

CARMEN'S MESSENGER

(Continued from page 15.)

the porter had not finished, and one could still catch the train.

He crossed the floor to the opposite window, from which he could see the booking office, but as he loosed the strap he felt a jerk. Then the engine panted and the wheels began to turn. He ran back to the other door, but there was only the porter on the platform and the lamps were sliding past. Pulling up the window, he turned to the passenger with a forced smile.

"Sorry if I disturbed you! The man I was looking for hasn't come."

In the meantime, John turned the car round and drove back to the bend. The road was narrow, but there was room for two vehicles to pass, provided that both kept well to the proper side. John, however, took the middle and did not swerve much when a dazzling beam swept round the curve. He blew his horn, there was an answering shriek from an electric hooter, and then a savage shout. John, who was near the left side now, but not close as he ought to have been, freed the clutch and used the brake, and the other car, missing him by an inch or two, plunged into the wet grass across the road. As he stopped, he saw the boggy soil fly up and the lamps sink towards the ground. Jumping off, he found the car had brought up in front of a wall, with the front wheels buried to the axle. The driver and a very angry man in a soft hat were getting out.

"You nearly wrecked us," said the latter. "What do you mean by fooling about the middle of the road like that?"

"I wasn't quite in the middle, sir. It's an awkward curve and your lights dazzled me."

"Where's the man you brought?"

"I imagine he's caught the train, sir," John answered with imperturbable calm.

He thought the other came near to knocking him down, for he clenched his fist, but after a savage exclamation he went back to the car.

"The engine won't move her. How are we going to get her out?" he said.

"I could give you a pull, sir," John replied with respectful gravity. "They keep a rope at the station for shunting. Perhaps you had better send the driver, sir."

Foster spent the next day lounging about Edinburgh and looking out for Daly, whom he had expected to follow him. He, however, saw nothing of the man, and felt half disappointed, because he missed the excitement of the chase. It was too cold and wet to roam the streets with much enjoyment, there was no good play at the theatres, and he had seen picture palaces in Canada. Moreover, he had led an active life, and getting nothing to do soon began to get irksome. It was curious that he had never felt bored at the Garth, even when he scarcely saw Alice during the day, but then the Garth had a peculiar charm. It was possible that Daly had gone back there, and he had been a fool to leave.

He was sitting in a corner of the hotel smoking-room next morning when a stranger came up and sat down close by. The man, who lighted his pipe, had a quiet, thoughtful air. There was nothing about him to indicate his rank or occupation, and Foster wondered what he wanted.

"I hope you won't object to my asking if you're a Canadian?" he said.

"I don't know if I object or not. Anyway, I'm English."

"But perhaps you have been in Canada," the stranger remarked politely.

Foster looked hard at him. "I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance, but had better hint that you're wasting time if you're a friend of Daly's."

The stranger smiled and Foster saw that he had been incautious. "I don't know the gentleman."

"Then what is your business?"

"If you insist on knowing, I'm connected with the police."

"Well," said Foster, "I'll pay you a compliment by stating that I wouldn't have imagined it, but I don't understand what the police have to do with me."

"It's very possible that they have nothing to do with you, but you can perhaps make that obvious. You signed the visitor's book John Foster, which doesn't quite correspond with the letters on your bag."

"Ah!" said Foster. "I begin to understand. No doubt, you noticed Lawrence Featherstone's name on the lock, and the Canadian Pacific label?"

"I did," the other admitted with humorous dryness.

Foster pondered. On the whole, he was glad he had registered in his proper name, though he had been tempted to give Featherstone's, in case Daly made inquiries. He had, however, decided that the latter

probably thought they were both in Great Britain and would expect them to keep together. He did not doubt that his visitor belonged to the police, because an impostor would be easily found out.

"Featherstone's my partner and I took his baggage by mistake when we left a small Canadian town," he said, and added after a pause, "I expect Lawrence Featherstone and I own a sawmill in Canada, but at present I'm taking a holiday in the Old Country."

He could not tell if the man was satisfied or not, for he asked abruptly: "Who is the Mr. Daly you mentioned?"

"I really don't know. It looks as if he were something of a black-maller, and I must admit that I was trying to keep out of his way."

The man pondered for a minute and then getting up gave Foster a card.

"Very well; I don't think I need keep you. You have my address if you should want to communicate with me."

He went out and Foster thought he had not handled the situation with much skill. It was a mistake to mention Daly and perhaps to state that he had been to Newcastle. He thought the man looked interested when he heard this. Then it was curious that he seemed to imagine the explanation sounds rather lame.

The other smiled, but Foster felt he was being subjected to a very close scrutiny. Although sensible of some annoyance, he felt inclined to like the man, who presently resumed: "You have been in Edinburgh before?"

"For a day, I left in the evening and went to Newcastle."

"To Newcastle?" said the other thoughtfully. "Did you stay there?"

"I did not," said Foster, who thought frankly was best: "I went back to a country house in Northumberland that belongs to my partner's. Foster might want to write him; but he began to see a possible reason for his being watched. Hulton had, no doubt, sent somebody over to inquire about the stolen bonds, and if the man had discovered anything important, he might have asked the help of the police. In this case, the movements of strangers from Canada would be noted. The trouble was that Foster could not be frank with the police, because Lawrence's secret must be carefully guarded."

In the afternoon he entered a fashionable tea-room and sat for a time in a corner. The room was divided into quiet nooks by Moorish arches, from which lamps of an antique pattern hung by chains and threw down a soft red glow. Heavy imitation Eastern curtains deadened the hum of voices and rattle of cups. The air was warm and scented, the light dim, and Foster, who had often camped in the snow, felt amused by the affection of sensual luxury as he ate tea cakes and languidly watched the people. He could only see two or three men, one of whom he had noticed at the hotel and afterwards passed in the street. This was probably a coincidence, but it might have a meaning, and he moved back behind the arch that cut off his corner. When he next looked about, the fellow had gone. There were, however, a number of pretty, fashionably-dressed girls, and he remarked the warm colour in their faces and the clearness of their voices. The Scottish capital seemed to be inhabited by handsome women.

He was, however, somewhat surprised when one came towards him and he recognized the girl he had met at Hawick station. He had hardly expected her to claim his acquaintance, as she obviously meant to do.

"You seem to be fond of Edinburgh," she remarked, sitting down at his table.

"It's an interesting city. I'm a stranger and ignorant of your etiquette; but would I be permitted to send for some cakes and tea?"

"I think not," she answered smiling. "For one thing, I must go in a minute."

Foster waited. The girl had good manners, and he thought it unlikely that she was willing to begin a flirtation with a man she did not know; besides she had stopped him sending for the tea. She was pretty, and had a certain air of refinement, but it was a dainty prettiness that some-how harmonized with the exotic luxury of the room. This was a different thing from Alice Featherstone's rather stately beauty, which found an appropriate background in the dignified austerity of the Garth.

"Are you enjoying your stay here?" she resumed.

"Well," said Foster. "I begin to think I've had enough. The climate's not very cheerful, and the people seem suspicious about strangers."

"The Scots are proverbially cautious," she answered carelessly, but Foster thought he saw a gleam of interest in her eyes. "I suppose some interest has been bothering you with questions?"

"Yes; as I'm of retiring character

it annoys me. Besides, I really think it's quite unjustified. Do I look dangerous?"

"No," she said with a twinkle. "If you did, I shouldn't have ventured to speak to you. On the contrary, you have a candid air that ought to banish distrust. Of course, I don't know if it's deceptive."

"You have to know people for some time before you can really judge, but, on the whole, I imagine I'm harmless," Foster replied.

"That's what makes it galling. If I had, for example, a part in some dark plot, I couldn't resent being watched. As it happens, I merely want to get as much innocent pleasure as possible out of a holiday, and feel vexed when people won't let me."

The girl gave him a quick, searching look, and then said carelessly: "One can sympathize with you; it is annoying to be watched. But after all, Edinburgh's rather dull just now, and the cold winds are trying to people not used to them."

"Is this a hint that I ought to go away?"

"Do you take hints?" she asked with a smile. "Somehow I imagine you're a rather obstinate person. I suppose you took the packet to Newcastle?"

"I did," Foster admitted in an apologetic voice. "You see, I promised to deliver the thing."

"And, of course, you kept your word! Well, that was very nice of you, but I wouldn't make any rash promises while you stay in this country. Sometimes they lead one into difficulties. But I must go."

She left him with a friendly smile, and he sat again in a thoughtful mood. It looked as if she had had an object in talking to him, and she had learned that he had gone to Newcastle, and had since been watching. He gathered that she thought the things had some connection, though her remarks were guarded. Then she had given him another hint, which he meant to act upon.

Leaving the tea-room, he walked for a short distance and then stopped on the pavement in Princes Street, and looked about. It was dark, but a blinding wind had cleared the air. At one end of the imposing neighbourhood of the Caledonian station, and when one looked the other way a long row of lights ran on, and then curving round and rising sharply, ended in a cluster of twinkling points high against the sky. The dark, blurred mass they gathered round was the Castle rock, and below it the tall spire of St. Scott's monument was faintly etched against the shadowy hollow where the gardens sloped away.

Now he had resolved to leave the city. Foster felt its charm and half-resented being in a manner, forced to go, but he walked on, musing on the way women had recently meddled with his affairs. To begin with, Carmen had given him the troublesome packet, then it was largely for Alice Featherstone's sake he had embarked on a fresh adventure, and now the girl in the tea-room had warned him to leave the town. It was a privilege to help Alice; but the other's interference was, so to speak, superfluous. A man could devote himself to pleasing one woman, but three women were too many.

After a few minutes he stopped and looked into a shop window as a man passed a neighbouring lamp. It was Daly and the fellow was moving slowly, although Foster did not think he had seen him yet. He would know very soon, and for a moment or two he felt his heart beat but when he looked round Daly had passed. Foster followed and saw him enter the tea-room. This was disturbing, although Foster remembered that he had told nobody he was going there. He decided to leave Edinburgh as soon as he could next morning and bought a map of southern Scotland on his way back to the hotel.

After dinner, he sat down in the smoking-room near a man he had once or twice spoken to. The latter was a red-faced, keen-eyed old fellow, who looked like a small country laird.

"I've come over to see Scotland and have been long enough in the capital," he said. "After all, you can't judge a country by its towns. What would you advise?"

"It depends upon what you want to see," the man replied.

"I think I'd like the moors and hills. I get enough of industrial activity in Ontario, and would sooner hear the grouse and the black-cock than shipyard hammers. Then I'd prefer to take my time and go on foot."

His companion nodded approval. "To have sense. Are you a good walker?"

"I have walked three hundred miles through pretty rough country and dragged my belongings on a hand-sledge."

"Then I think I can tell you how to see rugged Scotland, for the country has two different sides. You can take your choice, but you cannot see both at once. I could send you by main roads, where the tourists' motor run, to the show-places, where you would stay at smart hotels with Swiss and London waiters, and learn as much of Scottish character as you would in Lucerne or the Strand."

"I don't think that I quite what I want. Besides, I haven't much time and would sooner keep to the south."

"Then you'll take the high ground and go by tracks the moss-troopers rode, winding up the waters and among the fells, where there's only cothouse eland and lonely farm-towns. You'll see there why the old Scottish stock grows firm and strong and the bit, bleak country breeds men who make it respected across the world. Man, if I had not rheumatism and some fashionable business here, we would take the moors and I would show you."

"You don't seem to like the smart hotels," Foster remarked, half-amused.

"I do not like the fold they harbour. The dusty trippers in leather coats and goggles are meant at Malrose and Jedburgh are an affront to an old Scottish town. But a man on foot, in clothes that match the fells and the grey heath, gives a human touch to the scene, whether you meet him by a wind-ruffled lochan or on the broad moor. You ken he has come slowly through the quiet hills, for the love of what he sees. But you will not understand an old man's having!"

"I think I do," said Foster. "In another country, I've taken the lone trail. But I have a map here, and don't care much where I go, so long as it's somewhere south. Suppose you mark me out a route towards Liddesdale."

The man did so, and jotted down a few marginal notes.

"I'm sending you by the old drove roads," he explained. "Sometimes you'll find them plain enough, but often they're rough green tracks, and nobody can tell you when they were made. The moss-troopers wore them deeper when they rode with the spear and steel-cap to Solway sands. Afterwards came the drovers with their flocks and herds, the smugglers' pack-horse trains, and messengers to Prince Charlie's friends from Louis of France. That's why the old road runs across the fells, if you follow my directions you'll find the link between industrial Scotland and the stormy past. It's in the cothouse and clachan the race is bred that made and keeps alive Glasgow and Dundee."

Foster thanked him and examined the map. It was clearly drawn and showed the height and natural features of the country, which was obviously rough. The path marked out led over the Border hills, dipped into winding valleys, and skirted moorland lakes. It seemed to draw him as he studied it, for the wilderness has charmed it, and the drove road through heathy wastes far from the smoke of factories and mining towns. Well, he was ready to cross the bleak uplands, without troubling much about the mist and rain, for he had faced worse winters than any Scotland knew, but reflected with grim amusement that Daly would find the travelling rough if he got on his trail.

There were, however, some things he needed for the journey, and he went out to buy them while the shops were open. Next morning he gave instructions that letters for himself and Lawrence should be sent to Peebles, and when the clerk objected that he could not forward Featherstone's without the latter's orders, said it did not matter. He had left a clue for Daly, which was all he wanted, but in order to make it plainer, he sent the porter to the station with the bag and told him to wait by the Peebles train. Then he set off, dressed in the oldest clothes he had, wondering what adventures he would meet with in the wilds.

Forest between himself and possible pursuit.

It looked a lonely region on the map, and when he glanced south the hills loomed dark and forbidding, through thin grey mist. Pools of water dotted the marsh fields and beyond these lay a wet, brown moss where wild cotton grew among the peat-bags. Plover were crying about the waste and a curlew's shrill tremolo rang out as it fitted across the leaden sky. The outlook was not encouraging, but Foster picked his way across the bog and struck up the side of a fell. There was a road, but it would take him some distance round.

Wiry grass twined about his feet, he sank in velvety green patches where the moss grew rank, and walking was harder when he crossed belts of withered heath. Here and there a gnarled thorn bush rattled its dry trump in the wind; there were bits of dykes and rusty wire fences, but he saw no path except the winding tracks the sheep had made. Still Ettrick water was not far off, and he would strike it if he held south. Heavy rain met him on the summit, and he took shelter behind a broken dyke. The rain got worse and the moor was lost in a mist a quarter of a mile away, but he heard a faint, hoarse sound in the haze below. He thought this was the roar of Ettrick or a fall on a moorland burn that would lead him down.

When he began to feel cold he set off again, and the rain, which thinned as he went down hill, stopped altogether when he reached the bottom. A road ran beside the angry water, but the valley was deeply sunk in the dark fells and their summits were hidden by drifting mist. There was no hint of life in the dreary landscape except a moving patch that looked like a flock of sheep, and a glance at the map showed that his path led on across the waste to the south. It would be a long march to Hawick, which was the town he meant to reach, particularly if he went up the valley until he found a road, but his director had indicated a clachan as his stopping-place. He understood that a clachan meant a hamlet, and the old fellow had said he would find rough but sufficient accommodation in what he called a change-house. It would be awkward if he lost the way, but this must be risked, and crossing the river he struck into the hills.

He found a rough track and presently the sky began to clear. Pale, blue patches opened in the thinning clouds, and gleams of sunshine, chased by shadow, touched the moor. Where they fell the brown heath turned red and withered fern glowed fiery yellow. The green road, cropped smooth by sheep and crossed by rills of water, swung sharply up and down, but at length it began a steady descent, and about four o'clock in the afternoon Foster stopped in the bottom of a deep glen.

A few rusky fields occupied the hollow and a house stood in the shelter of a thin fir wood. It had mullioned windows and a porch with pillars, but looked old, and the walls were speckled with lichens. A garden stretched about it, and looking in through the iron rails, Foster glimpsed fruit trees fringed with moss. Their branches cut against a patch of saffron sky and a faint warm glow touched the front of the building. There was a low window at the innermost end and Foster saw a woman sewing by the fire.

The house had a strangely homelike look after the barren moors, and Foster, who was tired and cold, longed to ask for shelter. Had it been a farm, he might have done so, but he thought it belonged to some country laird and resumed his march. He never saw the house again, but remembered it now and then as he had seen it with the fading light that shone through the old apple trees touching its lichen wall.

The road led upwards and he stopped for breath at the summit. The glen was now shut in and the light going, but here and there in the distance a loch reflected a pale gleam. A half-moon shone above the hills and the silver light got brighter as he went on. The wind had fallen and the silence was emphasized by the faint splash of water. After a time, he came down to lower ground where broken dykes divided straggling fields, but there was no sign of life until as he turned a corner an indistinct figure vanished among the dry fern in the shadow of a wall. Foster thought this curious, particularly when he passed the spot and saw nobody there, but there was an opening in the dyke for the sheep to go through. A little farther on, the road ran across a field, and when he was near the middle he saw something move behind a gorse bush. Although it looked like a man's head, he did not stop. Going on as if he had seen nothing until he was close to the gorse, he left the track and walked swiftly but softly across the grass. When he reached the bush a man who had been crouching behind it

sprang to his feet. He was tall and roughly dressed and looked like a shepherd or farm-hand.

"Well," he said with a truculent air, "what is it you want with me?"

The question somewhat relieved Foster, who now noted the end of a long, thin net in the grass.

"I was curious to see what you were doing. Then I meant to ask the way to Langayke."

"What are you wanting there?"

"To stay the night. I was directed to a changehouse where they'd take me in."

"They might. You're a stranger, and you'll tak' the road again the morn'."

Foster said he meant to do so and the other pondered.

"Well, there's a soft flow where you might get mired if you left the road, which is no' that plain, and I could set you on the way, but there's a bit job I'll hae to finish first. He paused and added with a grin as he indicated the net: "Maybe you hae a notion what it is."

"I imagine it's connected with somebody else's grouse or partridge, but that's not my business. You'll be a shilling or two richer if you show me the way."

"Then the sooner I'm finished here the sooner we'll be off, though I doot we hae fleyt the patrig, Bide ye by the whinnis, and when ye see me at the dyke come forrard with the net. If I raise my arm, ye'll stop."

He went off with the end of the net, and Foster waited, half-amused. The fellow probably wanted to ensure him saying nothing about the poaching by making him an accomplice, but this did not matter much. It was an adventure and he was anxious to find a guide. By the way the net unwound and slipped across the grass he thought there was another man at work, but he carried his part forward as he had been told and then dropped it and sat down among some rushes. Two in distinct figures were moving towards each other and he got up presently when one signalled. When he joined them a number of small dark objects showed through the net.

"Hae!" said a man who opened the meshes, and added when Foster picked up two limp birds: "We've no' done so bad."

Then Foster remembered the man he had seen as he came along the road.

"How many of you are in the gang?" he asked.

"There's two o' us here, I'm thinking that a ye need know."

"It's what I meant," said Foster apologetically. "Still I passed another fellow hiding, a short distance back."

The men, saying nothing, took out the birds and began to roll up the net. Foster had now four partridges, which they seemed to expect him to carry, and was putting their legs together so as to hold them conveniently when he heard a rattle of stones. Then a dark figure leaped down from the wall and somebody shouted: "Stand where ye are or I'll put a charge o' number four in ye!"

A levelled gun twinkled in the moonlight, and for a moment Foster hesitated. He hardly thought the man would shoot, and it would be awkward if he was arrested with the partridges in his hand. Springing suddenly forward, he struck, from below upwards, with his stick. There was a flash and a report, but he felt himself unharmed and brought the stick down upon the gamekeeper's head. He heard the gun drop, and then turned and, keeping in the shadow of the wall, ran across the field. When he was near the opposite end, he saw another man waiting to cut him off, and seizing the top of the dyke swung himself over. He came down among withered fern and ran back behind the wall towards the spot where he had left his first antagonist, until he struck a small, winding hollow through which water flowed. This seemed to offer a good hiding-place, but Foster knew better, although he followed it for a short distance. One can often hide best in the open and it was prudent to avoid the obvious line of search. Creeping out of the hollow, he made for a clump of rushes and felt satisfied when he lay down behind it. His waterproof and cap were grey, and his pursuers would have to search all the field before they found him, unless they were lucky.

After a few minutes, he saw them, and while one plunged into the hollow, the other sat on top of the wall. This seemed to be the fellow he had struck, and Foster was relieved to see he was not badly hurt. The man, however, occupied a commanding position, because Foster's chance of remaining unseen depended largely on his pursuer's height above the ground. He knew from experience gained in hunting that a very small object will hide a man so long as the line of sight he must avoid is nearly horizontal, but the fellow on the wall could see over the rushes. In consequence, immobility was his only resource, and he very cautiously turned his head enough to enable him to

see.

The gamekeeper who had entered the hollow presently came back into the field and began to walk methodically up and down, and Foster regretted his rashness in helping with the net. The poachers had vanished, but the others seemed to know there was somebody about, and since they were gamekeepers would be hard to deceive. His cover was not good, and although he might have changed his place when the fellow in the field was farthest away, he feared that a movement would betray him to the other on the wall.

In the meantime, the chill of the wet soil crept through his mackintosh and his hands got numb. He thrust them into the mossy grass for fear they should show in the moonlight and buried his face in the rushes, which prickled his skin. He could, with some trouble see through the clump and anxiously watched the fellow who came steadily nearer. Now and then he turned aside to examine a whinn bush, and Foster saw that he had acted wisely when he dropped behind the rushes. Had he chosen a prominent object of cover, he would have been caught.

At length, the searcher crossed the field on a line that would bring him close to where Foster lay, and the latter let his face sink lower and tried to check his breathing. He durst not look about, but heard the man's heavy boots splash in the boggy grass, until the fellow suddenly stopped. Foster thought he was seen, but did not move. In the North-West, he had now and then caught a jack-rabbit by carefully marking its hiding-place, but had seldom seen it afterwards until he nearly trod upon the crouching animal. It was comforting to remember that his pursuers had not seen him hide.

"Hae ye seen ought, Jock?" the keeper near him called, and Foster was conscious of keen relief.

"Naething ava," answered the other. "If he went doon the burn, he's no' come out."

"He's no' there; ye would hae seen him if he'd headed back."

There was silence for a moment or two and Foster heard the water bubble in the moss as the man moved his foot. The fellow would tread upon him if he took a few steps in the right direction, but his mackintosh was much the colour of the withered grass and his face and hands were hidden.

Then the man on the wall remarked in a thoughtful tone: "I'm no' quite sure he went over the dyke. Ye see, I was kin o' staggered by the clout on the head, and he might ha' slipped oot by the gate."

"It will be Lang Pate, of course."

"Just him," agreed the other. "He was near enough to reach me with his stick and the light no' that bad. Besides, wha' else would it be?"

Foster, who saw that he had escaped notice, felt amused. Long Pete was suspected and therefore judged guilty; the keeper's last argument banished doubt.

"My heid's sair," he resumed. "Well, look if they've gone doon the glen, and then tak' the road if ye'll row up the net."

The other man crossed the field and Foster, who lay still until he heard him climb the wall, made for a hole that led into the road. Some-what to his surprise, he found that he had brought the partridges. He followed the road quietly, keeping in the shadow of a dyke, although he thought the gamekeepers had gone the other way, and on turning a corner came upon the poachers lurking behind a thorn bush.

"We thought they had caught ye," the first remarked.

"I suppose you were anxious about it, because you were afraid I might put them on your track."

"I canna say ye're altogether wrong, but whaur are they the noo?"

"Looking for you in the glen, I believe. But which of you is Long Pete?"

The man he had met first said it was his name, and Foster resumed: "Then I imagine the fellow with the gun means to declare that you struck him."

"He would!" Pete remarked, grinning. "Well, it's lucky I hae twa three friends what'll show that I couldn't ha' been near the spot just then. But we'll need to hurry."

"I think I understand," said Foster, who went on with them. "Still you can't save much time, even if you walk very fast."

"Verra true," Pete replied. "But it's no' difficult to pit back the clock."

Leaving the road presently, they struck across a bog that got softer as they advanced until Foster felt the rotten turf tremble beneath his feet. All round were clumps of rushes patches of smooth but treacherous moss, and holes where water glistened in the moonlight. He imagined it was a dangerous place for a stranger to cross, but his companions knew the way, and although he sank to the top of his boots they reached firmer ground. Soon afterwards Foster showed him a rough track that crossed the side of a hill.

(To be Continued)

ESTABLISHED

SOUL

J. H.

BOY AD

FIRING

HE GET

"I Had No Expecting," pleads Cell, 17

GIVEN SEVERE

"Too Many Youth Annoy People Police Th

Cedric Powell, seven guilty in police court before Magistrate in charge of having on a manner likely to valuable proper catapult.

The prosecution an incident which took place street crossing when of brass came crashing window of the caboose freight, narrowly missing P. Doyle's face.

That there were many such tricks, was the Magistrate Masson, might have put out the eyes, he said, or for that have killed him.

The youth said he had no expectation of declared he fired as would as a flying creature.

Magistrate Masson felt the same, but the boy had thoughtless misdeed.

The costs amounting were paid and the boy to go with a warning.

Hon. L. P. Pelletier Is Dead

QUEBEC, Feb. 3.—Pelletier, judge of the Quebec appeals, died here last night after a long and brief illness.

He was for many years a standing figure in political circles.

He was provincial secretary in 1891 to 1896 in the Dufferin and Tallon governments, and attorney-general in the latter in 1896. In 1900 from provincial politics elected to the house of commons in 1911.

Y.M.C.A. Needs So Will Stand

A clean-up campaign is being launched by the Y.M.C.A. for the work of the year. In the objective of a campaign, the Y.M.C.A. needs so will stand.