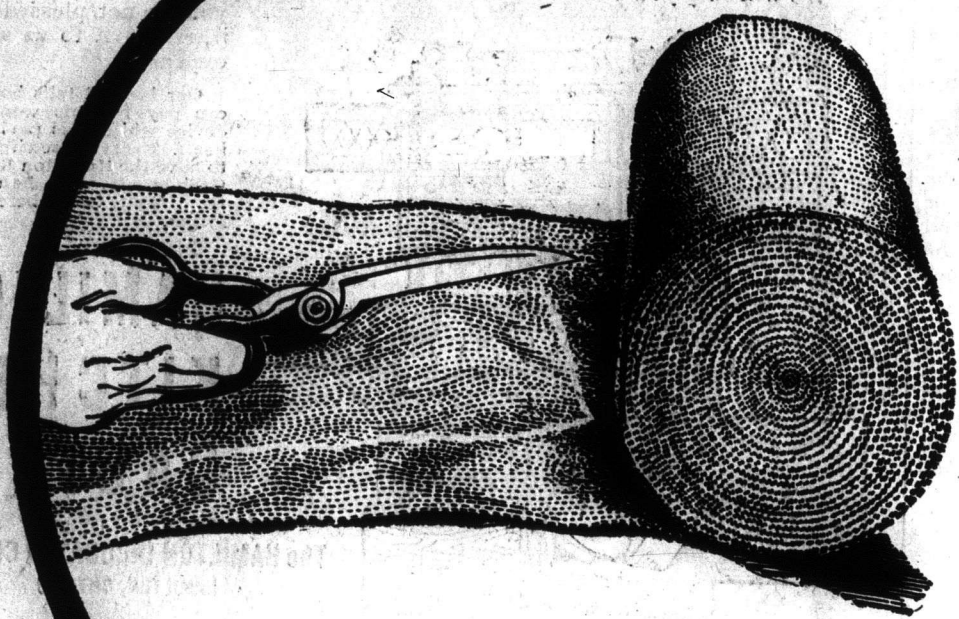


If a tailor fitted your Underwear your comfort would be ideal—but expensive. Yet this essential hand-cut shapeliness is yours in Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear—at ordinary cost. Because tailor's shears in the deft hands of experts cut every single garment to perfect proportions. Ask your dealer for your

size and get a fine fit; snug yet not binding, readily yielding but never baggy. The lasting elasticity in Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear is produced by ingenious machines. But we haven't seen a machine yet that could equal our tailors' cutting skill.



Garments Cut and Tailored by Hand

STANFIELD'S Unshrinkable UNDERWEAR

Made both for women and for men in perfectly fitting sizes. Twenty-one different weights and qualities:—from warm, heavy ribbed garments particularly suitable for outdoor workers to the soft, finely knitted underwear so soothing to sensitive skins. Your local dealer sells Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear. Catalog on request

STANFIELDS LIMITED, - - TRURO, N.S. 24

If I was a surprise to him, he was doubly so to me.

My picture had vanished.

He was sixty-five, if a day; grey, with bushy eyebrows, piercing brown eyes, heavy, well-trimmed moustache, strong chin and nose, with a fine determined lines about the mouth. A man in perfect health, his full throat browned with many weathers showing above a low collar caught together by a loose black cravat—a handsome, rather dashing sort of a man for one so old.

"I say it is a shame, sir," he continued, "the way they are lynching the negroes around here. Have you read the Extra?" passing it over to me—"Another this morning at Crampstown. It's an infernal outrage, sir!"

I had read the "Extra," with all its sickening details, and so handed it back to him.

"I quite agree with you," I said; "but this man was a brute."

"No doubt of it, sir. We've got brutal negroes amongst us just as we've got brutal white men. But that's no reason why we should hang them without a trial; we still owe them that justice. When we dealt fairly with them there was never any such trouble. There were hundreds of plantations in the South during the war where the only men left were negroes. We trusted our wives and children to them, and yet such outrages as these were unheard of and absolutely impossible. I don't expect you to agree with me, of course; but I tell you, sir, the greatest injustice the North ever did the slave was in robbing him of his home. I am going to have a smoke before going to bed. Won't you join me?"

Acquaintances are quickly made and as quickly ended in a Pullman. Men's ways lie in such diverse directions, and the hours of contact are often so short, that no one can afford to be either ungracious or exclusive. The "buttoned-up" misses the best part of travelling. He is like a camera with the cap on—he never gets a new impression. The man with the shutters of his ears thrown wide and the lids of his eyes tied back gets a new one every hour.

If, in addition to this, he wears the



"You don't want me here no mo', an' I'm gwine away."

lens of his heart upon his sleeve, and will adjust it so as to focus the groups around him—it may be a pair of lovers, or some tired mother, or happy child, or lonely wayfarer or a waif—he will often get a picture of joy, or sorrow, or hope—life dramas all—which will not only enrich the dull hours of travel, but will leave imprints on the mind which can be developed later into the

richest and tenderest memories of his life.

I have a way of arranging my own sensitized plates, and I get a certain amount of entertainment out of the process, and now and then a Rembrandt effect whose lights and darks often thrill me for days.

So when this unknown man, with his young legs and his old face, asked me,

on one minute's acquaintance, to smoke, I accepted at once.

"I am right about it, my dear sir," he continued, biting off the end of a cigar and sharing with me the lighted match. "The negro is infinitely worse off than in the slave days. We never had to hang any of them then to make the others behave themselves."

"How do you account for it?" I asked, settling myself in my chair. (We were alone in the smoking compartment.)

"Account for what?"

"The change that has come over the South—to the negro," I answered.

"The negro has a competitor, sir. The interests of the black man and the white man now lie apart. Once the white man was his friend; now he is his rival."

His eyes were boring into mine; his teeth set tight.

The doctrine was new to me, but I did not interrupt him.

"It wasn't so in the old days. We shared what we had with them. One-third of the cabins of the South were filled with the old and helpless. Now these unfortunates are out in the cold; their own people can't help them, and the white man won't."

"Were you a slave owner?" I asked, not wishing to dispute the point.

"No, sir; but my father was. He had fifty of them on our plantation. He never whipped any of them, and he wouldn't let anybody else strike them, either. There wasn't one of them that wouldn't have come back if we had had a place to put him. The old ones are all dead now, thank God!—all except old Aleck; he's around yet."

"One of your father's old slaves, did you say?"

I was tapping away at the door of his recollections, camera all ready, hoping he would let me in.

"Yes; carried me about on his back when I was so high," and he measured the distance with his hand. "Aleck and I were boys together. I was about eight and he about fifteen when my fath—got him."

My companion paused, drumming on the leather covering of his chair. I waited, hoping he would at least open