

from the lawyer, whose stenographers and students had done duty as provisional shareholders and directors during the numerous formal organization meetings which a kind government has devised for the protection of investors.

Hanley's first advertisement—the opening broadside of the “bleeding” if not bloody campaign—had produced a surprising number of inquiries for the prospectus, and had even produced several applications for stock allotments, accompanied by the actual cash to pay for them.

And on this raw December night, separated by but a few hours from the world-wide celebration of the coming of the Great Teacher of Truth and Justice, Mr. Hanley was to bring a supply of beautifully-engraved stock certificates, hot from the press.

THE steady contemplation of all these things during the course of nearly two hours, had brought Mr. Henry Arthur Johnston to the full realization that to-night would mark his first consciously dishonest act, his first piece of positive theft, in the signing and mailing of absolutely worthless pieces of engraved paper to overcredulous people who trusted in his honesty.

The more he thought of it, the dirtier seemed the whole business—but the money! He hated the thought of what he was about to do—of what he was about to become, but the certainty of winning a large sum of money and the equal certainty of technical legality, gave him, at times, a curious feeling as of performing, not a criminal action, but a very unpleasant duty.

“And yet,” he mused, “they say hundreds of men get rich on schemes beside which ours is as honest as broad daylight. They seem to be happy and care-free. People admire their talents and envy their possessions. Still, crookedness is crookedness; honesty goes higher than policy. Surely there must be a vast majority of people who are honest and who would class the Gleaming Star Mining Company with the hold-up man, the sneak-thief, the pick-pocket.

“Hang it, I must stick, I must have the money!” he exclaimed, aloud, as he rose from his chair and commenced to pace up and down the room.

The room seemed unbearably stuffy. He crossed to one of the windows and threw up the sash. Down the street a little way the Salvation Army

band were forming up and presently began to play “Lead Kindly Light.” As the tones of the noble hymn-tune struck gently upon his ear, played softly and with intense feeling, they drew the veil of the present from his mind and he could see his mother at the old-fashioned walnut-cased square piano in the front sitting-room, softly playing this very hymn, her favourite of favourites.

He was strangely, deeply moved by the grand old hymn. It had been rather a favourite of his own in the days when religion had had a meaning for him. He had heard it scores of times since then—but not as he was hearing it now. He stood there at the open window fairly drinking in the melody, his lips involuntarily forming the well-remembered words. His heart seemed like melting wax.

The band ceased playing. Johnston closed the window mechanically and mechanically crossed to his chair. His mind seemed to have stopped working. It seemed to have become a kind of chaos in which lofty thoughts, hopes and ideals struggled up from a sense of shame and weakness. His heart and his instincts were in the ascendant. He leaned forward, gazing raptly at the glowing coals and each little flame seemed to be tracing out the words “lead thou me on.” He sat thus while the hands of the clock on the mantel made nearly a complete circle; and then suddenly stiffening, jumped from his chair, uttering in a hoarse whisper, “by heaven, I’ll play the man!”

At this moment there sounded a sharp rap at the door, followed immediately by the entrance of Mr. E. D’Courcy Hanley, a dapper and prosperous-looking little man, with bright, roving eyes and the gleam of more real gold showing beneath a waxed iron-grey moustache than any shareholder would be likely to receive from the Gleaming Star Mine.

“WELL, Johnston, old top,” he began, “here I am with the goods as promised. And believe me, I’ve had the devil’s own time getting ‘em here. Got any warming fluid?”

“Help yourself,” said Johnston, motioning to a decanter and glasses.

“Thanks, I will. I really need it. When the last printer is hanged, I’ll be truly happy.”

Hanley mixed himself a whiskey and soda, took a sip, and then looked, for the first time since his entrance, full at his partner.

“Why, what’s the matter, Johnston, you look

queer?” he said.

“I’m feeling good,” replied Johnston, as he picked up and untied a package that Hanley had thrown on the table.

“Ah! the certificates, eh? They look pretty—almost too much so—more glittering than real gold, so to speak; a flashier sparkle than a real diamond.” “Can’t have ‘em too elaborate,” said Hanley, with an indulgent smile. “They compel confidence. Look at the walloping seal—don’t that look official? Well, I should smile—it fairly thrusts lawfulness and respectability into your face.”

“So I see,” Johnston replied, retiring with them to his chair by the fire. He sat there idly running the end of the pile up and down through his fingers.

HANLEY came over and stood by the chair. Johnston looked up at him. “My money bought these?”

“Sure. But, for the love of heaven, why keep on harping about your money? You’ll get it back—you’ve got some of it. Haven’t I furnished the skill?”

“Certainly you have. Your skill in these matters has been ably demonstrated. I merely asked you as a matter of form, because, having paid for them, I think I will—make fuel of them.” And with a sudden movement, he thrust the whole pile into the flames.

Hanley stood for a long moment, speechless. Then he leaped forward, his eyes blazing, and shouted, “You unmitigated ass! What in hell did you do that for? Are you bughouse or drunk or what?” He stood before Johnston, quivering with passion.

Johnston sat calmly in the chair, and looking full at Hanley, answered, “Yes, I’m what?”

“You’ve got cold feet, that’s what’s the matter. Of all the silly milksops I ever—”

“Don’t get abusive,” said Johnston, rising. “I’m about fifty pounds heavier than you, and I might resent it. Now listen to what I’ve got to say.”

Hanley gave a sigh of resignation and sat down. “I’m not giving you any advice, Hanley,” began Johnston.

“I’m glad to hear it—you’d be wasting breath.”

“But I’m going to act on some I’ve given to myself. You’re one kind of a man; I’m another. It seems that I must throw honour overboard or—go to work. I’m going to work.”

Building a New-World Palace

By HUGH S. EAYRS

SOME men build universities, some hospitals, some public libraries, some places of worship, and some palaces. It is not to be expected that all men should have the same fads or fancies. It would be a rather monotonous world if they had. Among the Canadians whose fads have run to palaces is Sir Henry Pellatt, who is now building one on an elevated situation overlooking the city of Toronto. It would be interesting to know just why Sir Henry undertook this somewhat unusual task, but after all the motive matters little. The work is the thing.

There are those who say that Sir Henry Pellatt is building a palace in which to entertain His Majesty when he comes to Canada, if this great event should ever take place. There are others who say Sir Henry is building because he is a builder, a constructor, a man who desires to see the products of his brain in tangible form. And after all, a piece of architecture well executed may be as valuable to a community in the form of a palace as in the form of a chapel, a music-hall, or an art museum. England owes much to those who created the wonderful castles which are scattered over the tight little island, and which have become repositories for all forms of art and artistic production. There is no reason why Sir Henry Pellatt should be debarred from erecting a palace which a hundred years hence shall be a mecca for tourists, students of architecture, and students of art in that period.

The “palace,” which is 200 feet long and about 100 feet wide, has been in process of construction for about a year and a half. It will be completed towards the end of 1913. It is surmised that the total cost will be in the neighbourhood of one million dollars. In style, it distinctly resembles a castle. Round the gardens there runs a wall, built of boulders, to give the effect of battlements, in harmony with the house and stables. The “castle”

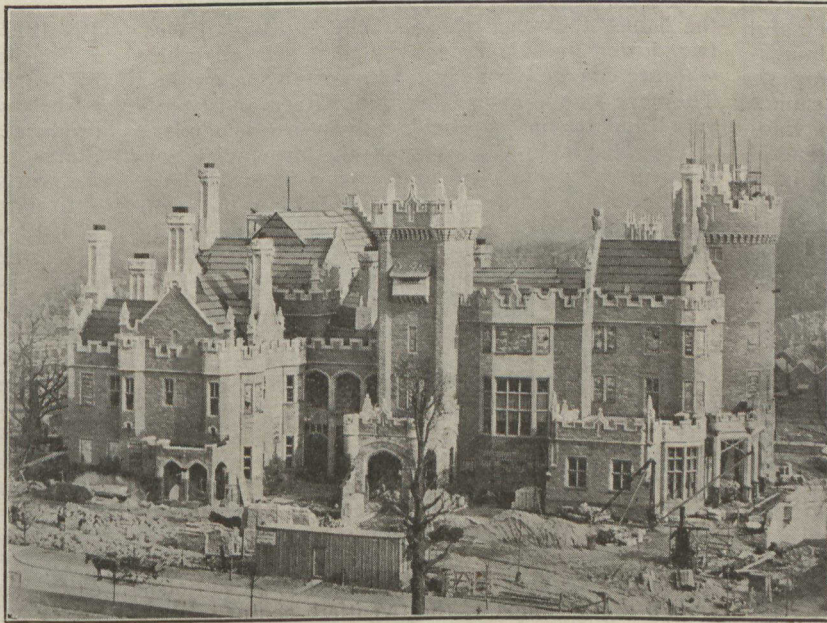
itself is a composition of the old Scotch battlement style, and that of the more modern French chateau, with pinnaced towers and minarets. This combination is an innovation in architectural design, and is the working out of an idea of Mr. E. J. Lennox, architect, to whose design and supervision the building is being erected. Credit Valley stone is the material selected, and it is worked in in a manner never attempted before, known as long sneck work. That is, the stones are cut in very long lengths and the jumpers—to use the lingo of the mason—instead of being regular, are fitted promiscuously. They thus carry out the proper spirit of compact union, but are more acceptable to the eye, inasmuch as the effect is new, and un-

usual. The roofs are tile-covered, and the trimmings of the building of carved and cut stone. The stable buildings, which have been completed now for two years, are of much the same character and general style as the house itself. They, too, are finished with towers, and gables.

The interior will be a veritable Palace of Delight. It is of fireproof construction, with steel floor supports and brick arching, and concrete. The entrance hall is 80 feet by 50 feet, and extends two storeys in height, the upper storey dividing the end of the house, which, so far as the upper floors are concerned, is to be laid out as guest chambers. Opening out of the great hall, running east and west, is a long corridor, 200 feet long, and twelve feet wide. This will be suitably panelled, and used as a huge picture gallery. It terminates in the

Palm Room and library, the latter a large, airy room of dimensions 70 feet by 40. The drawing and dining rooms are each 40 feet long. There are breakfast rooms, a smoking room, a billiard room, and a private business office for the “Lord of the Castle.” Facing east is the great palm room, measuring 50 feet by 45, opening out into the large corridor at one end, and into the great dining hall at the other. The scheme of decoration is at once elaborate and methodical. It is in periods, both as regards the panelling and the ornamentation. The character of the wood used in each of the rooms, both downstairs and up, is distinct from all the others, and each chamber is panelled from floor to ceiling. The result will be a harmonizing and delightful whole, with so much contrast and variation that wherever you look and whatever you see, your interest is sustained.

Upstairs, the rooms and corridors are laid out upon the same large and luxurious style. In one wing of the house are the suites of the family, and in the



A Private Residence Now Building in Toronto.

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