

"Well done, Miss Shaw. You certainly deserve a reward for bravery," Mackenzie, the Inspector, said in a rich, mellow voice. "But what's this? Your father is not seriously hurt, I hope,"—looking with admiration at the fair young girl, kneeling at her father's side.

He laid his hand on the old man's heart; it was beating feebly.

Polly looked up at the new comer with piteous appeal,—a shrinking, timid girl, now.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Shaw, Mackenzie said gently, as he lifted the wounded man and laid him upon the couch. "I've had considerable experience, and we'll soon fix him up."

Together they dressed the wounds, Polly's long, white fingers skilfully fastening the bandages. Mackenzie found himself watching her; he could not keep his eyes away from her face, lighted with excitement because of the strange scenes through which she had passed.

The shimmer of her red-gold hair, her exquisite complexion, startled him into renewed admiration of her. "She's beautiful—beautiful! There's a wealth of love and devotion in those blue eyes of hers. Capable, if aroused, of daring all things, doing all things."

He listened with quick sympathy when she spoke, with a flash of indignation in her eyes, of the claim-jumpers and their nefarious work. "It is fortunate," he said, "that we arrived in time to save you from further trouble. You are a good shot, Miss Shaw. At least three of the gang will have cause to remember you for some days to come."

Polly shivered. "I'm glad they were not killed," she said.

"Humph! Killing is too good for them," Mackenzie replied. "We were in Dawson when word came of the intended raid. I picked a few of the best men in the force, and we did some fast riding."

"Who brought you the word?"

"Billy."

"Billy Breen?"

"Yes, he is a staunch friend of yours," Mackenzie said, smiling quizzically. A faint flush rose to Polly's pale cheeks.

"How can I ever repay you?" she said.

"Billy, you mean. It is our duty. We are paid by the government," he replied, stiffly.

Astonished at his sudden coolness the quick tears sprang to her eyes.

"I did not mean to offend you. You have saved my father's life—and mine. Will you not let me thank you?" she said pleadingly.

Turning to the window, she plucked from the little plant that she had brought from her garden at home, and which, after much care, had struggled into bloom in the frozen region of the Klondyke, a white blossom. Turning to Mackenzie she held out the rose. "Will you take it as a peace offering and a talisman?"

Mackenzie strode across the room with the light of a great love shining in his eyes. Taking the hand that held the rose firmly but gently in his, he said:

"Miss Shaw, since I first saw you every day has increased my admiration for you, until I find that love has taken its place. Polly, if I take the rose you offer as talisman, I must take with it the promise of another rose—a rose that is all the world to me, the White Rose of Klondyke."

Did he take the Rose? Did they go back

in a few months and rear, among the hills of Nova Scotia, a beautiful home—a home where love is king?

Let each reader analyze for himself the mind of the young girl. Let him also picture to himself the sweet content of father Shaw in the realization of his desire,—gold a-plenty, and—a son.

CHATHAM, ONT.

Marvellous Photography at St. Clair Tunnel.

(See front cover.)

ATTENTION has been drawn in a special manner recently to that triumph of engineering skill, the St. Clair tunnel, which acts as an international link between Canada and the United States. Representatives of the Grand Trunk Railway System for some weeks past have been making experiments in the tunnel with a view of obtaining a flashlight of the interior from portal to portal. Attempts have often been made by photographers to do this but without success, and the way a successful negative was obtained is most interesting, not only to photographers, but to all interested in the development of camera work.

A set of large and specially-made flashlight lamps were made in New York for the purpose, and a special car arranged with the taking machine and flashlight apparatus was brought into requisition, from which the experiments were made. In the history of moving pictures this was the first attempt to obtain a flashlight picture of a tunnel through which an engine and car were flying at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The experiment was only by way of trial for the first few trips, to see what could be done, and results demonstrated the possibility of perfect pictures on a complete scale, such as is required for the biograph.

The car on which the working machines were placed was fitted up with a specially arranged outfit. A small house was built on the right, in front of the car, the car being a flat car with sides in which were arranged the four powerful flashlight machines. The machines were connected with the compressed air on the locomotive, with proper attachments on the tubing to regulate the air which forced the magnesium powder from the powder chambers of the flashlight apparatus, out through an aperture, across a flame of alcohol, where it ignited and gave forth a great light of pure white and brilliancy, and with parabolic reflectors placed behind the flame. The light was thrown for a distance of more than a thousand feet, illuminating the tunnel to the smallest detail, and producing the desired effect for a sharp and good negative. Though not attended with danger, the experiments were certainly most novel and exciting, as can be imagined—the car illuminated with a light that could not be faced, and necessitated the operators and those who took part in the experiments to wear blue glasses, and rushing through the hollow tube at a thirty-mile pace.

The mutograph or machine used by the biograph company for taking the pictures was placed on the left of the flashlight cabin, the electric motor used for running the machine being connected with four storage batteries that were carried on the car.

A few statistics with regard to the St. Clair tunnel, a view of which we give on the

front cover of this issue, will be of special interest to our readers, and will give an idea of the difficulties that had to be encountered to obtain the desired pictures. The length of the tunnel proper is 6,205 feet, and of the open portals or approaches, 5,603 feet additional, or more than two miles in all, the largest submarine tunnel in the world. It is a continuous iron tube, nineteen feet ten inches in diameter, put together in sections as the work of boring proceeded, and finally belted together, the total weight of the iron aggregating 56,000,000 pounds.

The work was commenced in September, 1888, and it was opened for freight traffic in October, 1894. Passenger trains began running through it December 7th, 1891, a little more than three years being required for its completion.

The work was begun at both sides, and carried on until the two sections met in mid-river, and with such accuracy that they were in perfect line as they came together. The borings were made by means of cylindrical steel shields, with cutting edges, driven forward by hydraulic rams, and as fast as the clay was cut away a section of the iron wall of the tunnel was bolted to its fellow-section, and thus the wall was completed as the work progressed. The rails of the track rest upon cross ties only six inches apart, laid on stringers, which in turn rest on a bed of brick and concrete, filling the bottom of the tube.

The engines used to pull the trains through the tunnel and up the steep grades after emerging are the largest in the world, having ten driving wheels and weighing nearly 200,000 pounds.

The cost of this great tunnel was \$2,700,000, and when it is understood that 4,000 cars can be daily moved through it, and this contrasted with the slow and laborious transfer by ferries, it will readily appear that the enormous expenditure was one which yields profitable returns.

FOR THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

In Dreams.

I DREAMED I stood at sunrise
Within a marble hall,
And from the open casement
I heard my old love call.

I hastened to the window—
Time had not changed his voice.
There was but one whose calling
So made my heart rejoice.

And as I bent me over
To see my dear love's face,
The East was turned to glory,
And crimsoned all the place.

He stood as I have seen him
In old familiar days,
His face, upturned to see me,
Bathed in the warm gold rays.

I could trace all the sadness
Of years of grief and stress,
But in his eyes the old love
Outshone all weariness.

"Come down, dear heart," he pleaded.
"For I have waited long;
But parting days are over,
And we will sing our song."

Ah, sweet my old name sounded
As he called me once again!
But then the glory faded—
And I woke to my old pain.

HENRIETTA EDITH GRAY