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AN UNHAPPY ENTRY.
If any man ever made an unhappy entry into the leadership of a political party it is Hon. G. Howard Ferguson, just chosen by the Liberal-Conservative party of Ontario in open convention at Toronto. There is every indication that there was no one in the convention quite so anxious to have the ex-minister in the saddle as that gentleman himself, and the stalwarts of the party seem to have been overcome by his insistence. It remains to be seen if the province as a whole will appreciate the choice of the politicians who gathered in Massey Hall.

A man whose record shows that he was quite unable to manage in a businesslike way one single department of government is asking this province to permit him to manage all its business. Out of the mismanagement of his department there are suits pending in the courts involving millions of public moneys arising out of the actions of certain lumber companies who secured concessions from the department. A commission which includes two supreme court judges has revealed a state of affairs under the Hearst regime that must shock the whole province. This Government, that posed as a government of businessmen, stands revealed as incompetent to handle the trust reposed in it, and the province will be well agreed that a good piece of work was done when they were thrown out of office in 1919.

Apparently the Tories of this province think they have disposed of the Riddell-Latchford commission's report by electing Mr. Ferguson as their leader. If that is their viewpoint, they are much mistaken, and insinuations of political bias, which the new leader heaped on the two judges, does not dispose of their findings either. It was a rather pitiable spectacle to see the Hon. G. Howard Ferguson standing on a platform in Massey Hall seeking the leadership of his party and having to make his speech entirely a defence against charges of incompetency. His references to the two judges sitting on the commission are as uncalled for as they are in extremely bad taste.

If the Tory party wants G. Howard Ferguson as its leader they are entirely welcome to him, but not all of the Tory press has been able to accept him without reservations. The complete report of the timber limits commission will be presented soon and the province will look for something other than abuse of the judges from Mr. Ferguson before accepting him as a worthy successor to Sir James Whitney.

WILSON AND ARMENIA.
It is natural and fitting that President Wilson should agree to arbitrate the Turk-Armenia issue. If there is one problem wrought of the war that should appeal directly to the American executive it is that of saving the remnant of the Armenians. For many years Armenians have been foremost in Armenian missionary enterprises, and millions of American money has been sent over to help relieve the distress and misery of that unfortunate race. But for the treaty-breakers of the United States Senate the American Government would very likely have actively intervened to rescue Armenia. Possibly it would have assumed mandatory powers and obligations, and this, we believe, would have carried out the desire of the majority of American citizens. Mr. Wilson's mediation will mean a great weight thrown into the balance in Armenia's favor, even without the military or material support which Congress refuses.

THE ALLIES AND CONSTANTINE.
The British and French Governments are not beating about the bush in regard to Constantine. The people of Greece have been told that while Great Britain and France do not wish to interfere in the domestic affairs of Greece, they wish it known that restoration of the exiled monarch can only be considered as approval of his acts during the war—acts that were hostile to the Allies' plans and which caused them great embarrassment. Just how Britain and France will act in the event of Greece bringing Constantine back is not shown, means more peaceful than the use of war, and armies will probably be used. The final condition of Greece is today guaranteed by vast credits issued by London and Paris, and this will be withdrawn there would follow a disastrous industrial collapse which Greece is not contemplating.

GOVERNMENT STOCK IN THE SHOW RING.
Everybody will agree with the Dominion animal husbandman, who writes an interesting article in the Agricultural Gazette of Canada for November on "Federal Exhibits in the Show Ring," that the exhibition of good stock of any breed, wherever the owner may be, is the most potent kind of advertising for that breed, and

that Canadian interests could in no wise suffer by a creditable showing of government stock at the greatest stock shows in the world. The article referred to is a sort of defence of the action taken by the Experimental Farm system in making entries at various fairs, local and provincial. Exception to this course has been advanced on the ground that it is a case of the people competing against the people. On the other hand, the public generally should know what is being done with the money provided by them. As Mr. George B. Rothwell, the Dominion husbandman, suggests, if the entries can top the classes there is the best kind of evidence right in the spotlight of publicity that the public are at least being supplied with a run for their money. Mr. Rothwell lays down certain restrictions under which such exhibits should be made. He also details certain successes that have already been achieved in the show ring by the Experimental Farm system.

EDITORIAL NOTES.
Now, if D'Annunzio would only start a self-extinction league.

Every little burg seems to have a burglary all its own these days.

The League of Nations is having a lot of trouble with Balkan bush leagues.

Orders have been sent to Italian troops surrounding Fiume to avoid all painful incidents. At last a bloodless battle.

To those ladies who are fasting and drugging themselves to a "beautiful" thinness we point out that Venus herself was a plump goddess.

If Constantine returns to his throne there will be trouble, and if he is not allowed to return there will be trouble. What is a poor king going to do in that case?

An American reform association has started a campaign to legislate tobacco out of the United States. President-Elect Harding, who is a smoker, will attend to their case.

Wyoming State Government announces that "lighthouses" will be placed at dangerous points on highways. No doubt for the benefit of motorists who get "lit" at roadhouses.

That Boston youth who refused to accept a million-dollar legacy says: "It is the man who gives food to the hungry who does good, not the dollars given in exchange for the food." But think of the many hungry that million would feed, and where will he get food without money?

ABBEY FUNERAL BILLS.
[Manchester Guardian.]
An interment in Westminster Abbey was a costly business even in the eighteenth century. Two interesting original documents were recently offered for sale in the catalogue of a well-known firm of curio and autograph dealers. These referred to the burial of George (Prince of Denmark), consort of Queen Anne and father of her seventeen children. One document was the undertaker's account, amounting to £239 10s, which included the item: "For 2 strong Elm Coffins to inclose the body of ye late Prince of Denmark with a strong chest to hold ye Bowells and a leaden Coffin and Urn for ye same." The other was the account for church fees, being £68 6s 8d, for his interment in King Charles II.'s vault at Westminster Abbey. It is satisfactory to note that both accounts are accepted.

SUNDAY LABOR.
[Woodstock Sentinel-Review.]
The law of Canada in regard to Sunday labor was defined recently in connection with a Toronto case. A man whose ordinary calling was that of a teamster was fined for working on Sunday, repairing the roof of his own house. The case was appealed and the conviction quashed. Under the law, as defined when the conviction was quashed, it is only a labor, business or work of one's ordinary calling that is prohibited by the Lord's Day Act. The ordinary calling of the man in the case was that of teamster. The work which he did on Sunday was that of a carpenter or builder; therefore the conviction was quashed. It appears that under the law a man may work for hire on Sunday so long as he does not work at his ordinary calling.

There seems to be need for a more general understanding as to what the law requires. In the case in question apparently neither person who laid the information nor the magistrate who made the conviction understood the law.

SO "PRACTICAL."
[Kingston (Jamaica) Gleaner.]
To have an education is good, so long as your education has been of the useful variety. But education merely for its own sake, for its humanizing influence on the mind—well, I fancy, is what few Canadians have much use for. It is significant that their universities endeavor to teach technical subjects as much as possible, and are for a large part (especially the western universities) great technical colleges. As for the elementary schools, whose buildings can surely not be surpassed anywhere, the aim of education there is not only purely practical (as indeed it has to be), but the teachers themselves impress upon their pupils a practical view of life. "What is the good of your reading poetry?" asked a teacher of one of his pupils in Toronto. "What good can poetry do you?" That question is illuminating. It demonstrates to some extent the purely practical aspect of the average Canadian mind.

The result of all this is that the Canadians are not a reading people, not a people with any devotion to artistic values, not a people with a high appreciation of literature and art. On the whole, while I consider the Canadian journalists as delightful a set of men as I ever met with in my life—general, genial, hospitable—I do not think as much of Canadian Journals as I should like to. Canada can surely produce able journalists, but the papers print what they believe the bulk of their readers demand, and that is rather poor stuff. There is only one Canadian monthly magazine which has any literary pretensions, and that has never been a financial success. The best known Canadian who has become a celebrated author is Sir Gilbert Parker, but he has lived the greater part of his life out of Canada, and many Canadians do not regard him as one of themselves at all. Ralph Connor is the man whom they speak most proudly of as an author in the West; he lives in Winnipeg, and when I was there someone asked him if it should like to meet him. I politely declined to trespass upon his valuable time, but I saw him at lunch at the Assiniboine Park. A few miles out side of the city. I knew something about his work. It was of the strenuous religious order; the God-fearing man succeeding in life sort of thing, with no real literary merit whatever. Yet I can understand his works appealing to a people who are bent upon success, and who desire the help of God in their achievement. I once, at Fort Arthur, asked a Canadian for the names of some well-known Canadian authors. He thought a minute of two and said, with a somewhat apologetic air:

"We have been so busy building railways and damming rivers and constructing cities that we have had no time to give to literature or art. We have had to do the material things first."—H. G. de Lasser, C.M.G., Jamaica delegate to Imperial Press Conference.

From Here and There

HAD TO BE CAREFUL.
[Boston Transcript.]
A fastidious friend of ours, being down on Atlantic avenue on business the other day, dropped into a hushery for lunch. It was a rough, ill-smelling place, but he thought he could manage to get down a cup of coffee and a doughnut, so he ordered a thick, heavy cup.

"Where's the saucer?" inquired our fastidious friend.

"We don't give no saucers here," replied the girl, turning her head in a scornful way. "If we did, some lowbrow would come blowin' in and drink out of his saucer, an' we'd lose a lot of our swell trade."

THE SURPLUS CROP.
[Hamilton Spectator.]
Peaches are sent all the way from South Africa to the London market. That being the case, it is surprising greater facilities are not offered locally. The work of some of the surplus crop in this direction.

A SCHOOL CONTEST.
[Owen Sound Times.]
Elora has a rather unique contest among school children, i. e., the building of bird houses. Such a contest would teach love of birds and the children, and could be adopted here with excellent results.

THE ABOLITION OF TIPS.
[Vancouver Sun.]
The Watters' Union is said to favor the abolition of tips. This, it is true, makes the waiter's lot of people will feel dubious about the statement that "the practice is gradually dying out in the East." Its death pangs are likely to be somewhat prolonged.

UPS AND DOWNS OF MILLIONAIRES.
[Brooklyn Eagle.]
According to the best compiled figures of the internal revenue department, this country had 20,944 millionaires in 1918, or 5,346 less than the year before. And the number of "twenty-millionaires" was reduced from 141 to 67. These terms produce confusion. Any man who returned an income of between \$40,000 and \$50,000 for a given year was a "millionaire" in official parlance. Any man who returned an income of \$100,000 was a "twenty-millionaire." Of course, in most cases he was nothing of the sort. His income sprang from stimulated business, not from accumulated capital. But even with this qualification an essential one, the figures for 1918 are interesting, perhaps illuminative. In 1914, for example, the average income of taxpayers on \$100,000 income was 60 in number. In 1915 they were 120, just doubled. In 1916 they were 260. But in 1917 they had fallen to 141, and in 1918 to 67. The returns for 1919, not yet available, will almost certainly show a further drop. In other words, the world war, before the United States went into it, was remarkably fruitful in its incomes. The years immediately following the war meant a drop in the top rank of from 266 to 67. That is food for reflection.

HIGHLAND MARY.
[Toronto Globe.]
News of the removal of the remains of Highland Mary must have interested every lover of poetry and have touched especially a tender chord in very Scot. A Scottish-Canadian correspondent reproves the writer of the dispatch for picturing Burns and Mary, when they plighted their troth, as standing on either side of the Ayr, described as "a little stream." No true Scotsman would have been so stupid. Even if he had never seen the Ayr he would have known the parting of Burns and Mary. "Their adieu was performed," says a biographer, "with all those simple and striking ceremonial which rustic sentiment has devised to prolong tender emotions and to impose awe. The lovers stood on each side of a small purling brook. The poet, with his arm round the neck of his bride, in the limpid stream, and, holding a Bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other." The "small purling brook" ran into the Ayr, which is twice mentioned in "To Mary in Heaven":

"That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?"

And again in the lovely lines:

"Ayr, gurgling, kissed his bebbled brow,
O'ringing with wild woods, thickening green:
The fragrant birch and hawthorn bow,
Twined amorous 'round the raptured scene."

The poem which immortalized Mary Campbell was written on the third anniversary of her death. Mrs. Ann Campbell, then wife of Burns, related that "toward the evening he grew very thoughtful, and went into the barnyard, where he strode restlessly up and down for some time, although repeatedly asked to come in. Immediately on entering the house he sat down and wrote 'To Mary in Heaven.' Mary is enshrined in the heart of her race, and no detail about her, or about Burns, is a trifling matter to a Scot.

LEARN TO TALK.
[New York Globe.]
When the Literary Digest, with young America in mind, sets out to establish a "better English" there can be no possible opposition. If ever a nation needed to learn the art of conversation, we are in that case. For the most part we carry on our friendships, our business, our love affairs, even our society functions, in a sort of garbled shorthand of rhetoric which no other civilized country would tolerate or countenance.

To Americans the act is always the thing and the word unimportant. And in this sense some rude justice in this attitude it must be confessed that we have overcome the rough-and-ready, pioneer, half-fellow-well-manner. We have gone so far along the path of free English—just as some of our estimable verifiers have gone into free verse—that seldom make complete statements nowadays, and seldom ask readers to read and consider themselves with hinting what we mean by the use of a fragment of slang or a solitary key word, uttered with a peculiar intonation or a significant movement of the eyebrows. Our attempts to convey abstract ideas orally are usually confined to broken suggestions, tumbling in painful, monosyllabic confusion over the thought.

We are an inarticulate race, and, worst of all, we don't know it. We are not worried by the difficulties we have with self-expression. Most of the artistic poverty of the United States, and most of the poverty of happiness which the majority advertise by racing so madly to promised entertainments, is traceable in direct fashion to the barrenness of the native speech. Pleasure of any kind is tied up with words, phrases, sentences and their arrangement.

To know and speak only the patois of a business is to limit your understanding to the same narrow interest. A rich mind is a mind rich in associations, sometimes associations of sound or sight, touch or smell, but more generally verbal. And if the possession of words is the open sesame to great wealth, the ability to use words well to speak one's mind distinctly, engagingly, and with ease, is an Aladdin's lamp beyond all price.

This is, of course, no less true for the civilization than for the individual. The artist must make plays and poetry out of the people who actually speak him, and if his neighbors haven't a flicker of fire or a half hidden dream among them, his work will be wooden as they are. The condition is not one to be remedied in a week or fifty-two weeks or fifty-two years. One by one individual citizens will learn to talk, and will infect their fellows with the art. But it is no easy thing to learn, and not many of us are as yet desirous of learning.

Poetry and Jest

WATCHER ON THE THRESHOLD.
[Our Dumb Animals.]
Collyie is never restless any more,
But lies contented in the same old place
With watery eyes upon the gate and door,
Waiting to see a face
That made his world a heaven, and to hear
The merry whistle and the gay young voice.
That used to fall like music in his ear,
And make his heart rejoice!

"Collyie is growing old," the neighbors say,
Who see him dreaming in the morning sun;
He used to romp and run,
A grey-haired mother smiles and shakes her head,
(But, once in a while, in the smile she smiles,
"He's waiting for the Lad to come,"
And lifts her tearless eyes!

The neighbors turn away with pitying glance,
Nor dare to voice a grief for one so old,
They know that on the blood-soaked hills of France
Collyie once marked his grave.
The sad-eyed mother knows that
Heaven's gates
Have swung behind the Man whose worth was proved
But Collyie does not know, and so he waits
Upon the threshold for the Lad he loved,
Our Dumb Animals.

THE BARBER TOLD ME.
[Herbert N. Casson.]
A workman came in to get his hair cut. It was in the middle of the afternoon. When he went back to his job the foreman asked: "Where have you been?" "Been to have my hair cut," said the workman. "What right have you to go in the firm's time?" demanded the foreman. "Why not?" replied the workman. "Don't my hair grow in the firm's time?"

PUNCH.
(Sweets are replacing alcohol.—Vide Papers passim.)
As more and more the god of wine
Grows fainter, and the gods of tippling
Nor round his path the roses shine,
Nor purple streams are rippling;
As unquenchable thirst and hope,
No longer must entice us,
We crown anew with lollipops,
With peppermints, with acid drops,
The nobler Dionysus.

Bright colored as his orient car,
Piled high with autumn splendours,
The pageants of the sweetstuffs are
At all the party-vendors;
From earliest flush of dawn till eight
The Maenad nymphs in masses,
With peppermints and acid drops,
Of marzipan and chocolate,
And stickjaw and molasses.

The poet from whose lips of flame
We drew the songs, the full lights,
Performs the business just the same
When masticating bull's-eyes;
The knight who bids a fond "Paro-
loids away to bye-bye."

Love's large, but honor's larger!
Shares with the Lady Amabel
Abruptly he sat down with a sigh,
And leaps upon his charger.

The rake lured to cardroom traps,
Yet making fearful faces
Because his foes, perdidous chaps,
Have turned the tables on him;
"Ruined! the old place mortgaged!
faugh!"

(The guttering candles quiver)—
Instead of draining brandy raw
Clenches the jubilee in his jaw
And strolls towards the river.

O happier time that soothes the brain
Through the night with its soft glow,
Eliminating dry champagne!
With candy and with comfort!
But for this and the few red-glazed
In going the moments fly by,
Till the old squire, his face agleam,
Perdies the phantom of the beam,
Toddies away to bye-bye.

SAD, BUT TRUE.
Buddie—Have you stopped smoking?
Purdie—Yep; aworn off.
Buddie—Thy?
Purdie—It's getting to be so darned
effeminate.

SONG AT PARTING.
[Ellerslie Grey, in the Sydney (Australia) Triad.]
God bless the Prince of Wales!
He knows what he's about!
He doesn't lose his level head
Whenever he's about.

He's clean and keen and straight,
He's modest (this is well),
He doesn't magnify his own merits,
However snobs may yell.
We're not in love with kings
But his and we few red-glazed
Yet about we, with all loyal things,
God bless the Prince of Wales!

God bless the Prince of Wales!
That gracious lad and sweet!
The "pos and crows" may leave us
cold,
Our hearts are at his feet.
He's not afraid to show his face,
Of climbing oaks that crawl.
He's generally one of us,
And his picture we all love!
He'll play the royal game,
However royalty plays.
Shout, Diggers, shout without shame,
God bless the Prince of Wales!

God bless the Prince of Wales!
He knows well who is who,
When scepter-bearers uncurl their tails
To do him homage, and he sees
Son of no pulling sirs,
By no dry pride brought forth,
We'll follow him while the South is South,
And while the North is North!
He comes, well tried by proper
Triumphs from the scales.
Humbly we bow to Thy behests,
God—Bless the Prince of Wales!

FREIGHT CARS.
[Theodore S. Sullivan.]
All day long the cars go by
Neath the sleepy autumn sky;
The wheels are in a hurry, and the
B. and O. and Santa Fe.

Rumble, grumble, clank and clank,
Creeping past the water tank,
Grim and dusty, car by car,
What a sorry sight they are!

Yet they carry wondrous things—
Stacks of coal and coal and springs;
Garden bulbs and tires and chains,
Tractors for the western plains;

Marble for the carver's tool,
Books to study in a school,
Dainty things from Spain and France,
Little slippers for a dance.

All day long the cars go by
Neath the sleepy autumn sky,
The wheels are in a hurry, and the
B. and O. and Santa Fe.

It's an eye that twinkles—no more!
"How much more than you I know!
While you stop and work all day,
I'm forever on my way!"

"Always onward, leisurely,
I'll be there for you, while you're
Tired and mountain, sea and pond,
Earth's eternal vagabond!"

THE ANCHORS.
We have scraped the sullen bottoms of
The weed has drifted "round us
The sea has made us rusty, and time
has turned us grey.
We're brothers to the offshore wind and
cascades of the spray.

Our flukes are worn and gutted; our
decks are flecked with brine;
We weather out the Northerners from the
Flats to yet in Skagway, they see
us still in Perth.

We are the deep sea anchors, the traveled
guards of the earth!

The ports that do not know us are few
and far between.
We've struggled through the Narrows
and the freighters shipped it
green!
We've held in gales off Gurnsey; we
ward as she could get her feet on the
But it is no easy thing to learn, and not many
of us are as yet desirous of learning.

DAD'S OLD FAVORITE

"LOOK WHAT I FOUND WILLIAM READING!"

TAKE IT AND BURN IT!



DEAD-EYE DICK!
OL' DEAD-EYE!
WELL!
WELL!
WELL!



CRACK!
WENT HIS
TRUSTY
RIFLE
AND...
ETC.



By FONTAINE FOX

Every Man For Himself

BY HOPKINS MOORHOUSE.

"Oh, hark the political end of it, Mitt!" exclaimed Ferguson impatiently. "Between us, J. C. and I will see that you are protected legally. And anyway, what's the use of being in politics if you don't get a share of the leaves and fishes while you've got the chance? All politicians are supposed by the public to be feathering their own nests, and you might as well feather yours when you've got to come under the accusation anyway. It's all in the game if you've got the goods. You can do anything these days. It's every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost!"

CHAPTER XXVI.
NIP AND TUCK.

Engine No. 810 was running free through the night with its steam box-cars and gondolas tossing along behind her, dim shadows in the dark. Her powerful electric headlights were a beam, long and bright, that burrowed into the black void far in front. But for this and the few red-glazed chinks in her firebox and the thunder of the wheels, the freight might have been some phantom repelling through the land with two red eyes in its tail.

Evans, the fireman, kicked impatiently at the slash-bar and hooked the fire. The lurid glare from the white fire that curled and swirled over the crown-sheet flung wide upon flying sparks and the wheels of the engine. The fireman stood for a space, swinging his scoop with pendulum precision from firebox to boiler and back again; then the whole scene went out suddenly.

Engineer MacDonald, leaning over his arm-rest, chafed at the delay as he looked at the Spruce Valley grade. The line was clear as far as Indian Creek; but up there somewhere they would have to take the side-track for the first section of the Limited, eastbound.

With a glance at the indicator and the gauges, the fireman jerked a blackened thumb over his shoulder towards the coal-tank. MacDonald shook his head.

"We'll fill her at number seven."

They were bearing down upon the switch lights opposite Thorlakson. But MacDonald wasn't looking at the switch lights. He was watching the hand of the indicator on the boilerhead flitting around the figure 86. She ought to be at 86, but it was 87. A little apparatus, too, that looked like a small whistle. It didn't seem to blow it. Steam was bubbling out of a joint in a pipe right at her side; a wonder she could get on her dress once when she leaned too far over and she caught the fireman grinning at her.

She laughed light-heartedly, taking a child-like joy out of this new and thrilling experience. She could not help marveling at the unconcern with which these men attended to their work; they were perfectly at home on this rolling engine.

Didn't it rock and jerk about though? It was enough to tear out the rails around it. It seemed to her that her pulses quickened at the thought that it was something that broke! It didn't seem to her, somehow.

The fireman's gloved hand seized the chain on the feed-water pump, and heaving it up, the white glare beating upon the rugged lines of the face till it was a wonder she could stand it. There was a funny black smudge running across his nose, and a bent back from his overalls and he had substituted a piece of coal for a nose. His wife looked after those buckles? He had to have the little things like that looked after for him. Why, she'd heard that after their stream of incoherent explanations.

Evans, who never before had been a girl on the verge of hysteria, swore deep and long under his breath, staring as if in a trance. He came to himself only when the water overflowed the manhole, and he let go of the spout with a carelessness that earned him a wetting as it lifted, dripping, back into place.

No sooner had the girl set foot on the deck than she clambered up the head brakeman's seat, nestling in alongside the boiler-head as far forward as she could get, her feet on the fireman's lunch-pail, her knees drawn up in clasped fingers and her eyes

looking straight ahead out of the narrow cab window. That it might be against the rules of the road for strangers to ride on an engine apparently had not occurred to her, for she seemed to take it for granted that she was entirely welcome as long as she did not get in their way.

Just a moment of this, however, and she felt renewed strength and confidence that surely would see her through. Half an hour ago she had been very nervous, but now she was all right now. Everything was all right now. The story would get through yet; nothing could stop it now.

And, protected by the roar of the wheels, she cried a little in relief.

Just a moment of this, however, and she was not ordinarily the crying kind. The furnace glare presently filled the whole cab, and the novelty of her surroundings pressed upon her to temporarily exclude everything else.

Wasn't the din something awful? She had no idea that a locomotive was so noisy. She had heard that the engineer getting more used to it and watched the engineer with the wonder of it. Her head was throbbing, and she found, had been formed by the illustrations in the magazine; she had never seen a locomotive before. A man who sat with his hand constantly on the throttle or the levers or whatever it was, and who peered keenly and steadily from beneath the visor of his greasy cap with eyes riveted upon the track, she was surprised, therefore, to find that this engineer seemed to be a very ordinary man. He was leaning back in his cushioned seat, body jiggling loosely to the motions of the great roadster. He only occasionally glanced at the engine, and then he seemed to arouse enough interest to lean out of the window, and stare after it. He was never in front of him. Once he actually got down from his seat and came out to look at the engine. He was looking at the engine, and she was looking at him. He was looking at the engine, and she was looking at him. He was looking at the engine, and she was looking at him.

Curiously her eyes roved over all the levers and queer instruments. Certainly, she must have to carry a terrible lot in his head to know how to manage them. There was a little knob for instance; if she were to give it a pull, something would happen somewhere, an explosion perhaps, or a crash. She watched the hand of the indicator on the boilerhead flitting around the figure 86. She ought to be at 86, but it was 87. A little apparatus, too, that looked like a small whistle. It didn't seem to blow it. Steam was bubbling out of a joint in a pipe right at her side; a wonder she could get on her dress once when she leaned too far over and she caught the fireman grinning at her.

She laughed light-heartedly, taking a child-like joy out of this new and thrilling experience. She could not help marveling at the unconcern with which these men attended to their work; they were perfectly at home on this rolling engine.

Didn't it rock and jerk about though? It was enough to tear out the rails around it. It seemed to her that her pulses quickened at the thought that it was something that broke! It didn't seem to her, somehow.

The fireman's gloved hand seized the chain on the feed-water pump, and heaving it up, the white glare beating upon the rugged lines of the face till it was a wonder she could stand it. There was a funny black smudge running across his nose, and a bent back from his overalls and he had substituted a piece of coal for a nose. His wife looked after those buckles? He had to have the little things like that looked after for him. Why, she'd heard that after their stream of incoherent explanations.

Evans, who never before had been a girl on the verge of hysteria, swore deep and long under his breath, staring as if in a trance. He came to himself only when the water overflowed the manhole, and he let go of the spout with a carelessness that earned him a wetting as it lifted, dripping, back into place.

No sooner had the girl set foot on the deck than she clambered up the head brakeman's seat, nestling in alongside the boiler-head as far forward as she could get, her feet on the fireman's lunch-pail, her knees drawn up in clasped fingers and her eyes

looking straight ahead out of the narrow cab window. That it might be against the rules of the road for strangers to ride on an engine apparently had not occurred to her, for she seemed to take it for granted that she was entirely welcome as long as she did not get in their way.

Just a moment of this, however, and she felt renewed strength and confidence that surely would see her through. Half an hour ago she had been very nervous, but now she was all right now. Everything was all right now. The story would get through yet; nothing could stop it now.

And, protected by the roar of the wheels, she cried a little in relief.

Just a moment of this, however, and she was not ordinarily the crying kind. The furnace glare presently filled the whole cab, and the novelty of her surroundings pressed upon her to temporarily exclude everything else.

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In the bright bath and let go only when the beam plunged away at a curve and went exploring in the woods or poked across a bay into panoramas on the other side.

Once a little rabbit sat in the middle of the track, staring the great light in the eye with a fascination that threatened its life. The tiny creature seemed to be paralyzed by the glare and they almost ran it down before it tore away in sudden fright and its cotton-white tuft vanished in the long grass.

But as the novelty of all this wore off, her mind reverted to the thing that she was trying to do. The speeding engine, the flying track, became merely the accessories which were carrying her nearer and nearer her goal. The fireman's watch hung on a hook alongside and the hands showed twenty-five minutes past midnight. It was standard time both here and in Toronto; so that would be the time at the Recorder office also—12:35 a.m. They would be well into the rush of the night's work by now. The boys would be in from assignments, pouring out copy to the city room. The wires would be warming up, the editor's desk would be a-buzz, and old man Jeffreys would be reaching in the left bottom drawer of his scarred old desk for his little package of bread and cheese with apple or banana to top it off; he always ate that. Just before the inky type men and the rest of the all-night restaurant around the corner, straggled back to their work.

Cristy began to go over the things she must do and to arrange them in the order she must do them. The very first thing was to get the message to McAllister and Brennan; there must be no delay in getting the police into action. If that took twenty minutes, a