

in North Toronto. But in wrenching a Liberal seat from Tory Toronto, H. H. Dewart has succeeded where his father failed.

Now early environment is not everything; and a heredity does not always transmit temperament. Hartley Dewart's father was not born essentially a Methodist, though he was a stout cudgeller of doctrines, admired good poetry, preached a thundering sort of sermon middling dry, and had about him a lurking substratum of humanizing humour that was not entirely lost on Hartley. Precisely where the feet of the young collegian and fledgling lawyer began to deviate from the tracks of the old man Dewart into paths that were more temperamental if not hereditary, we know not. But they went, and the world beyond Methodism seemed good to Hartley Dewart. He took to law with the ginger of a trained athlete to the field. Law was a crisscross, promising thing. Its yea was not always yea. It had loopholes and sudden rushes and wary ambushes and cunning feints and all manner of unpulpitizing qualities. H. H. Dewart, with a broad, basic, culturing in literature, general reading, smatterings of art, saunterings in philosophy and more or less knowledge of divinity, became known as one of the most

obviously temperamental lawyers in Canada. He got strange cases and used strange arts in conducting them. One of his most famous of recent morality cases was his defence of the Deborah players, who were prosecuted on a charge of presenting an immoral production in Toronto. Mr. Dewart needed no legal mask to transact that brief. He is a broad believer in what may be called the tout ensemble of truth. Many problems are capable of frank discussion, if people come at them with free minds.

Still more recently Mr. Dewart figured in the examination of the Kelly crowd in Winnipeg; and before that he was one of the Liberal cross-examining battery in the Kyte charges under Chief Justice Meredith, whose political and judicial character he so ably analyzed in the Canadian Courier three years ago under the caption—Shall our judges make our laws? But it was not Meredith that bothered Dewart in the examination. It was Sir Sam Hughes, who gave counsel a hobnailed heckling that mere party politics could not explain. Why did Sir Sam abuse Dewart so? It is said that when Sam Hughes was teacher of English and history at the Jarvis Street Collegiate, Dewart was one of his pupils; that he there and then conceived a distaste for this particular

pupil and vowed that some day he would get even with him. It was temperament vs. temper.

Now that Mr. Dewart is a professed follower of Mr. Rowell—what will the leader of the Opposition do with him? Will Mr. Dewart hold up the hands of Mr. Rowell against the Tory crowd? Or will he split the party as his three opponents did the bye-election vote and head a faction? Dewart is able and may be ambitious. Being now elected after his previous unsuccessful attempts, he may settle down to take himself soberly and seriously. If so—he may be worth Mr. Rowell's while to watch. Once upon a time Dewart's father was a candidate in North Toronto, if we remember rightly, running as a sort of Equal Rights candidate on a rather radical ticket. He was unelected. Will the son of old Dr. Dewart be as much of a protestant against old-line Liberalism? We ask the questions in order that people more politically wise may answer them. And any attempts that Mr. Rowell may make at a solution of the Dewart problem will be sure of a sympathetic attitude from all those who care to see honesty and great ability with no vision pitted against or in league with great ability and infinitely more temperament.

THE BLIND MAN'S EYES

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

By WILLIAM MCHARG AND EDWIN BALMER

spicuous as possible, yet already he had been singled out for attention.

"THEN my third guess is this—and you know no one is ever allowed more than three guesses." She hesitated; when she went on she had entirely dropped her tone of banter. "I guess, Mr. Eaton, that you have been—I think, are still—going through some terrible experience which has endured for a very long time—perhaps even for years—and has nearly made of you and perhaps even yet may make of you something far different and—and something far less pleasing than you—you must have been before. There! I have transcended all bounds, said everything I should not have said, and left unsaid all the conventional things which are all that our short acquaintance could have allowed. Forgive me—because I'm not sorry."

He made no answer. They walked as far as the rear of the train, turned and came back before she spoke again:

"What is it they are doing to the front of our train, Mr. Eaton?"

He looked. "They are putting a plow on the engine."

"Oh!"

"That seems to be only the ordinary push-plow, but if what I have been overhearing is correct, the railroad people are preparing to give you one of the minor exhibitions of that everyday courage of which you spoke this morning, Miss Dorne."

"In what particular way?"

"When we get across the Idaho line and into the mountains, you are to ride behind a double-header driving a rotary snow-plow."

"A double-header? You mean two locomotives?"

"Yes; the preparation is warrant that what is ahead of us in the way of travel will fully come up to anything you may have been led to expect." They stood a minute watching the trainmen; as they turned, his gaze went past her to the rear cars. "Also," he added, "Mr. Avery, with his usual gracious pleasure at my being in your company, is hailing you from the platform of your car."

She looked up at Eaton sharply, seemed about to speak, and then checked what was upon her tongue. "You are going into your own car?" She held out to him her small gloved hand. "Good-bye, then—until we see one another again."

"Good night, Miss Dorne."

HE took her hand and, retaining it hardly the fraction of an instant, let it go. Was it her friendship she had been offering him? Men use badinage without respect to what their actual feelings may be; women—some memory from the past in which he had known such girls as this, seemed to recall—use it most frequently when their feelings, consciously or unconsciously, are drawing toward a man.

Eaton now went into the men's compartment of his car, where he sat smoking till after the train was under way again. The porter looked in upon him there to ask if he wished his berth made up now; Eaton nodded assent, and fifteen minutes later,

Canadian Serial Rights held by the Canadian Courier.

dropping the cold end of his cigar and going out into the car, he found the berth ready for him. "D. S.'s" section, also made up but with the curtains folded back displaying the bedding within, was unoccupied; jerkings of the curtains, and voices and giggling in the two berths at the end of the car, showed that Amy and Constance were getting into bed; the Englishman was wide awake in plain determination not to go to bed until his accustomed Nottingham hour. Eaton, drawing his curtains to

The Blind Man Studies Eaton

Warden, a Seattle capitalist belonging to the "Latron Crowd," is murdered while driving to meet a mysterious young man waiting at Warden's house.

Warden had told his wife this man had been mysteriously wronged. He was about to right the wrong when murdered. His death recalls "Latron," head of the "Latron Crowd," supposed to have been murdered years before by the same enemies.

The mysterious young man disappears when the dead man is brought in. He is advertised for, but cannot be found.

Meantime the famous No. 5 train from Seattle to Chicago is held one hour for some stranger who may present a card to Special Conductor Connery from the president of the road, entitling him to full authority over the movements of the train, if he wishes it.

Waiting at the station gate, Connery sees five persons board the train in this extra hour's delay. One is a blind man with two young people. A fourth is a young man, "Philip D. Eaton." A fifth is a plain (looking) business man.

The conductor learns that the blind man, travelling as Mr. Dorne with his daughter, "Miss Dorne," and his secretary, Avery, holds the mysterious card. He guesses Dorne is only an assumed name. Dorne orders his daughter to study Eaton, whose voice has attracted him. Eaton and Miss Dorne get on well together.

Owing to a snowstorm one of the sleepers is cut out of the train. Eaton, it should be remembered, sleeps in the same relative position in his car as "Dorne" does in his.

gether and buttoning them from the inside, undressed and went to bed. A half hour later the passage of some one through the aisle and the sudden dimming of the crack of light which showed above the curtains told him that the lights in the car had been turned down.

Presently he began to feel the train beginning to labour with the increasing grade and the deepening snow. It was well across the State line and into Idaho; it was nearing the mountains, and the weather was getting colder and the storm more severe. Eaton lifted the curtain from the window beside him and leaned on one elbow to look out. The train was running through a bleak, white desolation; no light and no sign of habitation showed anywhere. Eaton lay staring out, and now the bleak world about him seemed to assume toward him a cruel and merciless aspect. The events of the day ran through his mind again with sinister suggestion. He had taken that train for a certain definite, dangerous purpose which required his remaining as obscure and as incon-

So far, he was sure, he had received no more than that—attention, curiosity concerning him. He had not suffered recognition; but that might come at any moment. Could he risk longer waiting to act?

HE dropped on his back upon the bed and lay with his hands clasped under his head, his eyes staring up at the roof of the car.

In the card-room of the observation car, playing and conversation still went on for a time; then it diminished as one by one the passengers went away to bed. Connery, looking into this car, found it empty and the porter cleaning up; he slowly passed on forward through the train, stopping momentarily in the rear Pullman opposite the berth of the passenger whom President Jarvis had commended to his care. His scrutiny of the car told him all was correct here; the even breathing within the berth assured him the passenger slept.

Connery went on through to the next car and paused again outside the berth occupied by Eaton. He had watched Eaton all day with results that still he was debating with himself; he had found in a newspaper the description of the man who had waited at Warden's, and he reread it, comparing it with Eaton. It perfectly confirmed Connery's first impression; but the more Connery had seen of Eaton, and the more he had thought over him during the day, the more the conductor had become satisfied that either Eaton was not the man described or, if he was, there was no harm to come from it. After all, was not all that could be said against Eaton—if he was the man—simply that he had not appeared to state why Warden was befriending him? Was it not possible that he was serving Warden in some way by not appearing? Certainly Mr. Dorne, who was the man most on the train to be considered, had satisfied himself that Eaton was fit for an acquaintance; Connery had seen what was almost a friendship, apparently, spring up between Eaton and Dorne's daughter during the day.

The conductor went on, his shoulders brushing the buttoned curtains on both sides of the narrow aisle. Except for the presence of the passenger in the rear sleeper, this inspection was to the conductor the uttermost of the commonplace; in its monotonous familiarity he had never felt any strangeness in this abrupt and intimate bringing together of people who never had seen one another before, who after these few days of travel together, might probably never see one another again, but who now slept separated from one another and from the persons passing through the cars by no greater protection than these curtains designed only to shield them from the light and from each other's eyes. He felt no strangeness in this now. He merely assured himself by his scrutiny that within his train all was right. Outside—

Connery was not so sure of that; rather, he had been becoming more certain hour by hour all through the evening, that they were going to have great difficulty in getting the train through. Though he knew

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