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on some fool's errand—he was supposed to be lying dying in a Westminster slum. I went. In the meanwhile, dressed as I dress, he took my place on the bench behind you, and stole your pin.”

Aviragous Moss sniffed wretchedly, and mopped his forehead with his huge silk handkerchief.

“When he sent down word to his disreputable colleagues that he had succeeded in his villainous design, I was rushed back to the House, not in the least comprehending the purpose of my semi-captivity and enforced journeys. The alibi you taunted me with, Mr. Mannering, could only have been proved by his accomplices, who would never have betrayed him. What lucky accident brought you here I do not know, but you have stumbled upon a truth that I dare never have asked you to believe. I think you will admit that you owe me an apology?”

“I do indeed,” said the Cabinet Minister, warmly, “and I tender it with all my heart. Is this—this person still in possession of my pin?”

“What do you think?” asked Mr. Guiderous Moss, ironically. “Not much! —I—I passed it on as quick as I could, but his hand twitched involuntarily toward his left breast.”

“Did you?” queried Hannibal Mannering. “Let us see. Put your arms up a little stiffer.” He drew closer, one eye still on the tigerish Mrs. Moss, and set the muzzle of the revolver to the temple of the luckless Guiderous. “Look in that left vest pocket, Moss,” he suggested to the M.P.

Guiderous struggled protestingly, but the cold steel ring pressed against his temple, and he yielded to the inevitable. His unhappy relative searched the indicated receptacle, to produce a crumpled roll of tissue paper.

Quiveringly he unfolded it, and the light from the chandelier glittered on the bluish facets of the Mannering diamond. With uncertain fingers he replaced it excitedly in the Cabinet Minister's tie, Hannibal Mannering holding the revolver in position.

“Take it quietly,” besought the miserable Aviragous, as he completed this work of restitution. “I’ll give you a leg up once more, Guidy, and a real good one, so don’t turn nasty over this—this little disappointment. Tell him he’d better take it quietly, Kitty.”

“Don’t talk to me you pack of beastly cowards,” was the enigmatic request of Mrs. Guiderous Moss.

The Home Secretary and Aviragous Moss, M.P., went away together, supped amicably at the swagger club of the Party and concocted diplomatic explanations for the Speaker and the Press.

But before they departed from the abode of the defeated Guiderous, the Home Secretary put a question to that “lovely blackguard.”

“Tell me how you got my pin out of my scarf without my knowing it,” he said, “and I’ll give you a tenner for your trouble.”

“Part, first,” stipulated Mrs. Moss's husband, sulkily. The Cabinet Minister complied:

“I folded my arms on the back of your bench as you lounged in your seat with your eyes closed,” was the thief's explanation. “Several times you pretended to stifle a yawn—your arm in so doing gave me cover enough. I had three tries—third time I slid my hand over your shoulder, nipped your pin between my first and second fingers, and slipped it out. In another instant it was in my pocket.”

The Edmonton Exhibition grounds have been enlarged by the addition of sixty-five acres, including a beautiful grove of trees which has been set aside as a camping ground for motor parties from the country; arrangements have been made to rent tents, cots, etc., at reasonable prices, and it is expected that many families will take advantage of this method of solving the accommodation problem during the exhibition week. Tenders have been called for the construction of a new Women's Building, which it is hoped to have completed for use this summer, for the housing of the health and baby welfare exhibits and the Women's Institute exhibit, a new feature this year.

The Old Home

(A Reminiscence)

Written for The Western Home Monthly by M. E. Sutherland

NOT many miles from the historic and picturesque “Old Limestone City,” is situated the old home.

It is a rambling, unpainted, old farm house, surrounded by a yard in which sweet grass, ribbon grass and huge pink cabbage roses strive for dominion over bold, big red peonies and great, white snowballs. Lilacs, too, are there in profusion and almost every variety of those dear old-fashioned sweet-scented flowers, now so rarely seen.

‘Tis years now since my eyes last rested on the peaceful beauty of this spot of all spots on God's beautiful earth, but even yet, the memory of it sends a restful feeling to me amid the restless, pulsing, grasping life of a Western city.

I sit and dream me dreams, and again, in fancy, I am back at the Old Home.

Time has turned backwards in its flight and I, a child once more, with my little tin can in hand, wander down the lane.

in which alarm and anger are mingled, then scampers away and in a moment is lost to sight in a hole.

Well I must be getting home, “Pheew, but it is hot!”

I have reached the creek. The temptation to pull off shoes and stockings and sit on the big rock in the shadow of the old bridge and let my feet dangle in the cool water, is too strong to be resisted. So off come shoes and stockings and down I sit me. “Oh, how cool it is, and what bliss is mine to be able to run about and enjoy life! Poor little crippled Charlie (my near neighbor) how I pity him, never able to enjoy such things as this.”

Thus listening to the ripple of the water I sit and dream, simple dreams, happy dreams, dreams of a future, dreams, ah, so unlike the after reality.

But the insistent call of my stomach interrupts my dreams and donning my hose and shoes, I start for home with no lagging feet. My, but I am hungry!

The Professor's Wooing

By Grace G. Bostwick

He met the maiden at a cabaret
Where he had gone to see a bit of life
First-hand, to utilize in his new book—
A scientific book which dealt with strife.
Impressed was he, oh, very much, indeed!
“A lovely creature, good and wise, no doubt;
Her beauty shows a saintly soul,” said he.
While Tommy Tinker muttered: “Put ‘im out!”

The wise professor, calm no longer, no,
But stirred as wise professors seldom get,
Went home with her and asked if he might call;
She smiled and murmured smilingly, “You bet!”
He called; and brought a treatise on the air
And talked of pranic ether—rather deft,
He thought, at conversation—said farewell,
And Tommy Tinker entered as he left.

He brought her books—sage volumes neatly bound,
With interlineations as to text,
In his fine script—and read them every line
And never wondered why she said, “What next?”
He never touched her hand or spoke a word
Aside. All signs of passion he forebore.
While Tommy Tinker, bearing chocolates,
Quite boldly kissed her there, behind the door.

And then, one night, impelled at last to speak,
The wise professor dared his all to stake.
“If you will marry me,” he softly said,
“I’ll read to you each night, my dear, to make
You happy. Knowledge fair shall be our joy,
With rarest wisdom for our daily guide.”
But Tommy Tinker shouted from the door,
“Too late, old grub, she’s mine! We’ve just been
tied!”

‘Tis early summer and the air is laden with perfume from the buckwheat field that borders on the lane and in the orchard on the other side of the land the birds are having a cantata rehearsal.

On I go, across the old wooden bridge over the creek. As I cross the bridge the great bull frogs call out their greeting in a hoarse “bar-um, bar-um.” But I hasten on for on the green hillside not far distant, I know, great luscious strawberries await my coming.

Now I have reached the destined spot and on my knees, with eager fingers, I pick the beautiful fruit: “Oh, you beauties, I’ll soon have my can full of you.”

Say, did you ever pick strawberries on a balmy June morning, while a bird orchestra sang to you from nearby treetops? If you have not you have missed one of the greatest of pleasures.

But now my little can is full, and “my but it is getting hot!” Well, I will go yonder and lie in the shade of the great butternuts and cool off ere I begin my walk home. Down I sit me under one of the great spreading trees but scarcely am I seated, when I espy a small brown object, busily digging near a stump not far away. “Ah, ha, Mr. Woodchuck I’m going to give you a chase.”

Away I go. As I near him, the little rascal ceases his digging, gives me a look

Grandmother is alone. Uncle has gone to Kingston. She is at the door watching for me.

“Oh, Granny, I hope you have something good ready to eat.”

“Oh me, Oh my! Green peas, pork ribs and roasted potatoes, hot biscuits fluffy as feathers, strawberries with thick cream. Were there ever such dainties?”

“Say, Granny dear, I don’t believe Queen Victoria has anything as good as this.”

How happy we are! No shadow of coming events casts itself. A little while after dinner, a dear old neighboring granny on whose head the silvery of ninety years has fallen, comes to see us.

What an afternoon it is. The two old ladies are like girls so merry, so happy. By spells they are slightly reminiscent for both remember Ontario's pioneer days. How I enjoy these tales they recall.

Quickly the afternoon speeds away—tea time arrives and again the festive board is spread and in honor of our dear old guest the quaint old blue tea set is used.

After tea, the two old ladies enjoy a short quiet chat, ere Granny D's granddaughter arrives to take her home. Now it is time for the cows to be brought home and on me to-night devolves the task, and a task of pleasure it is too. How I love