

very well, then, five, if it must be so."

"I thank you, your lordship. If your lordship will be at the bend in the road in 'arf an hour's time the hanimal will be there."

LORD BERTIE was a little early at the tryst, but he had not been waiting long when a party of three turned the corner. One of the party was Keggs. The second he recognized as Roberts, the chauffeur, a wooden-faced man who wore a permanent air of melancholy. The third, who waddled along at the end of a rope, was a dingy white bulldog.

The party came to a halt before him. Roberts touched his hat, and eyed the dog sadly. The dog sniffed at his lordship with apparent amiability. Keggs did the honours.

"The hanimal, your lordship."

Lord Bertie put up his glass and inspected the exhibit.

"Eh?"

"The hanimal I mentioned, your lordship."

"That?" said Lord Bertie. "Why, dash it all, that bally milk-coloured brute isn't like Reuben."

"Not at present, your lordship. But your lordship is forgetting the process. Hin two days Roberts will be able to treat that hanimal so that Reuben's hown mother would be deceived."

Lord Bertie looked with interest at the artist.

"No, really? Is that a fact?"

Roberts, an economist in speech, looked up, touched his hat again in a furtive manner, and fixed his eye once more on the dog.

"Well, he seems friendly all right," said Lord Bertie, as the animal endeavoured to lick his hand.

"'E 'as the most placid disposition," Keggs assured him. "A great himprovement on Reuben, your lordship. Well worth the five 'undred."

"Well, go ahead, then."

"And the five 'undred, your lordship?"

"I'll give it to you when you've made the change."

"Very good, your lordship," said Keggs.

Roberts touched his hat.

Hope fought with scepticism in Lord Bertie's mind during the days that followed. There were moments when the thing seemed possible, and moments when it seemed absurd. Of course, Keggs was

a silly old fool; but, on the other hand, there were possibilities about Roberts. The chauffeur had struck his lordship as a capable-looking sort of man. And, after all, there were cases on record of horses being painted and substituted for others, so why not bulldogs? Nevertheless, Lord Bertie congratulated himself on his wisdom in withholding payment till the goods had been delivered.

IT was absolutely necessary that some step be taken shortly, unless he wished his campaign to end in complete disaster. As his conversation failed, Aline had become more and more distant. His jerky manner and abrupt retreats were getting on her nerves.

"Look here, Keggs," he said on the third morning, "I can't wait much longer. If you don't bring on that dog soon, the whole thing's off."

"I 'ave already heffected the change, your lordship. The delay 'as been due to the fact that Roberts wished to make a hespecial good job of it."

"And has he?"

(Continued on page 22.)

THE MUSKOKA MAIL CARRIER

Wanted to Borrow His Wife's Shoelace for a Whip-Lash, But She Had On Her Button Boots

SOMEWHERE in the purlieus of Parry Sound, that once a camp, now a young city older than Sudbury up the line, I encountered Jehu Jinepot, the mail man. Jehu is probably the most uncommonplace mail-carrier in

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

I got a square look at him. "This day they bunched first station up. That's decent. Gits my mail train in here enough ahead o' the express to git my load

colour scheme of what clothes he consented to keep on that would have given joy to a post-impressionist. It was somewhere between 94 and 100 in the shade round about that house of his, with the shed barn quarter of a mile up the road.

His decrepit old waggon, with the wabby wheels and the one seat was heaped with a junk-load of goods under a brown-duck tarpaulin, beneath which he crammed my club bag with the speed of an expert. It was all waiting except the horses for me. I was his only bona fide passenger. The other was a lady who came out of the house. He seemed to know her very well. There was also a very impromptu sort of a child who had a chummy dog. Some hens gurgled about in the heat. Jehu went down to the shed to get his team. We hooked up.

"NOW you better set in front," he said to the lady. "You and the gen'lman. I'll stand behind."

"Why didn't you fetch the two-seated waggon?" she asked him.

"Gosh alive! that team o' colts o' mine smashed 'er up tother day," said he.

"How can you drive standing up?" she asked.

"Easier'n I kin settin' down," chirps he. "I been settin' down fer years. It's a rest to stand on my pins. Git in."

The child, who seemed to understand everything, was urged to run back to the house along with the dog and grandma. The rest of us got aboard. Jehu stood behind.

"What made yeh wear that old hat?" he wanted to know of the lady. As

a matter of fact her hat seemed quite chic, and she was very well dressed.

"It's a good thing I did," said she, with an English accent that forty odd years in the hinterland had not even frayed at the edges. "Them lines o' yours ud be knocking tother in me lap, I think. It's bad enough this way."

"Doncheh worry," he advised. "I'll keep the lines



SONNET ON THE BELGIAN EXPATRIATION

By THOMAS HARDY

I dreamt that people from the Land of Chimes
Arrived one autumn morning with their bells,
To hoist them on the towers and citadels
Of my own country, that the musical rhymes

Rung by them into space at measured times
Amid the market's daily stir and stress,
And the night's empty starlit silentness,
Might solace souls of this and kindred climes.

Then I awoke: and lo, before me stood
The visioned ones, but pale and full of fear;
From Bruges they came, and Antwerp and
Ostend,

No carillons in their train. Vicissitude
Had left these tinkling to the invaders' ear
And ravaged street, and smouldering gable-
end.

THE place where he starts his beat with the Rondeau mail-pack was a somewhat ungodly place to alight from a train in search of summer people in a land of rocks and bush. The coach I was in paused fair amidst a bridge over a canyon. The engine took breath in front of Jehu's postal department and residence, on the edge of a limitless bush. What there was of a trail from his menage into the wilderness seems to be enough of a road to have plenty of dust. Where the dust ended the red rocks began. Jehu had been doing his daily stunt of waiting for two trains at once, both coming the same direction.

"Never know where they'll bunch up," he said, as

on, time the express arrives. You goin' to Moseyville, ain't you,

How did he know that?

"Yes," says I, glancing him over, wondering how in that hangup, loose-dudded old man of whiskers there could be much knowledge of any sort beyond a certain primeval cunning. But he was a genial old person with hands as hard as horns and a general