

ONE NIGHT.

The day had been very hot, but towards evening a breeze sprang up and rustled in the palm trees, carrying with it the scent of roses.

Along the dusty road a drunken man staggered, then stopped beneath a palm. "Nisch evenin', too soon to go home," he murmured, and sat down to rest. In a few minutes he was fast asleep.

A clerk from the city passed by, looked at the sleeper and wondered how a man could sink so low when he might rise to such great heights, even to being a president, or at least a bank manager, and he passed on building castles in the air of the house he would buy and the horses he would ride when he should have risen to the exalted position of a bank manager.

Then two girls came down the road talking of games, picnics and parties; they also stop to look at the man. "Do you think he is ill, Elvira?" "No! Come away, Francesca, he has been drinking too much, disgusting brute!" "What a sad thing! he is well dressed too. I am glad he is asleep, because I am frightened of drunken men." The man moved in his sleep and the girls fled in terror.

A policeman passing that way looked at the man, then kicked him. The drunken man did not move. "Ugh! you pig," said the policeman, "you can lie there until you get sober; it is a hot night, much too hot for hauling such as you about," and the man was left alone again with the wind in the palm trees to soothe his slumbers.

In the early morning a weary woman with a sad face came down the road, carrying a little bundle in her arms. She looked at the man, then spoke to him, but he did not hear her.

"They say that men who drink are always kind to little children," she said. "You must be very drunk or you would not sleep on the roadside, for you are not a poor man; you are too well dressed," and kneeling beside him she placed her bundle carefully inside his coat.

When the sun arose there was no one on the dusty high way but the sleeping man and a newly born infant wrapped in a shawl lying inside his coat.

M. H.

"THE MEDICAL WHO'S WHO."

"The Medical Who's Who," published by the Fulton-Manders Publishing Co., 75, Chancery Lane, contains the biographies of thousands of members of the medical profession as well as an obituary list of the names of those who have passed away in 1915 and the early months of the present year, special notice being directed to those who have died for King and Country.

The pages are this year increased by 200, and under the heading "Nursing," which is a new feature, appears a notice of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING, "the only weekly nursing journal owned, edited and controlled by trained nurses."

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"THE VALLEY OF GOLD."*

For the lovers of adventure and excitement in fiction, with plenty of romance, this book will be very welcome. From beginning to end the interest is well sustained, and there is not a dull page in the book. There is a breeziness and breadth in it that seems borrowed from the Rockies, where the doings recorded took place.

Joanne Gray had come out to discover the whereabouts of her husband, and she frankly admitted that she would prefer the proof of his death to that of his life. She was an extraordinarily beautiful woman, still in the twenties. She is introduced to the reader on the long railway journey out to Tête Jaune. At Miette she enquires of the girl in the same carriage where she can get food and a place to change and wash.

"Is there a hotel here?"

Her companion found the question very funny.

"You're sure new," she explained. "We don't have hotels up here, we have bed houses, chuck tents, and bunk shacks. You ask for Bill's shack down there on the Flats."

The stranger girl thanked her.

It was more than malice that sent the innocent stranger woman to Bill's shack, and it was more than chivalry that caused John Aldous to follow her and deliver her from what was a den of iniquity. But he earned Bill Quade's undying hatred by so doing, and this was the beginning of both the adventure and the romance.

It was amidst a strange multitude of people that Joanne Gray found herself. This was the Horde, that crude monstrous thing of primitive strength and passions that was overturning mountains in its fight to link the new Grand Trunk Pacific with the seaport on the Pacific.

She sensed it without ever having seen it before. For her the Horde now had a heart and a soul. These were the builders of the Empire, the man-beasts who made it possible for civilisation to creep warily and without peril into new places and new worlds. With a curious shock she thought of the half-dozen little wooden crosses she had seen through the car window at odd places along the line of rail.

After her rescue from peril by John Aldous he took her to the tent house of his friends the Ottos, and placed her in Mrs. Jack's keeping. He explained to them that she was leaving on the Tête Jaune train. John Aldous, writer and woman hater, was a victim of love at first sight. He became more and more convinced that his work for the afternoon was spoiled. And by whom? By *what*? Who was she? What could be her mission at Tête Jaune? It was the same evening that Aldous rescued a colt from being swept down the river. Then a voice spoke behind

* By James Oliver Curwood. Cassell & Co., London.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)