

Janey Canuck in the West

when it suddenly occurred to me this was the man whose memorial tablet is opposite my seat at All Saints'—the very man around whom I have been weaving romances while the first and second lessons are being read.

This Captain Chalmers was shot in South Africa, in the Boer War. "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*," reads the inscription, like all other inscriptions over fallen soldiers; but it isn't a true one. Death for any cause is never sweet to a young man in the flood-time of life. They are only high-sounding catchwords meant to drown the gasp and strangle of a strong man clutching at the veldt sand in his death-agony.

Chalmers, it turns out, was not a particularly romantic person. Indeed, the men called him "Scissors," because of his long, thin legs. He enlisted in the Police, and made the best patrol reports ever sent in to Ottawa. Being a civil engineer, and painstaking, these accurate observations greatly delighted his officers.

Later, Chalmers resigned from the force to follow his profession. He was a quiet and reticent man among men who were not quiet and reticent, and so did not shine as "a good fellow."

When war broke out in South Africa, he was appointed captain of one of the Canadian regiments, and while rescuing a brother officer met his death, being shot several times through the body.

The men never weary telling of how Old Scissors turned out to be the most efficient officer of them all, and how he showed a grasp of things military and tactical that no one ever dreamed to be hidden away under his sedate exterior.

And once Old Scissors had a serious love-affair——
No, on second thoughts, I'll not tell it.