

His evenings were spent in the study of some subject which the work of the day suggested and the monthly sketch which he regularly submitted to the editor was not only as regularly accepted, but showed such marked improvement as to elicit words of praise from the young men who congregated in the artist's room.

"Why don't you try your hand at a special for one of the dailies? Or perhaps a sketch is more in your line. I know a dozen of the boys who make from ten to fifteen dollars a week out of their specials" suggested the editor of the "miscellany" department.

This suggestion was immediately acted upon by the preparation of an article upon "The Mounted Police of Canada," in which he drew his coloring from his own observation, the accounts which he had heard from the scouts, while he gathered the "solid facts and figures" from a perusal of English and Canadian journals, which he found by diligent search in the public libraries.

Good fortune rewarded his efforts where before he had failed, and the article was accepted. He was not a little surprised, when, after weeks of waiting, the article appeared in print with the "solid facts" upon which he had so largely relied for its success, largely expunged.

In this way the winter passed to February.

As the family sat about the pleasant base-burner in Uncle Bob's sitting-room, one Sunday evening, Mrs. Merton said: