

vocates of National Government.

As an aftermath of the convention, Isaac Pitblado's signature is the first to be appended to a manifesto calling a convention of South Winnipeg Liberals, "who are dissatisfied with the result and spirit of the recent Liberal convention, about the war, National Government and leadership."

Why did not Mr. Pitblado take this stand at the convention? Wisdom comes sometimes in the cold gray dawn of the morning after.

One parting shot at ye editor or The Canadian Courier. Hon. "Jim" Calder is said, on the unimpeachable authority of Conservatives, who were not permitted to enter the convention hall, to have been the man who did the trick, who bossed the convention and swung it behind Sir Wilfrid.

Who, oh who, is the strong man brought forward by this convention to be the new Liberal leader? May I suggest the delegate from Hamiota?

RIMROCK JONES

(Continued from page 21.)

and was hoping I was going to be sent up, he tried to buy me out of this mine. He started at nothing and went up to twenty million, so you can guess how much it's worth."

"Twenty million!" she echoed.

"Yes; twenty million—and that ain't a tenth of what he might be willing to pay. Can you think that big? Two hundred million dollars? Well then, imagine that much money thrown down on the desert for him and me to fight over. Do you think it's possible to be pleasant and polite, and always reasonable and just, when you're fighting a man that's never quit yet, for a whole danged mountain of copper?" He rose up and shook himself and swelled out his chest and then looked at her and smiled. "Just remember that, in the days that are coming, and give me the benefit of the doubt."

"But I don't believe it!" she exclaimed incredulously. "What ground have you for that valuation of the mine?"

"Well, his offer, for one thing," answered Rimrock soberly. "He never pays what a thing is worth. But did you see Mr. Jepson when I went into the assay house and began looking at those diamond-drill cores? He was sore, believe me, and the longer I stayed there the more fidgety Jepson got. That ore assay's big, but the thing that I noticed is that all of it carries some values. You can begin at the foot of it and work that whole mountain and every cubic foot would pay. And that peacock ore, that copper glance! That runs up to forty per cent. Now, here's a job for you as secretary of the Company, a little whirl into the higher mathematics. Just find the cubic contents of Tecolote mountain and multiply it by three per cent. That's three per cent. copper, and according to those assays the whole ground averages that. Take twenty claims, each fifteen hundred feet long, five hundred feet across and say a thousand feet deep; pile the mountain on top of them, take copper at eighteen cents a pound and give me the answer in dollars and cents. Then figure it out another way—figure out the human cussedness that that much copper will produce."

"Why—really!" cried Mary as she sat staring at him, "you make me almost afraid."

"And you can mighty well be so," he answered grimly. "It gets me going sometimes. Sometimes I get a hunch that I'll take all my friends and go and camp right there on the Old Juan. Just go out there with guns and hold her down, but that ain't the way it should be done. The minute you show these wolves you're afraid they'll fly at your throat in a pack. The thing to do is to look 'em in the eye and keep your gun kind of handy, so."

HE tapped the old pistol that he still wore under his coat and leaned forward across her desk.

"Now tell me this," he said. "Knowing what you know now, does it seem so plain criminal—what I did to that robber, McBain?"

Mary met his eyes and in spite of

her the tears came as she read the desperate longing in his glance. He was asking for justification after those long months of silence, but his deed was abhorrent to her still. She had shuddered when he had touched that heavy pistol whose shot had snuffed out a man's life; and she shuddered when she thought of it, when she saw his great hand and the keen eyes that had looked death at McBain. And yet, now he asked it, it no longer seemed criminal, only brutal and murderous—and violent. It was that which she feared in him, much as she was won by his other qualities, his instinctive resort to violence. But when he asked if she considered it plain criminal she was forced to answer him:

"No!"

"Well, then, what is the reason you

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