

I am no office-seeker, though should the Reform Party choose to reward my eminent services with an official position, I should probably follow an illustrious example and descend to its acceptance. But what I came for was information."

"Well," said he, "the cause is flourishing—Cameron can't command a dozen votes—the country is safe in the hands of able administrators. That is all I have to communicate. Good morning."

I could have found out that much by reading the *Globe*.

It didn't satisfy me, so I loafed around to see what news I could pick up. I wasn't going to be put off with such commonplace remarks as those.

Presently Mowat passed out.

I followed like a sleuth-hound on the trail.

He met a clerk in the doorway and said in a low tone: "*Did you send for Wood as I ordered?*"

Ha! A discovery!

"Not yet," replied the clerk.

"*Then do so immediately or we shall be out.*"

There could be no doubt as to the meaning of this conversation.

Wood feeling himself slighted, was about to go into opposition with his friends and overturn the Government.

Mowat had sent for him to offer him a seat in the Cabinet.

A further remark which Mowat dropped confirmed my conclusions.