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## The Critical Moment

BY MAY WYNNE.

It came as a shock when I looked up from my book that February evening and saw Patricia standing by the table. For, although Patricia was the cause of my reading my novel upside down, I was not prepared to see her, in the flesh, there in my bachelor library at Hidstone Hall.

The clock was striking eleven with hammer-like precision—I counted each stroke whilst I surveyed Patricia. She was worth surveying. In her blue frock arrangement—I can't describe feminine tuggery—and framing of heavy fur coat, she looked angelic—and a darling. But the elusive dimple was missing from her cheek, and her eyes were tragic.

"Will you motor me to Crayles?" she asked—and I was on my feet in a moment.

"Tell me what you want and I'll do it," I said.

She came nearer. "I know I can trust you, Jack," she whispered.

She had never called me by my Christian name before, and I had gone nearly crazy in the vain attempt to evolve a formula of proposal. That "Jack" changed my world, and I should have kissed her in the moment of a young man's triumph had it not been for her silent refusal. Something more important than love engrossed her thoughts—more important to her, that is to say.

I floundered in bewilderment. It was startling to be aroused from trying to frame a suitable proposal to hear the lady of your dream calling you "Jack," and asking you to take her motoring at 11 p.m.

"But I tried to stand the test. 'I love you,' I said, 'that is my only credential. You know you can trust me.'"

Big tears welled in her hazel eyes and tortured me. I suppose she was trusting me not to kiss them away. A Herculean task!

"Give me the job," I urged, "or I shall fail you."

She understood, and pulled herself together.

"It is Dick," she said. "He's down and out. Oh, I'm ashamed to tell you, but I must! Ruth came to me half an hour ago, crazy with fear, and told me all. You know Dick did get in with bad pals."

Dick was her twin brother—a lovable rascal, with too much fine stuff to be allowed to go under—I waited for the end of the story.

"Uncle Rolo heard of his gambling just before he died," she went on, "and cabled to tell him he was cutting him out of his will. Dick had gambled on the fortune, and that cable sent him on to the rocks. Thought of what it must mean to Ruth maddened him."

"Then—Ruth found this out herself—he got hold of a plan. He insured the family emeralds—herlooms, as you know—for a big sum, and to-night he is going to burgle them from his own house. Yes, I have to tell you all. He is motoring down; he started about half an hour ago. I came across to tell you at once. There's not one moment to lose, for he has been betrayed. The police have been warned anonymously. They will be ready to trap him—I must save him. You—Oh, Jack, I had to come!"

"Thank Heaven you did!" said I. "Will you wait here while I get the car?"

She elected to come with me, and we went out together. It was a moonlight night but cold; I knew Patricia was shivering, but not with outward

chill. I think I did understand, at least a little, all those volumes unspoken. In the drive we ran into a pathetic figure.

It was Ruth, Dick's nineteen-year-old wife, who broke into sobbing at sight of us.

"Can't I come, too?" she moaned. "Pat, it's—it's a miracle, and a tragedy—for the second cable has just come. Uncle Rolo did leave Dick his money. There was no need—"

She could not get further than that. But she meant there was no need for the crime.

"Cheerio!" I sang out. "There isn't going to be any crime. To-morrow you will be receiving every sort of congratulation, so keep smiling, and we'll bring Dick home."

"Oh, she sobbed, 'if you can! Pat says you're the only one. Bless you for going, Pat—'"

But Pat cut her short rather curtly as she jumped into the car. We were off.

It was difficult going in places; the roads were derelict, and once we nearly turned turtle. I came within nodding distance of losing my nerve there. Supposing—

But it was no use brooding on that. We motored straight as could be; but never sighted Dick's car till we saw it under a tree just outside the gates.

"Take me up that short cut," she whispered. Her hand was cold as her fingers curled round mine. Poor Patricia! Dick was her darling idol, the twin brother to whom she had always been so loyal, even after his marriage. I say that because the role of twin sister holding out the right-hand of fellowship to a sister-in-law is not so particularly easy.

"There," I heard her whisper, when we came in sight of the house.

Yes, there he was. He had come very slowly to the front drive and was crossing the lawn—a noteworthy figure, his shoulders drooping, but his tread steady, if slow.

He was ashamed but resolved. The long French casement of the library window gave him no difficulty. I learned afterwards that he had had some patent catch put on the door so that he could come in and go out at will. As he stood by the casement he halted, looking round. I was temporarily hidden behind a tree, and Patricia was out of sight, too.

It was ghastly to stand there watching the girl I loved breaking her heart over her brother. I longed to shout and tell Dick to come out of it. But it was not feasible. Patricia gave no sign; but I heard the faint moan which broke from her as we saw her brother open the door and pass in. A few seconds later we saw two men crossing the lawn. The blind was still down before the door, which stood ajar, but the evening breeze blew it sideways, and we could look in. We stole closer to the house, until finally we stood just outside.

This is what we saw: Dick had just got the door of the safe open. He took out a box and brought it to the table, where he had turned on an electric switch. His face was towards us—the face of a man driven to his first crime. I reckon if it could have been photographed it would have preached a better sermon than any parson could deliver.

There was torture on the face. Dick was not twenty-two yet; but his features were twisted into a mockery of age, his brow lined, his mouth twitching.

I felt cold as I watched. For all I

knew police officers might be watching, too.

And the poor little wife at home was lying prostrate in her despair, or maybe saying a prayer for the man she loved.

Patricia was huddled close to me, and I put my arm about her. We couldn't take our eyes off the boy.

Then—Pat couldn't have stood the strain longer—the man in the library stiffened, deliberately closed the box, and walked back to the safe.

Whether he were hypnotized or not I can't say; but he swayed a bit after he had turned the key in the lock.

He was played out.

Patricia pushed open the door and walked in. She had forgotten me. Dick stood gazing at her.

She spoke first.

"Dick," she said, "Jack and I have motored down. Ruth was worried about you. She wanted you to know Uncle Rolo never altered his will after all."

Then she was down on her knees beside the man, who sat sobbing like a child.

The police officers were there all right. I not only tackled them, but tied to them with a clear conscience.

"You say you had word of a burglary?" I asked the confused inspector.

"Good! Mr. Hinderleigh had the same hint. But we have found everything in order. Naturally Mr. Hinderleigh's first care was for the family emeralds. They are quite safe under lock and key. He would have liked to thank you for your zeal, but is not well. In fact, he met with a slight accident on the road. His sister is with him."

This assurance and the excellent supper which we commandeered for ourselves, put the officers of the law into the best of tempers.

When I returned to the library a superficial observer would have said that Dick was looking like a boy again; but there were some lines in his face that time would never obliterate.

"I'm motoring the two of you home," I said. "You would certainly land in the nearest ditch otherwise, laddie. And your wife—"

"How he flushed up!"

"Yes, my wife," he said; "I'd not risk worrying her that way. She's had enough—and so have I."

Then we gripped hands, and he went out to see about the cars.

I turned to Patricia. One must claim one's reward in this world, or even the best of folk forget you deserve it.

"Darling," I pleaded, and with a little sob she stole into my arms.

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### Who's Who in Music.

Handel—1759-1865.  
George Frederick Handel, in Saxony born, When a boy loved his music more than his game; But his youthful ambition was treated with scorn. And his music his father threw into the flame. In secret he played in the garret alone Such beautiful music as never was known. 'Till a good German Duke heard this marvellous creature, And forced the stern father to give him a teacher. Of his work, the "Harmonious Blacksmith" we note, And one single month "The Messiah" he wrote, While he steadily rose to great honor and fame, And the works of his genius immortal became.

### Bright Earth.

I know a bright world of snowy hills at Boonton, A blue and white dazzling light on everything one sees. The ice-covered branches of the hemlocks sparkle Bending low and tinkling in the sharp thin breeze, And iridescent crystals fall and crackle on the snow-crust With the winter sun drawing cold blue shadows from the trees. —Sara Teasdale, in "Flame and Shadow."

### "THE CALGARY STAMPEDE"

Such is the title of the serial that will commence in this column next week. The title gives promise of a glimpse into a life of adventure new to dwellers in staid Ontario. The story lives up to its title and carries us through many exciting scenes in Albertan life. The love plot centres around the beautiful French girl, Marie La Farge, and the Irish cowboy, Dan Malloy. Our readers will follow their fortunes with increasing interest week by week.



### GRACE AND MOTION IN JABOT AND KNIFE-PLAITS.

The two-piece jumper dress is strongly exploited for fashionable day wear and is stressed in a variety of treatments and materials. Knife-plaited skirts have re-entered the fashion race, and grace and freedom are assured in this model developed of bois de rose crepe de chine. A plaited jabot trims the front opening of the over-blouse, and the short sleeves are finished with deep cuffs. The pattern provides long sleeves which are gathered into cuffs at the wrists. The blouse, No. 1006, is in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 36 bust requires 2 1/2 yards of 36 or 40 inch material. The skirt, No. 1007, is joined to a body lining, and is in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 36 bust requires 3 yards of 36, 40 or 44 inch material for plaited skirt, with 1 yard lining for bodice top. Price 20c each pattern. Our Fashion Book, illustrating the newest and most practical styles, will be of interest to every home dressmaker. Price of the book 10c the copy. HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS. Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in

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### Minard's Liniment for sore throat.

### Unpleasant.

"How did you make out at school this week?" inquired the father at the dinner table.

"Had we not better discuss something else?" replied James. "I have been taught lately that dinner talk should always be pleasant."

### Big Playground.

Jasper National Park in northern Alberta, with an area of 4,400 square miles, is one of the largest "playgrounds" in the world. A part of this reserve to the north of the central section is still unexplored, but the park is being rapidly opened up by the construction of trails and highways.

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ISSUE No. 10-24

## THE CANADIAN HOMEMAKER

A series of weekly articles covering

PLANNING . BUILDING . FINANCING  
DECORATING . FURNISHING . GARDENING



### A WELL PLANNED COLONIAL HOUSE

By Gratton D. Thompson Architect

The illustrations show a compact plan, at the same time, thoughtfully planned house—the living room and dining room well lighted and with floor and wall space quite sufficient for furniture and pictures for rooms of such sizes. Kitchen with its service entrance to the dining room and basement and side entrances well arranged—a very important factor. The bedrooms each entered directly from the hall and provided with cupboard accommodation. The direct connection between the main bed room and bath room as well as from the hall should be noted. No waste hall space—just floor area sufficient for service to the various rooms. The vestibule is tiled with 6" Dutch tile and the bathroom dado and floors of same material in drift blue and white. Birch floors are laid throughout, those in the ground floor rooms being stained walnut color. Walls of rooms and halls throughout are finished in sand stucco for water color finish, the plastering being applied direct to composition board plaster base, instead of the ordinary wood lath. The mantels, doors and trim, of simple Colonial design, are of pine for paint finish. Heating is with hot water, the radiators being placed under the windows, and plumbing with all standard fixtures, built in Storage for house use, as well as a properly fitted up laundry, is provided in the basement, together with coal storage and boiler room. The exterior shows a homelike, yet dignified design—the entrance sufficiently marked with a hooded doorway the door itself being partially glazed and with simple paneling. The walls—finished with clapboard, being over composition board—and have been painted a deep cream, and the

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