

as about to shut up for the
here came a tapping at our
I opened it and there stood

about through, sir?" he
deep growling voice.
ing to shut up," I said.
thing I can do for you?"
o me that he looked friend-
al, and in his countenance
to be a gleam of something
perilously like animation.
replied, abruptly, "I'd
tep into my workshop for
s."

ve I measured him up and
ood, thick stocky specimen
hat's up now, old fellow?"
self. "Well, here goes! I
ok out for my skin as well
yours."

as very dimly lighted with
allow candle, and at first
but the little speck of red
midst of a jungle of ticking
and tall. Then from the
adows of them someone
and taller, and at the next
aken one bound across the
a lot of loose wheels and
something that I bumped

choolmaster.
hty!" he exclaimed, and
ed me on the back and
my hand off, and I swear
gged him.

you come from?—When
ere?—How are they all
ked, all in a breath.

, slowly!" he laughed,
!—I came straight from
least as straight as the
would allow. I got here
they are all perfectly well
am the bearer of a letter
," taking it out of his
vn and read it.—Which
opping to make apology,
with all the little home
I most wished to hear
ed with the few words of
now how to measure.

The Schoolmaster and
conversed in a low tone,
at last finished they
me. The Schoolmaster
nile, the Sea Lion with
ath his bushy eyebrows
o develop into one with

ere here a whole hour!"

reproachfully.
me," said The School-
tell you that it was
ates ago that I learned
por. I asked the way to
d my friend here had a
you were nearer to me
ht."

er and mother?"
ust before I left. When
urn out my carpet bag
warm socks from your
e you all her warnings
are to do in case you

then I thought of Barry.
ial news?" I asked.

—no, nothing in par-
n trying to get Jimmie
ome down to The Corn-
r, but there's difficulty
ousing the oxen and the
d hens. Red Jock's
g and late these days.
drinking harder than
know Nick Deveril had
sekeeper did you?—A
i the boys gave him!
it they say he's going
on. There's some talk
the tavern—in which,
Bill. Too bad, too!
t in the fellow if only
k alone."

ut old Hank, I de-
he doing these days?"
soul, how did I forget
in fine fettle. I've
too—a whole roll—so
rpet-bag. He's fine,
very busy! He's been
illings, you know. A
oy! Takes to it like

oo," I added, "Hank
hasn't he?"

er nodded, in his
head! A fine head!
s going to get to the

top some day, in Canada,—and especially
if our plans carry out successfully."

I glanced at the Sea Lion, but he was
sitting with his hands clasped over his
stomach and his eyes on the floor, as
motionless as an iceberg on the edge
of the Polar Sea and about as
expressive. "He must be 'one of us,'
I said to myself and then I must have
drawn down my brows in perplexity, for
I felt, at that moment, as if, somehow
I had deserted the ship. And yet, I
consoled myself with thinking, I had done
but as everyone had wished me to do.

The Schoolmaster laughed, evidently
misinterpreting my scowl.

"Oh, Clinkenbocker's all right," he
said, "You needn't look so fierce."
At which I made haste to disclaim.
"I wasn't thinking of him, I was wonder-
ing whether I should have stayed at
home with the boys."

The Schoolmaster waved his hand
genially. "Not at all! Not at all! You're
just where you ought to be. If things
come to a head one of these days, as
we expect, you can easily throw your-
self in where you can be of use."

"You think, then—" I began.

But he cut me off—"Oh, something
's bound to happen, before long either."

He glanced at our Companion, and
my glance followed. The Sea Lion had
straightened up, and was sitting with his
hands on his knees, chin protruding and
eyes glaring a bit.

"Do you know," laughed The School-
master, "my friend, here, had put you
down for a dyed-in-the-wool Tory.—
Naturally, of course."

The glare relaxed to a twinkle and the
long drooping moustaches twitched. And
then the Sea Lion held out his—flapper—
which I shook with right good will.
But never a word did he say.

"He tells me," went on The School-
master, "that the town never was in
better shape for being frightened out of
its seven senses, and that he imagines
the Lieutenant-Governor may be in-
timidated, although so far he has shown
no sign of fear and is very stubborn,—
more stubborn than ever."

"Stubborn's the devil!" came in a
deep growl from behind the moustaches,
so suddenly that I almost jumped.

"I was out at the Garrison, not long
ago," I said. "And certainly there were
very few soldiers there. As you know
the troops are all in Kingston."

The Schoolmaster nodded, and I
swear that I began to feel most un-
comfortable, being a spy appealing not
at all to my notion, so that I began to
wonder just how much I might say
without being traitorous to my new
friends, while still remaining faithful
to the old. Thus came to me, strangely
enough, perhaps, for the very first time,
a realization of the position in which I
had placed myself, and Hank's words on
that June day in the mill flashed back to
me, "Look out lest you sit down between
two stools."

For a few moments so confused was
I, in trying to place myself, that I quite
lost track of the conversation, and heard
not a word The Schoolmaster was saying,
although I knew that his voice was going
on. Then my mind seemed to clear
itself. "If the worst comes to the worst,"
it said to me, "throw yourself in on the
side of principle. Remember, 'The great-
est good to the greatest number.' Act
on the square and you will be all right."
Yet I hoped that The Schoolmaster
would not put me in an embarrassing
position.

I need not have feared, however,
for before long I could perceive that he
was careful to ask me no questions at all.

"Clinkenbocker tells me, he was
saying, when I came back to myself,
"that the young men continue to drill
under Colonel FitzGibbon."

"That they do," I replied. "More
than once I have been invited to join
them, and have had to tell them I am
a Reformer. One of them asked me
'what blank difference that made so long
as I intended to stand up for my country
and the British crown?' That looks to
me to have some reason in it."

Again The Schoolmaster laughed. "So
you've had to confess up to being a Re-
former.—Well, an open confession is good
for the soul."

"Of course," I said, "one can't be
totally discredited for that, even among
the Tories, so long as such men as Rolph,
Baldwin, Morrison and Bidwell are in

the place." Their loyalty, at least, is
unquestionable."

"Grand men! Every one!" exclaimed
The Schoolmaster.
"Best in the land!" growled the Sea
Lion.

"You know," I said, hesitating, then
thinking no harm could be done one way
or another, "that the Government and
all this place knows all about the
drillings?"

The Schoolmaster moved a bit un-
easily, and coughed.

"Yes," he said, "I have heard so.
I have even heard—don't ask me how
—that the purport of the turkey and
pigeon matches is well known, and that
Sir Francis Bond Head and his advisers
make merry over the whole matter,
thinking the preparations all a mere
bluff for political purposes."

"And are they not?" I asked, rather
sharply, looking at The Schoolmaster,
but conscious of a quick shuffle on the
part of the Sea Lion.

"I do not need to tell you, Alan,"
replied The Schoolmaster, slowly, "that
actual fighting will only be resorted to
as a very last resort."

"Of course," I assented, "I have heard
that often enough," and then I glanced at
the Sea Lion. He was leaning towards me
and his eyes seemed fairly to gleam in
the half-gloom.

"You're with us?" he asked, booming
the words out in a muffled roar.

"I have never been against you," I
said, but The Schoolmaster took the
words from me.

"I told you before, Clinkenbocker,"
he said, "that you could trust him or
any of his name as you could your own
soul."

The Lion grunted, and sank back
into his chair again.

I turned to The Schoolmaster.

"And now tell me the news," I said.

"You know I have been hearing only the
other side for the past three weeks."

"Why," The Schoolmaster said, pulling
at the long black wisp of hair that al-
ways hangs over his forehead, "Where
shall I begin? Did you know that Mac-
kenzie left for the North about the end
of the first week in November?"

"I did not know."

"Of course up Yonge street is the very
centre of the movement," he went on.
"Lount, Matthews, Gorham and others
have been very busy there. In fact
the greater part of the—the delegation
—is expected to come from there. In
the West, too, as you know, Dr. Dun-
combe has been most energetic. I
believe, too, there is some talk of having
Colonel Van Egmond assist actively."

"Colonel Van Egmond!" I exclaimed
remembering well the kindly gentleman
who visited us last spring.

"Yes. He's an old man, but he has
military tactics down to a science.—We
have to be prepared for possibilities,
you see.—Besides, his very name lends
—prestige—to the demonstration.
Just as the names of Doctors Rolph and
Morrison do. I hear that Mackenzie
has been able to use their authority up
North."

With that I got up and began to pace
the floor.

"And I have heard," I said, feeling
myself on thin ice indeed, that Doctor
Rolph and Doctor Morrison do not wish
to connect themselves with the move-
ment in any way."

"All Tory talk!" growled the Lion.

"No doubt," acquiesced The School-
master. "There are no more steadfast
opponents of the unjust domination
of the Family Compact in this country,
than those same gentlemen whom you
named a few minutes ago as being the
upholders of the dignity of the Reform
party—the real patriots of this Canada."

Then he turned to the Sea Lion.

"By the way, Clinkenbocker, what did
you do with those Swift's almanacs?"

The Sea Lion got up and moved about
among the clocks until he found the book-
lets, which he handed to me.

"Gives 'em the devil!" he growled,
with satisfaction.

"Let me see them," said The School-
master. "Here, read this. It sets forth
pretty well exactly what's what, what's
needed, and what we're after."

And I read:

"The control of the whole revenue to
be in the people's representatives; the
Legislative Council to be elective; the
representatives in the House of Assembly
to be as equally proportioned as possible;
the Executive Government to incur a real



Figure Your Painting Costs with a Brush—Not a pencil

What you want to know is how much space a given quantity of paint at a given cost will cover. Not only how much it covers, but how well it covers and how long it will take you or a painter to do the job.

In figuring the cost always remember that it takes more time to put on a poor paint than a good one—any painter will confirm this fact. Poor paint has not got the working qualities. It is not ground so fine nor is it so well mixed.

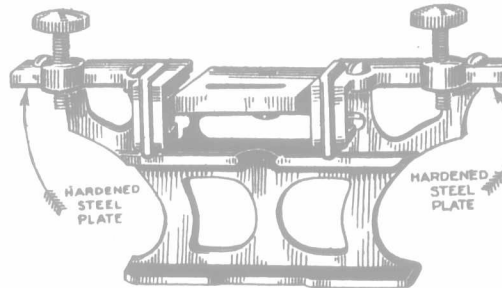
Lowe Brothers Paints

Cover more surface; are smoother in texture, more brilliant in color and will outwear all ordinary paints. They are, therefore, the cheapest to use. Use your brush, not your pencil and you will see the difference.

Lowe Brothers, Limited - Toronto

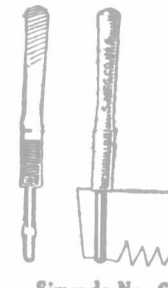
Indispensable to the Man with a Saw

Here are shown three articles made by the Simonds Canada Saw Co., Limited, which are indispensable to every man using Simonds Saws.



SIMONDS CRESCENT SAW TOOL—No. 340

This is the most successful combination saw jointer and gauge for filing the raker teeth. A setting Stake and Raker Gauge are included with each Saw Tool.



Simonds No. 6 Cross-Cut Saw Handles

A very reliable handle. Made with an exceptionally strong ferrule threaded on the inside.



SIMONDS SPECIAL CROSS-CUT SAW FILE

This File in actual use, has proven itself far superior to the regular mill file for sharpening Cross-Cut Saws. The file will demonstrate this fully.

SIMONDS CANADA SAW COMPANY, LIMITED,

ST. REMI STREET AND ACORN AVENUE, S-120-4

VANCOUVER, B. C. MONTREAL, Que. ST. JOHN, N. B.



Snowflake
THE FULL STRENGTH
Ammonia

Cleans Dishes Without
Soap—Quicker—Easier—
More Sanitary
CUTS GREASE