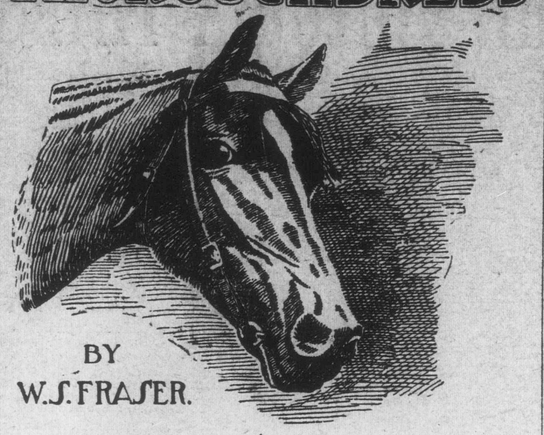
THOROUGHBREDS



BY
W. S. FRASER.

CHAPTER XLI.

When they had passed the edge of the village the Banker said: "I doubt if you would have shaken hands with Mr. Mortimer if you knew—I mean, he is under strong suspicion, for he is practically self-accused of having stolen a sum of money from the bank. In fact, I'm not sure that it wasn't from your father he really stole it."

"I do know of this terrible thing," she answered. "I shook hands with him because I believe him innocent."

"You know more than we do?" It was not a sneer; if so, too delicately uttered in a tone of hopeful inquiry.

"Mr. Mortimer could not steal—it is impossible."

"Have you sufficient gorunds for your faith—do you happen to know who took the money, for it was stolen?"

The girl did not answer at once. At first her stand had simply been one of implicit faith in the man she had conjured into a hero of all that was good and noble. She had not cast about for extenuating evidence; she had not asked herself who the guilty man was; her faith told her that it was morally impossible for Mortimer to become a thief. Now Crane's questions, more material than the first deadening efects of Alan's accusation, started her mind on a train of thought dealing with motive possibilities.

She knitted her small brows, and tapping the jogging horse's quarter with the whip she sat for many minutes silently absorbed.

Her companion waited for an answer with his usual well-bred patience. Perhaps the girl had not heard him. Perhaps she did not wish to answer a question so unanswerable. He waited.

Mortimer, being innocent, replaced the stolen money, Allis's mind tabulated—she tickled this thought off on the horse with her whip—it was to shield some one. Her heart told her, his eyes had told her, that he would have taken upon himself this great risk but for one person, her brother Yes, Mortimer was a hero! The horse lazily going, jumped a little in the traces; she had struck him a harder tap with the whip. Allis continued her mental summing up. Why did Mortimer go to Gravesend? It musts have been to see Alan—the boy was there. If he had discovered that the money was missing, and thought Alan had taken it, he would do this; if he had suspected some other person he would have made the matter known to the cashier. He did not replace the money at oncet, because he hadn't it. She knew that Mortimer was poor. He had failed to find Alan until after Lauzanne's victory; her brother had told her this much, and that Mortimer had won a lot of money over the horse. Why he had bet on Lauzanne she knew not; perhaps providence had guided, had helped him that much. But surely that was the money, his winnings, with which he had replaced the thousand dollars.

The girl's mind had worked methodically, following sequence of action to sequence, until finally the conviction that Mortimer had sought to shield her brother, and chance or Providence working through herself and Lauzanne had placed in his hands the necessary funds, came to her as fixedly as the whole past panorama of events lay pictured before her eyes.

She saw all this mentally; but would it avail anything in actuality? If the boy disclaimed the guilt, as he had; if Mortimer limited his defense to a simple denial, refusing to implicate her brother, what could she do except give her moral support? To her it seemed such a small reward for his heroism; her faith would not save him from the brand of felony, and to follow out her convictions publicly she must denounce her brother, cast upon him the odium of theft. Truly her position was one of extreme hopelessness. Two men she loved stood before her mentally, one accused of others as a thief, and one—her own brother—charged by her reason with the crime.

Under the continued silence Crane grew restless; the girl, almost oblivious of his presence, deep in the intricacies of the crime, gave no sign of a desire to pursue the discussion.

"Of cousse I am anxious to clear the young man if he is innocent," hazarded the banker, to draw her gently back into the influence that he felt must be of profit to himself. This assertion of Crane's was only assimilatively truthful. As president of the bank, naturally he should wish to punish none other than the guilty man; as a rival to Mortimer for the girl's affection, he could not but be pleased to see the younger man removed from his path, and in a way which would forever preclude his aspiring to Allis's hand. Believe in Mortimer as she might, he felt sure that she would not run counter to the inevitable wishes of her mother to marry a man who stood publicly branded as a thief.

Allis answered his observation—he distinotly felt the vibration of pain in her voice—with a startling depth of analytical discernment:

"While I believe in Mortimer's innocence, and will always believe in it, I am afraid that he has drawn such a web of circumstantial evidence about him, trying to shield some one else, that—that—it is too terrible!" she broke off, passionately—"he is innocent. For God's sake, Mr. Crane"—she took the reins in her whip hand, and put her left on his arm, pleadingly—"for God's sake, for his mother's sake, save him. You can do it—you can believe that he is innocent, and stop everything. The money has been paid back."

"It isn't that, Miss Allis"—his voice was so cuttingly even after the erratic pump of her own—"in a bank one must not have a dishonest person. We must investigate to the end, and if Mortimer can clear himself by fastening the crime upon the perpetrator—"

"He never would do that; he cannot if he would."

"What can I do them, Miss Allis? But why shouldn't he?"

"Can't you see—don't you understand the man? He commenced by shielding some one, and he will carry it through to the bitter end."

"I am afraid there was no one to shield but himself, everything points to this conclusion. The money was locked up, he had the keys, no one touched them—except your brother, and that but for a minute—but if any suspicion could attach to your brother it is all dissipated by Mortimer's subsequent actions. It's unpleasant to even hint at such a contingency, but if Mortimer is innocent, then your brother must be the guilty one."

He expected the girl to denounce indignantly such a possibility; he was surprised that she remained silent. Her non-refution of this deduction told him as conclusively as though she had uttered the accusation that she thought Alan had taken the money and Mortimer was shielding him. It was but a phase of blind love; it was the faith women place in men they love, of which he had read and scoffed at.

Against all evidence she was holding this man honest, believing her brother the thief.

Surely a love like that was worth winning; no price was too great to pay. Her very faith in Mortimer through which she ought to save him by inspiring Crane, determined the latter to crush utterly the man who stood between him and his great love. Intensity of hate, or love, or cupidity, never drew Crane out of his inherent diplomacy; he took refuge behind the brother of Allis.

"You see," he said, and his voice was modulated with kindness, "I can't save Mortimer except at the expense of Alan; you would not have me do that. Besides, it is impossible—the evidence shines as clear as noonday."

"If you bring this home to Mr. Mortimer you will punish him, arrest him?"

"That would be the usual course."

She had taken her hand off his arm; now she replaced it, and he could feel the strong fingers press as though she would hold him to her wishes.

"You will not do this," she said "for my sake you will not."

"You ask this of me, and it is for your sake?"

"Yes, if there is no other way; if Mr. Mortimer, innocent, must take upon himself this crime, then for my sake you will not punish him."

The gray eyes were violet-black in their intensity.

"If I promise—" He had been going to ask for reward, but she broke in, saying: "You will keep your word, and I will bless you."

"Nothing more—is that all?"

The magnetism of the intense eyes broke down his reserve; he slipped back twenty years in a second. Love touched him with a fire-wand, and his soul ignited. Cold, passionless Philip Crane spoke in a tongue unfamiliar though it was to him, that carried conviction to the girl—just the conviction that he was in earnest, that he was possessed of a humanizing love. She listened patiently while he pleaded his cause with much mastery. It was beyond her understanding, that, though Mortimer through all time had spoken not at all of love to her—at least not in the passionate words that came from this man's lips—yet she now heard as though it were his voice and not Crane's. Love was a glorious thing—with Mortimer.

Crane's intensity availed nothing. When he asked why she held faith to a man who must be known for all time as a thief, her soul answered, "It is nothing—because he is innocent."

Because of her Crane would do anything; the matter would be dropped as though it were all a hideous mistake. Mortimer might remain in the bank; his employer would even try to believe him innocent, taking the girl's protestation as conclusive proof. Her mother, her father, everyone would demand of her, however, that she give the dishonest one up as a possibility. Even in his vehemence he lost no delicacy of touch. Why should she chain herself to an impossibility? It would but ruin the man she professed to regard.

The Banker made no threat, but Allis shuddered. She knew. The narrow lidded eyes had closed perceptibly when their owner talked of the alternative. He, Crane, loved her—she felt that was true. He was rich; for her father, for her brother, for herself, even for Mortimer, he would use his wealth. He pleaded his cause like a strong man, and when he spoke of failure because of her preference for Mortimer, an acridity crept into his voice that meant resentless prosecution.

She could not hold this full power over Crane without feeling its value. To pledge herself to him as wife was impossible; she could not do it; she would not. Fate played into his hands without doubt, but Fate was not Providence. A decree of this sort, iniquitous, was not a higher command, else she would not feel utter abhorrence of the alliance. Paradoxically the more vehemently Crane's love obtruded itself the more obnoxious it became; it was something quite distinct from the man's own personaury. She did not detest him individually, for the honesty of his love absolutely as a compelling factor, appealed to him as a man having regard for her, a woman he believed in.

It was a most delicate cleavage, yet unerringly she attained to its utmost point of discrimination. Perhaps it was the strength of her love for Mortimer that enabled her to view calmly this passionate declaration. A year before, unsophisticated as she had been, it would have thrown her into an agitated confusion, but she was developing rapidly; responsibility had tempered fine the great will power which was hers in such a marked degree.

"I am sorry, Mr. Crane," she began, conventionally enough, "I am sorry; I couldn't marry a man without loving him. What you have just told me must win regard for you, because I know that you feel strongly, and I think any woman should take an offer of honest love as the greatest compliment."

"But I don't ask for your love now," he interrupted.

"Ah, but you should. You shouldn't marry a woman unless she loves you. At any rate I feel that way about it. Of course, if there was a chance of my coming to care for you in that way we could wait, but it would be deceiving you to give hope."

"Is it because you care for Mortimer?" he asked.

"I think it is. I suppose if I am to help him I must be quite honest with you. I do not want to talk about it—it seems too sacred. I have ever spoken less to Mr. Mortimer of love," she added, with a painful attempt at a smile. "You have said that you care for me, Mr. Crane, and I believe you; you have been generous to my father, also. Now won't you promise me something, just for the sake of this regard? I suppose it is impossible to prove Mr. Mortimer's innocence"—she felt her own helplessness, and who else could or would care to accomplish it—"but it is in your power to lessen the evil. Won't you take my word that he is innocent and stop everything? As you say, either he or Alan must be suspected, and if it were brought home to my brother it would crush me, and my mother and father."

"What can I do?"

"Just nothing. I know Mr. Mortimer has determined to accept the disgrace, and he will go away. You can make his load as light as possible, for my sake."

The small hand on his arm was drawing him to acquiesence. He did not answer at once, but sat moodily diagnosing his position. If he refused and prosecuted Mortimer, the girl, more determined than many men, would change from a state of possibility, from simply not loving him to a vigorous hate. If he hushed the matter up Mortimer would go away under a cloud, and his removal from the presence of Allis might effect a change in her regard. He would accelerate this wished-for elusion of love by procuring absolutely indisputable proof of Mortimer's dishonesty. He saw his opening to that end; he would do it under the guise of clearing the innocent one of the suspected two; for Allis alone this would be. To him there was not the slightest ground for supposing Alan had taken the money, but blinded by her love, evidently Allis thought Mortimer was shielding her brother. Though it was to Crane's best interests, he pretended to consent out of pure chivalry. "What you ask," he said, "is very little; I would do a thousand times more for you. There is nothing you could ask of me that would not give me more pleasure than anything else in my barren life. But I could not bear to see you wedded to Mortimer; he is not worthy—you are too good for him. I don't say this because he is more fortunate, but I love you and want to see you happy."

The girl was like a slim poplar. The strong wind of Crane's clever pleading and seeming generosity swayed her from her rigid attitude only to spring back again, to stand straight and beautiful, true to her love and faith in Mortimer.

"You are very kind to me," she said, simply; "I wish I could repay you."

"Perhaps some day I will get a reward out of all proportion to this small service."

She looked fair into his eyes, and on her lips hovered a weak, plaintive, wistful smile, as though she were wishing he could accept the inevitable and take her regard, her gratitude, her good opinion of him and not wed himself to a chimera which would only bring weariness of spirit in return for his goodness.

"You will be repaid some day," she answered, "for I feel that Mr. Mortimer's name will be cleared, and you will be glad you acted generously."

"Well, this will give him a better chance," he said, evasively; "it's not good to crush a man when he's down. I will see that no one connected with the bank shows him the slightest disrespect. Of course he'll have to go, he couldn't remain under the circumstances—he wouldn't."

The horse had jogged slowly. Allis had purposely allowed the old Bay to take his time. Unused to such a tolerance he had scandalously abused the privilege; once or twice he had even cast longing glances at a succulent bunch of grass growing by the roadside, as though it were a pure waste of opportunity to neglect the delicacy for work when he had to do with such indifferent overseers. But now Ringwood was in sight, and there was still the matter of the money that had been paid on her father's note to speak of. She asked Crane where it had come from.

"You won it over Diablo in the Brooklyn Handicap," he answered bluntly.

"You won it," she corrected him; "I refuse to accept it."

"I remember that eccentricity," he replied. "I'm a busy man, and having the money thrown back on my hands, as it was not mine, caused me considerable inconvenience. I deposited three thousand of it against the note to save both your father and myself needless worry. There are still some hundreds due you, and I wish you would please tell me what I am to do with it."

"I'd rather pay you back the three thousand now."

"I can't accept it. I have enough money of my own to worry along on."

"Well, I wash my hands of the whole affair. When father gets stronger he must settle it."

They had turned into the drive at Ringwood house.

"We are home now," she added, "and I want to say again that I'll never forget your kind promise. I know you will not repent of your goodness."

Mrs. Porter saw Allis and Crane together in the buggy; it pleased the good woman vastly. Allis's success with Lauzanne had taken a load from her spirits. She was not mercenary, but there had been so much at stake. Now in one day Providence had averted disaster, and she had awakened from a terrible nightmare of debt. The sunshine of success had warmed her husband's being into hopeful activity, a brightness was over his spirits that had not been there for months. It was like an augury of complete desire that Crane should come the day of their good fortune with Allis. If she would but marry him there would be little left to worry about. So it was that Crane, perplexed by his recent love check, and Allis mired in gloom over her hero's misfortune, stepped into radiancy of exotic cheerfulness.

The brave girl sought to shake off her gloom, chiding her very heart for its unfilial lack of response. Crane, accustomed to mental athletics, tutored his mind into a seeming exuberance, and playfully alluded to his own defeat at the hands of Allis and the erratic Lauzanne. There was no word of the bank episode, nothing but a paean of victory.

Crane's statement to Allis that he was going to see her father was only an excuse. He soon took his departure, a stable-boy driving him back to the village. There he had a talk with the cashier. Mortimer was to be asked to resign as soon as his place in the bank could be filled. No further prosecution was to be taken against him unless Crane decided upon such a course. "In the meantime you can investigate cautiously," he said, "and keep quiet to yourself any new evidence that may turn up. So far as Mr. Mortimer is concerned, the matter is quite closed."

The cashier had always considered his employer a hard man, and, in truth, who hadn't? He could scarcely understand this leniency; he had expected a vigorous prosecution of Mortimer; he had almost dreaded its severity. Personally he had no taste for it; still he would feel insecure if the suspected man, undeniably guilty, were to remain in the bank. His dismissal from the staff was a wise move, tempered by unexpected clemency. If there was not something behind it all—this contingency always attached itself to Crane's acts—his employer had acted with fine, wise discrimination.

CHAPTER XLII.

Crane returned to New York, his mind working smoothly to the hum of the busy wheels beneath his coach.

This degrading humiliation of his rival must certainly be turned to account. With Allis Porter still believing in Mortimer's innocence the gain to him was very little; he must bring the crime absolutely home to the accused man, but in a manner not savoring of persecution, else the girl's present friendly regard would be turned into abhorence. In addition to this motive he felt an inclination to probe the matter to its utmost depths. It was not his nature to leave anything to conjecture; in all his transactions each link in the chain of preparation for the execution was welded whole. He felt that it would be but a matter of manipulation to environ Mortimer completely with the elements of his folly. He firmly believed him guilty; Allis, misled by her infatuation, mentally attributed the peculation to her brother.

The banker would go quietly to work to settle this point beyond dispute. He might have hesitated, leaving well enough alone, had he been possessed of any thoughts as to the ultimate results of his investigation, but he wasn't. He reasoned that Mortimer had taken the thousand-dollar note thinking to win three or four thousand at least over his horse, The Dutchman, and then replace the abstracted money. Crane was aware that Alan Porter had told Mortimer of The Dutchman's almost certain prospect of winning; in fact, the boy had suggestde that Mortimer had taken it for this purpose. Mortimer would not have changed the note; would have taken it straight to the race course. He must have lost it to some bookmaker over the Dutchman. Crane knew the number of the stolen note. The three one-thousand-dollar bills were new, running in consecetive numbers, B 67,482-83-84; he had noticed that quite by chance at the time; it was the middle one, B 67,483, that was missing. So he had a possible means of identifying the man who had taken the money. Mentally he followed Mortimer during the day at Gravesend. From Alan he knew of his winning over Lauzanne.

Crane reasoned that Mortimer, having risked the thousand on his horse, had been told that Lauzanne might win. This had perhaps frightened him, and being unfamiliar with the folly of such a course he backed two horses in the same race—had put a hundred on Lauzanne at ten to one to cover his risk on The Dutchman, feeling this made him more secure. He would either win a considerable stake or have sufficient on hand to cover up his defalcation. The first thing to do was to find the note if possigle. Faust would be the man for this commission.

Immediately upon his arrival in New Yory, Crane telephoned to Faust, ask-him to bring his betting sheet for the second last day of the Brooklyn meet. When Faust arrived at Crane's quarters the latter said, "I want to trace a thousand-dollar note, number B67,483. I think it was betted on the Brooklyn Derby, probably on my horse."

Faust consulted his betting sheet, Crane looking over his shoulder. "I didn't have no thousand in one bet on that race," he said.

"What are those figures," asked the other, pointing to two consecutive numbers of one thousand each.

"That was the other way about," answered the bookmaker; "that was pay. A thousand to one hundred twice over Lauzanne. I think it must have been stable money, for one of the guys was like a big kid; he didn't know enough to pick a winner in a thousand years."

The coincidence of this amount was the win attributed to Mortimer, appealed to Crane's fancy. "You remember the man who made this bet, then?" he asked.

"Yes, sure thing. There was two of 'em, as you see. I remember him because it took some explainin' to get the pet through his noddle. He was a soft mark for a bunco steerer. I've seen some fresh kid's playin' the horses, but he had 'em all beat to a standstill. It must a-been first-time luck with him, for he cashed."

"Can you describe him?"

The Cherub drew an ornate verbal picture, florid in its descriptive phraseology, but cognate enough to convince Crane it was Mortimer who had made one of the bets. His preconceived plan of the suspected man's operation was working out.

"Now find this thousand-dollar note for me," he said; "take trouble over it; get help if necessary; go to every bookmaker that was in line that day. If you find the note, exchange other money for it and bring it to me."

(To be Continued.)

DONATIONS ACKNOWLEDGED.

Contributions Received at the Aged Women's Home on Wednesday.

The following donations, for which the committee of management extend grateful thanks, were received at the Aged Woman's Home on Wednesday on the occasion of the entertainment held there: Mrs. R. F. Landsberg, sugar syrup, marmalade and biscuits; Mrs. Jones, tea; Mr. Watson, grocer, butter and paper bags; Waitt & Co., loan of piano; Hibben & Co., candy boxes; Miss Geischman, candy; Miss McTavish, candy; Mrs. Whitely, cakes; Mrs. Van Tassel, pears and apples; Mrs. Hirsh, tea and rolled oats; Wm. Speed, tea; Mrs. Lester, sack of sugar; Bishop Cridge, tea and coffee; Mrs. A. Sea, sugar, jersey cream and cream of wheat; Mrs. Walter Chambers, cake and ice cream; Mrs. H. A. Morley, cake; Mrs. J. A. Sayward, 100 pounds of sugar; Mrs. Fred Carne, jr., tea; Mrs. J. A. Grant, brown bread; Mrs. Crimp, bread; Mrs. Conyers, bread; A Friend, 50c.; Mrs. Carne, sugar and cake; Mrs. Goodacre, ice cream; Mrs. Whittier, ice cream; Mr. Jeff, B. C. Market, beef tongue; Mrs. E. B. Marvin, tea and sugar; Mrs. T. Burns, cake; Mrs. M. R. Smith, box of fancy biscuits; Miss Gill, cash and candy; Miss Raymond, cake; Mrs. H. Clay, brown bread and cake; Mrs. S. A. Spencer, cake and cash; Mrs. W. A. Langley, tea; Mr. Harrup, cake; Mrs. Ellis, jelly; Mrs. Waltt, cash; Miss Spencer, cake; Mrs. E. P. Siddell, candy; Mrs. Harvey King, candy; Mrs. David Spencer, cash; Mrs. F. O. Siddel, candy; Mrs. J. M. Campbell, candy; Mrs. Wm. Grant, cash; Mrs. Parcell, milk; Mr. Dean, cream; Mrs. Glover, flowers; Miss Leitch, candy; Mrs. Hemsworth, graham biscuits; Friend, cash; Mrs. C. E. Todd, cash; Mrs. Ironsides, tea; Mrs. E. McQuade, cash; Mrs. Newcomb, cash; Mrs. Foreman, cash; Mrs. Wilkins, sago; Mrs. Dempster, sugar; Mrs. Leiser, cake; Mrs. Frank Richards, tea and coffee; Mrs. W. R. Higgins, cake and cash; "Bijou," corn starch; Hon. J. S. Helmcken, cash; Mrs. G. Jones, tea; W. O. Wallace, sack of sugar and box of fancy biscuits; Flewin's Gardens, cut flowers; Miss McIntosh, cash; Miss Lena Workman, cash; Miss Lena Chambers, cash; Miss Duff, cash; Miss Brooker, cash; Mrs. Whittier, cash; Mrs. Flett, cash; Mrs. Holmes, tea and breakfast food; Master Jones, bread and preserves; Mrs. Tennant, marmalade; Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, cash; Mr. Lily, grapes.

AORANGI'S DEPARTURE.

Australian Liner Carried Full Cargo and Large Number of Passengers.

After loading about fifteen tons of local freight at the outer wharf the R. M. S. Aorangi sailed for Australia and Suva Friday night. The steamship took out a full cargo of miscellaneous freight, consigned to various points in the Antipodes. Among the passengers who left on the steamship was J. Wilson, superintendent of C. P. R. Telegraphs on the Pacific division, who is on a two months' pleasure trip. He is accompanied by Mrs. Wilson and son. Another passenger is Eddie Durnan, of Toronto, champion oarsman of America, who is en route to Sydney, where he will row George Towns for the championship of the world.

The following is a complete list of passengers: N. C. Barker, E. Durnan, J. F. Gray and wife, P. Adams, W. Ware, Mr. and Mrs. Chaffen, C. L. Sellick and wife, Mrs. C. Lawrie, G. Stacey, E. M. Moore, W. J. Shaw, Donald McLeod, Marie McLeod, Lena McLeod, Mary McLeod, Monica McLeod, Neil McLeod, J. A. Mackay, Mrs. Patcher, Miss Mary Taylor, Mrs. Halmen, R. Hamilton, Alex. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Eccles, Mrs. Dr. Eccles, Miss Fleetwood, Miss M. Wylie, A. Wylie and wife, J. Wilson, wife and son, Mr. and Mrs. Young, Mrs. Taylor and daughter, Miss Mears, Mrs. Keavick, R. Patterson, D. M. Ross, W. J. Allan, A. Solomon, Miss McDonald, J. L. Mcdonald, Mr. Dove, Mr. and Mrs. Richards, G. Wilson, C. E. Webster and wife, Mrs. W. S. Sanderson and two children, G. Hamilton and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Fleetwood, jr., Kelsey Newman, R. J. Duncan and wife, Dr. H. A. Washburn, R. H. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Seaman, H. B. Wallace and wife, Miss E. Smith, Miss Grace Smith, S. A. Jounnax and wife, J. Barrett and wife, Miss Margaret Carolan, Miss Catherine Carolan, Miss Annie Carolan, C. Carolan, Miss Harris, W. P. Smith, W. H. Baker, M. Delaparelle and wife, M. Reilly and wife, E. R. Nixon and wife, Gordon Miller, Mr. Warne, Robt. Reid, J. A. Lewis, E. A. Cook, A. E. Bailey, A. Carnew, F. J. Swadling, Miss Sinotte, Mr. Burns, Mr. Brown and Mr. and Mrs. Wood.

—Thomas Stevenson, who has been chief clerk at the Dominion hotel for the past sixteen years, was promoted to the position of manager a few days ago. The change was caused by the great expansion of business which gives Stephen Jones, the proprietor, more than he can cover single handed. Mr. Stephenson is being heartily congratulated by his many friends on the well deserved promotion. J. E. Doyen, formerly of the Columbia hotel, Seattle, has assumed the position of chief clerk.

Plants with white blossoms have a larger proportion of fragrant species than any others: next comes red, then yellow and blue.

HUNTER'S DEATH.

Fell While Carrying Two Shotguns and Was Instantly Killed.

A fatal shooting accident occurred near Michel on October 5th. Four miners went out for a hunt up the Elk river, and when about a mile above the river bridge which spans the Elk above the mouth of Michel creek, the men started to cross the stream on a raft. Three of the men, J. Guger, Wm. Bruno and Verent got on the raft safely, but the fourth man, J. Jareno, a Hungarian, while attempting to get on with the two guns which he was carrying, slipped, and falling forward on the raft, a shotgun was discharged, the charge passed upward along his abdomen and breast, burning the flesh and skin in its course, and entered his head from beneath the chin and through his brain, causing instant death. Coroner Bleasdell was telegraphed for, but found it unnecessary to hold an inquest.

Mr. Jareno was about 25 years of age, and leaves a young widow and two small children.

A WISE POLICY IN BUILDING UP COUNTRY

Australian Press Representative Admires Canadian System of Immigration—American Conditions.

"Canada has a better system for building up her country than the United States," says James de Conlay, jr., special Australian press correspondent, who has during the last three years been travelling on this continent.

"On the other side of the line it is a case of building up cities," he said. "In Spokane, Seattle and Tacoma you have two-thirds of the population of Washington, and so it is in a great many parts on the American side. In Canada, though, the conditions are different. Here you place your immigrants on the land and the country is built up."

Mr. Conley is a magazine writer of wide experience and is now about to go to Europe in the interests of the Cosmopolitan magazine. For fifteen months he has not been in Canada, and the change to him when landing Friday from the steamer Indianapolis was remarkable. He now purposes seeing portions of the great Dominion which he has never seen, notably British Columbia and the Northwest Territories.

Having just travelled over 70,000 miles on railway and steamer, Mr. Conlay has come to the conclusion that Canada possesses also a better system of transportation than her neighbor nation. The Americans, he says, have some of the finest equipped railways, possibly in the world, but when it comes to steamship lines they are different. The reason, he explains, is that in the United States a railway man is almost invariably placed over a steamboat line, and the result is, of course, a failure. Here it is different, the railway and steamboat business is managed under separate heads, and the effect is transparent to every traveller.

Speaking of conditions on the American side, Mr. Conlay said: "The country is not more resourceful than Australia, yet there is no comparison in the development of the two countries. One of the reasons for this is that individual effort is not penalized in America and is under practically no restraint. Great forces, in fighting each other turn over the laws as though they had never been enacted. This has helped to make the country wonderfully prosperous. But whenever there is a good era of prosperity it is followed by a reaction. Just now the entire world is prosperous, but this prosperity will not always last. When the world ceases to be prosperous so will the United States. And then will come the great struggle between capital and labor, and it will be worse in the United States than in any other country, because of the utter disregard for law there. The conflict will force co-operation between capital and labor and then the United States will settle down to enjoy a prosperity with a foundation of a permanent nature."

Mr. Conlay says that the attention of the American people has been rivited on Canada and they are watching closely the policy of nation building that has in this country, he thinks, been wisely adopted.

IN SEARCH OF STEAMERS.

Supervising Engineer of Alaska Steamship Company Has Gone East.

"To make an inspection of several lake steamers that Charles E. Peabody, of the Alaska Steamship Company, may take over for Sound runs, George Lent, supervising engineer of the company, left for Philadelphia last evening in response to a telegram received from President Peabody," says the Seattle Times.

"It is the intention of the officers of the Alaska Steamship Company to replace a number of steamers now on local runs with new and faster boats. Last season the Indianapolis was brought around from the lakes and has proven one of the crack vessels of the Sound fleet. Reports received from the East are that Mr. Peabody will purchase at least one vessel, recently launched, which will be in the class of the Indianapolis. It is possible that he may take over two steamers before navigation closes on the lakes."

SAVED BABY'S LIFE.

There are thousands of mothers throughout Canada who have no hesitation in saying that the good health enjoyed by their little ones is entirely due to the judicious use of Baby's Own Tablets. And there are many mothers who do not hesitate to say that at critical periods the Tablets have saved a baby life. Mrs. Wm. Fortin, St. Genevieve, Que., says: "I feel sure that Baby's Own Tablets saved my baby's life. When I first began giving them to him he was so badly constipated that the bowels could only be moved by injection, and he suffered terribly. After the first day I saw a marked change, and in less than a week the trouble was entirely removed, and he has since enjoyed the best of health." You can get Baby's Own Tablets from your druggist or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ROYAL INSTITUTION HOLDS FIRST MEETING

Decides to Act as Business Board of College—Engineering Course Organized.

The Royal Institute for the Advancement of Learning in British Columbia held its first meeting for the college year of 1906 at Vancouver on Friday last. Those present were: Hon. F. Carter Cotton, president; Alex. Robinson, provincial superintendent of education; Dr. W. Eaton, David Robertson, Dr. Tunstall, R. P. McLennan, S. J. Campbell Sweeny, James Ramsay, Principal Shaw, W. P. Argue and Dr. Tory.

Principal Shaw reported that the classes in arts and engineering were fully organized. There were 15 men taking the first year in applied science, 26 the first year in arts and seven the second year in arts. Sixty candidates have been taken into the matriculation classes. The specially new feature of the work was the starting of the engineering department. This department has been placed in charge of H. K. Dutcher, M. Sc., of McGill. Mr. Dutcher graduated from McGill in electrical engineering, obtaining in this course the general electric scholarship. He also took a practical course with the Allis-Chalmers Bullock Co. of Cincinnati, and later held the position of assistant engineer in their Montreal branch. He resigned this position and accepted the post of lecturer in civil engineering in McGill and obtained the degree of M. Sec. as the result of investigations in the university laboratories. He has also had practical experience with the Boston Elevated Railway Company, the Montreal Street Railway Company, and the Montreal Light, Heat & Power Company. Part of the work in mathematics and physics is at present being taken by Dr. Troy, who is in Vancouver completing the organization of the University College work.

The names of persons for other appointments on the staff were considered. Definite action was deferred, but it was decided to have Dr. David Blair as assistant in the draughting section of the science department until Christmas.

It was seen that in the near future the growth of Vancouver would force the work being carried on by the Royal Institution, out of the rooms now occupied in the High school building. In view of this the matter of securing a new site was discussed and a committee, consisting of Dr. Tory, Campbell Sweeny, Dr. Tunstall, James Ramsay, R. P. McLennan, J. C. Shaw, Col. F. B. Gregory and School Superintendent Argue, was appointed to take up the question.

It was agreed that if possible a piece of ground should be secured sufficiently large to make it possible to grant sites to colleges of any religious denomination which might wish to affiliate.

The work of the college is now being organized to give the first two years in arts and the first two years in engineering; as soon as there is a sufficient demand to warrant it the four years in arts will be given.

The question of by-laws and constitution for permanent future government was discussed, and in general it was arranged that the Royal Institution should be the business board of the college, the purely educational work being put under separate management.

MOTOR CAR AN AID TO CRIME.

Now Used by Burglars to Make Their Escape After Robberies.

"Criminals are finding the motor car of the greatest assistance," said a well known Scotland Yard detective recently, "and its use is naturally increasing the difficulty of police work. You can see how easy it is. A gang of three or four 'first class' men have their motor in town. A house for raiding is selected in the country perhaps a hundred miles from London, and one night they go out to it. Each man probably understands the car thoroughly, and one is left in charge with everything ready for a dash if hurried flight should be necessary. A car standing outside a country house excites no wonder in the remotest district now, so he is not likely to be troubled by the attention of curious rustics night or day. The raid is perhaps successful, the thieves bring out their haul, and then away for London by a circuitous route or the straight road, as circumstances dictate. Suppose the thieves are discovered, and are chased to the road. If they can reach the car they are safe, and are soon reeling off the miles between themselves and their pursuers.

Daylight crime, too, is aided by the motor car. Two accomplices drive up to a house, and one goes boldly in prepared for robbery. He means to do his work quietly, if possible; but, if necessary, he will use violence, for he knows the house has no car of its own, and safety is waiting for him in the road with his colleague. The motor gives ease and expedition for a dozen crimes. Identification is soon disposed of, for numbers are soon changed, and paint and other alterations will do wonders.

"In my opinion, every big police depot will eventually require a fast motor car always ready for immediate service. The news of an outrage comes by telephone, and the detectives are off in a flash on the track. Mr. Macnaughton, the assistant commissioner and chief of the detective force at Scotland Yard, has already his car on which he can immediately hurry to the scene of a big crime. They will be necessary at all the chief police depots before long."

HIS MASTER'S VOICE.

The first instance recorded in Berlin of a dog using a telephone occurred there the other day, when a poodle which had been lost by two provincials during their stay in the capital was recognized by this means. It answered the description left by the owners as to outward appearance, and in order to solve all doubts its probable masters were rung up on the country telephone and asked to communicate with the dog, against whose ear the receiver was placed. On hearing itself called by its name the animal burst into a joyous, excited bark, which was recognized by the owners at the other end of the wire. The dog was thereupon forwarded to its masters by rail.—Chicago Journal.