

Answers to Transcontinental Train Conundrum.

In our issue of Oct. 14th, page 1798, we offered prizes for the first two correct answers to the "Transcontinental Train Conundrum," for particulars and conditions of which offer, turn up the above number. From Monday, 18th, to Saturday, 23rd, the mails bulked large with answers. One hundred and fifty-three were received the first two days, and by Saturday, Dec. 30th, nearly four hundred answers were in hand. Of the many received after that date no account has been taken. The interest has greatly exceeded our expectations, all classes of people having sent in replies—from school children to college professors.

Two or three have volunteered other conundrums. One of these, we fear, is too widely-known. The other may be printed later.

There has been some money spent on postage stamps, but this will not be regretted if the increased volume of business results in a lowering of the postal rates or an improved service to country districts.

There are three answers which may be taken as evidence of correct

reasoning—13, 14, and 15. It was stated that there is a daily train service each way, thus implying plainly enough that the service has been going on for some time. Consequently, a man starting out from one end, will meet all the trains that started the week before he did and also all that start during the seven days he is in making the trip. We give below the reason of one who answered 13:

1.	The train that left Vancouver	144	hours	before	he	left	Halifax.
2	"	120	"	"	"	"	"
3	"	96	"	"	"	"	"
4	"	72	"	"	"	"	"
5	"	48	"	"	"	"	"
6	"	24	"	"	"	"	"
7	"	at same time he left Halifax.					
8	"	24	hours	after	he	left	Halifax.
9	"	48	"	"	"	"	"
10	"	72	"	"	"	"	"
11	"	96	"	"	"	"	"
12	"	120	"	"	"	"	"
13	"	144	"	"	"	"	"

The train that left Vancouver 168 hours before he left Halifax would be in Halifax at exactly the time he started, and the one to leave 168 hours after he left Halifax would start just as he reached Vancouver, so he could not correctly be said to meet either.

The only exception we take to this answer is that it does not include the train which leaves Vancouver the instant our passenger arrives. The point may be raised whether this train should be counted, since it is not in motion when the Halifax train comes to it, but inasmuch as a meaning of the word "meet" is to come upon by approach from an opposite direction, and seeing that our passenger comes to and passes the head

his train does not leave till the other stops, and since, by a fair assumption, the two trains will be fully alongside when the Halifax train leaves, he cannot, in our opinion, be said to meet this train. Having regard, therefore, to the precise meaning of the word "meet," we award the prizes to those who said 14.

Monday forenoon's mail brought four correct answers, for all of which equal prizes will be given. The names of the successful contestants are: A. E. Smillie, Huron Co., Ont.; Louis B. Kenyon, Brant Co., Ont.; Geo. Easton, Brant Co., Ont.; and R. L. Dryden, Bruce Co., Ont.

It is interesting to analyze the returns. Of the 282 persons who sent replies up to December 23rd, 3 guessed three as the number of trains, 27 guessed four, 5 guessed five, 34 guessed six, 42 guessed seven, 24 guessed eight, 1 guessed nine, 1 guessed ten, 1 guessed eleven, 5 guessed twelve, 87 gave that unlucky number, thirteen, 29 said fourteen, 22 fifteen, and 1 guessed sixteen.

The things of sense are only dreams—
A world that seems;
Who reaches up to the Ideal
Achieves the Real.

—Susie M. Best.

GLENGARRY SCHOOL DAYS.

A STORY OF EARLY DAYS IN GLENGARRY.

By Ralph Connor—Rev. C. W. Gordon.

Chapter V.—Continued.

"Now, James, come here!" said the master, turning to Jimmie. "You see what happens when a boy is insubordinate." Jimmie came trembling. "Hold out your hand!" Out came Jimmie's hand at once. Whack! fell the strap.

"The other!"

"Stop it!" roared Thomas. "I took his thrashing."

"The other!" said the master, ignoring Thomas.

With a curious, savage snarl Thomas sprang at him. The master, however, was on the alert, and swinging round, met him with a straight fencer between the eyes, and Thomas went to the floor.

"Aha! my boy! I'll teach you something you have yet to learn."

For answer came another cry, "Come on, boys!" It was Ranald Macdonald, coming over the seats, followed by Don Cameron, Billy Ross and some smaller boys. The master turned to meet them.

"Come along!" he said, backing up to his desk. "But I warn you it's not a strap or a rawhide I shall use."

Ranald paid no attention to his words, but came straight toward him, and when at arm's length, sprang at him with the cry, "Horo, boys!"

But before he could lay hands upon the master, he received a blow straight on the bridge of the nose that staggered him back, stunned and bleeding. By this time Thomas was up again, and rushing in was received in a like manner, and fell back over a bench.

"How do you like it, boys?" smiled the master. "Come right along."

The boys obeyed his invitation, approaching him, but more warily, and awaiting their chance to rush. Suddenly Thomas, with a savage snarl, put his head down and rushed in beneath the master's guard, paid no attention to the heavy blow he received on the head, and locking his arms round the master's middle, buried his head close into his chest.

At once Ranald and Billy Ross threw themselves upon the struggling pair and carried them to the floor, the master underneath. There was a few moments of fierce struggling, and then the master lay still, with the four boys holding him down for dear life.

It was Thomas who assumed command.

"Don't choke him so, Ranald," he said. "And clear out of the way all you girls and little chaps."

"What are you going to do, Thomas?" asked Don, acknowledging Thomas's new-born leadership.

"Tie him up," said Thomas. "Get me a sash."

At once two or three little boys rushed to the hooks and brought one of two of the knitted sashes that hung there, and Thomas proceeded to tie the master's legs.

While he was thus busily engaged a shadow darkened the door, and a voice exclaimed, "What is all this about?" It was the minister, who had been driving past and had come upon the terrified, weeping children rushing home.

"Is that you, Thomas? And you, Don?"

The boys let go their hold and stood up, ashamed but defiant.

Immediately the master was on his feet, and with a swift, fierce blow, caught Thomas on the chin. Thomas, taken off his guard, fell with a thud on the floor.

"Stop that, young man!" said the minister, catching his arm.

"That's a coward's blow."

"Hands off!" said the master, shaking himself free and squaring up to him.

"Ye would, would ye?" said the minister, gripping him by the neck and shaking him as he might a child. "Lift ye're hand to me, would ye? I'll break ye're back to ye, and that I will. So saying, the minister seized him by the arms and held him absolutely helpless. The master ceased to struggle, and put down his hands.

"Ay, ye'd better, my man," said the minister, giving him a fling backward.

Meantime Don had been holding snow to Thomas's head, and had brought him round.

"Now, then," said the minister to the boys, what does all this mean?"

The boys were all silent, but the master spoke.

"It is a case of rank and impudent insubordination, sir, and I demand the expulsion of those impudent rascals."

"Well, sir," said the minister, "be sure there will be a thorough investigation, and I greatly misjudge the case if there are not faults on both sides. And for one thing, the man who can strike such a cowardly blow as you did a moment ago would not be unlikely to be guilty of injustice and cruelty."

"It is none of your business," said the master, insolently.

"You will find that I shall make it my business," said the minister. "And now, boys, be off to your

homes, and be here Monday morning at nine o'clock, when this matter shall be gone into."

CHAPTER VI.

"One that Ruleth Well His Own House."

The news of the school trouble ran through the section like fire through a brule. The younger generation, when they heard that Thomas Finch had dared the master, raised him at once to the rank of a hero, but the heads of families received the news doubtfully, and wondered what the rising generation was coming to.

The next day Billy Jack heard the story in the Twentieth store, and with some anxiety waited for the news to reach his father's ears, for to tell the truth, Billy Jack, man though he was, held his father in dread.

"How did you come to do it?" he asked Thomas. "Why didn't you let Don begin? It was surely Don's business."

"I don't know. It slipped out," replied Thomas. "I couldn't stand Jimmie's yelling any longer. I didn't know I said anything till I found myself standing up, and after that I didn't seem to care for anything."

"Man! it was fine, though," said Billy Jack. "I didn't think it was in you." And Thomas felt more than repaid for all his cruel beating. It was something to win the approval of Billy Jack in an affair of this kind.

It was at church on the Sabbath day that Donald Finch heard about his son's doings in the school the week before. The minister, in his sermon, thought fit to dwell upon the tendency of the rising generation to revolt against authority in all things, and solemnly laid upon parents the duty and responsibility of seeing to it that they ruled their households well.

It was not just the advice Donald Finch stood specially in need of, but he was highly pleased with the sermon, and was enlarging upon it in the churchyard where the people gathered between the services, when Peter McRae, thinking that old Donald was hardly taking the minister's advice to himself as he ought, and not knowing that the old man was ignorant of all that had happened in the school, answered him somewhat severely.

"It is good to be approving the sermon, but I would rather be seeing you make a practical application of it."

"Indeed, that is true," replied Donald, "and it would not be amiss for more than me to make application of it."

"Indeed, then, if all reports be true," replied Peter, "it would be well for you to begin at home."

"Mr. McRae," said Donald earnestly, "it is myself that knows well enough my shortcomings, but if there is any special reason for your remark, I am not aware of it."

This light treatment of what to Peter had seemed a grievous offense against all authority incensed the old dominie beyond all endurance.

"And do you not think that the conduct of your son last week calls for any reproof? And it is you that will stand up and defend it in the face of the minister and his sermon upon it this day?"

Donald gazed at him a few moments as if he had gone mad. At length he replied, slowly, "I do not wish to forget that you are a member of the church, Mr. McRae, and I will not be charging you with telling lies on me and my family—"

"Tut, tut, man," broke in Long John Cameron, seeing how the matter stood, "he's just referring to yon little difference Thomas had with the master last week. But it's just nothing. Come away in."

"Thomas?" gasped Donald. "My Thomas?"

"You have not heard, then," said Peter, in surprise, and old Donald only shook his head.

"Then it's time you did," replied Peter, severely, "for such things are a disgrace to the community."

"Nonsense!" said Long John. "Not a bit of it! I think none the less of Thomas for it."

But in matters of this kind Long John could hardly be counted an authority, for it was not so very long ago since he had been beguiled into an affair at the Scotch River which, while it brought him laurels at the hands of the younger generation, did not add to his reputation with the elders of the church.

It did not help matters much that Murdie Cameron and others of his set proceeded to congratulate old Donald, in their own way, upon his son's achievement, and with all the more fervor that they perceived that it moved the solemn Peter to righteous wrath. From one and another the tale came forth with embellishments, till Donald Finch was reduced to such a state of voiceless rage and humiliation that, when, at the sound of the opening psalm the congregation moved into the church for the Gaelic service, the old man departed for his home, trembling, silent, amazed.

(To be continued.)