
CUPID AND THE CANDIDATE

The doctor said no more. It was one of the admirable traits of his character that he seldom speculated on what was entirely another man's business.

Soon after breakfast Johnston started on a drive across the county, purposing to call at as many of the polling places as time would allow. At night he would meet the doctor in Garric Sound, there to learn the result of the struggle. As soon as the Orran polling booth was opened Dr. Bevis marked his ballot. "The first one for Johnston, for luck," he remarked. From that time until the polling booth closed he worked steadily and systematically.

It was plainly evident that things were not as they once were with Culverson's friends. There was an uncertainty, a hesitancy, about his committee which proved the fact that they were not very sure of their ground. It was not the men who habitually sell their vote who were causing this uneasiness; they were remarkably scarce about the polling place. It was the honorable men such as John Ronan, for instance, who walked in with the grim, determined air of one who has put his hand to the plough and will not be turned aside. Silently such as he came and marked their ballots and silently departed for their homes again. Thank God for such men! Would there were more of them, for there never was a time in Canada's history when the people's representatives in Parliament were as completely in slavery to party and to self as they are to-day.