

*"The Tables Turned"*

A. H., '10.

"**I** S THAT you, Mack?" asked the city editor through the telephone.

"Yes, sir," responded the young reporter, whom the impatient ringing had awakened.

"There's been a terrific explosion at Leighville, 60 miles north. Over twenty miners are reported killed, as well as three or more capitalists who happened to be visiting the mines. Hon. Thomas Davidson is one—said to have been blown to pieces. Now, then, this is the biggest thing for years. I've tried to get our more experienced reporters, but they are all out of reach, doing political meetings. It's up to you, Mack. If you make good to-night, you'll stay on *The Sun* for sure. Here's the order: Take the first train for Beaufort. Get a good big story and telegraph right on the second. If you're ahead of the other papers—well, you'll not regret your hustling."

With that, the city editor rang off, and Mack was alone with his anxiety. And reason enough for anxiety had he, a raw young immigrant from Scotland, not yet a month in Canada, "the new land of promise across the seas." A short story submitted to the editor had so pleased that worthy that the young man had been taken on the staff on a month's probation. Three uneventful weeks, during which he could gather scarcely a line of news along his beat—railway and marine—had caused his hopes of a permanent position to "fade away and gradually die."

"To-night's my last chance," he repeated to himself time and again. The very magnitude of the task nerved him to the highest tension.

Rushing towards the station, he was accosted by Simpkins, a rival reporter, sauntering home from the theatre.

"Where now, Mack?"

"To the big explosion up north," said Mack unguardedly.

"Explosion! What explosion?"

Mack saw his mistake, but the slip was made, and he told the scene of the accident with what grace he could summon.