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These Trains reach all points in Canadian North West and British Columbia.

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For full particulars apply to the

Western Express

Leaves Montreal daily at 9.40 a. m.

First and Second Class Coaches and Palace Sleepers through to Calgary.

Tourist Sleepers Sunday, Monday and Tuesday.

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With Edged Tools.

By Henry Seton Merriman.

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"Yes," answered Jocelyn, "I understand."

At this moment a servant came in with lamps and proceeded to close the windows. She was quite an old woman—an Englishwoman—and as she placed the lamps upon the table she scrutinized the guest after the manner of a privileged servant. When she had departed Jack Meredith continued his narrative with a sort of deliberation which was explained later on.

"And," he said, "that is why I came to Africa—that is why I want to make money. I do not mind confessing to a low greed of gain, because I think I have the best motive that a man can have for wanting to make money."

He said this meaningfully and watched her face all the while.

"A motive which any lady ought to approve of."

She smiled sympathetically.

"I approve and I admire your spirit."

She rose as she spoke and moved toward a side table, where two lighted candles had been placed.

"My motive for talking so barefacedly about myself," he said as they moved toward the door together, "was to let you know exactly who I am and why I am here. It was only due to you on accepting your hospitality. I might have been a criminal or an escaped embezzler. There were two on board the steamer coming out and several other shady characters."

"Yes," said the girl; "I saw your motive."

They were now in the hall, and the aged servant was waiting to show him his room.

"No one knows," Victor Durnovo was in the habit of saying, "what is going on in the middle of Africa."

And on this principle he acted.

"Ten miles above the camping ground where we first met," he had told Meredith, "you will find a village where I have my headquarters. There is quite a respectable house there, with—a woman to look after your wants. When you have fixed things up at Loango and have arranged for the dhows to meet my steamer, take up all your men to this village—Muala is the name—and send the boats back. Wait there till we come."

In due time the telegram came, via St. Paul de Loand, announcing the fact that Oscar had agreed to join the expedition and that Durnovo and he might be expected at Muala in one month from that time. It was not without a vague feeling of regret that Jack Meredith read this telegram. To be at Muala in a month with forty men and a vast load of provisions meant leaving Loango almost at once. And, strange though it may seem, he had become somewhat attached to the dreary west African town. The singular cosmopolitan society was entirely new to him; the life, taken as a life, almost unique. He knew that he had not outstayed his welcome. Maurice Gordon had taken care to assure him of that in his boisterous, hearty manner, savoring more of Harrow than of Eton, every morning at breakfast.

Jack took a seat on the porch and began to search for his cigar in the pocket of his jacket. Jocelyn went to the front of the veranda and watched her brother mount his horse. When she came to the back of the veranda a little later she was thinking about her brother Maurice, and it never suggested itself to her that she should not speak her thoughts to Meredith, whom she had not seen until three weeks ago. She had never spoken of Maurice behind his back to any man before.

"Does it ever strike you," she said to Jack, "that Maurice is the sort of man to be led astray by evil influence?"

"Yes, or he led straight by a good influence, such as yours."

He did not meet her thoughtful gaze. He was apparently watching the retreating form of the horse through the tangle of flower and leaf and tendril.

"I am afraid," said the girl, "that my influence is not of much account."

"Do you really believe that?" asked Meredith, turning upon her with a half cynical smile.

"Yes," she answered simply.

Before speaking again he took a pull at his cigar.

"Your influence," he said, "appears to me to be the making of Maurice Gordon. I frequently see serious flaws in the policy of Providence, but I suppose there is wisdom in making the strongest influence that which is unconscious of its power."

"I am glad you think I have some power over him," said Jocelyn, "but at the same time it makes me uneasy, because it only confirms my conviction that he is very easily led. And suppose my influence, such as it is, was withdrawn; suppose that I were to die, or what appears to be more likely, suppose that he should marry."

"Then let us hope that he will marry the right person. People sometimes do, you know."

She smiled with a strange little flicker of the eyelids. They had grown wonderfully accustomed to each other during the last three weeks. Here, it would appear, was one of those

ships between man and woman that occasionally set the world agog with curiosity and skepticism. But there seemed to be no doubt about it. He was over thirty, she verging on that prosaic age. Both had lived and moved in the world. To both life was an open book, and they had probably

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