A COMPANY OF THREE.

"Two's company, three's none."-Old Proverb.

CHAPTER I .- A MAN'S WILL

Lumley, the well-known auctioneer, and his friend, Wybert Moss, were talking about John Pawson, and they agreed that he was one of the best men in Swarfton, and they rejoiced at his prosperity in life.
"He has nothing to trouble him,' said

"And plenty of money," replied Moss, "which is more than I can say about myself."
"The same old tale," was Lumley's

laughing answer, and he hurried away.
But John Pawson had a good deal to trouble him just then, as he often said to himself when he was alone, for he had formed the habit of speaking his thoughts, and sometimes did so even in company.

He entered Burtonford's bank when he was a boy, and was always a favorite with the late Mr. Anthony Burtonford. Nobody was surprised when John Pawson became a partner; it was in accordance with the fitness of things. But what surprised the pub-lic was that Eric Burtonford, the banker's nephew, was sent adrift.

I would rather be a customer at the bank than a clerk there," was what Lumley said to Wybert Moss. "Old Burtonford is not the best man in the world to get on with. His temper is all thick and thin. His good qualities are in great lumps; but, be-fore you know where you are, he is raging and storming like all that." Wybert Moss said that he knew very little about bankers, but he would take his informant's word for

"Always trust the auctioneer," said

Lumley.
"Certainly," replied Wybert. "I will take trust him with my debts, if he will take charge of them." Then there was a laugh, and the two

parted. The general opinion in Swarfton was that

Anthony Burtonford had quarreled with his nephew, and that the uncle's temper and Eric's plide had been both to blame. Eric went away from Swarfton, and did not return even when Mrs. Burtonford, the banker's wife, died.

Eric's in London painting pictures, said the gossips, "and he ought to have come to the funeral, though he is not own nephew to Mrs. Burtonford; but if uncle's wife is not kinship enough the world is coming to a pretty state.'

So Eric was blamed for his omission of duty. But the banker said nothing. He mentioned his nephew's name, and never allowed anybody else to do so in his hearing. It was usually thought, however, that John Pawson was an exception to this rule, and the conjecture was right; he knew Eric had been sent away, and why he did not appear at the funeral.

Then Mr. Burtonford died very suddenly, and rumour was busy again. Eric would be sure to come this time, and he would remain at Swarfton and take his uncle's place at the bank. Picture painting was all very well in its way, but it was not reasonable to suppose that it could ever be permitted to interfere with a bank. Moreover, there was Edith Markham, the late Mrs. Burtonford's niece. Everybody had always said Edith and Eric were intended for each other, and everybody felt that it would be a great shame if the general expectation was thwarthed.

But the funeral took place, and Eric was not there.

Then by degrees the truth leaked out about the banker's will. Popular feeling

became divided at once.

"Eric Burtonford is no good," said the spokesman of one party. "There is something under the surface which we have never seen. His uncle has not left him a brass farthing. Why, the worst case I ever heard of before was not as bad as that. To be cut off with a shilling is rather stiff, but to be cut off without anything beats the record in this kind of business. The banker has left all he had to Edith Markham, but if ever she looks at Eric, or speaks to him, she is to lose her fortune."

"You are partly correct, said the spokeswoman on the other side of public opinion. "Some of your facts are wrong, and your inferences are completely so. We all know that Mr. Burtonford was passionate and headstrong. My opinion is that Eric only said his soul was his own. But the will does not declare that Edith is to lose her fortune if she speaks to Eric; she is not to do so without the consent of John Pawson.'

Perhaps it is true that rumor is seldom al together wrong, and never altogether right. The will of the banker was that, after certain legacies had been paid, including a large one to John Pawson, the residue should be held in trust for Edith Markham But there was this strange condition in the will. If Edith, during the time that she remained unmarried, had any interview or held any communication with Eric Burtonford, except with the consent and in the presence of John Pawson, she should forfeit her share of the property, and it should be held in trust for Robert Lumley, auctioneer, and Wybert Moss, of no particular calling. "I have no liking for these men, but they are both keen enough to look well after their own interests. I cast no reflection upon John Pawson, but I would rather not leave him the task of disinheriting my wife's niece, should there be need for it." So said the

Mr. Burtonford had written his own will, but it was properly signed and witnessed, and was perfectly legal in spite of many strange remarks and unlawyerlike phrases.

Both Lumley and Moss knew about the banker's use of their names, and often won-dered whether they would benefit by this eccentricity, or remain always mere watchers, waiting to see if the course of events would produce any change of the attitude of Edith and Eric toward each other. As far as they knew, Eric had not been near Swarfton, and Edith had not seen him anywhere else. Sometimes they asked John Pawson about the affair, and he always answered in his calm, serious manner, that the provisions of Mr. Burtonford's will would be strictly carried out, but as far as he knew, nothing had happened which called for interference.

"John Pawson will do the square thing," said Lumley to Moss. "My fear is that those two did not care as much for each

other as people said.' "It is awkward," replied Moss. "As a rule, a will like Burtonford's would kindle love where it never before existed. There is nothing like opposition for strengthening af-

to the rule keeps me poor.

John Pawson often talked to himself about Eric and Edith. He had known them since they were children, and had believed that their fondness for each other would

ripen into true and lasting love.
"I know that Mr. Burtonford would have been pleased if he thought that Edith cared for me," John murmured with a blush, "but that is impossible. I suppose she liked Eric very much, and yet she never mentioned him. He was fond of her too, and yet he kept aloof. I sent him word about his uncle's will, and he acknowledged my letter in a very manly way, but I have heard nothing since. He has been badly treated if he is innocent; yet I cannot see any explanation of the affair, unless he took the

Then he reviewed again, for the hundredth time, what the banker had told him about

the quarrel with Eric. Î was in my library at home, John, and I had ten notes on the table; three were £5J notes, and the other seven were £10 notes I wanted them for a particular purpose. had just finished entering the numbers in my diary, when Eric came in. I told him to sit down for I was busy. I wrote up my diary; then I was wanted in the drawing room for a minute. I just glanced over the table, and left everything as it was. Perhaps I was absent five minutes. When I returned I found Eric seated where I had left him. Then I wrote a letter and took up the notes to inclose them. It was a private affair, John. I took up the notes, and the three fifties were missing. Eric declared that nobody had entered the room during my absence, and that he had not moved from the chair. I am sure nobody had been in but myself during between the time when entered the numbers and the time when I went to the drawing-room. No window was open and there was not a fire. I told him he must turn out his pockets, and he refus-ed point blank. Then there was a scene. I sent for Edith and told everything to her. Again I asked him to turn out his pockets, but he still refused. So I ordered him out of the house and told him never to show his face at Swarfton again, or I would give him in charge of the police. I am glad I always made it clear to him and Edith that there must be no billing and cooing between them. Edith is too good for him. What a wife she will make, John, in a few years! She is young yet, I know, but if she had a husband of steadiness and experience—a man like you—it would not matter. I am glad there vas no billing and cooing between her and Eric.

John Pawson had his doubts about the banker's surmise respecting what he called billing and cooing. Edith lived with the billing and cooing. Edith lived with the Burtonfords, and had lived with them all her life. Eric lived with a married sister. whose husband was an artist. He was three years older than Edith, and was just 21 when his disgrace came upon him.

"These young people cared more for each other than Burtonford thought," said John Pawson to himself. Has the trouble killed their love, or are they waiting for better times? I do not see where the better times are to come from, unless everything about these notes is cleared up. Could Mr. Bur-tonford be mistaken? The only time he ever spoke harshly to me was when I suggested that."

Thus John Pawson had reviewed the matter hundreds of times, but his perplexity re mained. Then, two years after the banker's death, he received a letter from Edith, who was staying with some friends in Scotland, and who wrote asking that he would arrange for her to meet Eric, as she could clear up the mystery which had perplexed them so long. She said:

long. She said:
"I'ell Eric when you write to him, please, that everything can be explained. Let me know when the interview is to be, and where. I wish to observe the conditions which my dear uncle laid down, but Eric must not remain under an unjust suspicion any longer."

It was an embarrassing position for John Pawson. He wished Edith had been more explicit. From what he knew about her he did not think she was likely to raise hopes which would not be fulfilled. But how could she explain anything?

and received a prompt reply by telegraph, saying that he should be in Swarfton that night. Eric saw John Pawson; but John 'This shall be my last communication with

could not explain anything.
"We must wait till Edith comes, Eric,"
he said, "and you must not see her except in my presence. Lumley and Moss will not miss a chance."

Eric consented. He met Lumley and Moss the next day, and these two worthies seemed afterward to be in better spirits than

"To be or not to be?" said Lumley. "That's the question," replied Moss.

CHAPTER II.—A Woman's Ways. Edith Markham could not remember

either her father or mother. Her mother was dead and her father was married again and lived abroad. That was all the information vouched her.

Among Mr. Burtonford's papers was one which was addressed to Edith, in the banker'shandwriting, with this instruction: "To had discovered them. be given to her at my death, but if that should happen before she is 21 she must keep this without opening it until that time. It is about her mother and father, and she need be in no hurry to learn the particulars. She was 19 when her uncle died, and the

executors—John Pawson and Bardsley, the solicitor—gave the paper to her, according to the instructions which the dead man had

"There is a good deal of writing there," said John, "Would you like to keep it, or shall I take of it for you until you are

Edith thanked him, but kept it herself. The strange misfortune which had happened to Eric, and the death of her aunt, then the death of her uncle, had crushed her spirit. She could not help wondering whether her mother had been also unhappy. But she placed the paper in her desk and gave herself over to sad thoughts. When would the mystery concerning Eric be cleared up? Cleared up it must be, she felt sure. Then she read a note from him which he had sent to her at the time of the trouble:

My Dear Edith :- There is a terrible mistake somewhere, but my uncle is sure to discover it, and he will be very sorry. might have turned out my pockets to pacify him, but I had all your sweet little letters with me, and he would have recognized the writing. That would have made him very angry. I shall go to London, to Radburn's,

fection. But, as usual, the one exception and try what I can do at painting. My sister Rose will hear from me constantly. Ever you own, ERIC.

Radburn was an artist. He had often spoken encouraging words to Eric and tried to prevail on him to give himself up to art.

The years passed away and Edith did not see Eric. The discovery which was to clear him was not made. Still, Edith did not doubt him. From Rose she heard about his welfare, and that was all. She set herself to wonder and to wait. If Eric had presented himself she would have risked the loss of fortune, but he kept silent and aloof; so she could only shut up her sorrow in her heart and pray for patience to endure it. She kept in the old house, and had for a companion the widow of a clergyman, whom John Pawson recommended.

But Edith spent her 21st birthday in Scotland, and it was immediately afterward that she wrote the letter asking for an inter-

view with Eric.

During these three years Eric had work ed hard in London, and his friends spoke favorably of his chances in the keen competition of art. He told Radburn about his quarrel with his uncle and the cause of it, and enjoyed the honest sympathy of a true friend. But this Eric was not the Eric of yore. He had a sad look, and went about the work of life as if his heart was broken. His uncle's cruel will was a sad blow to him, and he resolved that unless his name was cleared he would not see Edith again. He never forgot her birthday. . His sister Rose had written to say that she was away and he was wondering where in Scotland she was visiting, and what kind of a birth-day she had spent, when John Pawson's letter came. It was like the sight of the journey's end to a weary pilgrim. Eric did not realize before how much he had been suffering, and for the first time since his sorrow he wept bitterly.

The interview was to take place in John Pawson's private room at the bank. Eric was there long before the time appointed, and the two men chatted about various sub jects until Edith came. It was a strange meeting for these two, who had not seen each other for three years. John Pawson could not help watching them, and he saw the light of love in their eyes and knew what the end would be, whether the proofs were satisfactory or not.

"Now for business," said John, placing a chair for Edith by the side of his table and seating himself. Eric sat near to her and gazed wistfully into her face.
"First of all, can you tell me the numbers

of those notes which disappeared?" Edith asked.

asked.
"Certainly," was John's reply. "I have had the book brought in on purpose, and here it is, opened at the right place." He referred to the open page, and told her the numbers. Then Edith opened a small satchel which

she had brought with her, and took from it two packets. The men watched her with breathless attention; but she calmly placed the satchel on the ground beside her, and then laid the larger packet on the table. It then laid the larger packet on the capic. It was a roll of manuscript, tied with string. The other packet she opened and produced three bank notes.

"These are three notes for £50 each," she

said, "and the numbers are the same. "Where did you find them?" John and

"Inside that roll of manuscript," she replied. "What manuscript is it?" John Pawson

asked.

"It is the paper which my uncle left for me," said Edith, "and which I was not to open until I reached the age of 21. It was written by my mother, but toward the end there are several pages which my uncle added. My mother was not happy. I think, what I have read there, loved her very much at one time; but she preferred my father, and married him. She did not live long, but died when I was a baby. Then my father married somebody else, and I am afraid he received a considerable amount of money from my uncle. But he died three years ago, though I did not know it at the time. The very day when Eric's trouble came my uncle received news of my father's death and an abusive letter from the widow saying that his debts amounted to £220; and she said my uncle must send that sum, and send it in notes, a proud and extravagant woman. She shall have the money, and then good bye. This is intended only for your eye, Edith."

She did not say that her uncle also begged her to be warned by her mother's fate and not allow her affections to be won by any was to value at their true worth the qualities of a noble and honorable man, who never failed to do his duty, though the man might not have youth on his side.

"How came the bank notes in there?" Eric said, like a man who could scarcely believe his senses.

John Pawson was examining the notes. "They have been gummed or pasted something," he remarked.

"Yes,' replied Edith; "they were stuck to the back of one of these sheets." Then she opened the roll and showed where she

"This is my theory," she continued "My uncle gummed the letter he had received and fastened it to the last sheet. Here it is. Some of the gum must have dropped on the back of this other sheet, and then it must have come in contact with the notes, and three of them adhered, without him being aware of it. He was agitated and angry at the time, and the manuscript was never opened again, for the date on the corner is that same day when Eric's trouble

"No other explanation suggested itself. or was necessary, but the notes and papers were examined time after time. "Thank God for this great mercy !" said

Eric "Amen!" replied John Pawson, devoutly. Edith was silent, but the tears were fal-

ling down her cheeks.
Eric kissed her again and again. John Pawson busied himself with the notes, and there was no atom of jealousy

about him.
"They must marry at once," he said aloud; then he checked himself and looked toward the lovers to see whether they had heard him or not.

doubt about that, so he made a clean breast of it and said: "This makes no difference to the will. You must not see each other before marriage except in my company or your uncle's for-

Yes, they had heard him, there was no

tune will be lost, Lumley and Moss will be on the lookout, I know. I have often wondered what people say to each other when they are lovers, and fate has ordered it so that I shall have to know; but you must bear my presence as well as you can, and for all our sakes make your wooing short."

"We must not tax John Pawson s patience too much, must we Edith?" was what Eric said, taking her hand in his; then he whispered something more.

Edith whispered something in reply, and then Eric told John that he must bear with them awhile, but they would not trouble him long.

Robert Lumley and Wybert Moss were present when Edith and Eric were married. John Pawson gave the bride away, and Radburn had come from London to be Eric's

best man. "That's all over," said Lumley. must have been a queer courtship. Pawson was with them every time they met. A decent man is John, but not the one I should pick to be with me if I was sweet-

hearting."
"One's good as another," replied Moss, dolefully, "I feel thousands of pounds poorer than I did."

"Going?" replied Lumley.
"Going," replied Moss.
"Gone!" they both exclained, and there was not a smile between them.

A SHIP FOR THE PRAIRIES.

An Invention That May be Turned to Practical Advantage in the North-West.

Nearly every Dane can skate, and everyne who skates in Denmark makes use of the sail, many of the skaters being exceed ingly expert in its use. During the past winter this sail was tried by a few persons on Toronto Bay, and one, a boy about thirteen years of age, was particularly skilful in manipulating it. It consists of a light framework of wood which supports the canvas and closely resembles a huge kite. This is held on the arm by means of loops, and metamorphoses the skater into an animated iceboat. The speed attained is something marvelous.

There is nothing new of course in iceboating. For years this delightful pastime has peen indulged in wherever a sufficiently large extent of ice was to be found. But it remained for a resident of the prairies, one who had experienced the pleasures of this exhilerating sport in the Eastern States, to invent a boat to be used on the prairies.

During the past winter Dr. Hue Wheeler, of Grand Forks, Dakota, invented a snow yacht. This yacht is 32 feet long and 14 feet beam, with mast 20 feet, main boom 22 feet; gaff 12 feet and jib-boom 12½ feet. The frame is of 2 inch by 8 inch plank, set vertically. The runner plank double. The mast is set between 2 inch by 12 inch plank that taper to 8 inches high at each side and 6 inches apart. The runners are strong toboggans; the front ones being 1 foot wide and made of 7 inch ash, 9 feet on the run and turned up 18 inches in front. They are hung to the runner plank with huge joints and stayed by malleable iron braces from runner plank to inner and front part of runner. The front runners are made of four 3 inch strips of ash and have a central shoe 2 feet long projecting 11 inch to prevent drifting. The rear runner resembles the front ones, except that it is only 6 inches wide being made of two strips of ash. The frame-work is 3 feet across the stern, and the tiller is attached directly to the rear runner, instead of to the rudder post, in which position it did not stand the strain.

The speed of this yacht is given by its builder as from ten to forty miles an hour; but this must be with the wind on the beam, as she will not gain much with the wind at a right angle, and hence cannot beat up to windward. When going about, it is done

by wearing.

The past winter has afforded considerable sport to owners of ice yachts, but who can say that the blizzards of the Northwest are not hereafter to be relieved of some of their terrors by this snow yacht of the prairie, and that the new sport may not become as fashionable in the future as buffalo hunting was ten or fifteen years ago?

A FIGHT FOR LIFE.

Daring Attempt at Robbery and Murder in a Halifax Bank Agency.

HALIFAX, April 4 .- A daring but un successful attempt was made here to day to rob the agency of the Merchants' Bank. During the forenoon a young man entered the bank and asked for some information about transferring money by telegraph to the United States. He then went out, and returning about half-past twelve asked Mr. W. S. Currie, who was in charge of the bank at the time, if he could speak to him privately. He was admitted to the private office, and, closing the door behind him, he pulled out a small pocket pistol and fired at Currie, the bullet entering the right side of the forehead pretty high up. Currie then grappled with his opponent, and, during the scuffle, received a shot from a revolver in the side. The messenger boy, hearing a call from Currie, opened the door, and see ing a pistol pointed at him he ran into Kirk's store for assistance. Four men readily responded to the call, and entering the bank found Currie in a death-struggle with his would-be murderer, in whose hand was a cocked revolver, which he was trying to use. When arrested he said he was hard up for money and was bound to have

it. He said his name was Adams, and that he came from the States. He wore a belt with fifty cartridges in it, and seemed to be prepared for any work, no matter how diabolical. Sufficient information has been received this afternoon from other parts to prove that Adams' correct name is Stanley Steele, and that he belongs to Manchester, Guysboro. Medical aid was summoned for Mr. Currie and the bullet was removed from the skull. The wounds are not serious. preliminary examination will be held on Monday.

The Origin of the Diamond.

A Swiss physicist, Prof. Simmler, maintains that diamonds have been formed by the taking up of soluble carbon by liquid carbonic acid, and its subsequent deposition in a crystalline form on the evaporation of the acid. This could only take place in rock cavities strongly compressing the car-bonic acid, which would quickly disappear on release from the pressure

When Grandpa was a Boy.

'When grandpa was a little boy about your age," said he
To the curly headed youngester who had climbed upon his knee,
"So studious was he at school, he never failed to

pass

And out of three he always stood the second in his.

"But, if no more were in it, you were next te, foot, like me!"
"Why, bless you, grandpa never thought of that before," said he.

When grandpa was a little boy about your age,"

said he,
"He never staid up later than an hour after tea;
It wasn't good for little boys, at a'l, his mother said,
And so, when it was early, she would march him off.

"But, if she hadn't, may be you'd have staid up.
late, like me!"
Why, bless you, grandpa never thought of that before," said he.

BOUND FOR THE YUKON.

A Canadian Government Expedition to Visk Alıska.

OTTAWA, April 4.-It was annnounced some weeks ago that the Dominion Govern-ment would send an exploring expedition in-to the Yukon country along the boundary between Alaska and British Columbia. The question of a clear definition of their northern and north western boundary has for a. number of years past agitated the people of the Pacific Province. As far back as 1883 the Government of British Columbia called the attention of the Dominion Government to the offer of one Captain Wm. Moore, who desired to conduct an exploring party to the headquarters of the Yukon River. In the course of communication it was pointed out that the Yukon is navigable by steamers of light draught for at least 1,500 miles from its mouth, and that a portion of the territory through which it runs, which belongs to Canada, was believed to be

RICH IN GOLD AND OTHER MINERALS,

besides being possessed at many points of a soil and climate favourable for agricultural operations. The Yukon, it may be observed, according to the report of Lieut. Schwatka, who made a reconnaissance in this lo-cality for the United States Government in 1883, is about 2,043 miles in length, 783 miles being within British territory. Cap-tain Moor's expedition was regarded at the time as of a prospecting nature, and it was thought if the Government of Canada took steps in the matter at all they should be such as would lead to the securing of more accurate information in regard to the topographic and other resources of the country, than could possibly be obtained through Captain Moor's agency.

It has therefore been decided to send a joint geological and topographical expedi-tion this spring to the Yukon. One branch of the expedition will proceed through the district of the Stickeen river, Cassiar, Deace River, up the northern branch of the Liard River and the Pelly River to where the latter joins the Yukon. The other branch of the expedition will proceed by Chilkoot Inlet, Perrier Pass, Lake Lindemann and the main stream of the Yukon and join the others at the confluence of the Yukon and Pelly rivers. point will be the rendezvous and base of operations of the expedition. Dr. George M. Dawson, assistant director of the Geological survey will be in command. Mr. William Ogilvie, D. L. S., will have charge of the topographic part of the work. The expedition will leave Victoria, B. C., early in May,

DELVING FOR GOLD.

The department of the Interior have information to the effect that deposits of placer gold on the Yukon and its tributaries have lately been attracting much attention in mining circles in Aalska, British, Columbia and the Pacific States, and that there were a large number of men at work with pan and shovel there during the last two seasons, the number during 1886 being variously stated at from 500 to 1,000. A proposal has been made by an important and experienced company to erect quartz mills in the district if the Dominion Government will make such arrangements as will enable the company to acquire mining rights. and title to such real estate as may be necessary for their operation. It will thus be seen that the result of the expedition wil likely be of great value, not only from a scientific but from a practical point of view. In selecting Dr. Dawson and Mr. Ogilvie to conduct the expedition, the Government has appointed two gentlemen without peers ada in their respective departments, and judging from the past work of the two leaders, they will in every respect justify, their appointment

A NEW BAD HABIT.

Narrow Escape from Prema ure Burial While Drunk on Oil Fumes. Sunday night, Feb. 13, the apparently

lifeless body of a young man by the name of Eddie Cavil, whose parents reside in Cory-don, was found in a tank house on the Peter M. Smith lease at Kinsua. The discovery of the body was made by Eugene English. Physicians were at once summoned and unavailing efforts made to bring the boy back to life. The boy's parents were sent for and preparations made for the funeral, which was to have taken place Wednesday last. It appears that the boy had in some manner become addicted to the habit of going to the various tank houses in the viciniwhich cover the tank into which the wells flow, for the purpose of inhailing the gas. The thing had got to be as much of a habit with him as whiskey drinking or opium smoking is to others. The effect followum smoking is to others. The effect follow-ng the inhalation of petroleum gas is said to be very nearly of the same nature as that of the above mentioned articles, and the habit of indulging in the breathing of it becomes fully as strong. Wednesday, the day appointed for the funeral and interment, a arge crowd of relatives, friends, and neighbors had assembled at the house where the corpse lay, incased in its coffin and surrounded by the sorrowing father, mother, brothers and sisters. The minister had given out the hymn to be sung and the singing was in progress, when someone standing near the coffin made the startling discovery that the boy was alive. No sooner was the discovery made than the wildest confusion reigned. Physicians were sent for in hot haste, but ere they could arrive the boy was sitting bolt upright in the coffin and was able to move and speak to those around him. Later he was again announced dead and has been buried. Great excitement prevails in the vicinity, and there is a whispered feeling that he was buried alive. The body was still warm when buried.