

at my place. I didn't even mind Jimmy's bombardment with two-inch pine cones, and it wasn't long before Nature's sweet restorer tip-toed along down the sun-flecked aisle of pines with her needles all ready for business and knit up Jimmy's "ravelled sleeve of care." And when she signalled to me to climb into the dope chair, she didn't need to say "Next!" for I was there and over the line, and all the judges from Ryde to Sandy Hook couldn't have fetched me back up against the lotus-lilled tide of sleep I went drifting down, with Jimmy's deep and regular breathing calling me, as it were, to follow him.

When I awoke, it was with a start. The rain was on my face. All the bright light seemed to have gone out of the world, and dusk, and the "first drops of a thunder-shower," to quote his Lordship again, were falling now. The air was very heavy and still, as if the storm that had distantly impended in the early afternoon were now close at hand; and all animal life, save perhaps that of the tree-toad, was hushed as if in expectation and dread. A red squirrel ran noiselessly before me through the pines and entered his hole, without a sound. It seemed to me as if Mother Earth and I had been inveigled into Miss Anaesthesia Dope's parlors and that I had come out of the trance first.

My rolling eye wheeled over to the spot where Jimmy had been playing a lone hand at the pine cone game, and then travelled a quicker than thought to the beach. I was on my feet then, with a bound, for Jimmy and Jimmy's canoe were gone!

I ran to the beach and glimpsed the creek either way, but there wasn't sight or sound of Jimmy, or of life of any kind, excepting my amphibian friend the tree-toad, who never let up holding out the glad hand of his chirpy welcome to the rain. The face of the creek was glassy and gray, flecked intermittently by heavy heralding drops of what the tree-toad was calling for. Then came the first breath of the storm, a faint, cool, premonitory passing breeze, that wrinkled for a moment the sullen face of the creek, and turned the white pages of the silver maples along the shore as if to write on them with ghostly hand the fate of those that were foredoomed.

I got my marine glass and hurried to the head of the bluff. The storm was coming up indeed, lazily like a giant sure of his prey, from the south-west. There was not a trace of colour to show where the westerling sun was dropping low, but southward there were intermittent and ominous flashes from the giant's eye, and sullen mutterings from his guttural throat of gathering wrath. The sky was still unclouded along the east, where already "one naked star had waded through the purple shallows of the night,"—and got his feet wet, I guess. But here where I was, on the

bluff, the breeze was stirring the strong grasses to sibilant complaint, while all the visible lake, crepuscular and vague, was shuddering into life.

A light glimmered in the window of a cottage across the lake, and midway between that dimming shore and me were two rapidly moving shapes. I was down in the grass on the bluff's uttermost edge in a moment, and in the next the two objects swam into the circumference of the lens and loomed big before me, their outlines faintly nebulous but definite to my eye.

They were Chumley Potts and Jimmy Carew.

(To be continued.)

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## Personals.

### Promotions.

Brantford City Post Office. — T. R. Snodgrass to 4th class; W. E. Tisdale and G. Taylor to Sr. 2nd class.

Charlottetown City Post Office. — J. McCarey to 1st class, W. H. Gill to 1st class; W. M. Brehaut to Jr. 2nd class.

Calgary City Post Office. — Fred Packman to 4th class, W. Lee to Jr. 3rd class, E. G. Chudley to 4th class, R. C. Hill to 4th class, W. Pennell to 4th class, R. V. Gummer to 4th class, W. W. Webster to 4th class, H. G. Curliss to 4th class, W. R. Salisbury to Jr. 2nd class, W. T. Toye and G. A. Stagg to Sr. 2nd class.

Edmonton City Post Office — M. R. Cryderman to Sr. 2nd class, J. N. Tessier to Sr. 3rd class, C. E. Greaves to Jr. 3rd class, A. E. Third to Jr. 3rd class.

Halifax City Post Office — J. P. Connors to Sr. 3rd class, E. R. Gordon to Sr. 3rd class, P. F. Brennan to Sr. 2nd class, W. S. Fultz, J. N. Meagher, A. P. Healey, T. J. O'Brien, J. M. Donovan, J. H. Smyth to Sr. 2nd class.

Hamilton City Post Office — A. J. Kerr to Sr. 2nd class, R. H. Kell to Sr. 2nd class, Wm. McFarland to Sr. 2nd class, F. Hodd, A. C. Blake, J. Campbell, R. W. Moore, R. Woolley, J. J. Dorsey to 4th class, Chas. Judd to Sr. 2nd class, J. McCulloch to Sr. 2nd class, J. C. Richter to Sr. 2nd class, Miss J. E. Mackey to jr. 2nd class, Miss G. Smith to Jr. 2nd class, Miss M. L. Cussaek to Jr. 2nd class, Miss A. M. Hamilton to Jr. 2nd class, L. J. Enright to Jr. 3rd class, H. M. Fitzgerald to 1st class, W. L. Waterman to 1st class, Wm. Flynn to 1st class, John A. Webber to 1st class, Wm. McFarland to 1st class, J. H. C. Dempsey to Sr. 2nd class, F. Hodd, A. C. Blake, J. Campbell, R. W. Moore, R. Woolley, J. J. Dorsey to Jr. 2nd class, J. H. Dempsey, J. C. Hill, F. J. Carroll, G. W. McIntosh, D.