

graceful. She was e-fitting garment. ed on her lovely tful picture. She ttle laugh it was, she said:

gazed spellbound fered her a chair. tell you what I or something that

Are you, then, a you here to tap white already. I eals were twentya mouthful and Globe for a penny. and open that door. pitiful tones. I felt

ished me back into whelmed with surto resist and re-

y,' she said with a and pearls.' on my little finger ks and a handsome whole outfit was

ems as she spoke ne, Give them to

iere was something girl 'that cowed tion and desperamurder written in oss her blue eyes, ealing glance and rom their depths

ity. npatiently. I have

is this my beau How changed! , I made another me by the sleeve en as she held me he raised her right. lled revolver. Presstemple, she hissed: u are a dead man! removed the solinks from my cuffs rf with a deftness acquired by pracd with surprise that backing towards the pistol, she left the after her. As the clamation from the was shaken violented. The fastening ld only be released side. And then I clamation and the ween the door and the girl's skirt. She ner own setting. in a moment. young fiend, I have

to open the door bered the pistol and the room and saw o it and pressed it he finger there, jabnight clerk must was afire. Soon I the hall, then a loud

asked a man's voice. my diamonds. I woman, or Satan in aught by her gown ang her, shoot her, her, but get me back e's got a pistol and

ere,' cried the night en the door.' ment ago, I per-

You must be crazy. nd saw indeed that I looked and my cuff pearls were hen I went to hed. d and glistened on elcoming friend. a bad dream,' said

woman-no person

situation at the first hat I had made my-

the guests at my ht and have never worn jewels, or acretty women while I carry nothing but me one dollar and d time, and I have coins to meet daily is a warning lesson

er the strange story

ight and good bye," and. "I hear the ss Victoria hooting, should at any time and I'll give you paps," he added with oin you in a trip in

pass in the night. away and saw each

PAGE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

CURRENT TOPICS

During the week a very terrible disaster took place in a coal mine in Westphalia in Germany, in which three hundred miners lost their lives. Among all the inventions of this wonderful age no one has round out how to rob the explosive gas of the coal

The Grand Duke Alexis, uncle of the Czar, died on Nov. 14 in Paris. This nobleman has really been an exile since the war between Russia and Japan. He was formerly at the head of the Russian navy which was so disgracefully defeated by the Japanese warships. Alexis was fifty-eight years old and towards the end of his life was hated by his countrymen.

All the children living near the centre of the town will be pleased to learn that the vacant space on Pandora street is to be made into a pretty little park where grown folks can rest and little children play in the fine weather. There will be music for the young people and greenness and shade for all. It is to be heard that more year he grared to lay out this park ped that money can be spared to lay out this park

In the great northern province of Manchuria all nations are allowed freedom of trade. The United States merchants complain that the only people doing a profitable business there are the Japanese. The ambassadors of these nations are talking over the matter. Perhaps the new emperor of China will think that his nation should be consulted about what goes on in his own dominions.

The United States has fulfilled her promise of giving the island of Cuba self-government. There has been an election there and a president has been chosen. The name of the president of this newest republic is Jose Miquel Gomez. Whether the people of Cuba are more fitted for self-government than the rest of the Spanish American Republics remains to be seen. There is a large number of negroes on the island which as most of you know is noted for the production and manufacture of tobacco and tropical

The emperor of Japan has reviewed his fleet consisting of one hundred and twenty-four vessels. Admiral Togo was received at Kobe, where the review took place with the greatest entinesiasm. What an immense sum it must take to keep this great fleet in working order and what an immense number of Japanese sailors it must take to man the fleet! Will Canadians ever be willing to make as great sacrifices for their country as do the people of Japan? Our great land gives us all a comfortable living and makes some of us wealthy. Most of us are content to take all we can get and but few feel that their country has a claim on their services. This is not how nations in the old time became great.

Only a very small part of British Columbia is now settled. It used to be thought that this great province would only make homes for miners, lumbermen and fishermen. We now know that in its valleys great numbers of farmers will in the future, make their homes. News comes from Prince Rupert that the valleys glore the western part of the line of the new homes. News comes from Prince Rupert that the valleys along the western part of the line of the new railroad have a fertile soil and a fine climate where hardy fruits can be grown with profit. If industrious men go into this country, with a little money so that they can live while their fruit trees are growing they will do well. The valleys described are the Kitimaat, Lakeside and Kitsumkalum. It begins to look as if farming was one of the things the boys of British Columbia should prepare for.

The emperor of China and his mother are both dead. The real ruler of this great empire for many years has been the dowager empress. The emperor was a weak and sickly creature who was not fitted to was a weak and sickly creature who was not fitted to rule and was really a sort of prisoner in his own dominions. The successor to the throne is the baby son of the late emperor but the real ruler will be the regent Prince Chun, his uncle. There is said to be great excitement in China but that country is so large and so far away that it will be some time before the real state of affairs will be fully understood on this side of the ocean. Whether China, with her immense population and her long history will become again a mighty nation or whether she will fall a prey to quarrels within and foes without cannot be foretold by the wisest onlooker.

When France by the treaty of Paris, yielded Canada to England she kept the two little islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon near Newfoundland as fishing stations. St. Pierre or "French St. Peters," as it is called by the people of the eastern maritime provinces, was long noted as a place where smuggling could be easily carried on. French brandies and wines as well as silks were brought there in French ships and could be easily taken in fishing schooners or other smal vessels to the mainland without the knowledge of th

vessels to the mainiand without the knowledge of the custom house officers. In these days there is not much smuggling done, but the little island is making a noise in the world.

The people of St. Pierre, like the French of Quebec are very religious. They love their church and religions is taught in their schools. The French nation has lately made a law declaring against teaching tion has lately made a law declaring against teaching religion in the public schools. It seems the same law holds good in all French dominions. There are only about as many people on the island of St. Pierre as there are in Nanaimo, but they declare that sooner than allow their children to go to a school where religion is not taught they will join the United States. They are so angry that it is said, the British warship stationed at Newfoundland will keep the peace till the French government can put down what looks like a little rebellion.

On Nov. 11, the corner stone was laid for the New Sanitarium at Tranquille. What boys and girls in British Columbia want to do is to live so that they need not go there. The greatest enemies of consul need not go there. The greatest enemies of consump-tion are good food plenty of exercise and fresh air. Children here, unlike those in many places can almost Children here, únlike those in many places can almost all have good food. There is a danger, indeed that many of them will eat more nice things than are good for them. Plain food and plenty of it, makes strong men and women. Physical drill and outdoor games are nearly as important for city children who have little work to do at home. Fresh air is not so easy to get. Many doctors say that we would all be better if we slept out-of-doors. At any rate houses can be well aired during the day and there are few bedrooms where the windows cannot be opened at night. If with good food, exercise and fresh air growing boys and girls get plenty of sleep and bathe often there and girls get plenty of sleep and bathe often there will be little danger of the young people of this province going into consumption. Yet we must not forget that we must help to cure those who are sick and take care of those who will never get well. If they belong to our own family we cannot be too kind to of the greatest care. It is not a nice thing to talk about spitting, but if every boy and girl learned, when they have colds to spit in a vessel that had a disin-fectant in it or to use a cloth that could be burned and to be very careful about solled handkerchiefs much of the danger of spreading consumption would be avoided. No one should ever spit on the street or

The German Emperor some time ago had a talk with an Englishman in which he said, among other things, that he had given advice to his grandmother. Queen Victoria about the campaign in South Africa. The plan he had made he said, was very like the one Lord Roberts had followed which brought the war to a successful end. This conversation was reported in an English paper. The English people were indignant that any foreigner should claim the credit due to Bri-

But the excitement in England was nothing like as great as that which was aroused in Germany. The people of that country say that the emperor has no right to endanger the peace of the country by letters and speeches. The emperor, his people think, has no right to speak as freely as if he were a private man. His chancellor, or what we would call the premier, Prince Von Buelow, has been much blamed for allowing this interview to be made right. ing this interview to be made public and it is said he will resign. In England, the king only acts upon

the advice of his ministers and he cannot be blamed for what he does. In Germany the emperor has more power but the people seem to be determined that he shall not use that power so as to endanger the nation. Since this paragraph was begun, the German emperor and the Prince Von Buelow have had a very ong conversation. The Prince plainly told Emperor William, that the different kingdoms which make up the great German empire were greatly dissatisfied and that unless his majesty promised for the future to speak on matters only that concerned the nation as to speak on matters only that concerned the nation as advised by the premier, he must resign. The emperor very readily promised to be more careful in his speech in future, and said he had the greatest considence in the premier. The German people believe that this promise means that in future the Emperor will act as the nation wishes and they are greatly pleased. Perhaps some of the older boys and girls can think of an English king who learned that he must rule according to the laws of the laws of the laws. ording to the laws of the land and not as he liked

It is strange to hear a man talk of living near the North Pole, as if it were an every day affair. Yet that is what Mr. Leffingwell, who went to the Arctic Ocean with Captain Mikkelson in the steamer Duchess

evenings ago. Along the north of Alaska and of Canada as far west as the mouth of the Mackenzie there are tribes of natives, and white men who live as they do can keep themselves comfortably warm. Mr. Leffingwell has made maps of this region and has discovered fossils and interesting rocks but did not see any sign of gold. There is need of teachers and missionaries among the natives of this region, Mr. Leffingwell de-clares. It will be very dares. It will be very hard-to make most people believe that it does not need great self-denial and bravery to spend years in this sold and desolate part of the earth. Yet the love of knowledge, the love of gold and the love of God have made men leave comforts and ease leave comforts and ease to endure the greatest

of Bedford did a few

Many wonderful things have been dis-covered in this country, but none that doe more for the comforts of man than what is called cold storage. Fresh food whether meat, fish or fruit can be carried for many thousands of miles without being injured in the least. Last year we heard that English people were eating our people were eating our apples as fresh as when they were picked from the trees in Okanagan or Victoria orchards. or Victoria orchards.
The other day a gentleman told a reporter
that Salmon caught on the Skeena were sold and eaten fresh in Lon-don restaurants. The gentleman who said this, Mr. Burton, is preparing with a number of other gentlemen to send fishing vessels to the Queen Charlotte Islands, and the rivers of northern British Combia to catch salmon halibut, cod and other fish to supply the mar-kets of the large cities in England. For hundreds of years the fisheries of the north of England and of Scotland have given work to thousands of men and women and have made the fortunes of ship Mr. Burton thinks that British Columbia may be equally or more greatly noted for the wealth of its seas and

Many boys and girls mer governor of British Columbia, Sir Henry Joli Lotbiniere, and will be sorry to hear that the kindly old gentleman is dead. Yet perhaps no one should mourn when a man who

lived an upright honorable life is taken away from the weakness and suffering that so of-ten accompany old age. Sir Henry Joli was an able as well as a good man and was, what is becoming too rare in these days an honest and a fear-less politician. There are times when a good man must oppose wrongdoing even if he makes enemies of wrong doers. But Sir Henri's contests were over when he came to British Columbia and he lived a quiet peaceful life in our beautiful city. Like most able men, the old gentleman had a hobby. His was the preservation and culture of trees. He knew all Canadian trees and the soil best suited to their growth. He would have had Victorians preserve their native trees and plant many others. Our str would be much more beautiful if we followed his would be much more beautiful if we followed his advice. No more fitting memorial could be made of this good man than that proposed by the editor of the Colonist in Tuesday's issue, an avenue of trees ernor of British Honduras, Colonel Swayne, is said to be coming to this province to enquire into the suitability of the Hindus as immigrants into that province.

The children have this month been very generous with their pictures. Those which have not been published will appear soon. The editor would like very much to receive letters from children telling about their schools and homes in different parts of the country. They need not be long. Perhaps some girl or boy would like to write about their old homes in England or on the prairies. These would be very welcome. Suppose some of you tell how you spend your long winter evenings.

About two hundred men and women from the north of England, called the Sheffield choir have been delighting the people of Eastern Canada by their beautiful singing. Some of these singers are rich and well educated. Others are men and women who earn their living with their hands. But every one, be they gentle or simple, love music and have a talent for singing. They give up their spare time to the cultivation of their voices. These practices are not only a source of pleasure to themselves but their concerts give delight to hundreds of thousands of others. The climate of Vancouver Island is very like that of England and there should be no reason why men and women in Victoria should not be able to sing quite as well as those of Sheffield. The boys and girls in the

which in the years to come will spread their branches over merry children as they play in the new park.

In India there is discontent and an attempt was made to kill the Lieutenant-governor of the great province of Bengal. The people of India like all the rest of the world, want to govern themselves. Until the English conquered that great country it was governed by many princes who lived in the greatest splendor but kept the people in poverty. England has governed the people for their own good. Great public works have been undertaken and the people have been educated. The best and wisest of English statesmen educated. The best and wisest of English statesmen have undertaken the government of India. Now these educated Hindoos think the time has come when they should govern themselves in the same way that Canada. South Africa or Australia does. The king of England, who is also the Emperor of India, has promised the people of India a share in their own government.

overnment.

It is to be hoped that the rash action of wicked nen will not hinder the progress of the nation towards freedom.

The Hindus of our province who went to British Honduras report that their countrymen are needed there and that the country will suit them. The Gov-

tice rankling in his breast. It was all so easy of explanation if he had been given a chance to explain.

The day before he had heard his uncle complain that the pens, ink, paper, and blotting-paper on his desk were never properly attended to, and just before he left for home Joe had slipped into the little room to overhaul the things on the desk. This was no part of Joe's duties, but the boy who should have done it was a lazy rascal who neglected his work on every t was a lazy rascal, who neglected his work on every possible opportunity. Joe was grateful to his uncle for taking him into the firm, and had thought that he could, without saying anything, occasionally slip into his uncle room the last thing at night or the first thing in the morning, and attend to those trifles which, if neglected, are so anneying and wasteful of the time of a busy man.

the time of a busy man.

And now, the very first time he had tried to work his little scheme, disaster had overtaken him.

If he had explained at once perhaps he could have cleared himself, but he had hesitated and stammered, not liking to get the other boy into trouble by saying that he was doing his work. Of course, his uncle had taken his hesitancy as a confession of guilt, and now now. poor Joe was an outcast. On and on he wande

red, as wretched a boy as there on and on ne wandered, as wretched a beginning could be found that day in the streets of the great city of London. Some-

how or other he could not bring himself to go-ing home to tell his ing home to tell his mother. Not that he mother. Not that he expected for one minute that she would believe him guilty of such a crime, but he knew what the small sum he had been bringing home weekly meant to their tiny household. Ever since his father died they had been desperately noor and Jose ately poor, and Joe knew how difficult work

was to obtain.

Dinner time came and went, and still Joe wandered on, forgetting packet of the neat packet of sandwiches he had in his pocket. Misery had driven all thought of thought of eating from

Suddenly he heard the well-known but awe-inspiring clangour of a fire-engine's bell, and paused instinctively to watch its daredevil dash to save life and property. As it passed and the halted traffic resumed its course a sudden resolve filled his brain. He would be a fire-

man. By joining the brig-ade he would be able to assure a small income for his mother, and would at the same time have a chance of doing useful work in the world.

His new purpose gave him hope, and lifted a weight from his heart. Resolutely he set his face towards home. He would tell his mother of the injustice that had been done him and of the new work he had chosen in this busy

The Fire Station Thief It was a proud day for Joe Richards when, his days of probation over, he stood in full uniform with the other men of the George Road Fire Station for his first inspection. In two short weeks he had learned all there was to know about his duties without actual experience at a real fire. He had been shown how to work the life ladders and escapes, how to handle uncons-cious men and women, how to jump from win-dows two three, or four storeys high into a net held by his companions. He had learned the mysteries of the hook ladder and the water tower, and, above all, he had learned to be a

Amid his new sur-roundings the thought of his unjust dismissa about it, and had decidabout it, and had decided in his mind that his cousin Vernon, who had been jealous of him from the very first day he joined the staff of Leete and Co., had selzed the

opportunity of seeing him in the private office of Mr. Leete to work a wicked scheme for his undoing. Hav-ing decided that this was the probable cause of his unmerited disgrace, he, practically speaking dismissed the matter from his mind, and in the excitement of his first inspection he forgot it altogether.

(To Be Continued) SHORT STORIES

The Strand Above

The sun rose on a bright September morning. A thousand gems of dew sparkled in the meadows, and upon the breeze floated, in the wake of summer, the shining silken strands of which no man knoweth the whence or the whither. One of them caught in the top of a tree, and the skipper, a little speckled yellow spider, quit his airship to survey the leafy demeane there. It was not to his liking, and, with prompt de-

there. It was not to his liking, and, with prompt decision, he spun a new strand and let himself down straight into the hedge below.

There were twigs and shoots in plenty there to spin a web in, and he went to work at once, letting the strand from above, by which he had come, bear the upper corner of it.

A fine large web it was when finished, and with this about it that set it off from all the other webs thereabouts, that it seemed to stand straight up in the air, without anything to show what held it. It takes pretty sharp eyes to make out a single strand of spider web, even a very little way off.

The days went by. Flies grew scarcer, as the sun rose later, and the spider had to make his net larger that it might reach farther and catch more. And here the strand above turned out a great help. With it to brace the structure, the web was spun higher and wider, until it covered the hedge all the way across. In the wet October mornings, when it hung full of shimmering raindrops, it was like a veil stitched with preclous pearls.

precious pearls.

The spider was proud of his work. No longer the little thing that had come drifting out of the vast with nothing but its unspun web in its pocket, so to speak, he was now a big, portly opulent spider, with the largest web in the hedge.

One morning he woke very much out of sorts. There had been a frost in the night and daylight brought no sun. The sky was overcast; not a fly was out. All the long gray autumn day the spider sat hungry and cross in his corner. Toward evening

to kill time, he started on a tour of inspection, to see if anything needed bracing or mending. He pulled at all the strands; they were firm enough. But, though he found nothing wrong, his temper did not improve; he waxed crosser than ever.

At the farthest end of the web he came at last to a strand that all at once seemed strange to him. All the wast want the way or that the suider knew experience.

the rest went this way or that—the spider knew ev-ery stick and knob they were made fast to, every one. But this preposterous strand went nowherethat is to say, went straight up in the air and was lost. He stood up on his hind legs and stared with all his eyes, but he could not make it out. To look at, the strand went right up into the clouds, which was

The longer he sat and glared to no purpose, the angrier the spider grew. He had quite forgotten how, on a bright September morning, he himself had come down this same strand. And he had forgotten how, in the building of the web and afterward when it had to be enlarged, it was just this strand he had depended upon. He saw only that here was a useless strand, a fool strand, that went nowhere in sense of reason, only up in the air where solid spiders had no concern. "Away with it!" and with one vicious snap of his angry jaws he bit the strand in two.

That instant the web collapsed, the whole proud and prosperous structure fell in a heap, and when the spider came to he lay sprawling in the hedge with the web all about his head like a wet rag. In one brief moment he had wrecked it all—because he did not understand the use of the strand from above.—The Outlook. The longer he sat and glared to no purpose, the

A Queer Needle and Thread

There is a plant in Mexico that will furnish a needle and thread all ready for use. That seems a queer thing to say, doesn't it? The plant has large fleshy leaves, similar to those of the cactus. Along the edge of the leaf are set the prickles, or "needles," and to get one ready for sewing it is only necessary to push it backward into the leaf, so as to loosen it from the tough outside covering, and then pull it gently out. If the pulling be done carefully, a number of fibres will stick to the "needle," and by turning the latter as it is drawn out, the fibres are twisted into a thread as long as may be desired. The action of the air on the fibres toughens them, and it is said that a thread of this kind will sustain a weight of five pounds.

FOR THE LITTLE TOTS

All About Bobby Bear, Bubby Bear, and Baby Bear Said Bobby Bear to Bubby Bear, "I think it would be

"For us to go to school a day, and learn to read and spell";
"It would, indeed," said Bubby Bear, "I'll go along with you."
When Baby Bear heard what they said, he called out, "Me go, too!"

Now Bobby Bear was clever, and he learned to write

at once. But Bubby Bear was stupid, and he had to be the While Baby Bear learned nothing but he looked so very wise.

The teacher though he knew it all, and so gave him

Curing Rosa May

On the morning when Beesle Norton was six years old she came down to breakfast to find a long bex, all tied up in pink paper, with a string that was like a little gold chain. The box stood on the table by Bessie's plate, and there was a card on it, with some writing. Bessie could read print, if the words were not too long, but she had not yet learned to read writing; so she ran to her mother with the card and asked her to read it.

her to read it.

ing; so she ran to her mother with the card and asked her to read it.

"It says, For Bessie with best wishes for many happy-birthdays," said mother, and then she helped untie the gold string and take off the pink paper.

When at last the box was open, there appeared the most beautiful paper doll that Bessie had ever seen. She had lovely hair, curling in little ringlets all over her head, and her eyes were large and blue and her cheeks like blush roses, and with her were all kinds of beautiful dresses. There was a light pink one for parties, with a hat to match, and a plain dark blue sailor suit for every-day wear and two dainty white ones to dress up in the afternoon. Each one had a hat to go with it, and there were also lots of dainty lace underclothes, and two hand-bags and a parasol. Bessie was so happy that she could hardly wait to eat her breakfast. As soon as it was over she took the beautiful doll, which she had named Rosa May, and went with her to the house of her playmate, Nellie Baker, who lived next door. All that day the two played together with Rosa May under the trees, and in the afternoon they gave a party, because, you see it was Rosa May's birthday just as much as it was Bessie's.

Many other days they played together too and

Bessie's. Bessie's.

Many other days they played together, too, and Rosa May always had the best of care, and was taken into the house and put to bed at the right hour. But

into the house and put to bed at the right hour. But at last there came a day when a band came marching by, playing beautifully, while Bessie was dressing Rosa May. She ran out to the fence, and then followed a little way down the street, and when she came back her mother called her in to supper, and poor Rosa May was forgotten.

It rained hard all that night, but of course Bessie did not know it, for she was asleep. But the next morning she looked everywhere for Rosa May, and could not find her. At last she went out under the trees, and there she found the poor doll, where she had fain all night in the rain.

It was a sad, sad sight. One blue eye was all washed out, and the other was nearly gone. Her right arm was doubled back under her and was broken, both legs were all twisted, so she could never stand up straight again, and in place of her pretty rosy lips

both legs were all twisted, so she could never stand up straight again, and in place of her pretty rosy lips there was only a great ugly red mark.

Bessie sat down beside her dear Rosa May and began to cry. Of course she could not help it. No little girl could. She cried so hard that she did not hear the sound of footsteps coming nearer, and she did not know there was any one about until a pleasant voice said, "My, my, little girl, what is the trouble?" The voice came from a pleasant-faced young man, who had a little box, like a trunk, in one hand, and a big light-colored umbrella and a bundle of sticks under his arm. Bessie showed him her poor Rosa May, through her tears. He took the doll tenderly in his hands, and said, "Well, well, she has met with a very bad accident, I see, but I think perhaps I can cure her."

"Oh, can you?" cried Bessie. "Are you a doctor?" The young man laughed. "Yes," he said, "I think I can cure this patient if you will let me operate just I think best."

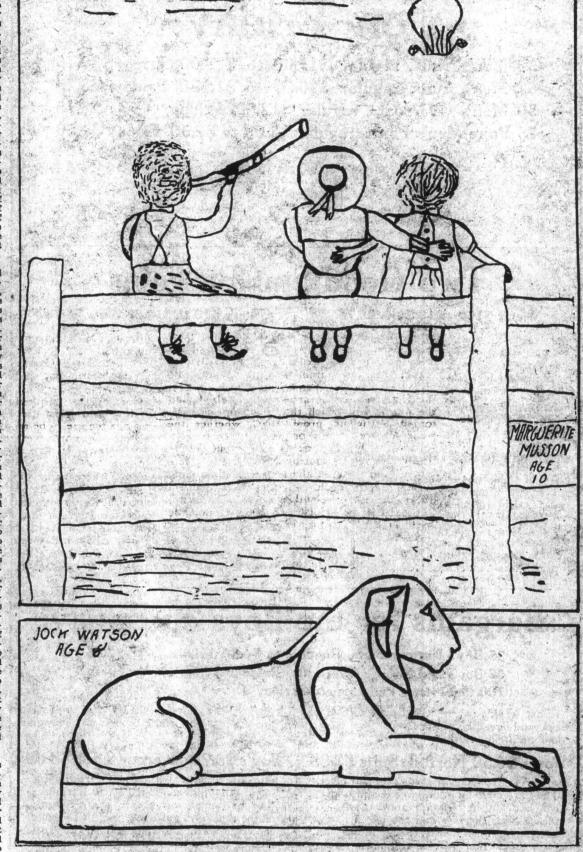
"Oh, yes, sir!" cried Bessie. "You can, if you will

"Oh, yes, sir!" cried Bessie. "You can, if you will only cure Rosa May."

The young man took out a little pair of scissors, and then opened his box and found some smooth, stiff white cardboard. Then he took poor Rosa May and cut her head right off! Bessie almost cried right out at this, but the young man was smiling so pleasantly that she did not. He took the cardboard and cut a new head, just like the old one, and then with a little glue from his box he fastened it on to Rosa May's body, so you could hardly see the place. Next there came out of the wonderful box a bundle of little tubes of paint, which he mixed in a small china pan, and in a few minutes the new face had two big blue eyes and a rosebud mouth and curly, golden hair and a pair of pink cheeks—just as Rosa May had had at first.

By this time Bessie was so happy that she was dancing up and down, and when the young man cut off one arm and both legs of Rosa May she did not mind at all, because she knew he would make new ones as good as the others had been at first. And he did, so that no one would ever have known that Rosa May had ever had any accident or been sick.

Bessie thanked him over and over again. She asked him if he was going to doctor some one else, and he laughed and said no, he was going to paint a picture. As he turned away he said, "You must be careaful not to leave Rosa May out at night again, for young children like her take cold, and sometimes you can't get a doctor whe knows how to cure them."—Xouth's Companion.



schools now have the opportunity of learning to sing. All children, boys as well as girls, ought to do their best to gain a knowledge that will give themselves and others the finest pleasures all through their lives

FIRE-BRIGADE JOE

(By Ernest H. Robinson, in Chums)

"Yes, Joseph, I am more sorry than I can say to have to do it, but I must definitely accuse you of stealing that five-pound note from my desk."

"But, uncle—"

"I cannot listen to you, my boy. Your cousin, here, says he saw you in my reom at half-past six last night, bending over my desk, and as the note was in the drawer last night when I left the office, I am forced to the conclusion that you are a thief." ed to the conclusion that you are a thief." Joseph Richards—Joe, as his friends called him— gazed in amazement, first at his uncle, head of a great City firm of exporting agents, and then at the latter's son, his cousin. Vernon Leete, who, with his eyes fixed on the floor, stood there nervously twisting his fin-

"Well, have you nothing to say?" asked Mr. Leete, ignoring the fact that but a moment before he had told his nephew that he could not listen to him. Joe gulped down a sob, but for a moment he could make his mouth form no words. He wondered what his mother would say, his mother who had very little money save that which he brought her week by week. Then desperation gave him voice.

"Uncle," he replied, "I didn't take the note."

"Then my son is a liar?"
"No, he is mistaken, uncle."
"Were you in my room last night?"
"Yes, uncle, but—"

"Yes, uncle, but—"
"No buts, sir. Did you touch my desk?"
"Yes, uncle, but—"
"Yes, uncle, but—"
"No buts, I tell you," the old man almost shouted.
"You have admitted you were at my desk last night.
That is sufficient. You are my dead brother's son, and therefore I will not hand you over to the police as you deserve; but of course, you cannot remain in the employ of this firm. You must consider yourself dimissed. If I find you on these premises any time after five minutes have elapsed I shall place you under arrest in the hands of the nearest policeman. You may go."

Sick at heart, Joe walked from the room, took his

cap, and went into the street.

He walked miserably along, a deep sense of injur-

y go." Sick at heart, Joe walked from the room, took his