

too, but duty is duty, and you will make allowances for a public servant, I'm sure."

With which Mr. Grylls had bowed and smirked himself out of the house, but the ladies, watching from the windows, were alarmed to see that though he drove away briskly, he remained in the vicinity for a couple of hours. They had caught a glimpse of his portly form on the opposite headland, and had seen him afterwards descend to the cove, whence he had trudged along the beach and spent a long time staring at the cliff under the Tower.

The natural conclusion they came to was that Wilson Polgleaze had repeated to Mr. Grylls the sinister accusation he had made against Lance before leaving the Tower on the night of the shipment. No wonder that the three intervening days had been pregnant with suspense, in spite of the ray of comfort derived from Billy Craze's strange appeal, through Marigold, for sanctuary. No wonder that this open verdict came as a relief that brought them to the verge of tears of thankfulness. It was all too ridiculous, of course, but it would have been horrible if that loathsome young man had sustained his charge in the Coroner's court.

And then from the verdict they turned to a perusal of the evidence, and they found that Wilson Polgleaze had preferred no charge at all. Nor had he so much as alluded to his presence at the Tower, or to Lance's assault upon him. In fact not once in course of the inquiry had reference been made by any of the witnesses to the captain of "The Lodestar" or to the irregular manner in which the steamer had commenced her voyage. Mr. Grylls also had kept the purpose of his Sunday expedition to St. Ruman's locked in his own broad breast.

The evidence tendered had been of the most meagre description, and all of it negative in quality. The only definite fact proved was that Jacob Polgleaze had been murdered, but on the other hand the principal contention seemed to have been that there was no one who could possibly have murdered him. The thing was a dead-lock. It was elicited that Israel Hart, the salesman, had gone home to his tea between half-past four and a quarter-past five, and the Coroner in his summing up laboured the point that the crime must have been committed by someone who had entered during his absence. The jury accepted the view and left it at that.

(To be continued.)

A Midsummer Review from St. Andrew's

The Midsummer Number of the St. Andrew's College Review is very good reading from the editorial on the first page to the amusing skits on the last. It is easy to imagine how eagerly it is greeted by the many "Old Boys" at the front, to whom such a reminder of the good old days at school is the most bracing of news.

There is a splendid percentage of these "Old Boys" overseas, as the honour-list of over 400 names proves. Certainly there is no lagging behind at St. Andrew's, when it comes to duty to the country. The casualty list comprises eight killed in action and four dead on service, with a long line of wounded. Among those recently reported killed are two school favourites, Lts. George H. Campbell, Halifax, and Maurice Malone, Toronto. Two others have received military crosses, Lt. Jamie Auld and Capt. H. F. Hertzberg.

Extracts from the letters of "Mike" Malone are given in what we consider the most widely interesting part of the whole Review—news from the trenches. Without exception the letters all show the same spirit which characterizes those of Lt. Malone—confidence, good cheer, and quite a strong sense of the absolutely ridiculous. All the extracts are anonymous. York Mills, the site of the new College, has its local history told in brief but comprehensive notes; and in this chapter is a quite vivid word-picture of the passers-by on the old road, in 1820.

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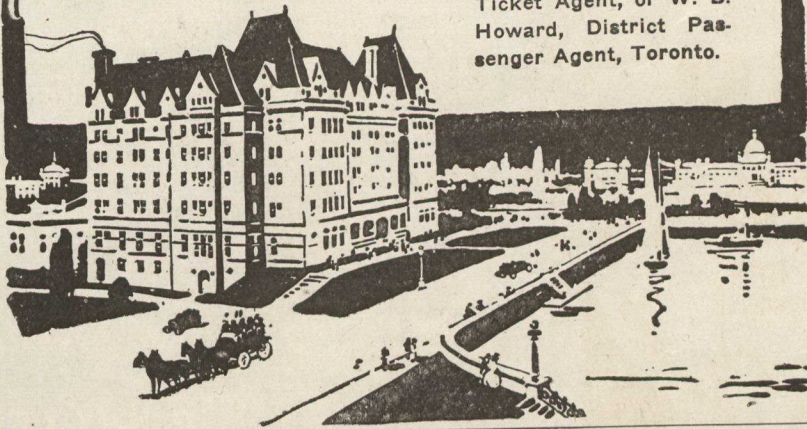
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