

had left his old quarters on account of the expense, and had taken cheaper rooms off the Edgeware Road. I noticed that his cough was worse. I gave him £50 on account, and told him to go to Broadstairs till the Barbarossa arrived, and above all to take great care of himself. He was very grateful, and promised to do as I told him.

Dec. 14th. The Barbarossa left Colombo yesterday. I read the shipping news every day, and have had some awful shocks at the heading "Disaster at Sea" or "Terrible Shipwreck." Only another three weeks, and then, as Bolland says, "The heir will come to his own again." My father must be an old man. I wish he were safely through the extreme heat of the Red Sea.

Dec. 19th. I scarcely know how to write it. I have been accustomed to put down my daily thoughts and experiences in this diary, but today they seem positively too awful to chronicle. Yet I will do it. The founder of Jude's Emporium shall not falter even for this.

It was after midnight when I heard a noise in the room below. Mary was away at her mother's. I jumped out of bed, got into some clothes, put my revolver in my pocket, and went gently downstairs. The hall was in darkness. I listened intently. There was a sound of movement in the dining room, and a faint glint of light from under the door. For a moment I thought of obtaining assistance before I tackled the situation; but I am a man of some courage, and I had my revolver, so I dismissed the idea, for which I cannot now be too grateful.

I gently opened the door, and saw what nearly made me call out, so great was the shock I received.

A man was engaged in collecting the silver from the sideboard, and putting it into a bag, and that man was—old Bolland!

I must have made a noise, for he suddenly turned. I expected him to show dismay when he saw me, but he was coolness itself.

"Ullo, Mr. Jude," he said in a casual tone, very different from his previous respectful manner. Then he went on with his employment.

For a moment I was too paralysed to speak. Bolland, the personification of respectability, the man I had trusted, the man on whom I relied to establish my claim to a peerage and a father—this man a burglar! The words I wanted to say stuck in my throat—and there he was with barefaced audacity, carrying on his calling before my eyes.

"Bolland," I said at last. "What is the meaning of this?"

"Meanin', Mr. Jude?" he replied. "Well, the fact is I 'ad a cable from Tom today sayin' as his lordship fell overboard in Sydney 'arbor, an' was swallered straight off by a sea-serpent, so as I shan't get my balance of the money you promised me, I've come for a few oddments on account, so to speak."

"Fallen overboard! Swallowed by a sea-serpent!" I repeated. Had old Bolland been drinking?

"I ain't quite certain about that cable," he sniggered. "I read it 'sea-serpent' fust time, but it looked like 'laughin' hyena' next. I reckon it'd make any hyena laugh to swaller the proudest aristocrat in the 'Ouse of Lords."

"What do you mean?" I gasped. "Was he mad?"

"What do I mean?" he repeated mockingly. "I mean, Mr. John Jude, that there ain't no Lady Betty, there ain't no Lord Billy, there ain't no long-lost father, and there ain't no peerage; but there's the biggest flat in London, and that's you. Nov go to bed, an' leave me to my business."

My brain absolutely reeled at his hideous words. All the hopes and aspirations of my life were cruelly dashed to the ground in one fell swoop. But the man was absolutely paralysing in his audacity. After telling me that he had deceived and robbed me, he was actually continuing his thieving under my eyes.

I pulled myself together and produced my revolver.

"Bolland," I said, "will you kindly walk to that chair and sit down, whilst I ring for help? You observe that I am armed. I shall fire if you offer any resistance."

Bolland put down the spoil he was handling.

"Blowed if it ain't like a bally theatre," he said. "The old 'ouse at 'ome. Enter the lost heir at midnight, with loaded revolver. Limelight effects."

He walked to the chair, and sat down.

"Don't ring, John," he said. "Don't ring, or you'll regret it as long as you live."

My hand was on the bell, but there was something in his tone that made me hesitate. Again I am grateful for the course I took.

"That's right, John," he said, as I took my finger off the button. "You listen to me before you call for help. I've been foolin' you, an' it's cost you five 'undred an' fifty quid, but wasn't it worth it to think you were the son of a lord, an' the heir to a peerage? Didn't you fancy yourself in your robes addressing the 'Ouse of Lords, an' your missis admirin' you from the gallery? Wasn't it worth the money, John Jude?"

"If that's all you have to say, 'I'll ring,' I said, lifting my hand.

"It isn't all. It isn't 'arf," he said earnestly. "I told you I left you in Berkeley Square, an' I did. I told you I could introduce you to your father, an' I can. He's here, John, sittin' before you, an' there you are standin' over him with a loaded revolver, like the unnatural son you are."

"You—you my father!" I gasped. This was too much. I sank limp into a chair. The thought was appalling. That horrible old man, that thief, my father! I refused to believe it.

"You're a blackmailing old scoundrel," I said.

"Gently, John, go it gently. I can make allowances for your feelin's, but don't overdo 'em. Ring the bell if you like, an' I'll repeat what I've said before witnesses, an' give 'em convincin' testimony."

There was an assurance in his tone which made the blood tingle in my veins.

"Shall I tell you 'ow I came to leave you in Berkeley Square?" he asked with a malicious smile.

I did not reply.

"It was the evenin' of October 27th, 1874," he commenced with obvious relish, "an me, an' you, an' Josh Jenkins was a-goin' to break into number twenty-two."

"It's a lie," I said.

"Is it? Well, you wait an' see. We was a-goin' to break into twenty-two, but we'd scarcely got started at the area winder when Josh heard a whistle. Says he, 'The cops is comin', an' off he bolts. I nipped up my gear, an' follered him, an' thought you was follerin' too. But it seems you fell an' hurt yourself, an' it wasn't till when I got home nex' day that I knew somethin' had happened to you. I dussent apply at the 'orspital, though I read about you in the papers. Soon after that I went to Portland on a five-year dose, an' I'd lost all interest in you when I came out. An' that's the true history of your desertion, Mr. John Jude, alias Teddy Morgan, I'm your bloomin' father."

He had spoken quietly and deliberately, and there was a horrible air of truth about what he had said. The facts fitted in with what I knew and on other facts would seem to fit so well. Peers don't leave their children behind in areas; burglars undoubtedly do. What he had said appeared to be the miserable truth. Now his callousness at my discovery of him in the act of burglary was explained. He knew I should not hand my own father over to the police. I could not repress a groan.

But father or no father, my gorge rose at the hoary-headed reprobate, and then I remembered how easily I had fallen into his snare. I had accepted his statements about my parentage just because they seemed so plausible. Could it be that in this, his last move, he was deceiving me? My heart beat hopelessly at the thought.

"Do you expect me to believe a cock-and-bull tale like that?" I said. "You'd have considerable difficulty in substantiating your statement that I'm your son."

"No difficulty at all Teddy," he replied calmly. "Nary a difficulty." He put his hand in his pocket and produced a photograph, which he handed me. "I

The Loading Platform

The Loading Platform came as the sequel to the declaration by the Manitoba Grain Act that railway companies must provide cars for farmers into which they can load their grain direct, when they desire to ship it in carlots. Previous to that the railways enforced a rule of their own making that all grain for shipment in bulk must be loaded through an elevator if such existed at the country shipping point. Now however, the railways must furnish cars under certain equitable regulations to all who request them, and are bound also by law to build loading platforms at all shipping points. These facilities for farmers shipping their grain are naturally more plentiful, as yet, in Manitoba than in Saskatchewan and Alberta, and the extensive use of them by Manitoba farmers accounts largely for the failure of Government elevators in Manitoba. As railway development progresses, competition between the railways to secure freight increases, and the facilities for capturing the freight arising adjacent to the railways are increased and in this way the time cannot be far distant when the Western provinces will have as plentiful a supply of shipping facilities as Manitoba.

We have always advocated the loading platform, and Dominion Government terminal elevators. The working of these two together would eliminate many, if not most, of the reasonable complaints in connection with the freedom of the farmer in shipping and disposing of his grain. We would therefore impress upon the farmer the desirability of getting the habit of using the loading platform to the fullest extent possible in direct loading and independent shipping.

We continue to act as the farmers' agents in looking after and disposing of carlot shipments strictly on commission. We are not open to buy any farmers' grain on our own account. We make liberal advances on car bills of lading. Write us for information. We give as references to our reliability efficiency and financial standing any city or country Bank manager in Western Canada.

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