neither of them spoke again till they had passed the belt of trees which enclosed the grounds, and reached the wooden pier.

wooden pier.

"If I were a millionaire," he said, resting his arms on the wooden rail, "I'd charter a big steam-yacht, have her fitted out with guns and men, and scour the seas till I found those scoundrels. Then I'd give every one of them a thousand lashes, and hang whatever was left of them to the

of them a thousand lashes, and hang whatever was left of them to the yardarm. That's what I'd do."

Joan did not answer. Her eyes were gazing seawards. She had heard much of this sort of talk lately, and it tinkled feebly in her ears.

"I believe the Government are playing some deep game," Colonel Endermine continued—"that there is some international complication. I'm willing to bet that they know the name of the nation that has done this thing.

international complication. I'm willing to bet that they know the name of the nation that has done this thing, and are trying to avoid war. Knaves and liars these politicians are. I know them. They'd rather sacrifice half England than snap their fingers in the face of Germany."

Still Joan was silent. She was thinking of Lowick, and of the night they had last stood on this pier looking at the single figure silhouetted against the sky.

"I shouldn't wonder," the Colonel went on, "if Corodale wasn't in the know. I'm not sorry Ralph Lowick shot him. Ralph wouldn't have killed a man if it hadn't been absolutely necessary. The jury at the inquest were a pack of fools, and as for the police—well, I wish I'd been on the jury; I'd have said what I thought of the police."

"Oh, father, please," said the girl, wearily, "it's no good talking of all that, is it? What's to be done to save Ralph? Can nothing be done?"

"I can't do anything, Joan. I wish I could—if it were only for your

"I can't do anything, Joan. I wish I could—if it were only for your sake, my poor child. If the outcry of the Press and the outcry of the whole nation can't move the Government to do anything, it is certain I can't. As I tell you, if I were a millionaire, I'd go and search for the vessel myself—hello!"

This exclamation was elicited by

This exclamation was elicited by the sudden appearance of a man from the small gate on the other side of the road—the gate that gave access to the grounds of Cransea Hall. He was not the sort of man that might be expected the sort of man that might be expected to emerge from the grounds of a gentleman's residence. His clothes were dirty and patched in places, and he looked sadly in need of both a bath and a shave. A small bundle, wrapped in a red handkerchief, was slung over his shoulder on the end of a thick stick, and he limped as though he had walked far.

"An ugly-looking customer," said Colonel Endermine. "I thought the

Colonel Endermine. "I thought the Police had cleared all suspicious characters out of this neighborhood." "Poor fellow!" said Joan. "If he

asks for a copper, please give him

one."
"I'll do nothing of the sort—well, what do you want?"

what do you want?"

The man mumbled something about a night's lodging and a bit of bread. He looked feeble and half starved, and not in the least dangerous. The short and sturdy Colonel Endermine could probably have knocked him down with a single blow.

"Do you know I'm a Justice of the Peace," growled the Colonel, "and I've half a mind to have you sent to gaol for begging."

"I ain't beggin," the man answered. "I don't want none o' your money. I only takes what's given me cheerful like. I s'pose I may look at the Vlaw, mayn't I?" And shuffling past them he leant his arms on the rail and sazed seawards, blinking his red-rimmed eyes.

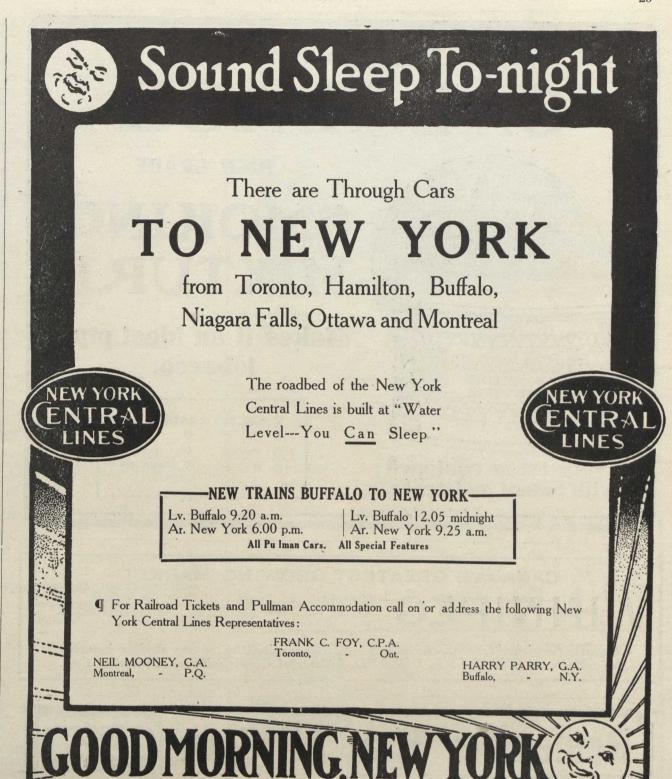
"Come along, Joan," said Colonel Endermine, sharply; "and look here, my man, you'd better be out of this part of the world before the morning, or you'll get more dry bread and more nights' lodgings than you want."

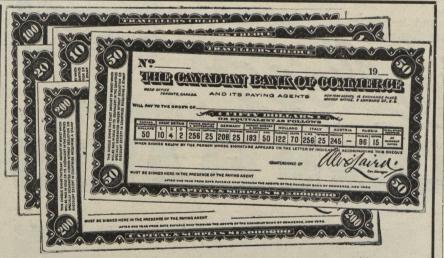
He moved away, and Joan followed reluctantly. "Oh, father," she said, as she reached the road, "let me give him a penny."

"You can do what you like with your own money," was the curt reply.

"You can do what you like with your own money," was the curt reply.

The girl ran back, and opened her





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POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,

Mail Service Branch.

G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.

Ottawa, 9th May, 1911.