In response to a wire from his

table and demand an apology. should have finished his coffee

rigarette and strolled out. Or, if he

ioke of the situation?

McCorquodale's companions were

pair of flashily dressed young "sports

Condon Advertiser Member Audit Board of Circulation

NOON.

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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,

London, Ont., Monday, October 11.

A DISCREDITED REMNANT.

The remnant of the Conservative party is apparently through with Hon. G. Howard Ferguson as leader. The light that has been thrown apon his department would have driven him out of office had an election not done so already, and it makes him an impossibility as a leader in this province. The revelations made before he investigating commission dealing with the lepartment over which Mr. Ferguson exercised jurisdiction indicate a state of affairs that must have cost this province hundreds of thousands of dollars loss, and that permitted unscrupulous umber firms to grow rich on their ill-gotten gains. The Drury Government uncovered the rotten condition and the Drury Government, be-

With Hon. Mr. Ferguson out of the leadership the Tories are hard put to find anyone with the abilities needed for the past. The name of Dr E. Ross of Kingston is suggested, chiefly, it ould appear, on his creditable war record rather on any reputation for political sagacity r recognized power of party leadership. The ingston Standard has it all figured out that here will be a split between the Labor and prought on, and that the Conservative party rill be returned to power. The Standard says hat stranger things than that have happened. hings could happen. If there is a discredited arty in all of Canada today it is the Tory wing hat survived the avalanche of public feeling in 919. This province has about as much idea of e-establishing G. Howard Ferguson & Company office as it has of establishing itself as a

oviet republic. It is amusing to recall the noisy way in which he Ferguson crowd came back after the prod been fooled, the people had been tricked nd fooled, but everything would soon be set ght. The dominant elements could not form a evernment, could not carry on if they did form government. But as a matter of fact, the new d dominant elements did form a cabinet and carry on and are carrying on today, while boastful Tories are going around with a nd failed. They are not anxious for any more vestigations, revelations of one department we quite upset their balance of mind, and if ey are fearful it is that some other departis that the much-vaunted Hearst addistration had feet of clay and its tumble was nd to come, even if the Farmer-Labor com-

SAFETY WEEK.

This week is "Safety Week" in Ontario, en by various demonstrations the vital imand value of safety first will be imcrusade narrows down to the individual. ess the individual citizen gives the fullest eration to this humanitarian movement it

With reasonable care and precaution such as 's common sense dictates there would be of the lamentable accidents, fatal or non-Because of financial importance, too, educational campaign of "Safety Week" ild be given the heartiest support by all the lic-spirited citizens and organizations. The es by needless accidents and fires annually Canada have reached stupendous figures. Let Ontario Safety League receive the active moral backing of all classes throughout the province this week as they endeavor to make life happier, healthier and more prosperous.

THE SPEED CRAZE. Startling figures have been gathered and is sued on the speed craze in the United States. At the annual convention of the American National Council of Safety, held at Atlantic City, it was officially stated that fatalities due to automobiles amounted to three times the number of fatal accidents in factories, mines and railroads. During June, July, August and September one person was killed by an automobile every thirty minutes, and the deaths from this cause during that period were 25 per cent greater than the corresponding period last year. The executive of the council finds that the reasons for this reckless destruction of life are recklessness and fast driving. The country, according to these investigators, has

In a lesser degree this motor menace exists in Canada. Commenting on the speed craze, the Winnipeg Free Fress expresses the following

But because the killings have increased in an even greater proportion than the number of automobiles in use has the situation should be given immediate consideration by the automobile makers of the country, unless they expect soon to be confronted by a great volume of hostile public opinion. It must be clear that such a staggering death-rate cannot continue without causing unusual action.

A GREAT SAILOR

Spain is celebrating the fact that four hundred years ago this month Ferdinand Magellan, one of the greatest of Spanish captains, sailed rounding into the Pacific, completed his circlins' of the globe, as on the previous journey he had zone to the eastern limits of the Indian Ocean will rest. He started on his bold venture with five small vessels, the largest registering 110 tons. One of the ships was wrecked, while two he Victoria, reached Spain after an absence of three years. Magellan himself perished while fighting cannibals in the South Sea Islands.

Compared to Magellan's daring trips, that of Columbus was but a small affair. Columbus stumbled on America. On the other hand. Magellan knew what he wanted to find, and also knew of the terrific obstacles that he would meet. And he reached his objective. His feat required greater endurance, was a greater test of courage than that of the Genoese whose fame has overshadowed all other captains of his time. Magellan discovered a new land, and by his worldgirdling explorations demonstrated that the world is round. He was greater than Columbus.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Powder may have been plentiful on the battlefield, but there's more on Dundas street on a Sunday afternoon

Campaigning for prohibition in Scotland seems to be a task equivalent to the one of bearding the lion in his den.

The Johnson family is certainly not having its innings just now. The famous Jack is in iail: "Pussy" was chased by a mob, and some of Ban's American League players sold a world

A gime for the Memorial Hospital fund may be but a drop in the bucket, but it's the continual drip-drip-drip that will bring showers of

In the West the cry is "Canada for Canadians." If Premier Meighen had his way it would be "Canada for the Conservatives." judging from the tone of his Aylmer speech.

Such a thing as "comin' through the rye" might have been possible in the good old days. but after imbibing some of the brand the bootleggers sell nowadays one has a small chance

From Here and There

A REAL FIGHTING VESSEL [Quebec Chronicle.]

Canadians will learn with interest that the light cruiser Aurora, which the Dominion Government has accented as a gift from the Imperial Govern ment, and will leave Devonport in company with the destroyers Patriot and Patrician as soon as she can be got ready, was launched in 1913, one of the original vessels of the Arethusa type, and the first oil-fired cruiser to be launched for the British navy. The Aurora served in the Harwich forces during the war. She has a displacement of 3,500 tons, and guns, with four torpedo tubes. Turbine engines of 40,000-horsepower give her a speed of 30 knots, and her complement includes 270 officers and men The Niobe was of a much older, larger and slower

type, with a displacement of 11,000 tons, and a speed age and the blatancy of the fog horn when built in 1899 of 20½ knots. The Rainbow, at the Eastern Gap, every half min-launched in 1891, was of 3,600 tons, and a speed of lies baseness to the s 1916 knots. The full crews of the two vessels bered 600 and 273 respectively. that our embryo fleet is lacking in quantity, there

> CANADA LEADS THE WORLD. [London Daily Chronicle.]

The autumnal "apple war," which during recent about the "big gooseberry," seems to have set in early and with great severity, but neither the 20-ounce Kent apple nor the slightly larger Essex rival omes near the "record." A speciment of Gloria Mundi, a big Herefordshire cooking apple, which 371/2 ounces, was sold seven years ago at Covent Garden for 16 guineas. But the "world's for large apples is still held by the variety of Spokane Beauty, a specimen of which, weighing ounces, was exhibited at the first Canadian Apple Show in 1910. It was grown on rough land in British Columbia without special cultivation.

LAND TITLES IN CALIFORNIA.

• [San Francisco Daily Chronicle.] Foreign Minister Uchida of Japan is said to be urging the Washington Government to make the question of land titles in California a national matter-apparently imagining that the Washington Government has, or can get, jurisdiction in the way it could get jurisdiction is by treaty. The present treaty with Japan does not give Japanes subjects the right to own land in the United States. No treaty granting such rights could be ratified. If it were ratified an act of Congress could override it just as the Chinese exclusion act repealed a treaty, although we made a new treaty afterward.

A LITERARY CRITIC'S MISTAKES.

[New York Evening Post.] One of the most interesting phases of Meredith's career was his 35 years as a publisher's "reader." When he first acted in that capacity for Chapman & Hall, his judgments on the manuscripts sub were all entered in a book which has been carefully preserved. The most startling incident in this part of his career was his refusal of Mrs. Henry Wood's "East Lynne." Harrison Ainsworth urged the book upon Chapman & Hall, who actually rejected manuscript a second time to their but Meredith was obdurate, and a rival firm secured that most lucrative of best sellers. Ouida and Mrs. Lynn Linton also failed to secure Meredith's approval, as did Samuel Butler when he submitted "Erewhon" and Bernard Shaw with his first and still unpublished novel "Immaturity"; in fact, states that Meredith rejected all four of his novels, certainly "Cashel Byron's Thomas Hardy's first story came to Chapman & Hall, and Meredith, while not accepting it, saw sufficient promise in it to ask the author to call. Hardy received much sage advice and wrote "Desperate Remedies" according to Meredith's precepts. but the book was published elsewhere.

JAPANESE WOMEN IN BUSINESS.

Travelers returning from Japan report that Japanese women are entering business offices and stores in increasing numbers as stenographers, clerks and saleswomen. They serve as conductresses on all the bus lines of Tokio. Unlike the men, the women of Japan prefer the native costume. Over here the kimono is regarded only as a dressing-

GENERAL BOOTH UPON WORK.

[Country Life.] whose sympathy with the workingman will not be qustioned, has been making a our of Australia, New Zealand, Canada and Ceylon, He comes back with an uneasy feeling in regard to abor questions. It arises from a discovery that in labor questions. It arises from a discovery that in every country there is emerging what he calls "a kind of antipathy to work." It is different altogether from the ambition to obtain better wages. He seems to think that the laboring man is cultivating the idea that "there is something inimical to human life and happiness in work per se." He was asked in Australia to use his influence in favor of a five-day week, and found, on examining the proposition, that it meant four and a half days, whereupon he told them about an old Book which says "Six days shalt thou labor."

General Booth is of opinion that the backbone of labor in this country is made up of men of sound religious training and moral integrity, and "Kendelick's anger at this hrozenness".

sound religious training and moral integrity, and the rank and file of the Labor Party consists tempt on this Bolshevist cackle." He wants them to come out into the open and not be led by extrethe right nail on the head. The vast majority of workingmen are anything but lazy. perfectly content to do a full day's work for a full day's wage; but, unfortunately, are under influence of a little gang of leaders whose aim is condition of the poor, but revolution pure and simple.

AN AWAKENING CHINA. [Singapore Free Press.]

There are signs now that the passions engendered during the war are dying down, quenched by the experience they have brought to those concerned, an dthat the opposing factions in China are drawing closer to each other. Such an approach would be rendered the easier had the country in view an issue on which all patriotic men could unite. It is more than possible this issue will be found in the question of the Japanese rights in Shantung. China refuses to open negotiations on this question it may lead to an effective fusion of north and south, resulting in a China which will create a good deal of surprise in many circles.

[Cleveland Plaindealer.]

Instinctively everyone seeks wealth. Whenever announcement is made that gold prospectors have struck "pay dirt," even in the remotest corners of the world, or whenever news dispatches tell of discoveries of new diamond fields, there is a rush of wealth-seekers to share in the gains which nature A monster gusher in a barren plain soon brings a throng of people anxious to toss their coin nto a new oil well. In the face of this tendency it would seem impossible at first thought to imagine the American people permitting a perpetual source of virtually unlimited wealth to be wasted. Yet this is what they have been doing, and economic necessity alone seems to be arousing them to their

ily across the city.

Already the young man had faded into the thickening fog. He was in no mood to talk to inquisitive policemen, no matter how friendly or lonesome. It was his own business entirely if concealed under the silk handkerchief was the most elaborate black eye which had come into his possession since Varsity won the rugby championship some months before. If his face ached and his knuckles smarted where the skin had been knocked off, that was his own business also. And when the judgment of calmer moments has convinced a respectable young gentleman of spirit that there is nobody but himself to blame for what has happened he is inclined to solitary communion while taking the measure of his self-dissatisfaction.

It was indeed the end of a very im-

As ne descended the stairs to the Canoe Club his thoughts were troubled. At that hour there was nobody about, but he let himself in with a special key which he carried for such contingencies. He found the suitcase undisturbed where he had left it and

faint creakings of small craft at their moorings.

As the solitary cance poked out for the open bay these minor sounds fell behind and were replaced by the steady purl of water under the bow. It filled with pleasing monotone the interludes between the fussing of the yard engine back on the railway track-

he begun to analyze things for himself and it had been something of a shock to discover that a college education was just a beginning—that beyond the campus of his alma mater spread a workaday world which scoffed at dead languages and went in for a living wase, which turned from isoceles triangles and algebraic conundrums to solve the essential problems of food and clothing and shingled roofs. It was a new viewpoint which planted doubts where what he had supposed to be certainties had been wont to blosgom.

The Honorable Milton Waring's very position as a cabinet minister in the There was nobody over at the big summer residence on Centre Island except Mrs. Parlby, the housekeeper, and her husband, who acted as gardener. The place belonged to Kendrick's uncle, the Honorable Milton Waring, and it was usual for them to drick's uncie, the Honorable Milton Waring, and it was usual for them to open the big house about the end of May. This year, however, his aunt and uncie had chosen to spend the summer at Sparrow Lake and for the past week they had been up at a rented cottage in the woods, leaving Phil behind in charge of the Island residence.

had swayed his audience to unre-strained applause. To the unsophis-ticated eyes of youth a shiny silk hat a long-talled frock coat, a gold-headed

tromatic depth it was at the nead of its class; in fact, it gave propaise of being by daylight in a class by itself. It was the sort of decoration which could be relied upon implicitly to fire the imagination of misguided acquaintthe imagination of missuada weeks of ances through several merry weeks of ances through several merry weeks of green and yellow recuperation. And withal it cast a reflection upon the fistic prowess of young Mr. Kendrick which was entirely unjust, it being the produce of what is known as a "lucky panch"—for the other fellow. No it was not in the result of the the end being to carry elections. Was his uncle of this ilk? It had been hinted. There were those who said that the Honorable Milton Waring knew much about assembling political machinery around election time and oiling it for a smooth run. And such rumors aroused thought which Phil had been very loath to entertain.

After all, though did he really know his uncle? Between them there had never been any very close bond of sympathy—such, for instance, as always had existed between Phil and his aunt. His uncle's share in the growing lad's upbringing had been of the superficial sort—a pat on the back, a "run along now, my boy; I'm busy." Always it had been Aunt Dolly to whom he had taken his childish difficulties for sympathetic adjustment. It had been that way from the first when the sudden loss of both father and mother had thrown him upon Aunt Dolly's care. His own mother could not have meant more to him and Kendrick's smile was yery gentle. No it was not in the result of the fight that dissatisfaction lay, but in the cause. McCorquodale's remarks about the Honorable Milton Waring had been addressed to McCorquodale's twe companions; there had been no intent to insult the Honorable Milton Waring's nephew, who sat at the next table in the restaurant, none of the three worthies being aware that they were within earshot of a hypersensilwere within earshot of a hypersensitive member of the honorable gentleman's family. That being so, it had been distinctly foolish for the aforesaid nephew to walk over to the other tables. had deemed it imperative to particl-pate in the political discussion, why in the mischief hadn't he just stepped across, proffered his cigarette case and made a joke of the situation?
Of a truth the expression upon this fellow McCorquodale's homely, good-humored face when Kendrick revealed his identity had been sufficiently quizzical. He had grinned widely as he could not have meant more to him and Kendrick's smile was very gentle as he thought of his aunt. First and waived the indignant young man to a seat at the table and even then the situation would have adjusted itself had it been left to the principals. But Ah, but was she happy? That was Ah, but was she happy? That was the question. She pretended to be, of course; but how much of it was mere pretence? Beneath her smiles I hill had sensed of late a vague unrest, disappointment—he hardly knew what to call it, so illusive it was. She had laughed at him fondly and called him "a foolish boy" when he had ventured to ask her if anything was wrong. After that she had been careful that he did not surprise any look upon her face but one of cheerfulness. pair of flashily dressed young "sports" who, thinking they saw a chance for some fun at Kendrick's expense, had proceeded to tread upon Mr. McCorquodale's professional pride—Mr. Corquodale, one time known to ringside patrons as "Iron Man" McCorquodale, one time near middleweight champion

none. See?"

Kendrick's anger at this brazenness clearly. He was getting "touchy" about his uncle's political record of late and had had occasion to defend it with some heat during certain dis-cussions among friends; there had

had been Quixotic enough to take to heart as a personal matter of family honor and as everyone knows, family honor and as everyone knows, family honor is a thing to uphold. He had demanded that McCorquodale retract his statement. McCorquodale had refused flatly to do so.

One of the two grinning "sports" knew a place where they could settle it undisturbed—just around the corner in the basement of a poolre.m. It had been a brisk little mix-up while it lasted; but it had not taken the expurilist long to discover that he was ougilist long to discover that he was acing the best amateur boxer Varsity had produced in a number of years and right in the middle of it he had put on his coat deliberately, to the overwhelming disappointment of his wo friends.
"Nix, you guys!" he had grunted, breathing heavily. "I knows when I'm up-against it. Y'see, I got a date with a Jane tomorra an' I ain't hank-

The Honorable Milton Waring's very position as a cabinet minister in the government of the day always had seemed to carry its own credentials. As a youth Phil had thrilled with pride on occasions of public demonstration in his uncle's honor and there had been times of speechmaking when the Honorable Milton's eloquence had swayed his audience to unre-In response to a wire from his uncle, requesting him to join them at once and bring along certain articles which had been overlooked, he had packed his suitcase and paddled across to the city in the morning, intending to take the train for Sparrow Lake. A chance meeting with an old classmate, however, had resulted in a sudden decision to delay his departure for another twenty-four hours in favor of a good time with Billy Thorpe.

As if in punishment, things had seemed to go wrong with him all day. In the afternoon the Rochester baseball team had knocked three Toronto pitchers out of the box, a blow-up which had cost the loyal Mr. Kendrick twenty-five dollars and a loss of reputation as an authority on International League standings. Then in the evening, in the crowd out at The Beach, someone had taken hold of his silk ribbon fob and gently removed the gold watch which his aunt had given him on his birthday. Later still—!

It was the left eye, so swollen now that it was closed to a mere slit. There was no optical delusion about its nonenclature and in diameter and chromatic depth it was at the head of its class; in fact, it gave promise of being by daylight in a class by itself. a long-tailed frock coat, a gold-headed cane, a diamond ring and a prominent place upon the platform had been indicative of the top rungs of fame and success and honor among men. The goings and comings of society's votaries, the bright lights of the big Waring residence in Rosedale, the orchestras and bands and public processions and cheering and flags and bunting—these things had contributed to the awe with which Phil had regarded the Honorable Milton Waring in the the awe with which Phil had regarded the Honorable Milton Waring in the days of boyhood impressions, the mere fact that his uncle received the acclamations of the people and held high public office by their gift had seemed to invest the Honorable Milton with all the attributes of an honorable mostlanger of distinction

all the attributes of an honorable gentleman of distinction.

Such early impressions are tenacious of place. Yet with maturer years had come certain doubts that thrust their shadows across moments of serious thought. Phil Kendrick had begun to think for himself and his study of political history had awakened him to the knowledge that there was a very "practical" side to politics as they existed throughout the country just then—that successful politicians too often were men who regarded the whole thing as a game wherein the end justified the means, the end being to carry elections. Was his uncle of this ilk? It had been hinted. There were those who said

possibility that in some way his uncle was the source of that subtle change in Aunt Dolly had disturbed change in Aunt Dolly had disturbed. Phil's peace of mind not a little. In his presence she had been the same gentle, smiling, thoughtful Aunt Dolly that she had always been; but once or twice he had read fleeting-anxiety in the glance with which she had followed her husband's departure from the room. Her love for the Hongrable room. Her love for the Honorable Milton was unqualified, Phil knew. It was, in fact, the directing force of Aunt Dolly's whole life. It had emailed her to overcome her innate dislike for the everlasting round of social trivialities and assume her place as trivialities and assume her place as a society lender with a brilliance and tact which had earned the commendation of even her exacting husband. What was going wrong in the Waring household? Or was it all imagination and Aunt-Dolly's look of concern sumter likely by the water had be the water had be a substitute of the sum of the later.

totalled by the weather in relation to a change to lighter flannels? Certainly when it came to consider-ing his uncle's political record there was always the Rives case to fall back upon, to cast a halo about the Honorable Milton's head. The Rives case had provided a sensational after-math to a strenuous election campaign which had resulted in the complete which had resulted in the complete overthrow of the former government. The "Honorable" Harrington Rives, with his large head and bushy shock of black curls had been a picturesque figure on the rostrums of the country districts. He took a good photo—and knew it! It was displayed in every conceivable pose in the newspapers and fought the weather on the side of many a livery barn long after the "grand rally" with its crops of cheer-strained throats was a thing of the past. His ability as a stump speaker and his hall-fellow-well-met-and-how's-the-baby way of mixing with

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the crowd had popularized him to the bamboozlement of his admirers. So that in election forecasts his seat in the legislature always had headed the list at party headquarters, while in the opposition camp it had been chalked up as "election conceded."

But as is the law of it, there cometh a day when the evil a man doeth findeth him out. Whispers had stolen abroad in the land and the humors had drawn men together in scattered run together in widening pools of pub-lic opinion till the mysterious forces which slowly arouse the "great com-mon people" had broken loose sudden-ly in one of those periodic reform waves which sweep everything before them. And into the arena with shining

had gathered the irrefutable evidence which ended in the arrest of Rives can't see us. Sh! Here they come

A moment's paddling convinced him fog horn. that he had guessed correctly. Some-

cut south across the island to the lake-front, where many fine residences of the wealthy faced open water. The steady rhythm of the waves against the breakwater reached him in sharp contrast to the brooding stillne

stones throw. He edged the cance for ward gently, close to the ing his way toward the familiar land

them. And into the arena with shining sword drawn had stepped a brilliant lawyer named Waring to pick up the gauge of battle against Rives and his corrupt associates, with Rives himself as his individual opponent.

The fight in Rives' constituency had gone to bitter lengths. The government forces had poured money into the campaign and under the practiced hand of Harrington Rives the "machine" had gone to indiscreet lengths to defeat Waring. Bribery and corruption, which for a long time had characterized the administration's political organization, had become more open and Rives' opponent quietly had gathered the irrefutable evidence. ing his way toward the familiar landing.

And there was not one thing to prepare him for what immediately followed. A voice which seemed to be almost at his elbow spoke to him out of the darkness in low hurried tones a woman's voice! At the same time he felt the bow of the canoe pulled in against the bank. Before he could recover sufficiently from his surrouss. could hear her adjusting a cushion beneath her knees. Then tense whispered warning: haven't time to get away but the

been so complete and far-reaching—actual misappropriation of public funds in Rives' case—that the reform forces had made a clean sweep amid great public rejoicing.

It would require a short memory indeed to forget all this, thought Kendrick Remembrance of the Rives case, which he had taken the trouble once to look up in the old newspaper files, never failed to re-establish his faith in his uncle and it was with a sweep i irritation now that he dug in his addle—and veered sharply to the left the rustle of reeds against the cance under the rules of reach and in that he was close inches the rules of valor.

CHAPTER II.

Blind Man's Buff.

With difficulty Phil Kendrick restrained a desire to laugh outright. The totally unexpected situation in which he found himself paralyzed his speech and by he time he had recovered from the first shock of it a further development held him silent. With senses sharpened he listened in a murmur of voices, his wonder growing as he recognized the unmistakable accents of Stinson, his uncle's personal servant—Stinson who



oetry and Jest

A GRAVE IN FLANDERS. [Frederick George Scott.] ght the tall trees overhead whispering to the stars; roots are wrapped about the dead hide the hideous scars.

e legions sweep along; daily, in the summer sky, e birds will sing their song

own the ringing road we pass, d leave him where he fell.

ETTING FATHER'S CONSENT. it is your income sufficient to supa wife?" asked the old man. y dear sir, it's not only that; it's sufficient to stand an occasional

HEN THE WIZARD FAILED. [From Answers.] ad Garden suburb, and, with band, the late Canon Barnett of

ynbee Hail, tells this story: great is the demand for l even the spirit world has

tapped" in the hope of obtaining information."
"Here, ladies and gentlemen," said the showman, "is the wizard who can reply to any question you care to put Voice from the gallery—Then tell us where to find a 'ouse.

The wizard was floored.

SOMEWHERE OR OTHER. [Christina Rossetti.]

The face not seen, the voice not heard. The heart that not yet—never yet— Made answer to my word.

Somewhere or other, may be near far; far; Past land and sea, clean out of sight; Beyond the wandering moon, beyond Past and and sea, cream out of s seyond the wandering moon, be the star That tracks her night by night.

Somewhere or other, may be far near:
With just a wall, a hedge, between::
With just the last leaves of the dying year Fallen on a turf grown green.

FAMOUS WHOOPERS. "Come on up to dinner. My wife will be ticked to death."

> TRUTH. [G. K. Menzies.] Truth stole away
> One day
> To some deep well
> Where out of sight
> She might
> For ever dwell. Then Wisdom sought Distraught, But naught she did Availed to tell The well, Where Truth lay hid.

But Love, I chance, To glance In your dear eyes, And in their cool,

Every Man For Himself

Except for the lone policeman who paused beneath the arc light at the Front street intersection to make an entry in his patrol book, Bay street was deserted. The fog which had come crawling in from the lake had filled the lower streets and was feeling its way street the and the sleening city. way steadily through the sleeping city, blurring the street lights. Its clammy touch darkened the stone facades of tall, silent buildings and left tiny wet beads on iron railing and grill work. Down towards the waterfront a yardbown towards the wateriont a yard-engine coughed and clanked about in the mist somewhere, noisily kicking together a string of box cars, while at regular intervals the fog-horn over at the Eastern Gap bellowed mournfully

into the night.

After tucking away his book and rebuttoning his tunic the policeman lingered on the corner for a moment in the manner of one who has nothing to do and no place to go. He was preparing to saunter on when footfalls began to echo in the emptiness of the street and presently the figure of a young man grew out of the grey vapor—a young man who was swinging down towards the docks with the easy stride of an athlete. As he came withstride of an athlete. As he came within the restricted range of the arc light it was to be seen that his panama hat was tilted to the back of his head and that he was holding a silk handkerchief to one eye as if a cinder had blown into it.

"Good night, officer," he nodded as he assed without helting him stride

It was indeed the end of a very im-perfect day for Mr. Philip Kendrick. As he descended the stairs to the cautiously, listening for the approach of water craft. Away to the right the lights of the amusement park on Hanlan's Point had gone out long ago, before the fog settled down like a wet blanket. The ferries had stopped running for the night. Even the "belt line boat." Lulu—last hope of bibulous or belated Islanders—was back in her slip, funnel cold. lights out. The whole deserted waterfront lay wrapped in the shroud of the fog. lulled by the lap of water against pillings and the faint creakings of small craft at their moorings.

undisturbed where he had left it and soon had his canoe in the water. A moment later he was driving into the thick wall of fog with strong, practiced strokes, heading straight across the bay for Cotte Island.

The fog gave him little concern. This land-locked Toronto Bay he knew like a wall-marked passage in a favorlike a well-marked passage in a favor-ite book and at 2 o'clock in the morn-ing it was not necessary to nose along cautiously, listening for the approach

and floated in the dark, listening. As soon as he got home he would go to the refrigerator for a piece of raw beefsteak for his swollen eye. Darn that eye anyway! He would have to hibernate up in the woods till it bethat eye anyway! He would have to hibernate up in the woods till it became more presentable. Far behind him in the mist somewhere the yard engine was still coughing; across the water came a subdued squeal of protesting flanges, followed by the distant bang of shunted box cars. He listened for any sound of the harbor patrol boat; but even had he bothered to show a light it would have been obliterated in the fog, which was the worst Kendrick ever had experienced. A raw beefsteak poultice— He fancied the fog horn was a little louder; he would need to keep more to the left or he would find himself hitting Mug's Landing, west of Island Park, or wind up away over at the Point somewhere. up away over at the Point somewhere He resumed his paddling. This mat

nied. He rested his paddle for a moment

erin' to lose me way with a mussed man. Not on y'r tintype!"

Whereupon the "Iron Man" had pro-ceeded to demonstrate his malleabil-ity by assuring Mr. Kendrick that he

He resumed his paddling. This matter of his uncle— Was it possible that in pursuit of political ambitions his uncle was forgetting the principles of which he professed to stand as a public man? Was it just possible that this fellow, McCorquodale, knew what he was talking about? Wasn't it the men of that stamp who became the tools for corrupt practices— the boodlers, the heelers who did the actual ballot-stuffing, the personating at the polls, the bribing? Did McCorquodale know of what he spoke?

The thought brought with it a sense of disloyalty to his uncle; but the young man forced himself to face the deal seriously. He was beginning to realize that there were many things about which he was woefully ignorant—practical things entirely outside academic curriculums. For twenty-

academic curriculums. For twenty-two years he had eaten his meals reg-ularly and lived a fife uncolored by any event more significant than his re-cent graduation from 'Varsity with honors. That he had cantained the cent graduation from Varsity with honors. That he had cautained the football team to victory the fall before was nothing extraordinary; many another fellow with equally broad shoulders and an equally well halanced head upon them had done the same thing before him. Financial worries had never intruded upon his good times, while social standing was something which he had come to accept as a matter of course. Only of late had

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