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## Original Articles

### THE IRON SHOVEL

By A. C. E.

Shortly after one o'clock, one hot July afternoon, a large touring car sped away from the offices of the big chemical industry at one end of an Eastern Ontario town. On the left sat a young man, whose clean-cut, set face contrasted markedly with the gray beard and white, calm one of the owner.

"That is the cottage, Henry, that one on the right with the screen door," cried the young man, addressing the chauffeur, as they motored along between the two rows of cottages occupied by the factory employees at the farther end of the town. The car drew in to the curb.

"I hope we're before them," said the older man, as he hurriedly stepped out on the concrete walk. The younger had already alighted.

The young foreman, Walter Hart by name, catching a glimpse of a collecting crowd of men and children from the other cottages, told the chauffeur to pull along down to the end of the narrow street and await orders. Then, seizing the arm of Mr. Mason, the manager, he hurried that gentleman to the cottage door.

Walter Hart threw back the screen door, which was unhasped, and gave a brisk knock.

The door opened; and instead of the expected ordinary factory hand's wife with two or three unkempt young children clinging to her skirts, the manager saw a decidedly attractive young woman, as neatly and tidily dressed as she was pretty.

"This is Mrs. Byrne, Mr. Mason, the widow of Amos Byrne, who took ill and died so suddenly when cleaning out one of the bleaching-powder 'stills' three weeks ago."

