

gentleman I just assigned," the Pullman conductor offered.

"That'll do very well," Eaton answered in the same pleasant voice.

As the porter now took his bags, Eaton followed him out of the car. Connery looked around the sleeper; then, having allowed a moment to pass so that he would not too obviously seem to be following Eaton, he went after them into the next car. He expected, rather, that Eaton would at once identify himself to him as the passenger to whom President Jarvis' short note had referred. Eaton, however, paid no attention to him, but was busy taking off his coat and settling himself in his section as Connery passed.

THE conductor, willing that Eaton should choose his own time for identifying himself, passed slowly on, looking over the passengers as he went. The cars were far from full.

Besides Eaton, Connery saw but half a dozen people in this car: the Englishman in Section Four; two young girls of about nineteen and twenty and their parents—uninquisitive-looking, unobtrusive, middle-aged people who possessed the drawing-room; and an alert, red-haired, professional-looking man of forty whose baggage was marked "D. S.—Chicago." Connery had had nothing to do with putting Eaton in this car, but his survey of it gave him satisfaction; if President Jarvis inquired, he could be told that Eaton had not been put near to undesirable neighbours. The next car forward, perhaps, would have been even better; for Connery saw, as he entered it, that but one of its sections was occupied. The next, the last Pullman, was quite well filled; beyond this was the diner. Connery stood a few moments in conversation with the dining car conductor; then he retraced his way through the train. He again passed Eaton, slowing so that the young man could speak to him if he wished, and even halting an instant to exchange a word with the Englishman; but Eaton allowed him to pass on without speaking to him. Connery's step quickened as he entered the next car on his way back to the smoking compartment of the observation car, where he expected to compare sheets with the Pullman conductor before taking up the tickets. As he entered this car, however, Avery stopped him.

"Mr. Dorne would like to speak to you," Avery said. The tone was very like a command.

Connery stopped beside the section, where the man with the spectacles sat with his daughter. Dorne looked up at him.

"You are the train conductor?" he asked, seeming either unsatisfied of this by Connery's presence or merely desirous of a formal answer.

"Yes, sir," Connery replied.

Dorne fumbled in his inner pocket and brought out a card-case, which he opened, and produced a card. Connery, glancing at the card while the other

still held it, saw that it was President Jarvis' visiting card, with the president's name in engraved block letters; across its top was written briefly in Jarvis' familiar hand, "This is the passenger"; and below, it was signed with the same scrawl of initials which had been on the note Connery had received that morning—"H. R. J."

Connery's hand shook as, while trying to recover himself, he took the card and looked at it more closely, and he felt within him the sinking sensation which follows an escape from danger. He saw that his too ready and too assured assumption that Eaton was the man to whom Jarvis' note had referred, had almost led him into the sort of mistake which is unpardonable in a "trusted" man; he had come within an ace, he realized, of speaking to Eaton and so betraying the presence on the train of a traveler whose journey his superiors were trying to keep secret.

"You need, of course, hold the train no longer," Dorne said to Connery.

"Yes, sir; I received word from Mr. Jarvis about you, Mr. Dorne. I shall follow his instructions fully." Connery recalled the discussion about the drawing-room which had been given to Dorne's daughter. "I shall see that the Pullman conductor moves some one in one of the other cars to have a compartment for you, sir."

"I prefer a place in the open car," Dorne replied. "I am well situated here. Do not disturb any one."

As he went forward again after the train was under way, Connery tried to recollect how it was that he had been led into such a mistake, and defending himself, he laid it all to old Sammy. But old Sammy was not often mistaken in his identifications. If Eaton was not the person for whom the train was held, might he be some one else of importance? Now as he studied Eaton, he could not imagine what had made him accept this passenger as a person of great position. It was only when he passed Eaton a third time, half an hour later, when the train had long left Seattle, that the half-shaped hazards and guesses about the passenger suddenly sprang into form. Connery stood and stared back. Eaton did not look like any one whom he remembered having seen; but he fitted perfectly some one whose description had been standing for ten days in every morning and evening edition of the Seattle papers. Yes, allowing for a change of clothes and a different way of brushing his hair, Eaton was exactly the man whom Warden had expected at his house and who had come there and waited while Warden, away in his car, was killed.

CONNERY was walking back through the train, absent-minded in trying to decide whether he could be at all sure of this from the mere printed description, and trying to decide what he should do if he felt sure, when Mr. Dorne stopped him.

"Conductor, do you happen to know," he ques-

tioned, "who the young man is who took Section Three in the car forward?"

Connery gasped; but the question put to him the impossibility of his being sure of any recognition from the description. "He gave his name on his ticket as Philip D. Eaton, sir," Connery replied.

"Is that all you know about him?"

"Yes, sir."

"If you find out anything about him, let me know," Dorne bade.

"Yes, sir." Connery moved away and soon went back to look again at Eaton. Had Mr. Dorne also seen the likeness of Eaton in the published descriptions of the man whom Warden had said was most outrageously wronged? the man for whom Warden had been willing to risk his life, who afterwards had not dared to come forward to aid the police with anything he might know? Connery determined to let nothing interfere with learning more of Eaton; Dorne's request only gave him added responsibility.

Dorne, however, was not depending upon Connery alone for further information. As soon as the conductor had gone, he turned back to his daughter and Avery upon the seat opposite.

"Avery," he said, in a tone of direction, "I wish you to get in conversation with this Philip Eaton. It will probably be useful if you let Harriet talk with him, too. She would get impressions helpful to me which you can't."

The girl started with surprise, but recovered at once. "Yes, Father," she said.

"What, sir?" Avery ventured to protest.

CHAPTER III.

Miss Dorne Meets Eaton.

LORNE motioned Avery to the aisle, where already some of the passengers, having settled their belongings in their sections, were beginning to wander through the cars seeking acquaintances or players to make up a card game. Eaton, however, was not among these. On the contrary, when these approached him in his section, he frankly avoided chance of their speaking to him, by an appearance of complete immersion in his own concerns. The Englishman directly across the aisle from Eaton clearly was not likely to speak to him, or to anybody else, without an introduction; the red-haired man, "D. S.," however, seemed a more expansive personality. Eaton, seeing "D. S." look several times in his direction, pulled a newspaper from the pocket of his overcoat and engrossed himself in it; the newspaper finished, he opened his travelling bag and produced a magazine.

But as the train settled into the steady running which reminded of the days of travel ahead during which the half-dozen cars of the train must create a world in which it would be absolutely impossible to avoid contact with other people, Eaton put the

(Continued on page 24.)

Who Owns This Country, Anyhow?

QUEBEC, August 18th. By

A STAFF CORRESPONDENT

struck up "The Star Spangled Banner."

A DRAWL-FACED, sociable man in a check suit and a helmetized hat was never weary of heaping genial abuse upon the steamboat French-Canadian newsboy. He had knocked about a heap before coming to the St. Lawrence. Over at Mt. Clemens, where his red-faced, sociable wife was being "boiled out" for rheumatism, he had an operation that deprived him of one of his kidneys. I mention these little details because his wife told them to me with that child-like unreserve that distinguishes most Americans abroad. And down here on the St. Lawrence during the month of August, anywhere between the foot of the Thousand Islands and Ha! Ha! Bay, you encounter thousands of these roving, restless people from the land of Uncle Sam. Leave them alone and they will boycott you as skilfully as any nabob with a monocle. Give one of them the least pretext and you are in for a family history plus a good part of the history of the United States with politics thrown in. For these people carry Uncle Sam with them when they travel; and they want everybody to know it. Whereby some of us Canadians might get pointers.

This man—call him Izra Stimson—was a master of genial descriptive sarcasm. Travel and experience and a native sense of drawling humour had made him as much at home on a Canadian steamer or the terrace at the Chateau as in little old New York. And he bobbed up everywhere. I was on the four boats. He was on three of them. I was at the Chateau twice. He was there both times.

Previous to 1916 Stimson had never even heard of the Saguenay. Most he knew of that part of the world was that Taft summered at Murray Bay. Whereby when the boat pulled in at the Murray Bay dock he instantly inquired of some one who looked like a fellow-American on a shore,

"Say, is Taft here this year?"

"Sure, Taft's here," was the reply.

"Hum! Got dog-gone good sense if I'm any judge of landscape," surmised Stimson. "Say, maw, this pertikler mind o' beauty is good enough to eat. I'm real glad we noticed that ad Niag'ry to the Sea. Eh?"

Having read and reread the genial dopest's description of the St. Lawrence-Saguenay route—price fifty cents and your money back in U. S. coin if you don't like it—Stimson decided that it was much better to finish it when he got home. We were well up into the Saguenay by then. It began to get dark. The mysterious mountains league upon league became very dim. The wind was chilly up there in the manless solitude between Tadousac and Ha! Ha! Bay. If the loons were calling, nobody heard them. Everybody went inside. There were probably a hundred passengers. Somebody—a Canadian—went to the piano. He played a collection of national airs. Rule Britannia—got no hand; Scots Wha Hae—none; Harp That Once—none; Men of Harlech—a little; Russian Anthem—none; La Marseillaise—quite a clap. Then, because the player was a Canadian and wanted to keep O Canada for a finale, he

struck up "The Star Spangled Banner." Immediately everybody in the saloon rose. At the close they applauded with great gusto.

The playing of O Canada, regarded as a very suitable concession to the French-Canadian people among the crew and the inhabitants of Chicoutimi, was greeted with quite generous appreciation. But nobody rose.

It was the Star Spangled Banner that fetched the passengers on the St. Irene up the Saguenay. And it would have fetched just about equally well any average ship's company between Niagara Falls and St. Alphonse des Baie Ha Ha. That the band which plays nightly on the terrace at the Chateau Frontenac does not, so far as one observes, include this piece de resistance on its programmes must be due to the intensity of the French-Canadian's belief in his own country. The band there always concludes its programmes with O Canada! followed immediately by God Save the King.

BETWEEN Dominion Day and September 1st—at least that period—the Chateau might as well fly the Stars and Stripes alongside the Union Jack. On the 14th day of August, this year, every room was taken, and would-be occupants clamoured to see the manager or the chief clerk or somebody to demand some place where they might bestow luggage without paying 25 cents a parcel at the checking office. Would-be occupants might be a Canadian whose father had voted in Parliament to subsidize the C. P. R. with land grants. No use. The room he