

TO MECHANICS

THE "Canadian Courier" is offering a prize of \$25 in cash for the best fifteen-hundred-word article on "The Ambition of the Canadian Mechanic." This article must be written by a mechanic. What we want to know is what the mechanic desires to make of himself, of the body to which he belongs, and of the country in which he is a citizen. We want the cleverest mechanic in Canada to tell the people what he and his fellow-mechanics are aiming at politically, socially, and economically.

This competition will not be decided upon literary style, but upon the merits of the ideas and arguments advanced. The number of words mentioned is only an indication of the length we prefer. A two thousand word article will get the prize if it is more meritorious than the shorter articles. But brevity and conciseness are qualities not to be ignored. This competition closes June 1st.

FOR THE JUNIORS

OUR SPRING COMPETITION.

HAVE you found the bird's nest yet about which you are going to write a story for our competition? Look for it every time you take a walk in woods or the country these fine spring days, and remember that when you have found it these are the things you must be careful to notice and tell about when you send in your essay:

(1) On what day of the year did you find the nest. (2) What kind of bird lived in the nest. (3) Was it an old or a new nest, and of what was it made. (4) When were the eggs laid. (5) Describe them and tell how many there were. (6) When were the birdlings hatched. (7) Tell the date on which they first learned to fly.

You will notice a great many other things which we have not mentioned, but put them all in your story and send it along.

Rules of the Competition.

The essay must not be more than three hundred words in length. It should be entitled "The Story of the Nest." It is open to boys and girls up to the age of eighteen. It should be written on one side of the paper only, and name, age, and address must be clearly stated. All essays should be in this office by the morning of July 15th, and should be addressed, Junior Competition, Canadian Courier, Toronto.

First Prize—No. 2 Folding Brownie Camera.

Second Prize—No. 2 Brownie Camera.

An additional prize of fifty cents each is offered for snapshots illustrating any part of "The Story of the Nest."

"Then we will let it go; in the meanwhile," he said, "take me across the bridge."

They went half way along it when he pulled the horse up, and once more looked down on Witham.

"Your hand is a tolerably good one so long as you are willing to sacrifice yourself, but it has its weak points, and there is one thing I could not tolerate," he said.

"What is that?"

Courthorne laughed wickedly. "You wish me to be explicit? Maud Barrington is devilishly pretty, but it is quite out of the question that you should ever marry her."

Witham turned towards him with the veins on his forehead swollen. "Granting that it is so, what is that to you?"

Courthorne nodded as if in comprehension. "Well, I'm probably not consistent, but one rarely quite loses touch with everything, and if I believed that my kinswoman was growing fond of a beggarly farmer, I'd venture to put a sudden stop to your love-making. This, at least, is perfectly bona fide, Witham."

Witham had borne a good deal of late, and his hatred of the man flared up. He had no definite intention, but he moved a pace forward, and Courthorne touched the horse with his heel. It backed, and then growing afraid of the blackness about it plunged, while Witham for the first time saw that there was a gap in the loosely-laid planking, close behind it. Another plunge or flounder, and horse and rider would go down together.

For a moment he held his breath and watched. Then, as the beast, resisting its rider's efforts, backed again, sprang forward and seized the bridle.

"Get your spurs in! Shove him forward for your life," he said.

There was a momentary struggle on the slippery planking, and, almost as its hind hoofs overhung the edge, Witham dragged the horse away. Courthorne swung himself out of the saddle, left the farmer the bridle, and glanced behind him at the gap. Then he turned, and the two men looked at each other steadily. Their faces were a trifle paler than usual.

"You saw it?" asked Courthorne.

"Yes, but not until you backed the beast and he commenced plunging."

"He plunged once or twice before you caught the bridle?"

"Yes," said Witham quietly.

Courthorne laughed. "You are a curious man. It would have cleared the ground for you."

"No," said Witham dryly, "I don't know that you will understand me, but I scarcely think it would. It may have been a mistake of mine to do what I did, but I have a good deal on my shoulders already."

Courthorne made no answer as he led his horse across the bridge. Then he mounted and looked down on the farmer who stood beside him.

"I remember some things, though I don't always let them influence me to my detriment," he said. "I'm going back to the railroad, and then West, and don't quite know when you will have the pleasure of seeing me again."

Witham watched him quietly. "It would be wiser if you did not come back until I send for you."

(To be continued.)

Training an Oriental.—A British Columbia woman wanted to show her Chinese servant the correct way to announce visitors, and one afternoon went outside her front door, rang the bell, and made the man usher her into the drawing room.

The following afternoon the bell rang, and not hearing him answer it, she went to the door herself. To her surprise, he was standing waiting outside.

"Why, Sing," she asked, "what are you doing here?"

"You foollee me yestaddy. I foollee you to-day," was his reply.

Mediocre.—"How do you like our new clergyman's delivery?"

"It doesn't compare with what the pitcher of our baseball team can do."

Easy Marks.—Some men haven't any more caution, when they happen to get a little money, than to show it to the family.—New York Press.

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