he came down again he found the party having tea at last, on the lawn under a tree and out of sight of the terrace and the gabled end of the house. With the self-control of the well-educated, Mrs Ensor was making tea and the Colonel was handing the cups—albeit with a trembling hand—Lionel was munching cake on the grass, and the first cousin to Lord Stafforde strolled down from the library whither he had taken refuge from the youth of bad form, and had apparently beguiled his solitude with more whisky and soda.

Mrs Ensor gave Hallam some tea with a little tremulous smile; she was a woman of perfect taste, and made no reference to the event that was in every one's mind; but the visitors very shortly took their leave, and left the shaken parents alone with their little one.

The following day Mrs Ensor called on Mrs Hallam, and in the evening Edward went to see the Colonel at his particular request.

'I should be a fool to try and thank you, sir,' said that gentleman, in the interview that followed, 'but do I rightly understand that your father is dead?'

'He died when I was an infant,' said young Hallam, simply.

'Ah, and left you nothing, I fear,' said the Colonel.

The boy's eyes shone proudly:—

'Sir! he left me the stainless honour of his name.'

'Er, yes, of course. Will you mind telling me why you don't drink anything or smoke?'

'My mother doesn't wish it,' was the answer.

'Gracious!' said the Colonel, boys of your age generally please themselves.'

'I guess, sir,' Edward said, 'it depends on the sort of mother they've got.'

The Colonel was silent a moment, then he said abruptly:—

'I congratulate you on yours.'

The boy's face flushed, and a tender smile played round the young mouth.

'I hear,' continued the Colonel, 'that you aren't keen on banking, and would like to be a doctor like your father.'

The light faded from Edward's face—'It is out of the question, sir,' he said quietly.

'Er, well, Mrs Ensor and I would like to give you the chance.'

'If you think, Colonel Ensor, that I want to be paid—for—for yesterday; that I would accept—'

'Good heavens! No!' roared the Colonel. 'Don't be such a consummate ass, boy; Mrs Ensor and I have a profound respect for your mother. It seems it is her dearest wish for you to follow your father's profession, a profession I may say, which—next to the service—I have the highest admiration for. You could do a lot of good, spread your temperance notions, &c., and my wife and I have means, ample means. It is churlish, my lad, to refuse. If—er—even if yesterday had not happened, I know of no young fellow I should like to give a helping hand to, so much as yourself. Your mother did not say no; but I gather she has that noble pride which strangles mere petty pride out of existence.'

They were generous words, tactfully chosen, and with a white face and eyes that resolutely blinked back the tears, Edward spoke his broken thanks.

Some weeks after, young Hallam was dining at the Ensors, after an evening at tennis.

'Where shall you take out your lectures?' asked Sir Geoffery Throckmorton, who was also of the party.

'At Edinburgh, where my father qualified,' was the eager answer, with a

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look of joyful gratitude in the direction of his host.

'And you really think that teetotalism helped you in that recent extraordinary gymnastic feat of yours?'

'Well,' said the boy, modestly, 'not alone, perhaps, I am keen on my work in the Gym.; but I do think a fellow's muscles must be stronger and his nerves steadier without constant doses of alcohol and nicotine.'

'And his brain clearer,' grumbled the Colonel.

The first cousin of Lord Stafforde was his ward, and he had just failed a second time in his Army Exam.

'Yes, and his brain clearer, I think, said Edward. 'My mother used to show me when I was quite a little boy, that my cress seeds wouldn't grow, and my tadpoles died, if I put alcohol in the water; and she used to make little drawings to show me how it injured the nerves and brain cells.'

'But how did she know all these things?' asked Sir Geoffery.

'Oh, she is a member of a Society called "The British Women's Temperance Association".'

Colonel Ensor rose.

'Gentlemen,' he said, 'to the health of Mrs Hallam; and if you don't mind, we will drink it in water.'

Mrs Ensor looked at Edward when the toast had been drunk:

'I want you to tell your mother from me,' she said, smilingly, 'that Lionel is going to be brought up a teetotaller.'