Her Great Love;

Or, A Struggle For a Heart

CHAPTER XXX.—(Continued).

"I have left my coat at the—club, Wilkins," said Gaunt.

"Yes, my lord; I will send for it," said Wilkins, promptly.

But Gaunt shook his head.

"Never mind," he said. "I will pick it up as I drive to the station to-morrow."

As he spoke he handed his hat to the man, and Wilkins, taking it, saw the streak of blood on Gaunt's wrist.

"Have you cut your hand, my lord?" he asked. He had known Gaunt ever since he was a boy.

Gaunt glanced at the stained wristband.

"Eh? Oh, ah, yes, I think I have. No, no; it is nothing. No, I won't have anything, thanks, Wilkins. I will go straight up; I am tired. You will have me called at half-past six, please."

He went up to his room, not a large but an extremely comfortable one—for Morlet's Hotel was the perfection of comfort in all respects—and locking the door, flung himself into a chair beside the fire.

Yes, his life was ended. Remorse and love tore his heart like a couple of vultures. That he who loved her so dearly, so truly, should have tempted her to her ruin! His sweet, innocent girl-love, his pure white angel! And he should never see her again! The thought affected him as at that moment its parallel was affecting Decima. He could have borne the parting—the eternal parting—better if he had not known that she returned his love; but to know that she loved him—actually loved him—and to have to leave her forever, was a torture that nearly drove him mad.

Incredible as it may seem, he had not yet thought of his wife. There was only room for Decima in his mind and heart. As to what Laura would do, he was perfectly indifferent, when he did force himself to think of her. That she would carry out her threat, claim her right as his wife, and drag his name in the mire, was quite possible, and more probable. But what did it matter? Nothing she could do could affect him. In a few hours he would have left England. It was very certain that he would never return. She might do just what she pleased. He would give her, surrender to her all she claimed—excepting himself. His rank, his wealth, the position due to her as his wife, she might have—but not himself.

Then his thought returned to Decima.

She must not marry Mershon. That, he felt, she would not do; but he would destroy Mershon's power; he would release the Deanes from the man's clutches. That, at any rate, he could do.

He went to the writing-table, and wrote a letter to Belford & Lang, the lawyers. It was short and to the point.

"Ascertain," he said, "the amount in which Mr. Peter Deane is indebted to Mr. Mershon, and any persons connected with the company started by him and Mr. Mershon, and discharge all his liabilities. I give you absolute carte blanche in the matter, and request that you will carry it through without a day's delay. It will have to be done with tact and discretion; and I leave the mode of doing it entirely to you, insisting only that it shall be done at once."

He drew a breath of relief as he addressed the envelope. At least, he could snatch his dearest from Mr. Mershon's clutches. But alas, alas! that was all he could do! He could not heal the heart which he had broken—for that he had broken it, the memory of her face, of her eyes as they rested on him at the moment of their parting, convinced him.

Yes, that was what his love for her had wrought! He had broken her heart. Perhaps, after all, it would have been better if that other woman had not come in, and he and Decima had gone away together—together! But he put the thought away from him. It was a desecration, a sacrilege. He had been mad with passion, with the intoxication of her presence, her sweet voice, and more than all, her confession of love.

He paced up and down the room until dawn, then he packed the single bag he had with him—the rest of his luggage was already on board—and flinging himself on the bed, tried to sleep. But, like Macbeth, he had murdered sleep; and he was still awake when the maid knocked at the door.

The sight of his face in [illegible] led him; he was shaking like a [illegible] suffering from the effects of a drinking bout. But the cold bath pulled him up somewhat, and he made a pretence at eating the admirably cooked breakfast.

Then he got into a cab and was driven to Charing Cross—Waterloo was the station for Southampton; but he had not intended taking Decima to Africa. He was known at Cape Town, was known to the officers of the vessel—the "Pevensey Castle"—in which he had booked his passage; so he had fixed on Egypt as their place of refuge.

The clock struck eight as he drove into the station yard.

He told the cabman to wait, and then looked for her—though he knew that she would not come.

She had not come. With a sigh and a twitch of the set lips, he got into the cab again, and was driven to Waterloo. He was just in time to catch the train.

At Southampton one of the "Castle's" officials met him and conducted him to the vessel.

"Your luggage and cases are on board, my lord," he said. "Is this all you have? We start in less than an hour, or thereabouts."

Gaunt went down to his cabin—the best in the vessel—and found everything arranged comfortably.

After a few minutes he went on deck, and lighting a cigar, got into a quiet corner and leaned against the side, apparently watching the bustling crowd, but in reality seeing nothing of it. A girl's face, white and terror-stricken, with quivering lips and straining eyes, floated before him. Above the shouts of the men and the clatter of the arriving passengers, he heard Decima's voice:

"Your wife! your wife!"

About half an hour before the sailing-time, Gaunt saw a man come along the gang-way carrying a bag in his hand. He was a young man, with red hair and a pale face, with small, bloodshot eyes. The collar of his overcoat was turned up, and he looked cold and ill.

He came across the deck and paused by Gaunt, and looked round. Gaunt watched him listlessly, scarcely noticing him. Presently the steward came to him, and asked him the number of his berth.

The young fellow hesitated a moment, then he said, in a dull, expressionless voice:

"I don't know it yet. My name is Jackson; I wired for a berth this morning."

The steward consulted his list.

"Ah, yes; Jackson. That's right, sir. I got the wire. I'm afraid you won't think the cabin first-rate; but it was short notice, you see."

Mr. Jackson nodded.

"I didn't know I was going till last night," he said. "Important business over there sprung on me suddenly."

The steward nodded. A great many persons had, of late, had important business sprung upon them from Africa, and had been compelled to rush over there suddenly and at short notice.

"No, sir," he said; "if you'll come down, I'll show you."

"Thanks," said Mr. Jackson. "When—when do we start?"

"Almost immediately, sir," said the steward, bustling ahead.

The young fellow glanced toward [illegible] quay and round the deck, then followed him below.

The bustle and confusion increased, then suddenly the signal sounded for the departure from the vessel of those who were not going the voyage, and the usual parting of relatives and friends took place, and the visitors hurried ashore. A few minutes later the vessel started, and, amid cheering and handkerchief-waving, slowed from the quay. Gaunt still remained in his quiet corner, and presently he saw the red-headed Mr. Jackson come up from the saloon. He stood at the entrance for a moment or two, then came across the deck and looked gloomily, and yet vacantly, at the now fast-receding quay. As he did so, he took out a cigar-case, and absently put a cigar between his lips. It was evident that his match-box was empty, for he dropped it into his pocket again and looked round.

Gaunt was standing near, and silently extended his box. Mr. Jackson took it and lighted a match, and Gaunt noticed that the man's hand shook. He looked across the lighted match as he held it to his cigar, and caught Gaunt's eye, and as if he knew that Gaunt had noticed the shaking hand, he said, rather reluctantly:

"Cold, this morning."

Gaunt nodded. He was not in the humor for conversation.

"Beastly cold," said Mr. Jackson, with a faint shudder; "but I'm seedy—and—and feel it more than I should otherwise do, I suppose."

He was silent for a moment, then he asked, carelessly:

"Do we stop at Madeira, do you happen to know? I've had to start suddenly—important business at the Cape—only heard last night—and so I don't know."

"No; this is not one of the regular vessels. We stop at the Canaries."

The young fellow nodded.

"Ah, thanks!" he said in a low voice.

Gaunt moved away, and preeently went down to his cabin to avoid any further talk. His heart was aching as badly as any on board—aching with an agony beyond words. He was leaving England and Decima forever! Farewell! Love, and all hope in life. Despair stretched darkly before him.

* * * * *

About an hour after Trevor had stolen from Prince's Mansions, the parlor-maid glanced up at the clock in the kitchen.

"I suppose his lordship isn't coming back to-night or he'd have told me to get a room ready," she remarked to the cook, who yawned in sympathy; "and yet he's left his coat."

"Perhaps he's come back and got it," suggested the cook.

"No, or I should have heard him, for I've been listening. I wonder when Mrs. Dalton left? I didn't see her go, and his lordship didn't ring. She and Mr. Deane's sister must have gone together, I suppose. Now, there's a pretty girl, if you like, cook, and the image of her brother. We'd had quite a lot of visitors to-night," and she laughed.

"Perhaps they're in the drawing-room now," said the cook.

Jane shook her head.

"No; it's all quiet. I went and listened at the door just now, and not hearing any one, I knocked and looked in. There was no one there. I got a start though," she added, with a smile.

"How do you mean?"

"Well, his lordship had thrown his fur coat on the sofa, and it looked for all the world as if somebody was lying there," replied Jane. She yawned again. "Well, I think we'd better go to bed; it's no use sitting up for Mr. Deane; I expect he's at Cardigan Terrace. And if so, he won't be home till the small hours."

"Better see to the drawing-room fire, hadn't you?" said the cook, as she turned down the page of her novel; but Jane shook her head.

"Oh, it doesn't matter. Mr. Deane always goes straight to bed when he comes in—I hear his door shut."

The two women went to bed after a little more talk, and the place was wrapped in silence.

Bobby was not an early riser—few young persons are. It is the middle-aged and the old who find it easier to get up than to lie thinking, and if Bobby got his breakfast by ten o'clock, he was quite pleased and satisfied. Lord Gaunt's servants had an easy time of it in that respect.

It was past nine when Jane went into the drawing-room to light the fire. The electric lamp was still burning, and she looked over her shoulder and called to the cook.

"Mr. Deane hasn't come in yet," she said. "I wonder where he is."

The cook grumbled incoherently:

"I suppose I had better get breakfast ready all the same," she said. "If I don't, he'll come rushing in and want it all of a hurry. It always happens like that."

Jane laughed, turned out the lamp, and drew back the curtains. As she did so, she was conscious of a faint perfume, she knew it very well, for it was the scent which always hung about Mr. Deane's clothes when he had been to Cardigan Terrace. But it was stronger than usual in the room this morning.

She opened the window and laid and lighted the fire, then began to sweep the room; but her eyes fell on the costly coat on the sofa.

"I'd better take it into the bedroom," she said to herself, "or it will be smothered with dust. Lor', how careless gentlefolks are of their things!"

A moment afterward a shriek ran through the place, and the cook, rushing into the room whence the cry had proceeded, found her fellow-servant leaning against the table with the coat at her feet, and her eyes staring at something on the sofa.

"Good Heavens, Jane! what ever is the matter?" Then she, too, screamed, and the two women stood, clinging to each other, and staring at the motionless figure with terror in their eyes.

Their cries, repeated again and again, brought the porter and the page into the room, followed by two or three occupants of the other flats. Amongst the latter was a retired army doctor, who, taking in the situation at a glance, pushed his way to the couch and examined the body.

"She is dead," he said, gravely. "Who are the servants here? Ah. Do you know the lady? Who is she?"

She, half fainting, gasped out the name:

"It's Mrs. Dalton—Mr. Thorpe's sister! She came here last night!" She broke into terrified sobs.

"Alone?" asked the doctor. "But stop—better not answer. Let some one go for the gentleman, Mr. Thorpe. Here, boy, take a cab and bring him." He thrust the page-boy from the room, and turned to the porter as he did so. "And you go for the police."

In a very short time two policemen were on the scene. They cleared the room and mounted guard beside the body.

"We've sent to Scotland Yard for a detective officer," one said to the doctor.

He arrived before Morgan Thorpe, and at once, with the sang-froid of experience, took possession of "the case;" and with note-book in hand, he was questioning the servants, when Morgan Thorpe burst in.

He was white as death, but the pallor increased to lividity as he bent over the body and gazed at the beautiful face, now placid with the rest and peace of death.

"You know her, identify her?" asked the detective. "Of course, I warn you that anything you say—you understand?"

"Yes; she is—is my sister," said Thorpe, leaning against the table and staring at the dead woman. "My sister; yes!"

"You knew she had come here?"

Thorpe nodded.

"Why did she come here? Who did she come to see?"

"Deane," replied Thorpe.

In that moment falsehood, evasion were impossible.

"Deane—who is he?"

"He lives here—in these rooms," said Thorpe. "I thought she was at home—in her room! I came back late last night—from the club—it was early this morning. Her door was closed. I—I thought she was in bed. I went to my room and—and I was in bed when they fetched me. Who—who has done it? She has been murdered!"

"I am afraid so," said the detective, grimly. He looked at the Persian dagger which lay on the floor, as it had dropped from Trevor's hand. "That did it; don't touch it, please," he added, though any of those present would have died rather than do so. "Why did she come here to see Mr. Deane—a lady—alone—you know?"

Thorpe moistened his parched lips.

"For goodness sake, give me something—water!"

The detective nodded, and the doctor poured out a glass of water for Thorpe. He drank it at a draught.

"I'll tell you all I know. She—she"—he shuddered—"she came here to—to get some money from him."

The detective made a note.

"Go on," he said, gravely. "Came to threaten him?"

"No, not—only—only persuade," said Thorpe. "Oh, Laura! Laura!"

The detective turned to the trembling, shrinking servants.

"Where is Mr. Deane?" he asked.

"I—I don't know, sir," said Jane, with a terrified sob. "He—he hasn't been home all night."

"How do you know that?" demanded the detective, quietly.

The girl looked round with a bewildered air.

"He hasn't—so far as I know."

The detective nodded. His sharp eyes had caught the shattered portrait frame where Jane, all unsuspectingly—she thought that it had been accidentally knocked off the mantel-piece—had placed it on the table. He took it up.

"Portrait of the deceased. Whose is it?"

"Mr.—Mr. Deane's, sir," sobbed Jane. "He—he put it on the mantel-shelf the other day."

It all seemed so plain to the shrewd detective. The woman had come to threaten or cajole this Mr. Deane, a quarrel had ensued, the broken portrait, the dagger—it was all quite plain.

"Give me a description of Mr. Deane, will you?" he said.

Thorpe, with his hand to his heart, tried to describe Bobby, and the detective took notes.

"You can go into the kitchen," he said to the servants, "but don't leave the place, please. It is quite evident who's to blame here," he said to the army doctor, who stood grave and attentive. "I'll get a warrant for this Mr. Deane."

Thorpe overheard, and looked up with a bewildered expression.

"Deane—Deane did not do it," he said, feebly. "He—he isn't capable of it. Oh, why did I let her come? It isn't Deane!"

But the detective smiled, a superior smile. His experience had convinced him that, as a rule, there was very little mystery about a murder. It was only in novels that there was any doubt as to the criminal who had committed the deed.

He went to the door of the inner room and tried it.

"Locked," he said to one of the constables. "Go round and see if the key's inside."

The man went round and unlocked the door, and the detective passed through the suite of rooms, noting everything with his sharp eyes, and re-entered the drawing-room by the passage.

"He got off through these rooms," he said to the doctor.

"The—the scoundrel!" he gasped in response. "You—you will be able to get him?"

The detective smiled confidently.

"Oh, yes; crime's too recent for him to escape. I'll have him under the hue and cry in half an hour."

Leaving the policeman in charge, he went back to Scotland Yard, and in a few minutes a fairly accurate description of Bobby was being flashed over the country.

Then the detective, with other officials, returned to the Mansions two hours later. Morgan Thorpe was still there, seated in a chair, his head in his hands and looking half stupefied.

As they entered, he looked up in a bewildered fashion.

"Have—have you found him?" he demanded, hoarsely.

"No," said the detective; "but we shall have him presently, without a doubt. He can't have got far."

At this moment the door was flung open, and Bobby and an elderly man entered in hot haste.

Morgan Thorpe sprang to his feet.

"Deane!" he exclaimed.

The detective stepped behind Bobby and shut the door.

"Mr. Deane, I think?" he said, politely. "I arrest you."

But Bobby had sprung to the sofa, and stood, white and shuddering, before the white sheet with which they had reverently covered the dead woman.

"It—it is not true!" he cried. "Oh, it can't—it can't be! Thorpe"—he flung his hands out in appeal—"tell me it isn't true!"

Thorpe stared at him.

"She's dead—murdered!" he gasped, with hanging under lip. "Murdered here—last night—in your rooms!"

"My goodness!" cried Bobby.

The detective laid a hand on his shoulder.

(To be continued.)

Taking No Chances.

Dugald was ill, and his friend, Donald, took a bottle of whiskey to him. Donald gave the invalid one glass and said:

"Ye'll git anither ane in the mornin'."

About five minutes elapsed, and then Dugald suddenly exclaimed:

"Ye'd better let me hae the ither noo, Donald; we hear o' sae mony sudden deaths nooadays."

Sure.

He: "I know a man who can remove wrinkles and make a woman look young in an hour."

She: "Is he a beauty doctor?"

He: "No. He's a photographer."

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HOME

Dainty Dishes Worth Trying.

Breakfast Rolls. — Dissolve two ounces of butter in a little warm milk. Put one pound of flour into a pan, add the milk with the butter, stirring in before adding to it a teaspoonful if baking powder and a pinch of salt. Mix into a stiff paste, knead well, form into little rolls on a flowered board, and bake in a quick oven for 20 minutes.

Sheeps' Tongues.—Cook three or four sheeps' tongues in hot water till tender, then take them up and remove the skins. Place in a stew-pan, dredge with flour and add a gill of nicely flavored stock. Simmer gently for 15 minutes, then place the tongues on a hot dish and add 10 drops of lemon juice to the gravy. Bring to the boil and pour over the tongues.

Milk Biscuits.—Rub three ounces of lard into one pound of flour. Add a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of baking powder, with sufficient milk to form a stiff paste. Roll out on a well-floured board and cut into biscuits, using a pastry cutter. Prick each one several times and bake in a hot oven for 15 minutes. These biscuits are excellent with cheese, and will keep well if placed in an air-tight tin.

Cream Soup.—Wash and grate a red carrot, chop two onions and peel and slice four potatoes. Cook in a little water till soft enough to mash to a pulp with a wooden spoon, then add half a pint of milk, one ounce of butter and a teaspoonful of cornflour slackened with a little milk, and pepper and salt to taste. Beat all up together and serve. A little chopped parsley may be added to improve the appearance.

Caraway Biscuits.—Break three eggs into a basin, add half a pound of caster sugar, and beat to a cream. Stir in half a pound of fine flour, which has been dried in the oven, and a teaspoonful of caraway seeds. Shape the dough into biscuits and allow them to stand on a tin plate for a hour. Then place in a moderate oven and bake to a golden brown.

Potato Savories.—Take as much cold mashed potato as required, and mix it with sufficient flour into a paste, roll out and cut into small squares. Soak a few breadcrumbs in water, squeeze dry and add a little chopped parsley, mixed herbs, onion, previously soaked in hot water, and a seasoning of salt and pepper. Mash all together finely and put a little of the mixture on each square of paste and fold over as in sausage rolls. Fry in boiling fat till brown, and serve.

Savory Tartlets.—Line as many patty pans as required with light pastry and bake them lightly. Melt one ounce of butter in a stewpan and stir into it one heaped up teaspoonful of flour, a tablespoonful of good stock, and half a teaspoonful of anchovy essence. Season with coralline pepper and salt, then add the finely chopped yolks of two hard-boiled eggs and six herring roes. Put a teaspoonful of this mixture into each tartlet, cover with the beaten white of egg, and return to the oven till nicely browned.

Home Hints.

First wash table linen in cold water and then in hot.

Not all canary lovers know of the bird's love for nasturtium blossoms. When next making jelly, add a few cloves to the mixture. The seasoning will be a pleasing addition.

When coating chocolate creams the melted chocolate often becomes curdled. To remedy this, add a little olive oil.

To prevent milk from boiling over butter the upper part and edge of the saucepan, and the contents will not boil over.

When the children's books have become soiled, the pages can be cleaned by rubbing with powdered pumice stone.

To clean curtain hooks, place them in water in which a little ammonia has been poured, and leave for a little while.

Chicken salad served in green pepper shells not only is attractive but the season from the pepper is very pleasing.

When boiling cabbage, place in the saucepan a small piece of bread tied up in muslin. This will prevent any unpleasant odor.

A delicious pineapple dish is made from the fresh fruit, served with mayonnaise mixed generously with whipped cream.

A few peas added to the dish of creamed chicken, lobster, or shrimps are as pleasing to the eye as they are satisfying to the palate.

Wet shoes should be stuffed with paper before putting away. It will absorb the moisture and keep the shoes from becoming hard.

To take disagreeable medicine, eat one or two cloves or hold ice in the mouth until the tongue is chilled.

The preferred time for the daily bath is in the morning. If taken then it will produce invigorating results.

For something new and dainty, spread the buttered fudge pan with minced dates before turning the candy into it.

Tooth powder is excellent for cleaning jewelry. Rub it on with a nailbrush and then rinse off with scalding water.

To keep the teapot sweet and clean, wipe it out dry after using and put a lump of loaf sugar inside, leaving the lid open.

Thinly sliced bananas moistened with mayonnaise and placed between buttered slices of bread make excellent school sandwiches.

When garments of any kind are washed in gasoline, add a few drops of oil of cedar. The disagreeable odor will not be noticed.

In making custards or other foodstuffs calling for scalded milk, remember that if the milk is in a double boiler it reaches the right temperature as soon as the water in the outer utensil boils.

Salt thrown into the oven immediately after something has been burned in it will make the objectionable odor less noticeable.

To stretch kid gloves when new, place them between the folds of a damp towel for almost one hour before they are to be worn.

Add a pinch of cream of tartar to the whites of eggs when they are half beaten. This keeps them from falling before being used.

The careful laundress always keeps a small vegetable brush at hand for the purpose of brushing out the fringe of doilies and towels.

To clean a net waist, put it into a two-quart fruit jar filled with gasoline. Be sure that it is well screwed on. Let it stand over night. In the morning shake the can back and forth. The motion will clean the dirt out of the waist.

If apples to be used for salad have little flavor, sprinkle them after they are cut up with a goodly amount of lemon juice, to which a few cloves have been added. At the end of half an hour add the mayonnaise. It will be a decided improvement.

W. W. CORY, C.M.G.

Man Who Controls Land and Immigration Department of Canada.

A big, breezy Westerner—the son of one of the pioneers of the oldest prairie Province—it is eminently fitting that William Wallace Cory, C.M.G., should be the head of the department which is charged with the peopling of "the last best west." He is one of the biggest men in the service—in more ways than one. Six feet and broad in proportion, but not too broad, his bulk gives him an imposing appearance, but fair and wavy hair, and a sunny smile predispose one to expect a pleasant reception from the start. Nor is this first impression belied on further acquaintance. His voice is rich and mellow, and he is courtesy itself. Anything which he can do for you within the limits of his duty, that he

Mr. W. W. Cory, C.M.G.

will do. But behind all it does not take long to recognize, there is the keen administrator, who knows his work and knows his own mind also. It is easy to understand what it is which has made him the chief of one of the two or three largest departments in the Dominion Government.

The Deputy Minister of the Interior began at an early age to study the country which he was later to administer. In fact, he began to study it long before he or anyone else had dreamed of what that country had in store. It was in 1871 that he, a boy of five, started with his father to carve out a homestead on the plains of Manitoba—a territory which was not then yet a part of the Dominion. The Corys were one of the many Ontario families which helped to lay the foundations of our Western Provinces. Strathroy in Western Ontario, was the native town of young Cory, and there he was born on June 16, 1865.

A Big Undertaking.

At the time when the elder Cory set out for the fertile, but little-known, plains of Prince Rupert's Land, the journey to the West was no light matter. From their home town the little family of pioneers went first to Sarnia and then across Lake Huron and Lake Michigan, and so over American railways to St. Paul. There, however, resort had to be taken to horse and cart overland to the waters of the Red River and so down its flood to Fort Garry. The journey to Fort Garry was long and hard, but it was only the beginning. From that then outpost of civilization Cory senior plunged south-west into the country about Gladstone. There were then no roads and no surveys. The settler simply went and picked out his lands where he thought best and squatted on them. Then when the survey was made, he had to hustle for his title.

Pioneering was pioneering in those days in the West. The man who now looks after the interests of three hundred thousand settlers a year remembers hardships of which they have no idea. He was through the grasshopper years of the later seventies and the wet years of the early eighties.

"I remember," he said, "the coming of the first of the plague. The first to arrive had hardly alighted in the farmyard before he was pounced upon by a hen, and eaten up. But soon the hens did not know what to make of it. Those grasshoppers did not leave one green thing above the ground. That year we lived on jack rabbit for breakfast, dinner, and supper. We hadn't even bread to eat with it. The next year the young grasshoppers kept everything eaten down to the ground, and it was the same story over again; but the third year the parasite arrived, and they soon disappeared.

No Dry Ground Anywhere.

"Then in the wet years," he went on, "there was no dry ground anywhere. Across the prairie you walked in water anywhere from your boots up to your neck. It became a customary thing to cut a hole in the toe of your boots to let the water run out. In that way, when you got on a tolerably dry piece of land, your feet got comfortable."

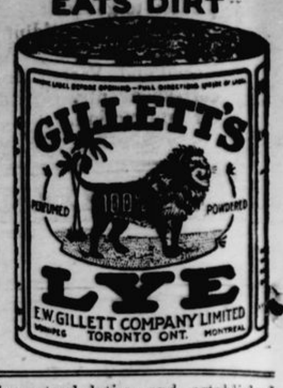
Under these conditions and with markets beyond reach, the future Dominion public servant found that farming did not pay, and went into the city. One year his father had to throw out hundreds of bushels of wheat just to make room for the new crop. After some dozen years on his father's farm, young Cory went to Winnipeg, and entered upon the study of law. He took his articles in the office of the Attorney-General, and was called to the bar in 1889. For a dozen years more he practised law in the city of Winnipeg, and then came to Ottawa as a clerk in the land patent office, where he had to deal with the patents of railway lands.

Has Risen Rapidly.

In the service his rise was rapid. The year in which he entered the service he was sent to the Yukon as inspector of offices under the Departments of the Interior and of Justice. He spent three summers in the gold country, and saw the prosperity of that territory at its height. During his term there conditions of travel in that far north were much easier than in Manitoba when he went there as a boy. In 1904 he was made commissioner of Yukon lands, and in the year following was elevated to the position he at present occupies.

Under his jurisdiction is the whole land and immigration administration of the Government. He controls the agents who bring the new settlers from Europe, and he issues to them their land patents, when they have completed their homestead duties and established their title. Mines and minerals, and the oil rush in Alerta come under his purview, too. Yet, in spite of all these labors he has found time to make himself prominent in athletic circles in the capital. Or perhaps it is a case of "a sound mind in a sound body"; he carries the burdens of office lightly, because he does not neglect the foundation of health.—Francis A. Carman in Toronto Star Weekly.

GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT



Superfluous.

Casey (teaching Hogan to swim): "Now kape yer mouth shut and breathe through yer nose."

Hogan: "And phwat else cud a man breathe through wid his mouth shut, ye fule!"

In the Wrong Place.

Seedy Vagabond: "Mister, I hain't had a blame thing to eat fur two days 'ceptin' a handful o' peanuts."

Dietetic Crank: "That's all you need, you glutton!"

Two Women.

She: "Generally speaking, I have a good disposition. But there are two women in me."

He: "Is that why you need so many new hats?"

His Choice.

"Good night, you precious lamb!"

"Mother, if you must call me something, wouldn't you just as soon call me a billy-goat?"

Wise Gink.

The happy man who always sings
And who is free from debt,
Is he who does not want the things
He knows he cannot get.

Modern Methods.

"One of the kids has been at the jam."

"Can you detect the culprit?"

"Yes; my wife has thumb-prints of all the children."

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