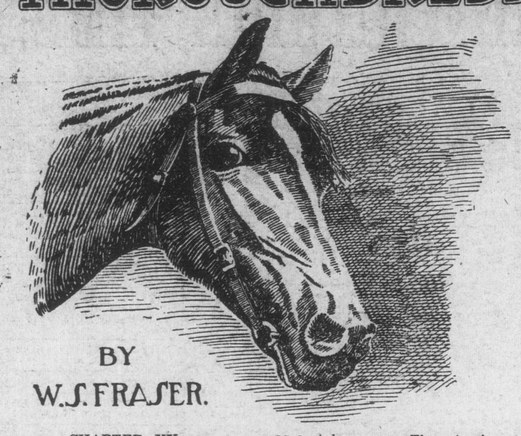
THOROUGHBREDS



BY
W. S. FRASER.

CHAPTER. XX.

The two boys cantered their mounts down to the quarter post carelessly, as though they were going around to the far side.

"Look at 'em!" cried the trainer; "isn't he a little gentleman?"

To the uninitiated this might have been taken as a tribute to one of the boys, Westley, perhaps; but the trainer was not even thinking of them. They were of no moment. It was the wine-red bay, The Dutchman, cantering with gentle, lazy grace, that had drawn forth this encomium. His head, somewhat high carried, was held straight and true in front, and his big eyes searched the course with gentle inquisitiveness, for others of his kind, perhaps.

"He's a lovely horse," commented Crane, knowing quite well to what Langdon referred.

"He's all that, but just look at the other devil."

Diablo was throwing his nose fretfully up and down, up and down; grabbing at the bit; pirouetting from one side the course to the other; nearly pulling Westley over his neck one minute, as with lowered head he sought to break away, and the next dashing forward for a few yards with it stuck foolishly high, like a bad-mouthed Indian cayuse.

"But Westley'll manage him," Landon confided to Crane, after a period of silent observation; "he'll get his belly full of runnin' when he's gone a mile and a quarter with The Dutchman. Gad! that was neat; here they come"; for the two boys had whirled with sudden skill at the quarter post, and broke away, with Diablo slightly in the lead. "My God! he can move," muttered Langdon, abstractedly, and quiet to himself. The man at his side had floated into oblivion. He saw only a great striding black horse coming wide-mouthed up the stretch. At the black's heels, with dogged lope, hung the bay.

"Take him back, take him back, Westley!" yelled Langdon, leaning far out over the rail, as the horses raced by, Diablo well in front.

The trainer's admonition seemed like a cry to a cyclone, as void of usefulness. What power could the tiny dot lying close hugged far up on the straining black neck have over the galloping fiend?

"Yes, that's the way," Langdon said, nodding his head to Crane, and jerking a thumb out toward the first turn in the course, where the two horses were hugging close to the rail; "that's the way he's worked here."

'Which one?" asked his companion.

"The black, an' if he ever does that in a race—God help the others—they'll never catch him; they'll never catch him; they'll never catch him," he kept repeating, dwelling lovingly on the thought, as he saw the confirmation of it being enacted before his eyes; for across the new green of the grass-sprouted course he could see two open lengths of daylight between Diablo and The Dutchman.

"Fifty-one and a half for the half-mile," he imparted to Crane, looking at his watch. "Now The Dutchman is moving up; Colley doesn't mean to get left if he can help it. I'm afraid Diablo'll shut up when he's pinched; his kind are apt to do that. The Dutchmen is game, an' if he ever gets to the black's throat-latch he'll chuck it. But it takes some ridin'; it takes some ridin', sir." He was becoming enthusiastic, exuberant. The silent man at his side noticed the childish repetition with inward amusement. He had thought that Langdon would have been overjoyed to see the bay horse smother his opponent. Was not the tariner to have ten thousand dollars if The Dutchman won the handicap? But here he was pinning his satisfaction to the good showing of Diablo. He didn't know of the compact between Langdon and the Bookmaker Faust, but he strongly suspected from the trainer's demeanor that the gallop he was witnessing foretold some big coup the latter scented.

"He hasn't got him yet, he hasn't got him yet!" cried Langdon, joyfully, as the horses swung around the bottom turn, closer locked, but with Diablo still a short length in the lead.

Crane saw no great cause for exhilaration. The Dutchman was certaintly giving the black twenty pounds the best of it in the weights, for one was a three year-old while the other was four, and they each carried a hundred and twelve.

"The mile in 1:42," chirped Langdon. 'That's movin', if you like, considerin' the track, the conditions of the horses, an' that they're runnin' under a double wrap. Now we'll see a ding-dong finnish, if the black doesn't show a streak of yellow. Dutchy's got him," he added, as through his glasses he saw them swing into the straight, neck and neck.

"Clever Mr. Westly!" for Diablo's rider, having the rail and on the lead, had bored out slightly on the turn, so as not to cramp the uncertain horse he rode and carried The Dutchman wide.

Up the straight they came, the boys helping their mounts with leg and arm; the black holding his own with a dogged persistence that quite upset Langdon's prognostication of cowardice.

To the watchers it was as exciting as a stake race. The stamina that Langdon had said would stand The dutchman in good stead over the mile and a half handicap course now showed itself. First he was level with the black, then gradually, stride by stride, he drew away from Diablo, and finished a short length in front.

"Agreat trial," cried the trainer, gleefully, holding out his watch for Crane's inspection. "See that!" pointing to the hand he had stopped as the bay's brown nozzle flashed by the post; "two-nine on this course! Anything that beats that pair, fit and well, a mile and a quarter on a fast track'll have to make it in two-five, an' that's the record."

"It looks good for the Derby, Langdon."

"Yes it does. That's the first showing I've had from the colt as a three-year-old; but I knew he had it in him. Hanover was a great horse—to my mind we never had his equal in America—but this youngster'll be as good as his daddy ever was. I don't think you ought to start him, sir, till the Derby, if you're set on winnin' it."

He had moved up to the gate as he talked, and now opened it, waiting for the boys to come back. They had eased down the horses gradually after the fierce gallop, turned them about and were trotting toward the paddock where stood the two men. Langdon took Diablo by the bridle rein and led him in toward the stalls.

"How did he shape under you, Westly?" he asked, as the boy slipped from the saddle.

"I would'nt ask to ride a better horse. I thought I had the colt beaten, sure; but my mount seemed to tire a little at the finish. He did'nt toss up not a bit of it; ran as game as a pebble; he just tired at the finish. I think a mile is his journey. He held the Dutchman safe at a mile."

"I guess you're right, Westley; a mile's his limit. At level weights with the three-year-old, which means that he had twenty pounds the best of it, he should have held his own the whole route to be a stayer, for the colt isn't more'n half ready yet."

"I didn't hustle him none too much, sir; I might asqeezed a bit more out of him. Did we make fair time?"

"Quite a feller, Mister Jockey," thought Langdon to himself; "it's news you want, eh?" Then he answered aloud, with a diplomacy born of many years of turf tutionn: "Fairish sort of time; it might have been better, perhaps—a shade under two-twelve. I thought they might have bettered that a couple of seconds. But they'll come on—they'll come on, both of them. If anybody asks you, Westly, The Dutchman was beaten off, see? I don't like to discourage the clever owners that has good 'une in the Derby." Then he added as a sort of after thought, and with wonderous carlessness: "It doesn't matter about the black, you know; he's only a sellin' plater, so it doesn't matter. But all the same, Westley, when we find a soft spot for him, an overnight sellin' purse or somethin', you'll have the leg up, with a bet down for you at long price, see?"

"I understand, sir."

By the time Langdon had slipped the saddle from Diablo's back the boy had thrown a hooded blanket over him, and he was led away.

"Send them home, Westley. Now, Mr. Crane, we'll drive back to the house an' have a bit of lunch."

As they drove along Crane brought up the subject of the trial.

"The colt must be extra good, Langdon, or the black is—well, as he was represented to be, not much account."

"I guess Diablo's about good enough to win a big handicap, if he happened to be in one at a light weight."

"He didn't win to-day."

"He came pretty near it."

"But where would he have been carrying his proper weight?"

"About where he was, I guess."

"You said as a four-year-old he should have had up a hundred and twenty-six, and he carried a hundred and twelve; and, besides, had the best boy by seven pounds on his back."

"Just pass me that saddle, Mr. Crane," said Langdon by way of answer. "No; not that—the one I took off Diablo."

Crane reached down his hand, but the saddle didn't come quite as freely as it should have. "What's it caught in?" he asked, fretfully.

"In itself, I reckon—lift it."

"Gad! it's heavy. Did Diablo carry that? What's in it?"

"Lead built into it; it's my own old fiddle, you know. You're the first man that's had his hands on that saddle for for some time, I tell you."

"Then Diablo did carry his own weight," commented Crane, a light breaking in upon him.

"Just about, and carried it like a stake horse, too."

"And you—"

"Yes; I changed the saddles after Westley weighed. He's a good boy, and don't shoot off his mouth much, but all the same things will out while riding, boys have the power of speech."

"It looks as though Diablo had something in him," said Crane, meditatively.

"He's got the Brooklyn in him. Fancy The Dutchman in at seventy pounds; that's what it comes to. Diablo got ninety to carry, an' he gave the other twenty pounds to-day. You've the greatst thing on earth right in your hands now—"

Langdon hesitated for a minute, and then added: "But I guess you knew this all before, or you wouldn't have sent him here."

"I bought him for a bad horse," answered Crane, quietly; "but if he turns out well, that's so much to the good. But it's a bit of luck Porter's not having declared him out to save nearly a hundred. He seems to have raced pretty loose."

"I wonder if he thinks I'm taking in that fairy tale?" thought Langdon. Aloud, he said: "But you'll back him now, sir, won't you? He must be a long price in the winter books."

"Yes I'll arrange that," answered the other, "and I'll take of you, too. I suppose Westley will take the mount?"

"Surley."

"Well, you can just give him to understand that he'll be looked after if the horse wins."

"It's the Brooklyn, sir, is it?"

"Seems like it."

"I woun't say anything about the race to Westley, though."

'I'll leave all that to you. I'll attend to getting the money on; you do the rest."

When Crane had gone, Langdon paid further mental tribute to his master's astuteness. "Now I see it all," he muttered; "the old man just thought to keep me quiet; throw me off the scent till he duplicated the other trial, whenever they pulled it off. Now he's got a sure line on the black, an' he'll make such a killin' that the books'll remember him for many a day. But why does he keep throwin' that fairy tale into me about buying a bad horse to oblige somebody? A man must be a sucker to believe that of Crane; he's not that sort. But one sure thing, he said he'd look after me, an' he will. He'd break a man quick enough, but when he gives his word it stands. Mr. Jakey Faust can look after himself: I'm not goin' to take chances on loosin' a big stable of bread-winners by doubling on the Boss."

Langdon's mental analysis of Crane's motives was the outcome of considerable experience. The Banker's past life was not compatible with generous dealing. His act of buying Duablo had been prompted by new-born feelings of regard for the Porters, chiefly Allis; but no man, much less Langdon, would have given him credit for other than the most selfish motives.

True to his resolve, Langdon utterly refused to share his confidences with Jakey Faust.

"We've tried the horse," he said, "and the Dutchman won, but Crane knows more about the whole business than I do. You go to him, Jake, or wait till he sends for you, an' you'll find out all about it. My game's to run straight with one man, anyway, an' I'm goin' to do it."

That was all Faust could learn. When an occasion offered he slipped a ten-dollar note into Shandy's hand, for he knew the lad was full open to a bribe, but Shandy knew no more than did the Bookmaker. The Dutchman had won the trial from the black quite easily, was the extent of his knowledge. As to Diablo himself, Shandy gave him a very bad character indeed.

CHAPTER XXI.

Faust was in a quandry. First Crane had confided in him over Diablo, but now his silence seemed to indicate that he ment to have this good thing all to himself.

Then Langdon had promised to cooperate, now he too, had closed up like a clam; he was as mute as an oyster.

"Crane is dealin' the cards all the time," thought Faust; "but there's some game on, sure."

He determined to back Diablo for himself at the long odds, and chance it.

Two days later Crane received a very illiterate epistle, evidently from a stable-boy; it was unsigned:

"Dere Boss, Yous is gittin it in the neck. de big blak hors he didn't carre the sadel you think the blak hors had on his bak. Yous got the buble cros that time. Der bokie hes axin me wot de blak is good fer der bokie is playin fer to trow yous downe.

"No moar at presen."

This was the wholly ambiguous communication that Crane had found under his door. There was no stamp, neither place nor date written in the letter: nothing but an evident warning from some one, who, no doubt, hoped to get into his good graces by putting him on his guard.

As it happened, Crane had just made up his mind to make a plunge on Duablo while the odds were long enough to make it possible with the outlay of very little capital. He smoked a heavy Manuel Garcia over his new contingency. It did not matter about the saddles. Langdon had confided in him fully. But how had the writer of the mspelledi etorfl ody the writer of the ill-spelled missive known of that matter?

Yes, he had better make his bet before these whisperings came to other ears.

But the bookmaker mentioned? That must be Faust. Why was he prowling about among the stable lads?

He sent for Faust. When the latter had come, Crane asked Diablo's price for the Brooklyn.

'It's thirty to one now," replied the Bookmaker; "somebody's backin' him."

Faust's small baby eyes were fixed furtively on Crane's pale, sallow face, as he imparted this information; but he might as well have studied the ingrain paper on the wall; its unfigured surface was not more placid, more devoid of indication, than the smooth countenance he was searching.

Crane remained tantalizingly silent for a full minute; evidently his thoughts had drifted away to some other subject.

"Yes," said Faust, speaking again to break the trying quiet, "some one's nibblin' at Diablo in the books. I wonder if it's Porter; did he think him a good horse?"

"It can't be Poorter, nor any one else who knows Diablo. It's some foolish outsider, tempted by the long matter; in fact, it's all the better. You took that five thousand to fifty for me didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, just lay it off. You can do so now at a profit."

"You don't want to back Diablo, then? Shall I lay against him further?"

"If you like—in your own book. I don't want to have anything to do with him, one way or the other. 1 odds. I suppose, however, it doesn't always thought he was a bad horse, and—and—well, never mind, just lay that bet off. I shall probably want to back The Dutchmannn again shortly."

When Faust had gone he opened the little drawer which heid his betting book, took it out, and drew a pencil through the entry he had made opposite Allis's name.

"Thats off for a few days, thanks to Mr. Faust," he thought. Then he ran his eye back over several other entries. "Ah, that's the man—Hummel; he'll do."

Next he consulted his telephone book; tracing his fingure down the "H" column he came to Ike Hummel, commission broker, Madison 71184."

Over the 'phone he made an appointment for the next day at eleven o'clock with Hummel; and the result of that interview was that Crane backed Diablo to win him a matter of seventy-five thousand dollars at the liberal odds of seventy-five to one; for Jakey Faust feeling that he had made a mistake in backing the black, had laid off all his own bets and sent the horse back in the markets on the longer odds. Crane had completely thrown him off his guard.

No sooner had Faust congratulated himself upon having slipped out of Diablo's bets than he heard that a big commission had been most skilfully worked on this outsider for the Brooklyn. In his new dilemma he went to Crane, feeling very much at sea.

"They're backin' your horse again sir," he said.

"Are they?"

"Yes; heavy."

"If he's worth backin' at all I suppose he's worth backin' heavily."

This aphorism seemed to merit a new cigar on Crane's part, so he lighted one.

"He's travelling up and down in the market," continues Faust. "He dropped to thirty, then went to seventy-five; now he's at twenty; I can't make it out."

"I shouldn't try," advised Crane, soothingly. "Too much knowledge is even as great a danger than a lesser amount sometimes."

Faust started guiltily and looked with inquiry at the speaker, but, as usual, there was nothing in his presence beyond the words to hang that conjecture on.

"I thought for your sake that I'd better find out."

"Oh, don't worry about me; that is, too much, you know. I go to Gravesend once in a while myself, and no doubt know all that's doing."

A great fear fell upon Faust. Evidently this was an intimation to him to keep away from the stables. How did Crane know—who split on him? Was it Langdon, or Shandy, or Cooley? Someone had evidently aroused Crane's suspicion, and this man of a great cleverness had put him away while he worked a big commission through some one else. The thought was none the less bitter to Faust that it was all his own fault; his supercleverness.

"An' you don't want me to work a commission for you on Diablo?" he asked, desperately.

"No; I sha'n't bet on him at present. And say, Faust, in future when I want you to do any betting on my horses, on my account, you know, I'll tell you. Understand? You needn't worry, that is—other people. I'll tell you myself."

"I didn't mean—" Faust had started to try a plausible explanation, but Crane stopped mim.

"Never mind; the matter is closed out now."

"But sir," persisted Faust, "if you've got your money all on, can I take a bit now? Is it good business? We've worked together a good deal wthout misunderstanding before."

"Yes we have," commented Crane.

"Yes; an' I'd like to be in on this now. I didn't mean to forestall you."

Crane raised his hand in an attitude of supplication for the other man to desist, but Faust was not to be stopped.

"I made a mistake, an' I'm sorry; an' if you will tell me whether Diablo's good business for the Brooklyn, I'll back him now at the shorter price. There's no use of us bein' bad friends."

"I think Diablo's a fairly good bet," said Crane, quietly, entirely ignorinng the question of friendship.

"It won't be poachin' if I have a bet, then?" asked the Cherub, more solicitous than he appeared at the earlier stage of the game.

"Poachers don't worry me," remarked Diablo's owner. "I'm my own game keeper, and they usually get the worst of it. But you go ahead and have your bet."

"Thank you, there won't be any more bad breaks made by me; but I didn't mean to give you none the worst of it Good day, sir," and he was gone.

"Faust has had his lesson," thought Crane, as he took from the drawer the stable-boy's ill-favored note. "I wonder who sent me this scrawl? It gave me a pointer, though. I suppose the writer will turn up for his reward; but the devil of it is he'll sell informa- Must weed him out when I discover the Imp. At any rate Faust will go straight, now he's been scorched. I'll just re-enter that bet to the Little Woman while I think of it 'Three thousand seven hundred and fifty to fifty, Diablo for the Brooklyn, laid to Miss Allis Porter.' " Then he dated thus obviating the danger of a religious conflict. "She looses by this transaction, but that won't matter; it may be a pretty good win if it comes off. She may refuse this, though she shouldn't for it's a part of the bargain that I was to have a bet on for her, a small bet of course. Yes, yes; I remember a a small bet. But this is a small bet. There was nothing said about the size of the winnings. She was probably thinking of gloves. Jingo, she has a lovely hand, I've noticed it; long slim fingers, even the palm is long; sinewy I'll warrant; nothing pudgy about that hand. Hey, Crane, you're silly!" he cried, half audibly, taking himself to task; "doing business in big moneys—a cool seventy-five thousand if it materializes, perhaps even more—and then slipping off into a mooney dream, vaporing about a girl's slim hand. I suppose that's the love sympton. But at forty! it's hardly my normal condition, I fancy."

The slim hand had beckoned him off into a disjointed reverie. Was he better for it? What would the end be? Before the new emotion he could look back upon his past struggles with a sordid satisfaction. Men in battle were not given to uneasy qualms of compunction, nor questionings as to the method that had led to victory. His life ahd been one long-drawn-out battle; the financial soldiers that had fallen by the wayside because of his sword play did not interest him; they were dead; being dead, their memory harrased him not at all. If there were commercial blood stains upon his hand, they were hidden by the glove of success. After a manner he had had peace; now all was disquiet; the turmoil of an awakened gentler feeling clashing with the polemics of self-satisfying selfishness. All because of a girl! To him that was the peculiar feature of the disturbance in his nature. He, Philip Crane, the strong man of strong men, to be shorn of his indifference to everything but success by a girl unskilled in managing anything but a horse.

"It's all very fine to argue it out with one's self," he thought, "but I simply can't help it." He was astonished to find that he was pacing up and down the floor of his own apartment. Undoubtedly he was possessed of a tremendous regard for the girl Allis. But why not put it from him; why not conquer himself as he had always done? .To let it master him meant the giving up things that were almost second nature. He could not love the girl as a good woman should be loved, and—and—well, the gray eyes that had their strength because of supreme honesty would surley bring him disquietude. It would indeed be difficult to change his nature much; his habits were almost like leopard's spots; they had grown into the woof of his existence. Even if he won her it must be almost entirely because of a superior diplomacy. Everything told him that his love was not returned. It seemed impossible that it should be; there was not more disparity in their years than in their two selves. "All very fine again," he muttered, somewhat savagely; "I want her, I want her, not because of anything but love. What she is, or what I am counts for nothing; love is all compelling; my first master, I salute thee," this in sarcastic sincerity.

In his strength he relied upon his power to bring forth an answering love, at least regard should win Allis. Yes, it would surely come. He had not even a young rival to combat. Yes, he would win, first Allis, and afterward her love.

"I'm quite silly," he ejaculated; "but I can't help it. But I can go out and get some fresh air, and I will."

(To be continued.)

TEN PERSONS REPORTED KILLED IN COLLISION

Ottawa, Sept. 12.—A report comes from Sudbury that a head-on collision took place west of that town between the Transcontinental train coming East, and a farm laborers' excursion from Quebec, going West.

It is said that some ten persons are killed and several injured, but so far no reliable information can be obtained here.

PREPARING FOR EMERGENCY.

Warships Will Proceed to Cuban Waters to Protect American Interests.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 12.—President Roosevelt's policy of preparedness for any emergency in Cuba so far as the immediate operation of war vessels is concerned was announced at the state department to-day. It includes the arrival at Havana to-night of the protected cruiser Denver and the gunboat Marietta at Cienfuiges to-morrow.

The cruiser Des Moines will remain at Key West until further orders. In making public these facts, Acting Secretary of State Bacon said that there was no disposition on the part of the United States government to make a demonstration in Cuban waters, but that the insurrection had attained such proportions that it had been necessary to take steps for the protection of American interests in Cuba. The department believed that for the present the Denver will be sufficient for all needs along the northern coast of Cuba and the Marietta for the southern coast.

STATE AND CHURCH.

Animated Discussion at Meeting of the French Cabinet.

Paris, Sept. 12.—There was an animated discussion in the course of the cabinet meeting held to-day relative to the application of the separation law. The result was that the ministers decided to enforce the enactment in its entirety with firmness, but at the time to pay the greatest degree of respect possible to the conscience of the people. No church will be closed before December, 1907. The government can issue a decree of closing only in cases where worship has not been exercised during a twelve month preceeding the enactment or where no worship association has been formed.

It was the general sentiment of the members of the cabinet that a great change in public feeling would occur before such actions became necessary. They believe opposition will subside thus obviating the danger of a religious conflict.

SEVEN MEN KILLED

In Collision Between Freight Trains—Engineer Overlooked Orders.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 12.—Freight trains numbers 8 and 12 on the Western & Atlantic railroad collided at Ringold early to-day, and seven men wepe killed.

The accident was due to the overlooking of orders by the engineer of No. 8, who went to his death as did the engineer of No. 13. Both the firemen and one man who was learning the road, Conductor Whithead, of No. 13, and a brakeman were killed.

The engines were demolished.

BRIEF TELEGRAMS.

Three workmen were killed on Tuesday by coming in contact with a barbed wire fence that had been charged with electricity from the plant of the Indianapolis and Cincinnati Traction Co. at Rushville, Ind.

A mesage from Berlin says that Albrecht, Prince of Prussia, regent of the Duchy of Brunswick, has had a stroke of apoplexy and as a result his condition is dangerous.

ANOTHER VACANCY ON SCHOOL BOARD

RESIGNATION OF MISS CAMERON ACCEPTED

At Regular Meeting of Trustees and Bye-Election Ordered--Important Business Transacted.

At the regular meeting of the board of school trustees held last evening Miss A. D. Cameron, a member of the board, tendered her resignation. It was accepted and instructions given to prepare for another bye-election to fill the vacancy without unnecessary loss of time. Other matters of importance were considered.

After the reading of the minutes and other formalities a report was submitted from Superintendent Eaton in reference to the advisability of introducing night schools. Some discussion followed and finally, upon motion, the board put itself on record as being in favor of the proposal. The new classes will be placed in the hands of any of the teachers desiring to work at night.

Trustee Hall drew attention to the necessity of some action being taken towards the prevention of the spread of tuberculosis in the schools. In accordance with his suggestion a resolution was passed asking the provincial authorities to take up the matter of appointing medical examiners whose duty it would be to examine the pupils at regular intervals, not only with the idea of checking the possible spread of tuberculosis, but for the purpose of inspecting the hearing and sight of the children.

Miss H. A. Nason wrote tendering her resignation, to take effect on the 30th of September. It was accepted with regret, members of the board putting on record their best wishes for her future happiness.

Permission was asked by W. H. Binns to use the manual training room to instruct the children of the Collegiate school, in charge of J. C. Barnacle, and those of Rev. W. W. Bolton's institution. Payment for the use of tools and the rooms, he pointed out, would be taken from the cost of tuition. It was laid over for consideration.

The finance committee was instructed to report upon the advisability of extending the manual training school work to the High school.

Ian St. Clair presented a report in reference to swimming classes conducted by him during the summer months, as appended:

Sir:—I have the honor to report to you as follows:

I conducted a course of instruction in swimming from July 3rd to September 8th.

The attendance was larger than in former years, but more irregular.

I am proud to state that not a single accident occurred, and, with the exception of a difference with two parents who wished me to teach their children out of their class hours, I had no unpleasantness whatever.

The graduating class was the largest I ever taught, and 54 pupils succeeded in passing.

I received the commendation of the Royal Humane Society at their regular meeting in March, and was authorized to conduct a competition in British Columbia for the society's badge, medal and certificate in vellum.

I hope to succeed in this at no distant date

I. ST. CLAIR.

The following boys acted as school captains in a praiseworthy manner:

Charles Thomas, South Park.
Fred. Brown, Central.
A. Beaumont Boggs, Victoria West.
R. Heater, North Ward.

The following pupils qualified for first-class certificates: John Fletcher, Ray Jones, Frank Palmer, Clyde Rogers, Henry Pottinger, Fred. Beckwith, Diana Dunn, Fred. Brown, Jack Dowler, Jean Robinson, Ralph Rogers, Andrew Alexander, Erma Erskine, Meta Berryman, Etheired McIllhenny, May Jennings, Everett Taylor, Alex. MacDonald, Andrew Paterson, Chas. Brown, Kenneth Cunningham, Theresa Robinson, James McCahill, Victor Jenkins, Vladymir Langley, Hazel Morrison, Orvil Falconer, Douglas Travis, Frank Fredette, Jack Allice, Jos. Clearihue, Albert Ross, John Fredette, John Whittier, Eloise B. Sinclair, M. Griffin, William M. Cheeseman, John Gregg, Tresyhair Monro, Bert Bendrodt, Alfred Johnson, Lansdowne Palmer, Jack Nicholles, Robert Elworthy, James Brown, Fred. Milne, Flora Neate, Douglas Morley, Harry Stuart Yates, Wallace Courtenay, Charles Catteral, William Day, William A. Braden.

Governor's Medalist—Head of the school, Charles Thomas, South Park; (girls) Meta Berryman, North Ward. Rescue practice, A. Beaumont Boggs, Victoria West; (girls) Gertrude Jackson, North Ward.

Mayor's Medalist—Frederick Beckwith, Central school.

Emergency Swimming—A. Godfrey, High school; (girls) Madge Griffin, North Ward; boys under 12, P. Humber, North Ward; girls under 12, Madge Griffin, North Ward.

Diving—A. Beaumont Boggs, Victoria West; (girls) Elsie Sparrow, High school.

Exhibition of Stroke—A. Beaumont Boggs, Victoria West; (girls) Rhoda McGarry, North Ward.

Acknowledgment—Prizes for the tournament were received from His Honor Lieut.-Governor Dunsmuir, the Royal Humane Society (London, England), Premier McBride, Mayor Morley, Aldermen Lewis Hall, Vincent and Stewart, Rev. W. Leslie Clay, Messrs. F. B. Pemberton, Chas. Hayward, C. E. Redfern, Colonel Prior, Stephen Jones, Arthur Brenchley, W. Wenger, Challoner & Mitchell, R. A. Brown, John Barnsley, Pichon & Lenfesty, F. Landsberg, Saunders & Co., Dixi H. Ross, and the Colonist Printing & Publishing Company.

In a few remarks Trustee Jay expressed his appreciation of the work that had been accomplished by Mr. St. Clair. His views were endorsed by all the trustees.

J. E. Smart, secretary of the B. C. Agricultural Association, requested the board to appoint a committee to assist in arranging for a school exhibit in connection with the fall fair. After some debate it was decided that it would be impossible to prepare a display.

Miss Cameron's resignation, already referred to, was submitted. She announced that she had accepted a position with the Western Canadian Immigration Association, with headquarters in Chicago, and therefore would be unable to give the required attention to her duties as trustee. It was accepted and W. W. Northcott was appointed returning officer, with instructions to bring on an election as soon as possible.

Accounts amounting to $936.70 were presented by the finance committee. They were received and ordered paid.

Attention was called to repairs required at the North Ward and Victoria West schools. Referred to the buildings and grounds committee.

It was reported that the banking system recently inaugurated in connection with the schools was being well patronized. At the present time there was a total deposit of $40, and, according to the committee in charge, there was every indication that it would grow rapidly.

Discussing the proposed inauguration of night schools Superintendent Eaton did not see why any or all of the teachers should not be permitted to arrange classes. He recommended that the use of the schools be granted free of charge and that the teachers taking the matter up should be permitted to charge $2 a month per pupil for tuition and that no person be allowed to instruct more than two evenings a week. These suggestions met with favor and resulted in the resolution in favor of night schools.

A verbal report was submitted by Superintendent Eaton in reference to the arrangements that have been made for the school children to participate in the reception to Earl Grey.

After the consideration of other business of minor importance the meeting adjourned.

WHAT IS WOMAN?

Rev. Dr. Campbell Gave an Interesting Lecture on This Subject Sunday Evening.

Rev. Dr. Campbell Sunday evening at First Presbyterian church gave an interesting lecture on woman, taking for his text Genesis ii., 18: "And the Lord God said: It is not good that man shold be alone; I will make an helpmeet for him."

These words are the "Magna Charta" of woman's place in the economy of nature. Man without woman is incomplete, and woman without man is equally incomplete, but the two, like the hemispheres of a great hall, make a complete whole. Woman was the last work of creation, and is therefore not only the crown of glory for man, but for all creation. Man in the economy of nature stands for strength and head-power, and woman for gentleness and heart-power, the queen of the home. There can be a house without a woman, but there cannot be a home without her; for she alone can convert a house into a home. It is impossible to make man equal to woman, or woman equal to man, for each in the proper sphere is superior to the other. Woman is not man's equal in the quarry or the smelter, and man is not woman's equal in the home or sick room. They are so unlike that you can contrast, but not compare them. A mannish woman, or an effeminate man is charactures. A woman aping to be a man, or a man aping to be a woman are despised by all well-balanced men and women.

In broad, deep-thinking a man is superior to woman; but in arriving at truth, intuitively, wthout waiting for logical argument, woman is superior to man. She naturally comes to a right conclusion without logic; and the man who tries to get along without the advice of his wife; his "help-mate," or ignores her advice, is on the wrong track; and if in business is almost sure to be on the way to insolvency. The world had always a good opinion of woman, and in all nations she exercised marvellous influence. There seldom has been a great man who was not preceded by a wise and good woman, generally his mother. In Shakespeare's plays there are no heroes, all are heroines. There are only three bad women and one weak woman in all his plays. The catastrophes are attributed to men, and the averting of them to women. Few understood human nature as England's greatest poet did.

But home is woman's kingdom, there is her throne, and there she shines. No man ever amounted to much who did not embody in his character the best qualities of his mother. England's "Grand Old Man" had a good mother, and a good wife, and he would not be what he was had it not been for them. Half of the presidents of the United States were left fatherless at an early age, and their care devolved upon their mothers; and a large number of them, like Adraham Lincoln and James A. Garfield, had to struggle with poverty. He was a far-seeing man who said: "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." The character of the homes of a country depends on the character of the women in these homes; for the home may rise above the level of the men, but not above that of the women. Women govern society, and the moral tone of society cannot be higher than that of the women who constitute society. Where is the wine of New Year's day of thirty years ago? The women of Canada saw the evil of it and it vanished. Who is introducing waste of time and the evil of gambling by the thin edge of 500? Echo answers, who? Woman has unlimited influence for good and also for evil. The most irresistible thing in the world is the power of a good woman. You may be able to resist the power of a good man, but it is next to impossible to resist that of a godly woman.

What would the Christian church be without the influence of good women? Go into any religious gathering and you are almost sure to find the large majority to be women. Twenty women at the prayer meeting, and five men; but in the jail five women and twenty men. Women are the salt of the earth. What the world needs is an army of consecrated men and women. Woman's surely is man's "help-mate." She is like a strong tug nestling to the side of a large vessel, keeping her along, keeping her in safe water and off the rocks.

—The Times was presented to-day with a side of venison by F. J. Bittancourt. The deer was killed on Salt Spring Island and is one of three which Mr. Bittancourt secured on an outing just made. Members of the staff of this paper, among whom the venison was divided, appreciate the gift and wish Mr. Bittancourt success on all future hunting expeditions.

One of the convicts at the Springfield (Essex) prison has taught himself shorthand in seven months' study.