While, in order to help in finding a way out, the people will be, or at least should be, tolerant of past errors of judgment, they are beginning to discern the direction in which the ship is steering.

The people are somnolent now, but when the ship has been engulfed in a great national disaster, there will be groaning and moaning as realization comes of what the crash means to every man, woman and child in Canada; and in addition to the moaning and groaning there will be heard straight across the country from Halifax to Vancouver a scream of censure and of rampant indignation that will astonish those who are now asleep.

The time has arrived for an honest, speedy endeavour if the country is to be saved.

Any members of Parliament who act so blindly as to hinder a solution will deserve the country's condemnation.

THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T TALK

Our readers will welcome this week on page twenty-two the first of a new series of "Anne" stories by L. M. Montgomery, the famous author of "Anne of Green Gables," "Anne of the Island," "Anne of Avonlea," "Anne's House of Dreams," "Rainbow Valley," "Rilla of Ingleside" and others that were the "best sellers" of their day. These stories are new. They will not be published in book form until the autumn, so that readers of the Family Herald and Weekly Star will be the first to enjoy them.

Bacon hogs are claiming a place on farms of the Okanagan Valley, evidence of which is seen in the shipment of three carloads recently from Vernon destined for Vancouver. At eight cents a pound this lot was estimated to bring $5,000 to the district farmers.

CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE

THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T TALK

By L. M. Montgomery, Author of "Anne of Green Gables"

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Our readers will welcome this week the first of a new series of "Anne" stories by L. M. Montgomery, the famous author of "Anne of Green Gables," "Anne of the Island," "Anne of Avonlea," "Anne's House of Dreams," "Rainbow Valley," "Rilla of Ingleside" and others that were the "best sellers" of their day. These stories are new. They will not be published in book form until the autumn, so that readers of the Family Herald and Weekly Star will be the first to enjoy them.

TRIX TAYLOR was curled up in Anne Shirley's room one winter evening, pouring out her woes to the latter, who, ever since she had come to be Principal of the Summerside High School, was the confidant of all the young fry in town. She was known to be engaged, so that none of the girls feared her as a possible rival and there was something about her, they said, that made you feel it was safe to confide in her.

Trix had come up to ask Anne to dinner the next evening. She was a jolly, plump little creature with twinkling brown eyes and rosy cheeks and did not look as if life weighed too heavily on her twenty years. But it appeared she had troubles of her own.

"Dr. Lennox Carter is coming to dinner tomorrow night. That is why we want you especially. He is the new head of the Modern Languages department at Redmond and dreadfully clever, so we want somebody with brains to talk to him. You know I haven't any to boast of, nor Pringle either. Esme is the sweetest thing and she's really clever, but she's so shy and timid she can't even make use of what brains she has when Dr. Carter is around. You see, she's so terribly in love with him. It's pitiful. I'm very fond of Johnny . . . but before I'd dissolve into such a liquid state for him!"

"Are Esme and Dr. Carter engaged?" asked Anne.

"Not yet. But oh, Anne, she's hoping he means to ask her this time. Why would he come over to the Island for a visit to his cousin right in the middle of the term if he didn't intend to? I hope he will for Esme's sake because she will just die if he doesn't. But between you and me and the bed-post I'm not terribly keen on him for a brother-in-law. He's awfully fastidious, Esme says, and she's desperately afraid he won't approve of us. If he doesn't, she thinks he'll never ask her to marry him. So you can imagine how she's hoping everything will go well at the dinner tomorrow night. I don't see why it shouldn't . . . mamma is the most wonderful cook . . . and we have a good maid and I've bribed Pringle with half my allowance to behave himself. Of course he doesn't like Dr. Carter either . . . says he's got swelled head . . . but he's fond of Esme. If only papa won't have a sulky fit on.'"

"Have you any reason to fear it?" asked Anne. Everyone in Summerside knew about Cyrus Taylor's sulky fits.

"You can never tell when he'll take one," said Trix dolefully. "He was frightfully upset tonight because he couldn't find his new flannel nightshirt. Esme had put it in the wrong drawer. He may be over it by tomorrow night or he may not. If he's not he'll disgrace us all and then Dr. Carter will conclude he can't marry into such a family. At least, that's what Esme says and I'm afraid she may be right. I think, Anne, that Lennox Carter is very fond of Esme . . . thinks she would make a 'very suitable wife' for him . . . but doesn't want to do anything rash or throw his wonderful self away. I've heard that he once said a man couldn't be too careful in regard to the kind of family he married into. He's just at the point where he might be turned either way by a trifle. And, if it comes to that, one of papa's sulky fits isn't any trifle."

Doesn't he like Dr. Carter?"

"Oh, he does. He thinks it would be a wonderful match for Esme. But while papa has one of his spells on nothing has any influence over him while it lasts. That's the Pringle for you, Anne. Grandmother Taylor was a Pringle, you know. You just can't imagine what we've gone through as a family. He never goes into rages, you know . . . like Uncle George. Uncle George's family don't mind his rages. When he goes into a temper he blows it off . . . you can hear him roaring at them three blocks away . . . and then he's like a lamb and brings everybody a new dress as a peace offering. But papa just sulks and glowers and won't say a word to anybody at meal times . . . not anybody at all. Esme says that after all that's better than Cousin Richard Taylor who is always saying sarcastic things at meal-times and insulting his wife; but it seems to me nothing could be worse than those awful silences of papa's. They rattle us and we're terrified to open our mouths, only when we are alone. But it's just as bad to be when we have company. Esme and I are simply tired of trying to explain away papa's insulting silences. She's just sick with fear that he won't have got over the nightshirt before tomorrow night . . . and what will Mr. Carter think? And she want's you to wear your blue dress. Esme's new dress is blue because Dr. Carter likes blue but papa hates it. Your's may reconcile him to hers."

"Wouldn't it be better for her to wear something else?"

"She hasn't anything else fit to wear at a company dinner except the green taffeta papa gave her at Christmas. It's a lovely dress in itself . . . papa likes us to have pretty dresses . . . but you can't think of anything so awful as Esme in green. Pringle says it makes her look as if she was in the last stages of consumption. And Lennox Carter's cousin's aunt told Esme that he won't ever marry a delicate person. I'm more than glad Johnny isn't so fastidious.'"

"Have you told your father about your engagement to Johnny yet?"

"No." Poor Trix groaned. "I can't summon up courage, Anne. He'll make a frightful scene, I know. Papa has always been so down on Johnny because he's poor. Papa forgets that he was poorer than Johnny when he started out in the hardware business. Of course he'll have to be told soon . . . but I want to wait until Esme's affair is settled. I know papa won't speak to any of us for weeks after I tell him and mamma will worry so. She can't bear papa's sulky fits. We're all such cowards before papa.

Of course, mamma and Esme are naturally timid with everybody but Pringle and I have lots of ginger. It's only papa who can cow us. Sometimes I think if we had anyone to back us up . . . but we haven't . . . and we just feel paralyzed. You can't imagine, Anne darling, what a company dinner is like at our place if papa is sulking. But if he will only behave tomorrow night I'll forgive him for everything. He can be very agreeable when he wants to be . . . papa is really just the Longfellow's little girl . . . when he's good he's very, very good, and when he's bad he's horrid. I've seen him the life of the party."

"He was very nice the night I had dinner with you last month."

"Oh, he likes you, as I've said. That's one of the reasons why we want you so much. It may have a good influence on him. We're not neglecting anything that will please him. But when he has a really bad fit of sulks on he seems to hate everybody. Anyhow, we've got a bang-up dinner planned with an elegant orange custard for dessert. Mamma wanted to have pie, because she says every man in the world except papa likes pie for dessert better than anything else . . . even professors of Modern Languages. But papa doesn't, so we seldom have any, and it would never do to risk it tomorrow night when so much depends on it. Orange custard is papa's favorite dessert. As for poor Johnny and me, I suppose I'll just have to elope with him some day."

"I believe if you'd just get up enough spunk to tell your father and endure his resulting sulks you'd find he'd come round to it beautifully," said Anne, "and you'd be saved months of fear and anguish."

"You don't know papa," said Trix darkly.

"Perhaps I know him better than you. You've lost your perspective."

"Lost my . . . what? Anne darling, remember, I'm not a B.A. I only went through the High. I'd have loved to go to college, but papa doesn't believe in the higher education of women."

"I only meant that you're too close to him to understand him. A stranger could very well see him more clearly . . . understand him better."

"I understand that nothing can induce papa to speak if he has made up his mind not to . . . nothing! He prides himself on that."

"Then why don't the rest of you just go on and talk as if nothing were wrong?"

"We can't! I've told you he paralyzes us. You'll find it out for yourself tomorrow night if he hasn't got over the nightshirt. I don't know how he does it, but he does. I don't believe we'd mind half as much how cranky he was if he'd only talk. It's the silence that shatters us. I'll never forgive papa if he acts up tomorrow night with so much at stake."

"Let's hope for the best, dear."

"I'm trying to. And I know it will help to have you there. Mamma thought we ought to have Katherine Brooke, too, when she's the Vice-Principal, but she's such a dowd. Papa can't bear to see a woman badly dressed. He says he has no use for frumps and he's sure God hasn't either. Mamma would be horrified if she knew I told you that, Anne, but she excused it in papa because he is a man. If that was all we had to excuse in him! And poor Johnny hardly daring to come to the house now because papa is so rude to him. I slip out on fine nights and we walk round and round the square and get half frozen."

Anne drew what was something like a breath of relief when Trix had gone and slipped down to coax a snack out of Rebecca Dew, the nice old maid-of-all-work at her boarding house.

"Going to the Taylors' for dinner, are you? Well, I hope old Cyrus will be decent. If his family weren't all so afraid of him in his sulky fits he wouldn't indulge in them so often, of that I feel certain. I tell you, Miss Shirley, he enjoys his sulks."

When Anne arrived at the Cyrus Taylor house the next evening she felt the chill in the atmosphere as soon as she entered the door. A trim maid showed her up to the guest room, but as Anne went upstairs she caught sight of Mrs. Cyrus Taylor scuttling from the dining room to the kitchen, and Mrs. Cyrus was wiping tears away from her pale, careworn, but still rather sweet face. It seemed all too clear that Cyrus had not yet "got over" the nightshirt.

This was confirmed by a distressed Trix creeping into the room and whispering nervously.

"Oh, Anne, he's in a dreadful humor. He seemed fairly amiable this morning and our hopes rose. But Hugh Pringle beat him at a game of checkers this afternoon and papa can't bear to lose a checker game. And it had to happen today, of course. He found Esme 'admiring herself in the mirror,' as he calls it, and just walked her out of her room and locked the door. The poor darling was only wondering if she looked nice enough to please Lennox Carter, Ph.D. She hadn't even a chance to put her pearl string on. And look at me . . . I didn't dare curl my hair . . . papa doesn't like curls that aren't natural . . . and I simply look like a fright. But it doesn't matter about me. He threw out the flowers mamma put on the dining room table and she feels it so . . . she took such trouble with them . . . and he wouldn't let her put on her garnet ring. He hasn't had such a bad spell since he came home from the west last fall and found mamma had put red curtains in the sitting room when he preferred yellow. Oh, Anne, do talk as hard as you can at dinner if he won't. If you don't it will be too dreadful!"

"I'll do my best," promised Anne, who certainly had never found herself at a loss for something to say. But then never had she found herself in such a situation as presently confronted her.

They were all gathered around the table . . . a very pretty and well-appointed table in spite of the missing flowers. Timid Mrs. Cyrus, in a gray silk dress, had a face that was grayer than her dress. Esme, the beauty of the family . . . a very pale beauty . . . pale gold hair, pale pink lips, pale, forget-me-not eyes . . . was so much paler than usual that she looked as if she were going to faint. Pringle, ordinarily a fat, cheerful urchin of fourteen, with round eyes and glasses and hair so fair it seemed almost white, looked like a tied dog and Trix had the air of a terrified school-girl. Dr. Carter, who was undeniably handsome and distinguished looking, with crisp dark hair, brilliant dark eyes and silver-rimmed glasses, but whom Anne, in the days of his assistant professorship at Redmond, had thought a rather pompous young bore, looked ill at ease. Evidently he felt something was wrong somewhere . . . a reasonable conclusion when your host simply stalks to the head of the table and drops into his chair without a word to you or anyone.

Cyrus would not say grace. Mrs. Cyrus, blushing beet-red, murmured almost inaudibly, "For what we are about to receive the Lord make us truly thankful," and the meal started badly by nervous Esme dropping her fork on the floor. Everybody except Cyrus jumped because their nerves were keyed up to the highest pitch. Cyrus glared at her out of his bulging blue eyes in a kind of enraged stillness. Then he glared at everybody and froze them into dumbness. He glared at poor Mrs. Cyrus when she took a helping of horseradish sauce with a glare that reminded her of her weak stomach. She couldn't eat any of it after that . . . and she was so fond of it. She didn't believe it would hurt her. But for that matter she couldn't eat anything, nor could Esme. They only pretended. The meal proceeded in ghastly silence broken by spasmodic speeches about the weather from Trix and Anne. Trix implored Anne with her eyes to talk but Anne found herself for once in her life with absolutely nothing to say. She felt desperately that she must talk . . . but only the most idiotic things came into her mind . . . things it would be impossible to utter aloud. Was everyone bewitched?

It was curious . . . the *effect* one sulky, stubborn man had on you. Anne couldn't have believed it possible. And there was no doubt he was really quite happy in the knowledge that he had made everybody at his table horribly uncomfortable. What on earth was going on in his mind? Would he jump if anyone stuck a pin in him?

She wanted to slap him . . . rap his knuckles . . . stand him in a corner . . . treat him like the spoiled child he really was in spite of his spiky gray hair and truculent moustache.

Above all, she wanted to make him speak. She felt instinctively that nothing in the world would punish him so much as to be tricked into speaking when he was determined not to speak.

Suppose she got up and deliberately smashed that huge, hideous, old-fashioned vase on the table in the corner . . . an ornate thing covered with wreaths of roses and leaves which it was most difficult to dust but which must be kept immaculately clean. Anne knew the whole family hated it but Cyrus Taylor would not hear of having it banished to the attic because it had been his mother's. Anne felt she could do it fearlessly if she really believed it would make Cyrus explode into vocal anger.

Why didn't Lennox Carter talk? If he would, she, Anne, could talk, too, and perhaps Trix and Pringle would escape from the spell that bound them and some kind of conversation would be possible. But he simply sat there and ate. Perhaps he thought it was the best thing to do . . . perhaps he was afraid of saying something

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The Man Who Wouldn't Talk

(Continued from Page Twenty-two.)

that would further enrage the evidently enraged parent of his lady.

"Will you start the pickles, Miss Shirley?" said Mrs. Taylor faintly.

A weird idea flashed into Anne's head. She started the pickles . . . and something else. Bending forward she said, without letting herself stop to think, her great gray-green eyes glimmering limpidly.

"Perhaps you would be surprised to hear, Dr. Carter, that Mr. Taylor went deaf very suddenly last month."

Anne sat back, having thrown her bomb. She could not tell precisely what she expected or hoped. If Dr. Carter thought his host was deaf, instead of being in a towering rage of silence, it might loosen his tongue. She had not told a falsehood . . . she had not said Cyrus Taylor was deaf. As for Cyrus Taylor, if she had hoped to make him speak she had failed. He only glared at her, still in silence.

But Anne's remark had an effect on Trix and Pringle that she had never dreamed of. Trix was in a silent rage herself. She had, the moment before Anne's amazing speech, seen Esme furtively wipe away a tear that had escaped in spite of her from one of her despairing blue eyes. Everything was hopeless . . . Lennox Carter would never ask Esme to marry him now . . . It didn't matter any more what anyone said or did. Trix was suddenly possessed by a burning desire to get square with her brutal father. Anne's speech gave her an inspiration and Pringle, a volcano of suppressed impishness, blinked his white eyelashes for a dazed moment and then promptly followed her lead. Never, as long as they lived, did Anne, Esme, or Mrs. Cyrus forget the dreadful quarter of an hour that ensued.

"Such an affliction for poor papa," said Trix, addressing Dr. Carter across the table. And him only sixty eight!"

Two little white dents appeared at the corners of Cyrus Taylor's nostrils when he heard his age thus advanced six years. But he remained silent.

"It's such a treat to have a decent meal," said Pringle clearly and distinctly. "What would you think, Dr. Carter, of a man who makes his family live on fruit and eggs . . . nothing but fruit and eggs . . . just for a fad?"

"Does your father," began Dr. Carter bewilderedly.

"What would you think of a husband who bit his wife . . . deliberately bit her . . . when she put up curtains he didn't like?" asked Trix.

"Till the blood came," added Pringle solemnly.

"Do you mean to say your father . . ."

"What would you think of a man who would cut up a silk dress of his wife's just because he didn't like the color?" asked Trix.

"What would you think," said Pringle, "of a man who refused to let his wife have a dog?"

"When she would so love to have a dog," sighed Trix.

"What would you think of a man," went on Pringle, beginning to enjoy himself hugely, "who would give his wife a pair of goloshes for a Christmas present . . . nothing but a pair of goloshes?"

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"Goloshes don't exactly warm the heart," admitted Dr. Carter. He smiled. Anne reflected that she had never seen him smile before. It changed his face wonderfully for the better. What was Trix saying? Who would have thought Trix could be such a demon?

"Have you ever wondered, Dr. Carter, how awful it must be to live with a man who thinks nothing . . . nothing! . . . of picking up the roast, if it isn't perfectly cooked, and hurling it at the maid?"

Dr. Carter glanced apprehensively at Cyrus Taylor, as if he feared Cyrus might throw the skeletons of the chicken at him. Then he seemed to remember reassuringly that his host was deaf.

"What would you think of a man who believed the earth was flat?" demanded Pringle.

Anne thought Cyrus would speak then: a tremor seemed to pass over his rubicund face, but no words came. Still, she was sure that his moustaches were a little less defiant.

"What would you think of a man who let his aunt . . . his only aunt . . . go to the poorhouse?" asked Trix.

"And pastured his cow in the graveyard?" said Pringle. "Summerside hasn't got over that yet!"

"What would you think of a man who would write down in his diary every day what he had for dinner?" asked Trix.

"The Great Pepys did that," said Dr. Carter with another smile. His voice sounded as if he would like to laugh. Perhaps he was not pompous after all, thought Anne . . . only very young and very shy and over-serious. But she was feeling positively aghast. She had never meant things to go as far as this. Anne was finding out that it is much easier to start things than to finish them.

Trix and Pringle were being diabolically clever. They had not said their father did a single one of those things. Anne could fancy Pringle saying, his round eyes rounder still with outraged innocence. "I just asked those questions of Dr. Carter for information."

"What would you think," kept on Trix, "of a man who opens and reads his wife's letters?"

"What would you think of a man who would go to a funeral . . . his father's funeral . . . in overalls?" asked Pringle.

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What would they think of next! Cyrus looked to be on the point of apoplexy. Mrs. Cyrus was crying openly and Esme was quite calm with despair. Nothing mattered any more. She turned and looked squarely at Dr. Carter, whom she had lost forever. For once in her life she was stung into saying a really clever thing.

"What," she asked quietly, "would you think of a man who spent a whole day hunting for the kittens of a poor cat who had been shot because he couldn't bear to think of them starving to death?"

A strange silence descended on the room. Trix and Pringle looked suddenly ashamed of themselves. And then Mrs. Cyrus piped up, feeling it her wifely duty to back up Esme's unexpected defence of her father.

"And he can crochet so beautifully . . . he made the loveliest centrepiece for the

(Continued on Page Thirty.)

...ing ten grains of Tolysin ...our hours. Apply Olive ...to affected joints twice ...

...—Some years ago adult ...on side of head and was ...several hours. Three ...ing pain in head, he ...siness. Investigation of ...alist, including X-ray of ...obtained. Please write ...

...—Fingers have become ...but are painless. These ...o a form of rheumatism. ...tion, such as bad teeth, ...treated. Avoid consti- ...me Salts in warm water ...ore breakfast.

...—For the past three or ...oman has been troubled ...able feeling in abdomen ...siderable gas. An X-ray ...lude any organic trouble ...ed. In the meantime ...staples from your diet.

...Woman does not enjoy ...ints are painful but not ...ore rest but take some ...such as walking. Relieve ...grains of Tolysin with ...hours.

...Young man is troubled ...and examination has not ...nic disease. Have Basal ...aken to exclude any ...A holiday would likely ...h.

...—Inflammation of the ...ung people is not very ...osis should be confirmed ...n. Keep to plain diet ...d greasy foods.

...Inflammation of kidneys ...r symptoms and with ...rculosis specialist should ...etermine if any special ...ated.

...—Woman is over-weight ...mach and back. Eat less ...

R. M. J., Alta.—Young man is slightly round-shouldered and desires to correct it. Simple exercises, such as raising arms above shoulders, are helpful. Endeavor to keep your shoulders in good position at all times.

V. R. C., Alta.—There are many causes for high blood pressure, but worry and hard work appear to be the commonest. Rest is indicated but some light work may be attempted under the supervision of your doctor.

A. Y. Z., B.C.—The burning pain in abdomen suggests possibility of an ulcer and X-ray of stomach should be obtained. Keep to plain diet and take some Milk of Magnesia in water after meals and at bedtime.

J. G., P.E.I.—Elderly man has swollen feet. Rest every afternoon with legs elevated on pillows. Avoid any exertion that causes palpitation or shortness of breath.

Mrs. W. M., N.S.—Rashes that are caused by food are not contagious. German measles is contagious. Repeated infections may occur but are uncommon.

J. J. D., B.C.—Inflammation of bladder associated with history of tuberculosis, requires thorough investigation and specialist should be consulted.

Miss R. O., Que.—Small dilated veins on legs are probably responsible for the disfigurement. No special treatment appears to be indicated.

H. T., P.E.I.—Return to the doctor and have him refer you to a specialist, as condition of the kidneys should be thoroughly investigated.

H. L. E., Ont. — Nervousness associated with general weakness may be due to some ...health. Have X-ray of chest and sinuses. Please write again.

W. W., Ont.—Following severe attack of neuritis arm feels weak, but pain has entirely subsided. Apply Olive Oil twice a day and massage gently for fifteen or twenty minutes.

M. F. H., Que.—Following accident to knee-joint last year, pain and swelling persist. Have X-ray taken and write again.

L. R. G., Sask.—Symptoms may be due to appendicitis and X-ray examination, including Barium enema, should be obtained.

Mrs. L. C., Ont.—Chronic tonsillitis may be responsible for your symptoms and specialist should be consulted.

J. P. H., N.B.—Rest will restore your voice, as excessive singing has tired the muscles.

M. L. B., N.S.—It would not be advisable to take the tablets without your doctor's consent.

J. L. F., Ont.—If pain in region of left kidney does not soon subside have an X-ray taken.

Mrs. G. A. C., Sask.—Please see reply on Mother and Baby Page.

READ THESE RULES.

This department is charge of an experienced physician, is for the free use of our readers. Those taking advantage of it are asked to give all necessary particulars but in as short form as possible. Name and full address must always be given, but only initials, or pen-name, if one is given, will be published. Some physical ills cannot be discussed in the columns of a family magazine. In such case a private reply will be mailed promptly on receipt of a fee of one dollar and a stamped envelope fully addressed. All questions must be addressed "Family Doctor, Family Herald and Weekly Star, Montreal."

...Fort Simpson, Keatings ... for sale. "My hobby is collecting works of art," Lewis said. "I have several paintings, including 'Florence Nightingale,' by Sant; Rembrandt's 'St. Louis' and his 'St. Jerome'; and Van Eyck's 'Advent,' painted on wood in 1455. I heard of an auction in Gloucestershire, and had a look round the day before the sale. You can imagine my delight when I saw the 'Fortune Teller.' Next day no one else appeared to realize the value of the picture, and I bought it cheap. Later I learned that several famous art dealers were seeking the picture and I have had many tempting offers. Gainsborough's signature is distinct."

1,000 TO GET FOREST LAND

British Forestry Commissioners have acquired 200,000 acres of land in the vicinity of distressed areas and will provide for the establishment of 1,000 forest workers' holdings. The Government is increasing the grant in aid of forestry to $1,500,000 a year to enable the Commissioners to expand their ordinary planting to 30,000 acres a year.

THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T TALK

(Continued from Page Twenty-three.)

parlor table last winter when he was laid up with lumbago."

Everyone has some limit of endurance, and Cyrus Taylor had reached his. He gave his chair such a furious backward push that it shot instantly across the polished floor and struck the table on which the vase stood. The table went over and the vase broke in the traditional thousand pieces. Cyrus, his bushy white eyebrows fairly bristling with wrath, stood up and exploded at last.

"I don't crochet, woman . . . is one contemptible doily going to blast a man's reputation forever? I was so bad with that lumbago I didn't know what I was doing. And I'm deaf, am I, Miss Shirley? I'm deaf?"

"She didn't say you were, papa," cried Trix, who was never afraid of her father when his temper was vocal.

"Oh, no, she didn't say it. None of you said anything! You didn't say I was sixty eight when I'm only sixty two, did you? You didn't say I wouldn't let your mother have a dog! Woman, you can have forty thousand dogs if you want to and you know it. When did I ever deny you anything you wanted,—when?"

"Never, poppa, never," sobbed Mrs. Cyrus brokenly. "And I never wanted a dog . . . I never even thought of wanting a dog, poppa."

"When did I open your letters? When have I ever kept a diary? A diary! When did I ever wear overalls to anybody's funeral? When did I pasture a cow in the graveyard? What aunt of mine is in the poorhouse? Did I ever throw a roast at anybody? Did I ever make you live on fruit and eggs?"

"Never, never, poppa dear," wept Mrs. Cyrus. "You've always been a good provider . . . the best."

"Didn't you tell me you wanted goloshes last Christmas?"

"Yes . . . oh, yes, of course I did, poppa. And my feet have been so nice and warm all winter."

"Well, then!" Cyrus threw a triumphant glance around the room. His eyes encountered Anne's. Suddenly the unexpected happened. Cyrus chuckled. His cheeks actually dimpled. Those dimples worked a miracle with his whole expression. He brought his chair back to the table and sat down.

"I've got a very bad habit of sulking, Dr. Carter. Everyone has some bad habit . . . that's mine. The only one. Come, come, momma, stop crying. I'll admit I deserved all I got except that crack of yours about the crocheting. Esme, my girl, I won't forget that you were the only one who stood up for me. Tell Maggie to come and clear up that mess . . . I know you're all glad the darn thing is smashed . . . and bring on the pudding."

Anne could never have believed that an evening which began so terribly could end up so pleasantly. Nobody could have been more genial than Cyrus. And there was evidently no aftermath of reckoning for when Trix came down a few evenings later it was to tell Anne that she had at last summoned up enough courage to tell her papa about Johnny.

"Was he very dreadful?" asked Anne.

"He wasn't dreadful at all," admitted Trix sheepishly. "He just grunted and said it was about time Johnny came to the point after hanging around for years and keeping everyone else away. I think he felt he couldn't go into another spell of sulks so soon after the last one. And you know, Anne, between sulks, papa really is an old duck."

"I think he's really a great deal better father to you than you deserve," said Anne severely.

"Well, you know you started it," protested Trix. "And good old Pringle helped a bit. And thank goodness I'll never have to dust that vase again."

Two weeks later Anne wrote to Gilbert Blythe:—

"Esme Taylor's engagement to Dr. Lennox Carter is announced. By all I can gather from various bits of local gossip I think he decided that fatal Friday night that he wanted to protect her and save her from her father and her family . . . and perhaps her friends! Her plight evidently appealed to his sense of chivalry. Trix persists in thinkng I was the means of bringing it about and perhaps I did take a hand but I don't think I'll ever try an experiment like that again. It's too much