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by the timely shutting of the gates, and that bell might betoken a premature alarm.

The galley-slaves listened to the bell with callous apathy—all save one, who at the first stroke started so violently that the chains rattled on his aching limbs. A man of fine form he had been, but now fallen away to a living wreck from toiling at the oar, cramped day and night by heavy irons.

"Thank God," he murmured, "there is the bell. May it have served them to-day better than it served me, and enable them to close the gates in time."

For the galley-slave was Gervase Boscawen—to his dread and horror made a chance instrument in the assault on the house of which his fond memories were now his only possession. The bell rang on steadily, then grew louder and faster, then suddenly ceased. Gervase sat waiting expectantly for the shots of the assailants and defenders, but none came. All was dim and silent up there in the fog, and in his misery he scarcely knew himself what he wanted to happen. Escape from his fetters was hopeless, yet if anything could it add to his wretchedness to think that he was so near Leonora, and so absolutely impotent to help either her or himself.

And then after an hour's dreary wondering, why there was neither sound of battle nor return of the rovers from the Mount, Gervase rubbed his eyes, and regardless of the lash uttered a great cry that set all gazing landward. For the fog was rolling fast away, and there on the causeway was marshalled a row of frowning cannon pointed at the galleys not a musket shot off while two large ships of war lay on either hand, ready and able to sink them at will.

Further up, at the foot of the Mount, a great concourse was gathered, and there was no mistaking its composition. A large body of English soldiers and sailors was guarding the whole of the pirates, who, on descending with their booty and their captives, had walked straight into the midst of the rescuing party. The latter had arrived too late to prevent the assault, but, thanks to information brought into Falmouth by a fishing boat that the galleys were off the coast, had come up in time to stop the escape of the miscreants. Thus in some part was the outrage wrought at Penzance by these same galleys two years before avenged.

That night the reunited lovers talked in Gervase Boscawen's ancestral home at Gurlyn of many things, but that of which they thought was most thankfulness was, after all, the weird influence on their fortunes of the Chapel Bell.

A Cyclorama of Travel

IF travelling is what Emerson has called a "fool's paradise," the picture of travel as shown by the Grand Trunk Pacific in their exhibit at the Canadian National Exhibition must be set down as one of the best paradises of that kind on record. Thousands of people stood within eyeshot of more pictures of diversified and variegated travel than could have been shown in any country outside of Canada with her vast distances and immense areas of local colour.

In a sense the display of grains and of pictures and of game were a sort of Canada in miniature. There was diversion in it for the hunter, and the homeseeker, the tourist and the trapper, the merchant and the manufacturer, the speculator and the man who merely stays at home. A colossal pagoda or some such Oriental thing built of grains and grasses that grow

west of Kenora was the *chef d'oeuvre* in the display. This was immensely insistent and could have been seen and looked up to by any but a blind man. The fields from which came the grasses and the grains are scattered over a domain almost half the size of Europe, but all in the territory gridironed by the second trans-continental railway of Canada.

More variously interesting were the superb vistas of pictures—photographs and paintings; photographs so varied in local colour and subjects as to form a world of concern; so large as to appear almost lifelike; so well taken and so carefully enlarged that they resembled black and white originals in wash, or reproductions of oils. This was indeed a picture gallery worth the while of those who might have found the technic of the art galleries bewildering. Everybody understood the pictures of the Grand Trunk Pacific. Their subjects were as various as the country they prefigured. There were the highlands of Ontario with the spruce and the pine and the hunters of big game; the vast wheat fields of the west—mile upon mile in a single picture; the mines and the rocks of the mountains land; the comfortable homes of the settlers; threshing scenes and harvest scenes; the St. Clair tunnel and the trout pool; the waterfall and the furrow. There was poetry and legend and industry in these pictures. They carried the imagination and enabled all to look at scenes and peoples and activities so cosmopolitan that in ten minutes the beholder was able to realise what a vast and complicated country Canada has got to be since the first news of the Grand Trunk Pacific project got into the public press. In one sweeping eyeful were thousands of miles of travel; a fool's paradise indeed; but making one feel like the sort of fool that knows how to enjoy life and to see the world.

The exhibitors of these pictures and grains and grasses must be themselves considered as artists in their own way. The display was a veritable cyclorama of panorama. All those who desired to travel first-class unlimited for nothing were able so to do by spending half an hour in that show.

Foxy all Round

AN iron hoop bounced through the area railings of a suburban woman's house recently and played havoc with the kitchen window. The woman waited, anger in her eye, for the appearance of the hoop's owner. Presently he came.

"Please, I've broken your winder," he said, "and here's my father to fix it."

And sure enough, he was followed by a stolid-looking workman, who at once started to work, while the small boy took his hoop and ran off.

"That'll be a dollar, ma'am," announced the glazier when the window was whole once more.

"A dollar!" gasped the woman. "But your little boy broke it! The little fellow with the hoop, you know. You're his father, aren't you?"

The stolid man shook his head.

"Don't know him from Adam," he said. "He came round to my place and told me his mother wanted her winder fixed. You're his mother, aren't you?"

And the woman shook her head also.

The other night a visitor to the Canadian National Exhibition looked across Adelaide, a Toronto street, at an electric sign.

"Well I'll be gol darned!" he said, "if that Dr. Cook ain't got 'Cook's Tours' to the North Pole goin' a'ready. Beats all what a swift age we're livin' in nowadays."

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