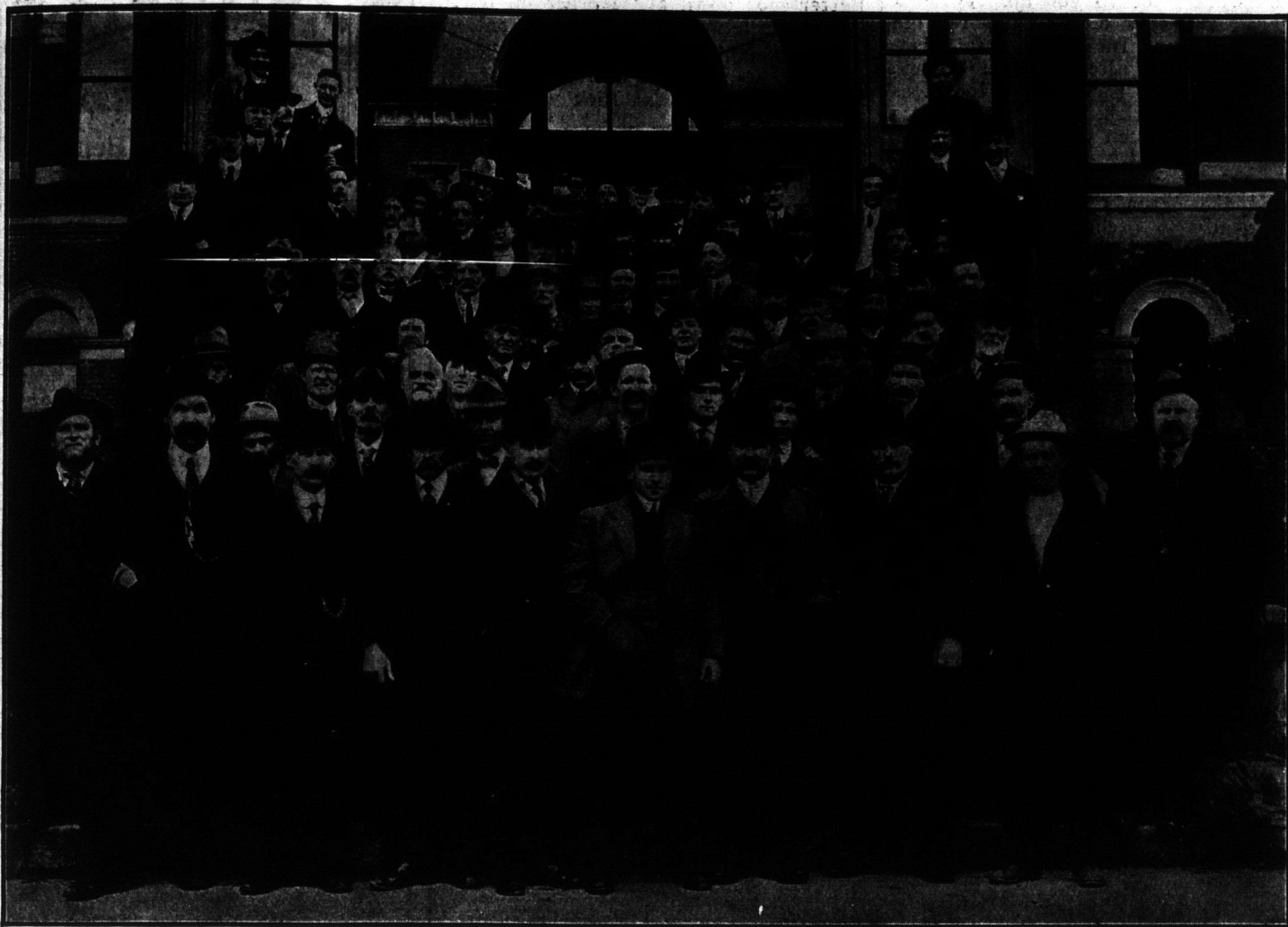


B. C. Jurors on Six Months Duty

By W. P. Luce.



One hundred and twenty jurors—the group here shown—were released from service on March 26, at New Westminster, B.C., where they had been on duty for almost six months at the longest and most expensive assize ever held in Canada. This assize was occupied almost exclusively with the hearing of 140 cases arising out of the labor troubles at the coal mines of Vancouver Island last August, when demonstrations took place at Nanaimo, Cumberland and Extension. The more serious troubles were at Extension, where several houses were burned down and the strikebreakers occupying them compelled to flee to the bush for shelter. Three hundred witnesses were examined during the long assize, some of

them telling the same story scores of times. At first the trial of a prisoner occupied several days, but towards the close the witnesses had become so expert that occasionally two cases could be disposed of in one day.

During the third week in March the committee having charge of the defence of the accused miners came to the conclusion that it was useless trying to avert convictions, as prisoner after prisoner was being convicted with distressing regularity. So a compromise was arranged with the crown prosecutor, and in one day forty-four miners came forward and pleaded guilty to being members of an unlawful assembly, a comparatively venial offense. The court

accepted his plea and agreed to drop the charges of rioting in order to hurry the close of the special assize.

Two days later sixty-three miners stood before the judge for sentence. Most of these he allowed to go on suspended sentence, on their promising to abstain from all disturbances in future. A few others he sentenced to six months in jail, some others to twelve months, and one, Joe Angelo, a notorious Italian agitator, to four years in the penitentiary.

The assizes cost the country the huge sum of \$150,000, an average of \$1200 a day for every day court was held. This sum does not include the fees paid the lawyers, which were very large.

When Faint Heart Won

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Myrtle Levine

THE big car stopped in front of a fashionable residence, and a young man dressed in light grey jumped lightly out and in a careless, easy manner approached the house. A tender light shone in his eyes as the slight figure of a young girl of probably eighteen summers sprang down the steps and bounded across the lawn to meet him.

"What made you so late, Reg? I've waited almost an hour for you. Do you have to go to that stupid old office again to-day, or are you home to stay? We have an invitation to the garden party at Overton's this evening. Will you take me?" she asked, all in one breath, as she slipped her hand into his.

"Whew, I guess I'm in for it now," exclaimed Reginald, as he tweaked a stray curl. "I say, how you do shoot questions at a fellow, to be sure. I am late all right; couldn't help it though, as dad went out of town this morning. I am off duty now though, so what shall I do for you? Shall I walk, talk, sing, play, dance, do all at once, or do nothing at all? I'm an admirable success at doing nothing. Sweet lady, command your humble servant," and he swept her a low bow.

"Then, Sir Reginald, take me to the party," she commanded.

"Why, garden parties are extremely stupid, I think," said he, "uninteresting speeches and bad music usually constituting the programme. I'd much sooner play tennis at home, and—"

The shadow of disappointment that flitted across her face caused him to drop his bantering tone and ask hastily, "Are you really anxious to go to this garden party, Ruth? If so, why we go."

A faint flush crept into her face as she said hesitatingly, "I think you will wish to go when you hear that the Chatterton's are back once more to their city home. Helen will be there," she added significantly.

Reginald threw back his head and laughed heartily. "Two words for yourself and one for me, eh? Dick Chatterton will be there also you think. I noticed he was growing rather attentive before he went away. I shall have to talk to him, I fear. Well, for dear old Dick's sake we go to-night."

He scarcely knew he leaned slightly towards the girl and scanned her face searchingly as she protested, "Nonsense Reginald. Don't tease. I really do want to see Helen almost as much as you do."

"Indeed. You must be quite anxious then," smiled Reg as he entered the hall and passed on up the stair to his room.

For some reason Reginald Browning did not play tennis well that afternoon, much to Ruth's disgust.

That evening they arrived late at the Overton Grounds. Almost immediately Ruth spied Helen and ran to her. Reginald followed, and after shaking hands and talking for some minutes with Helen he asked, "Did Dick come with you this evening, Helen?"

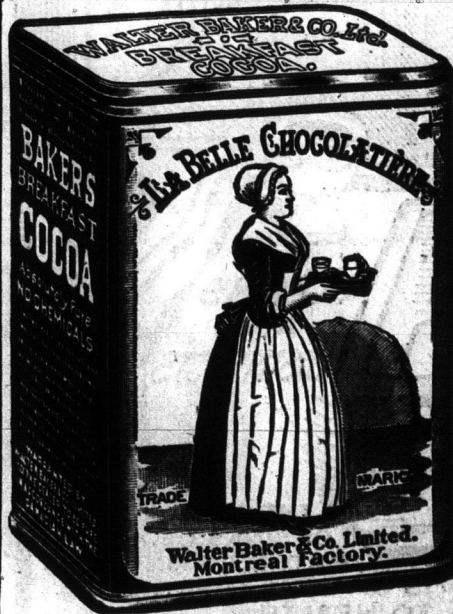
"Oh yes. He is somewhere on the grounds, Reg, and is no doubt looking for you."

"Then, if you ladies will excuse me, I will look for him," and raising his hat he turned away, leaving the two girls to chatter over the events of their long separation.

"Had you a good trip, Helen?" asked Ruth as they seated themselves on a near-by bench.

"A perfectly splendid trip, Ruth. The weather was ideal for travelling, and mother's health was exceptionally good all the time we were gone. I got a trifle lonely sometimes, though, and would have been glad to have had you along with me. I was sorry I had not coaxed mother to persuade Mr. Browning to allow you to accompany us. So was Dick. When he saw or visited a particularly beautiful spot he would say, 'Couldn't Ruth paint this scenery beautifully, and wouldn't she enjoy herself immensely if she were only here?'"

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