THE COWICHAN RIVER

C. CHAPMAN IN COUNTRY LIFE

The Cowichan river is the offspring of the lake of a like name which lies in the southeastern part of Vancouver Island; the river, after leaving the lake, cuts its way through some thirty miles of densely-timbered country, falling about 600ft. in its progress, and eventually mixes its waters with the salt tides of the Pacific. It is an alluring stream in several ways, possessing many charms and a very distinctive personality of its own. In the winter and spring, when the brown flood goes roaring down, carrying upon its heaving bosom the great logs half smothered in foam, the lumbermen are about the only human beings that frequent its banks; but when the summer-time comes the river has done with work; no more log carrying for her—those great lazy fellows that would not hustle for the sea while they could can just lie quiet and warm in the shallows or on the sandbanks until their time comes next year. Her waters run clear and bright, she assumes her holiday mood, and now is the time to cultivate her society. There is, of course, an orthodox way of seeing the river. That we will come to presently. Meanwhile, if you are wise, the preliminary call will be paid in a quiet and receptive spirit; take a fly-rod if you like, but harbor not too fierce a desire to slay in your heart; take a book of verses in one pocket and some sandwiches in the other; sling a towel over the shoulder, and do not forget pipe and matches, and if you have a friend that can be really relied upon, why bring him along too, to ensure some pleasant discourse by the way. You will leave the dusty wagon road, and following an Indian trail soon find yourself playing a pretty game of hide and seek with the object of your desire. The sky is blue overhead, the breeze is laden with the scent of sweet briar, and the song of the river is in the ear. A twist of this eccentric trail and you emerge upon a grassy bank, and there before you between the trees is what you have been seeking—a sliding, dancing incline of water which has come brimming over from the quiet pool above, and now passes laughing and chattering over the many hued pebbles, throwing back from a thousand facets the colors of the sky and the woods. What a charm and fascination there is to most of us in the sight and sound of running water; it is difficult to analyze our feeling, but perhaps it is a primitive instinct, born of a far-away past when we lived beside some prehistoric stream and fashioned our coracles or scooped out a canoe. Well, you must pursue your loitering way once more upon the trail, which sometimes takes an excursion into the forest, now runs along the turf-grown margin of the stream, and anon almost loses itself in a sea of feathery bracken, and ever lures you on and on until the sun is high in the heavens, and you begin to feel a bit weary and decidedly warm. What could be better than a halt and a bathe? Off with these wretched conventions called clothes, into the big pool and across like an otter to the other side, where you crawl out on a flat slab of rock, race up the bank in the blazing sunshine and drop into the tearing rapid, which shoots you into your pool again and lands you shouting with joy on the shelving bank of white firm sand. This is no icy glacier-fed stream, but the overflow from the big lake which lies sleeping and basking in the forest; and this same water has come tumbling and dancing over the shallows, through the deep pools, down the steep descent, mile after mile, all the time bathed in sunshine, till now it is so warm that you may stay in for an hour or two. When tired of shooting the rapids or diving for pebbles you can sit with the water just lipping up to your chin and scrabble your toes in the sand and thank God you are alive and young enough to enjoy this kind of thing; then reluctantly you slip again into your conventions and, seated on the turf, wolf sandwiches; afterwards the blessed pipe, and if you will the book of verses, and, possibly, if you are an incorrigibly idle person you will fold your coat under your head, lie back among the bracken and let the river croon you off into sweet unconsciousness. But the reader will say, "What about the rods? What are these two worthless fellows doing, bathing and fooling about when they might be fishing?" All in good time, my dear sir; it is no use lashing yourself into a perspiration while the sun is as roasting as this, for never a fish will you rise, so surely in the meantime you may feel perfectly justified in "acquiring merit" beneath the shade of this tree. Presently, when the glare is off the water, you shake off dull sloth, rods are rigged, casts soaked, flies tied, and you each go upon your way plying the gentle art with what skill you possess, and as the shadows lengthen and you splash from pool to pool you will gain a closer intimacy with the river in her softer moods; and let us hope that you will fill your basket before approaching darkness warns you to reel up and make tracks for supper. That is the way to pay your first devotions to the river; but the orthodox method, and a very pleasant method too, is different. You must get into the stage wagon which leaves Price's hotel at Duncans (Duncans, I must explain to the reader, is a little township near which the river flows shortly before entering the sea), and you must drive a trifle of twenty-five miles' clean through the virgin forest, then to be deposited at the Cowichan Lake hotel, owned by another of the brothers Price. It is a pleasant place, with its trim lawn sloping down to the lake and its profusion of roses and old-fashioned English flowers; a veritable lodge in the wilderness, for there is nothing but forest around you and not another house within twenty miles. Well, here you may stop for as long as it pleases you, and here a canoe and Indians may be found, who for a consideration will take you down the river to Duncans, place whence the start was made in the wagon; it can be done in the day if you push along. I think I may promise that you will find great variety of entertainment by the way and a certain amount of excitement. The quiet beauty of the lake will be enjoyed as the paddles dip and the canoe glides noiselessly in the morning sunshine, and the feeling of adventure when you find yourself heading down the river, which slips slow and clear out of the lake, while the alders grow like a green wall on each side. Then for the first rapid and the exhilarating rush, with the water on each side leaping and bubbling almost up to the gunwale—the first this of a numberless succession of descents; and before very long you will have conceived a fine respect in your heart for the skill of those brown flat-faced gentlemen who, with the same impassive faces, sit and swing their paddles, or stand and with a dexterous push from the end of a pole fend off the canoe from a wall of rock upon which it seems inevitable that she must smash herself to pulp. If the water is low your men will sometimes have to get out and clear a way. There are bad places, too, where the canoe must be worked down with a line, and one spot known as the Scuts, where a considerable portage must be made, and the passengers must get out and bear a hand; but for the most part you can lie lazily upon a grass mat, smoke a pipe and enjoy the scenery. There are plenty of duck on the river, and if in luck's way you may see a bear, and are pretty sure to spy a deer or two.

And now, gentle reader, I am not going to inflict upon you a long dissertation upon the scenery passed through in a summer's day of river travel; of its variety and beauty I think you may judge for yourself from the records that my camera has given; they will tell you almost as much about the river as I know myself. There is one thing I would have you notice—the fine and beautiful lines of these river canoes that ride so buoyantly through troubled waters, and are strong enough to withstand tremendous bumps from the rocks. They are said to be fashioned by the Indians from a single log without a measurement being taken.

STRIKE SITUATION IN BAY CITY

NEITHER SIDE WILL ACCEPT ARBITRATION

Several Persons Injured When Company Tried to Run Cars Without Protection.

San Francisco, May 10.—The strike has developed into a fight to a finish. Neither side is willing to accept arbitration, and the citizens' committee appointed to secure industrial peace has been unable to find any basis of settlement.

It has been demonstrated that the present police force is inadequate, and that stronger measures will be necessary to insure a general resumption of service if the struggle is conducted on the present lines.

The wish to-day of the United Railways officials was to run a string of cars from the barn to Oak and Broder streets through the burned district and north on Market street to the ferry building, but the consent of the police departmentt could not be obtained.

As a compromise two cars were run as far into the burned district at Larkin street, being operated on Oak Stanyon, Page, Devisadere, Sutter streets. This route was covered twice. On the first trip mounted police acted as outriders and more than a score of patrolmen rode in automobiles, but no violence was offered by the crowds.

On the second trip the mounted officers were withdrawn as an experiment to determine the temper of the crowds. Missels were hurled from buildings and several persons were injured.

Mr. Mullally, assistant to the president, said to-day he had several hundred strike breakers, motormen and conductors quartered in the company's barns, and that they are competent to operate pracically the entire street car system.

Mayor Schmitz said the police department "is competent to cope with the situation."

Chief of Police Dinan said his men will preserve order. Meantime the population of San Francisco is deprived of a street car service and subjected to the alternative of walking or paying five prices for a wagon service.

STEEL RAILS.

Efforts Will Be Made to Bring About Improvements.

New York, May 10.—An important step has been taken by the manufacturers of steel rails and the railway companies which make such extensive use of this commodity to bring about an improvement in the steel product, thus giving better security to the public against accidents and providing a higher grade article for the railroads.

This movement results from recent criticisms made by railroad experts concerning the life and general durability of steel rails. It has been maintained that breakage has been more frequent of recent months, and that there is a gradual deterioration in the product. Whether this is due to the intrinsic quality of the ores used in the processes of manufacture or the immense strain of growing tonnage is an open question.

With a view to reconciling all the divergent views a committee of experts has been appointed, both the railways and the manufacturers of rails being represented on the committee.

MINING ASSESSOR.

Prof. Mickle Appointed Under the Ontario Tax Act.

Toronto, May 10.—An order in council was passed at a meeting of the cabinet to-day, appointing Prof. G. C. Mickle, of the School of Practical Science, as mining assessor under the Mining Tax Act, which was put through during the last session of the legislature. Prof. Mickle will leave in a few days for the north, where his first duty will be to assign districts to the eight new inspectors of mining claims whose appointment was announced a day or two ago.

The act vests very wide powers in the mining assessor. If his decisions do not give satisfaction, appeals may be taken to the bureau of mines, and these the minister may refer to the mining commissioner for the Ontario railway board. Where the tax exceeds $1,000, a further appeal may be carried to the court of appeal, and the decision of this court will be final.

IS DELIGHTED WITH ISLAND

R. MARPOLE IS WELL SATISFIED WITH TRIP

He Will Continue His Inspection of the E. & N. Belt Within Short Time.

R. Marpole, general executive assistant of the C. P. R., accompanied by his private secretary, and J. Cambie, consulting engineer, returned Friday at noon by his private car Lillooet, which was attached to the regular train from Nanaimo. Mr. Cartwright, divisional engineer, did not come back to the city, but left in company with Frank Shepherd, the engineer in charge of the survey for the projected extension of the railroad, for an inspection of the proposed route in the direction of Comox.

The trip which Mr. Marpole has just completed was for the purpose of becoming better informed as to the lands within the E. & N. belt, and to inspect the territory which the various projected lines of railway would open up. This work has not been completed, and Mr. Marpole says he can say nothing definite with respect to the railway construction which has been contemplated. Urgent business necessitated his returning to Vancouver at the present time, and he was not in a position to carry out the inspection which he would like to have done. He will therefore return to Nanaimo in the near future and continue it. He may within about ten days find it possible to again enter upon the inspection of the lands and the general character of the territory from all standpoints. He will then proceed from Nanaimo in the direction of Comox, and cover that part of the district.

On the tour just concluded Mr. Marpole was delighted with the conditions which he found in the different parts of the Island visited. They even surpassed what he had expected. Since leaving the city of Victoria he has been almost continually on the move, inspecting the parts of the Island removed somewhat from the line of the E. & N. Duncans was made the base for a tour into the Cowichan valley, and the party drove to Cowichan lake and then by launch proceeded to the head of the lake. Returning, the country about Duncans was inspected by them. The party afterwards drove to Chemainus, thus getting an opportunity to thoroughly inspect all the intervening country in a way which they could not have done by travelling by rail.

A short stop was made at Ladysmith and then the party proceeded to Nanaimo, and making that the starting point the trip was made across the Island to Alberni. It was the first time that Mr. Marpole had ever paid a visit to the Alberni valley, and he was charmed with the country, not only there, but along the route. He acknowledges that there are great possibilities in that part. On the way between Nanaimo and the West Coast he says there are some very choice areas of land which when brought fully under cultivation will make very rich farming country.

The waters at the head of the Alberni canal were covered by steam launch, and Mr. Marpole and the officials who accompanied him made a very full examination into everything in any way connected with railway construction and prospective trade along the routes covered by them. Mr. Marpole is enthusiastic over the possibilities of the country, and it is safe to say that he will be even a better friend of the Island than he has been before.

As far as railway construction is concerned, he says that it is impossible to say anything definite at the present time. Nothing has been decided, and many things have to be taken into account. As far as the survey to Alberni is concerned, that is only of a general character.

Throughout the trip the general executive assistant was impressed with the wealth of timber which was passed at various points. Mr. Marpole in fact returns satisfied fully as to the great future for Vancouver Island.

FERNIE ASSIZES.

Fernie, May 10.—The first sitting of the Supreme court of British Columbia in East Kootenay was held in Fernie to-day. Mr. Justice Clement presided. There was a very light docket, only two cases, one civil and one criminal. The criminal case was dismissed for want of evidence, and the civil case comes up to-morrow.

In their presentment the grand jury advised the erection of a new jail and court house, and laid special stress on fire escapes for the schools. The court adjourned till to-morrow morning.

London's annual dish of meat is 400,000 tons, and the fish course weighs over 200,000 tons.

Doubloons

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS and ARNOLD BENNETT.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—(Continued.)

Russian captain, and in some strange way the sight of him stimulated a certain activity in their consciences. It was the man they had seen at the Grand Etang on the morning after the discovery of the boxes.

"I hope I may not be delaying your departure," said Kirsanov, thanking Philip with a wonderous smile for a match.

"Not at all; not at all," Tony replied "I wish to discuss with you, if you permit, a question of extreme delicacy." Kirnsanov proceeded. He looked around to see if all apertures were closed, and then he drew his chair a little nearer to the chairs of the Englishmen.

"Indeed!" said Philip.

"The question of your cargo," said Kirsanov. "Pardon my indiscretion."

"Our cargo?" Tony exclaimed, as if to convey that he knew nothing of any cargo.

"Your cargo," said Kirsanov. "You have on board—again I pray you to pardon my indiscretion—two hundred and thirty-seven steel coffers. Is ot not so?"

"Well," Tony murmured, blushing. "As a matter of fact, we have."

"You have brought them down by night from the Grand Etang, where you found them submerged—it is two evenings ago. Without doubt you have performed the transport during the night for private reasons, into which it would be clumsy on my part to inquire."

He smiled.

"You do not know the history of these coffers," he resumed.! "You do not know precisely what they contain, nor how they came to be where you found them, nor to whom they belong. If you will accord me the permission, I am here to tell you these things."

"Please do," said Sir Anthony.

"We should like to know very much," said Philip, and Philip was blushing.

Captain Kirsanov blew a long lance of smoke before proceeding.

"On the 27th of May," said he, speaking more slowly, "I was on the Russian man-of-war the Oslabia. It was five minutes to three in the afternoon. The water was running in through a hole in her side. Her two forward compartments were wrecked. She began to heel. She heeled more and more. Have I mentioned that we were in the straights of Tsushima, and that the greatest naval battle in the history of civilization was in progress? Such was the case. I received reports that first one magazine and then another was flooded. At last we were obliged to shut down the magazines on the port side, and to use only the starboard magazines. Then water poured on board in immense volumes. I entered a battery, and saw that the end was come. I gave orders on my own authority to stop the ammunition hoists and dynamos. Then I ordered the crew to abandon the ship, and I went to the battery captain. At this moment the left side of the bridge touched the water, and the deck rose vertically. The Captain was clinging to the rail. 'It is a pity,' I said to him, 'that nearly half a million Imperials should go down with her.' For, nuknown to anyone except Admiral Rojdestvensky, the Captain, myself, and some minor officials of the pay department, the Oslabia carried—if I may say so—the financial resources of the Baltic fleet. The money was naturally supposed to be elsewhere. The captain surprised me by replying: 'You are mistaken, Porfiry; I had every coffer transported to the Anadyr three hours ago.' He was then swept away by a wave—the sea was very rough and weather very foggy—and drowned. I remembered nothing else till I awakened on board the Japanese cruiser, the Kasuga, the next day."

He sipped at the whisky.

"Now, as you may possibly recollect, the Anadyr disappeared utterly for rather more than one month, when she suddenly arrived at Madagascar. Everybody was thinking that she had been sunk. She was an auxiliary cruiser. Out of six of her class she alone escaped. The Kostroma was captured, and the Irtish, the Kamschatka, the Russ and the Ural were destroyed. Ah, gentlemen! . . . . If order had reigned in our unhappy fleet, the coffers would from the first have been on the Ural.

"What occurred to the Anadyr during the time of her absence? Few people knew, and those who know will not tell all they know. Her captain died—or he was killed. There was a mutiny, one of several secret mutinies that broke out after the Battle of the Japan Sea. The Anadyr encountered one of the pleasure yachts hired by the Imperial government, under the French flag, to watch the movements of the Japanese fleets. You will call to mind the law case concerning these yachts last month. The coffers were transported to the yacht, under the orders of some of the secret revolutionaries who were to be found in both crews. It had been decided that the contents of the coffers were to be used for the revolutionary cause. But it was necessary to conceal them for a period. The thieves knew that, owing to the lamentable defects of our bureaucracy, they had only to wait in order to be forgotten. On board the yacht was a Scotchman, who suggested the Grand Etang as a hiding place, and received a splendid reward for superintending the affair. No Russian, I regret to say it, could be trusted."

Philip was about to make a remark, but the captain entreated him with a fine gesture to be patient.

And he resumed:

"Among the depositaries of the secret was a young doctor named Isaac Pavlovsky, who soon afterwards had the misfortune to find himself in Odessa during the riots. To save himself from the police, he assumed the uniform of a gendarme, and this was his ruin, for he was caught by a mob of laborers, who quite naturally refused to believe that he was not really a gendarme, and he was stoned to death. This was on the quays. He fell, dying, into a dinghy, and the dinghy belonged to the steamship Volga, the name of whose captain was Pollexfen. But he survived twelve hours, and confided to Captain Pollexfen various secrets of the revolutionary cause."

"Well, I'm—!" Tony exclaimed.

"Yes?" said Captain Kirsanov, politely. "I have to add that some of this information soon reached the ministry of marine at St. Petersburg. Three-quarters of a million English pounds sterling were not to be scorned even by a government which can still borrow at five and a half per cent., gentlemen. I was given private instructions to make an inquiry. A yacht was put at my disposal. The inquiry has been completed. In the course of it I naturally learned about the death of Captain Pollexfen. After that, I came here to—to wait and see. Among the points as to which I lacked information was the exact location of the boxes in the lake. I found out nearly everything but that extremely important detail. It would astonish you, perhaps, to know how much I have discovered as to the relations between yourselves and the yacht White Rose, and even as to the original stupidity, if I may so express myself, which caused Captain Pollexfen to disclose his secret to his brother Walter."

"Excuse me," said Philip. "Do I gather that, according to you, Captain Pollexfen knew to whom these boxes belonged? Because, if so, the inference is that he meant to steal them."

"Not so," Kirsanov replied smoothly. "He had no intention to steal. There was a split in the ranks of the revolutionaries—as usual"—Kirsanov smiled slightly—"and Captain Pollexfen's English sympathies, which were naturally against the Russian government, had been engaged by Pavlovsky on behalf of one of the two revolutionary parties. He was to forestall the other party, take the coffers to a certain Adriatic port and receive ten per cent. for his pains."

"Not a bad reward!" said Tony.

"The same reward is now offered by the Russian government, whom I have the honor to represent. I have placed the facts of the case before you. You are, I assume, gentleman adventurers. I am sure that you are not robbers, and I do not suppose that any political sympathies you may have will impair your sense of justice."

"Then," said Tony, "you are asking us to give you the boxes? That's about what it comes to."

"I am asking you to restore the coffers to their owner, his Imperial Majesty the Czar. And for your trouble and your risks I am authorized to pay the sum of seventy-five thousand pounds sterling."

There was a pause. The young men exchanged glances.

"It seems to us strange," said Philip at length, "that a demand has not long ago been made formally through your ambassador in London."

"Ah! My dear sir," returned Kirsanov, "if it has not, the reason is simple." He sighed. "The reputation of some of the highest personages in Russia is involved in the affair. Do not press me. Let me say only that a formal diplomatic explanation of all the facts would necessitate the downfall of at least one man who would prefer civil war in Russia to his own disgrace. I can produce my credentials, signed by Vice-Admiral Birileff, and I shall have the honor of discussing when I have received your reply. May I respectfully ask for your reply within two hours? If it should be in accordance with my expectations, I shall have the privilege of showing to you something which will interest you."

"What is that?"

"They keys of the coffers," said Capt. Kirsanov. "With the carelessness characteristic of our race, the man who transferred the coffers to the yacht left the keys on the Anadyr. I have them. The ministry of marine buys its coffers in London, and I assume, therefore, that you will have not yet succeeded in opening them."

With a gentle Slay smile Captain Kirsanov rose.

"Gentlemen," he flourished.

Tony whispered to Philip.

"My friend says," Philip announced, "that, subject to proper verification and so forth, the answer to your proposal will be in the affirmative. I agree with him."

"Oh, yes," Tony broke in impulsively, "we don't want two hours to decide that we aren't a pair of thieves. But no bunkum, you know!" The Russian did not apparently comprehend the phrase.

And when Captain Kirsanov had gone:

"Well, I'm—!" Tony asserted again.

"It is just a shade out of the ordinary, isn't it?" Philip concurred.

CHAPTER XXXV.

What Philip Was to Gain.

In the meantime the traffic up and down Kingsway had increased; Londoners were learning to use it, as Philip and Mary discovered on a bright afternoon, when by one of those sheer accidents that will occur even to the most serious young men, he happened to overtake her in the street. They had been in England somewhat less than a month.

The principal item of news which had greeted them on the arrival of the yacht in the Solent was that the bodies of Walter Pollexfen and the negro, had floated to the surface of the Grand Etang and been discovered—but far from each other. Pollexfen had a bullet in the nape of his neck, and it was not of drowning that he had died. But there were no external marks of injury on Coco, and the doctors said that he had been drowned. The supposition was that Coco, having inspired the arch-plotter with confidence, had deliberately shot him from behind. It was in the essential irony of things that Pollexfen, after deceiving the cleverest men on two continents for nearly half a century, should at the end have been deceived by so simple a being as Coco—a poor creature in whose head there was room only for one idea at a time. The finding of the corpses rejuvenated London's interest in a series of crimes destined to become classical; it made Horace a hero affair an energy which was astounding. The three friends were examined and cross-examined, watched, observed, shadowed and spied on, to such a point that their nervous systems would have been justified in breaking down under the strain. Then suddenly the activity ceased; the C. I. D. devised other distractions for itself; the Pollexfen affair took the rank of ancient history.

The tangible remains of it appeared in some seventy-five thousand pounds sterling, which had been paid over to Sir Anthony and Philip by the emissary of the Bear at Fort de France in the presence of the French governor of Martinique. The money was a rich source of discussion during the voyage home. Tony would not take any of it; he was too wealthy for such trifles, which he pretended were nothing to him; and perhaps his vanity was to be excused. Philip argued that in right it belonged to Mary, as the descendant of her father.

Mary argued that the winning of it was due wholly to Philip's enterprise. Neither was really averse from the arrangement by which it was ultimately divided equally between them, for, after all, even the highest-minded persons do not refuse to accept thirty-seven thousand pounds out of sheer sentimentality.

Now, as Philip as Mary were walking down Kingsway that afternoon a newsboy, and then another newsboy, ran up Kingsway screeching and howling the late edition of the Evening Record, and waving conents bills which bore the curt legend "Walter Pollexfen's Diary. Special." Philip bought the yellow sheet, and tried to open it in the breeze. This occurred precisely opposite to the new teashop which the greatest of afternoon tea companies had then recently opened half-way between Strange street and Aldwych. They accepted the shelter of the teashop, which was nearly empty, being peopled only by elaborately-muslined young women in reposeful attitudes. They found a corner, and on a marble-topped table Philip spread out the newspaper.

The Record had been spending money in the West Indies; in fact, it had engaged a "special" out there from the staff of a Jamaica paper. And here was its reward, in the shape of extracts from a diary which had been discovered in the pocket of Walter Pollexfen's coat. The special had cabled extracts from the diary, and the Record thus added another to the long catalogue of the Record's "scoops."

Philip glanced down the double-headed lines, printed in devime type across two columns of the page.

"Really!" he murmured.

One of the muslined ladies dropped some earthenware heavily on to the table, and there floated on to the newspaper a little square ticket with the words:

2 teas.. .. ..6d.
2 suit.... .. ..4d.
—
10d.

"Really!" Philip repeated impatiently brushing aside the paper. "You must read this yourself. Miss Pollexfen," and he twisted the paper round for Mary to peruse. She read:

"This Masters is simple, but he is not a fool—two different things. I am a fool. I ought to have killed him. Like all great men, I am capable of sublime follies."

* * * * * * *

"In future years, when the study of what is called crime has been placed on a scientific basis, my conduct of this superb affair from the moment when I realized that my beloved brother was dead will be regarded as decidedly in advance of its time. I have lived too soon. The manner in which I have mingled fiction with fact in my accounts of the matter to various persons, not to mention by superb creation of the log of the El Legato, is worthy of a greater age. It is wasted on the twentieth century. In the twentieth century it is indeed dangerous."

* * * * * * *

"I nearly dropped Masters overboard last night. Why did I not do so? He's infectious. He's making me old-fashioned. My sole reason for not dropping him overboard was that I had promised him his life! What a reason! Ye gods! What a reason!"

* * * * * * *

"I'll go to South America after this, and get myself appointed president of some republic. Brazil seems indicated. As dictator of Brazil I could make history on a wholesale scale."

"I lost my head for a second when I saw the bold baronet and that girl close to me on the balcony. Such a thing has never happened to me before. I guessed at once that the woman asleep in the restaurant belonged to the party. She has charm. Twenty years since I was in love! Always with plump women."

* * * * * * *

"Foolish trip to the Wanderer tonight; but it amused me. I see I shall have to dispose of Masters, after all. The curious thing is that it will cost me a pang."

* * * * * * *

"Niggers are the same everywhere. Incapable of a fixed purpose—like kids. Why do they breed so rapidly?"

* * * * * * *

"Masters' boyish anger when I told him about the propeller was most interesting, psychologically. Now I should have said—"

Here the diary broke off.

The Record promised its readers the unabridged journal in a fortnight's time.

Mary folded up the paper, and gazed at Philip in silence.

"What horrible dangers you ran!" she said.

"But look at the reward!" replied he.

"Ah!" she breathed. "Money! Is it worth—?"

His glance rested with quick sympathy on her mourning dress, and then roved round the room to make sure that no one was within hearing. "Dear friend," he whispered, in a voice suddenly passionate, "forgive me! Some time, in a year perhaps, I might ask for something else. I—" He violently blushed, and added abruptly: "Shall we go?"

Her smile enveloped him like a caress, and there was a subtle acquiscence in her attitude as she hovered near him while he paid the bill at the desk.

Lower down, at the stage door of the Metropolitan, a man and a woman were getting into a motor car. They were so absorbed in each other that they did not notice the other couple on the pavement.

"Josephine tells me she shall leave the stage when she marries Tony," said Mary.

"And when do you mean to return to it?" Philip said anxiously.

"Never!"

[THE END.]

BOY DROWNED.

A sad drowning accident occurred some time on Wednesday night, when little Kenneth Hooker, aged six years, lost his life in False Creek, Vancouver. The lad had been in the habit of playing around the wharf ends, and his parents did not begin to feel very anxious about him until he had not returned home by 7 o'clock. A search was instituted shortly afterwards but no trace of the body was found until after 6 o'clock Thursday morning. At that time two searchers discovered it floating near Beam's wharf.

MAY INVEST IN CANADIAN WEST

AMERICAN CAPITALISTS ON WAY TO CALGARY

Will Probably Buy Irrigated Land---Large Austrian Syndicate Likely to Spend Millions.

Winnipeg, May 10.—A party of 25 American capitalists passed through the city yesterday en route to Calgary, where they will inspect the irrigated lands of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company with a view to making large purchases of land if they are satisfactory. The party includes Dr. A. M. Pervus and F. C. Walton of Desplaines, Ills.; J. K. N. McCallister, of Council Bluffs, Ia.; A. W. Walker, of Lemarre, Iowa; H. Kruse, of Sioux City; G. B. Brubaker, of Minneapolis; R. L. Phelps, Clarence McCauley and P. H. Hiebert, Chicago; W. A. Trickell and E. L. Adelman, of Monroe, Wis., and L. D. Kirkwold, of Minneapolis, who is in charge of the party.

Mr. Kirkwood is the head of the Canadian Pacific Immigration and Colonization Company for the state of Minnesota. He is very enthusiastic over the prospects of the west and intends to bring a party of prospective buyers to inspect these lands every two weeks. The C. P. R. placed 3,000,000 acres of these lands on the market last year, and that they are meeting with the approval of investors is shown by the large number of contracts that have been made. This is the first trip of the new private car "Calgary." This car will be used exclusively for the purpose of transporting prospective buyers of land from the eastern states. The party will remain in the west for about ten days.

Colonization Schemes.

Winnipeg, May 10.—Louis Lanvi, a young financial man of Vienna, is here after completing a tour of western Canada, visiting Calgary, Edmonton and Saskatoon. He visited several Austrian and other settlements of European people, and goes back to Austria with a most optimistic conception of the opportunities which western Canada presents for the investment of capital in large sums.

"Is it possible that the financial interests which you represent will invest a million dollars in the west as has been represented?" he was asked.

"A million dollars would be a small matter to the syndicate by which I am sent to Canada," was the reply, "and the investment will be at once made if the Vienna capitalists are satisfied there is reason to believe that the investment will prove satisfactory. Personally I cannot express too fully my feelings of satisfaction with the west. Our Austrian people now in the west are doing well, and there is no reason why they should not continue to do well. So well satisfied was I with all that I saw in the west that I have cabled to Vienna for permission to close at once, certain options which I have held. I expect that I will receive the reply to my cable to-day or to-morrow, and on receipt of the reply will make our first purchases.

"I am now on my way to Vienna, and will return to the west in July, September or October, to see something of the harvest. After that time I expect that the syndicate will begin operations to colonize on a large scale. We would send to Canada none but the most competent farmers, known personally to the members of the syndicate and their friends, all carefully selected as practical agriculturists. The total investment which will be ultimately made will amount to several millions of dollars. The syndicate which is behind the investment is the largest in Austria."

A QUIET FORENOON IN SAN FRANCISCO

Large Force of Policemen on Duty in Vicinity of Street Railway Plant.

San Francisco, May 10.—The forenoon passed without any disturbances. There was a large crowd at the street car company's barn and power plant at Turk and Fillmore streets, but 60 policemen, mounted and on foot, were on duty in the vicinity.

A Socialist agitator was arrested this morning for distributing inflammatory handbills, calling for a tie-up of the whole of San Francisco.

The company did not attempt to run any cars this morning, but two will start out for the busy district this afternoon.