vention. The small branch association had always been too hard up to send a delegate to other conventions, but this time the money was in the treasury for that purpose. The amount was $17.50, and the delegate was told that if he thought he could get down to Prince Albert, attend the convention for a week, and get back again on that sum, he was free to go as the representative of the Beaverdale branch. C. A. Dunning was duly appointed a delegate. He went to the convention, slept for five nights in the cellar of one of the Prince Albert hotels, beside the furnace, and at the end of the week returned home with money in his pocket; all of which is a good record for a Provincial Treasurer to have.

BUT that wasn't exactly how Dunning first caught the ear of Saskatchewan. There were probably many other delegates at the Prince Albert convention sleeping in hotel cellars and getting through the week on small amounts of money. He got before the big convention by means of a speech on the subject of hail insurance. A discussion had arisen over somebody's resolution favouring the adoption of a province-wide scheme of insuring the farmer's grain crops against damage from hail. The people in the northern part of the province had always been free from hail. They were rather mixed farmers than grain growers. The southerly districts of the province on the other hand were always damaged to a greater or less extent by the violent hail storms of the summer season. The southern delegates, therefore, wanted the province-wide insurance scheme. Those from the north were opposed to it, and a sort of deadlock arose over the issue. At this juncture in the debate, the delegate from Beaverdale caught the chairman's eye, and got to the platform. He proposed a solution of the problem in the form of a scheme for co-operative insurance, to apply only to rural municipalities where a majority of the farmers could be shown to favour the application of the idea within the area of the municipality. The speech was not long, but it was clear and convincing. The proposal was seized eagerly by the convention, and drafted into an amendment to the main resolution. That was the beginning of the present Saskatchewan co-operative hail insurance scheme which now includes nearly every settled municipality in the province. As the result of his contribution to the convention on that day, C. A. Dunning was elected a director of the provincial association of Grain Growers. He had burst beyond the bonds of Beaverdale, and his influence has been steadily increasing since that time.

When the Scott Government decided to pass legislation to enable the farmers of Saskatchewan to organize a Co-operative Elevator Company, Dunning's name was at once associated with the management of that new business. Five years have passed over the constantly expanding field of the Saskatchewan Co-operative Elevator Company. Starting with 46 elevator and 9,000 shareholders that institution owned and operated by the grain growers of Saskatchewan, has grown until last season there were 230 elevators working, and the number of shareholders had increased to twenty thousand. In brief, that represents the constructive work done by C. A. Dunning during the five years that he was managing director of the "Sask. Co-Op." During that period, also, he served on the Royal Commission appointed by the Saskatchewan Government to investigate grain marketing conditions, and the question of rural credits, in Britain, and on the continent of Europe.

DUNNING had something more than hard business in his make-up. That extra something was public service. That is why he was taken from the office of managing director in the "Sask. Co-Op." last November, and given a very important portfolio in the new Martin Government. The Province of Saskatchewan is largely composed of farmers. Seventy-five per cent. of the population is rural. Most of the progressive legislation that has gained any headway in Canada in the past ten years was initiated in that province. Ex-Premier Scott, amongst other things, gave the Saskatchewan farmer co-operative institutions—greatest of which has been "Sask. Co-Op." Along with co-operation he gave it—C. A. Dunning. Scott has passed off the stage, and Premier Martin, a lawyer, was selected to take his place. One of the schemes which the new Premier took up as soon as he assumed office was a system of rural credits based upon co-operative principles. The Saskatchewan Legislature is now dealing with that scheme. C. A. Dunning, the Provincial Treasurer, is the man who will be mainly responsible for the working out of this new system of rural finance. Under the regime of the Scott Government, Dunning developed the Co-operative Elevator Company until he had twenty thousand farmer shareholders supporting it from all parts of the Province. In the new Martin Government, the same man is expected to bring an equal measure of success into the field of finance. There will be an election in Saskatchewan within the next two or three months, and the cause of the Government of the day will be borne by two men—Premier Martin and Hon. C. A. Dunning. Significantly enough they are the two youngest men in the Government, as well as its two most recent acquisitions.

C. A. DUNNING takes with him much special and expert knowledge that will be of value to the country he is serving. He has not practised the familiar arts of the modern politician. His reward has come as the result of hard earned toil. He has acquired things that are worth while, and the logical result was public service. Hon. Charles Dunning, as he will now be known, is not a stranger in the East. Three years ago he accepted an invitation from the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, and spoke to the members of that organization at their annual convention in Montreal. He spoke on the problems of the Western farmer, and was the first grain grower to enjoy the privilege of telling the manufacturers to their faces what is said about them by many people living west of the Great Lakes. He left an impression on that occasion, however, which has never been quite effaced. It is not an idle wager to venture the opinion that Hon. Charles Dunning some day will be heard again in the East, and then, possibly not far from Parliament Hill.

THE PERRIWIGS

BY
JOHN CAMPBELL HAYWOOD

Illustrated by
ESTHER J. SMITH

A Mysteryette that never loses track of the characters; whimsical creations, well deserving of the name—Perriwigs

"MY dear," said my wife, in some excitement, "there are people moving in next door."

I was putting on my overcoat in the hall, preparatory to my usual sprint to the depot. Bob Fletcher was just passing. He allows himself four minutes.

"Perkins told me on the train yesterday the place was rented—name's Perriwig!" I kissed her hastily and dashed out of the house.

"Perriwig! Mercy me, what a name, who——" Her voice floated down the path after me. I turned to close the gate and saw her on the porch watching a large van that was backed up to the sidewalk at number 31. She did not see me wave my hand—her mind was on the Perriwigs.

Binks was on the seven forty-nine. I told him the news.

"Let's find Dobbs," he said, "he'll know all about 'em." He was quite excited. Dobbs is in the real estate and insurance business; Perkins was with him.

"Know 'em, sure I do; rented 'em the place. Perriwig's a young man, married, no family, seventh son of an English duke or earl or something way up, fine people—he——"

"What's his business?" interrupted Perkins.

"Secretary to some one." Dobbs hinted he could say more but wouldn't. "Seen his wife?" he asked. No, we had not and said so.

"She, my boys, is a butterfly—a reg'lar butterfly!" He hung to the words as though he had at once and very clearly conveyed to our minds a picture of Mrs. Perriwig.

"I don't believe Mrs. Perkins will call right away," said Perkins, thoughtfully.

I did not commit Mrs. Burden to any action. I have been married longer than Perkins. We decided, however, that the seventh son, et cetera, would probably try for the club car. Dobbs agreed.

When I reached home in the evening, I was told that the Perriwigs were to dine with us. Their house was so terribly upset that my wife had asked them over, and they had promptly accepted. She appeared to have spent most of the day at Number 31. She said they were anxious to know everybody, not a bit stuck up or anything, although he was a seventh son of an English duke—she knew that—Mrs. Perriwig had told her.

From my study window I saw their porch all littered up with boxes and bundles and chairs and loose paper. Through their windows, which had no shades, a worse confusion was in evidence. I pitied them, for when we moved to Wildwood, athletic negroes tried feats of strength on the lawn with our piano, and left the rooms a very shambles of our household goods.

Then I saw the Perriwigs crossing the lawn. They were holding hands as children do. He, a big strapping boy with a little, very little, light hair and a smooth, strong face, and she—well, I'm a pretty old fellow, but I fell in love with her at once. A pair of blue jays were fluttering and fighting in the trees over the roadway. The Perriwigs stopped to watch them and I hid behind a curtain to watch her. Such a little body in a white frock, with a big pink sash and a face so white, whiter than the frock she wore, outlined in golden hair only partly held from a riot of disorder by a velvet band! She let go his hand to clasp both her own in apparent ecstasy over the jays, and then she skipped towards our porch where my wife was waiting to meet them.

"Isn't this just perfect!" she called. "You dear good people to think of asking us; we haven't had a thing but crackers and milk all day." She held out both her hands to me. I liked that, it seemed