

when princes, envoys, presidents and great people of any sort took to travel publicly or privately, fingered the heavy cream-coloured note-paper upon which the order was written and looked up at the chauffeur. The order itself was surprising enough even to Connery. Some passengers of extraordinary influence, obviously, was to take the train; not only the holding of the transcontinental for an hour told this, but there was the further plain statement that the passenger would be incognito. Astonishing also was the fact that the order was written upon private note-paper. There had been a monogram at the top of the sheet, but it had been torn off; that would not have been if Mr. Jarvis had sent the order from home. Who could have had the president of the road call upon him at half past seven in the morning and have told Mr. Jarvis to hold the Express for an hour?

CONNERY, having served for twenty of his forty-two years under Mr. Jarvis, and the last five, at least, in almost a confidential capacity, was certain of the distinctive characters of the president's handwriting. The enigma of the order, however, had piqued him so that he pretended doubt.

"Where did you get this?" he challenged the chauffeur.

"From Mr. Jarvis."

"Of course; but where?"

"You mean you want to know where he was?"

Connery smiled quietly. If he himself was trusted to be cautious and circumspect, the chauffeur also plainly was accustomed to be in the employ of one who required reticence. Connery looked from the note to the bearer more keenly. There was something familiar in the chauffeur's face—just enough to have made Connery believe, at first, that probably he had seen the man meeting some passenger at the station.

"You are——" Connery ventured more casually.

"In private employ; yes, sir," the man cut off quickly. Then Connery knew him; it was when Gabriel Warden traveled on Connery's train that the conductor had seen this chauffeur; this was Patrick Corboy, who had driven Warden the night he was killed. But Connery, having won his point, knew better than to show it. "Waiting for a receipt from me?" he asked, as if he had abandoned his curiosity.

The chauffeur nodded. Connery took a sheet of paper, wrote on it, sealed it in an envelope and handed it over; the chauffeur hastened back to his car and drove off. Connery, order in hand, stood at the door watching the car depart. He whistled softly

to himself. Evidently his passenger was to be one of the great men in Eastern finance who had been brought West by Warden's death. As the car disappeared, Connery gazed off to the Sound.

The March morning was windy and wet, with a storm blowing in from the Pacific. East of the mountains—in Idaho and Montana—there was snow, and a heavy fall of it, as the conductor well knew from the long list of incoming trains yesterday stalled or badly overdue; but at Seattle, so far, only rain or a soft, sloppy sleet had appeared. Through this rose the smoke from tugs and a couple of freighters putting out in spite of the storm, and from further up Elliot Bay reverberated the roar of the steam-whistle of some large ship signaling its intention to pass another to the left. The incoming vessel loomed in sight and showed the graceful lines, the single funnel and the white and red-barred flag of the Japanese line, the Nippon Yusen Kaisha. Connery saw that it was, as he anticipated, the "Tamba Maru," due two days before, having been delayed by bad weather over the Pacific. It would dock, Connery estimated, just in time to permit a passenger to catch the Eastern Express if that were held till nine o'clock. So, as he hastened to the car-line, Connery

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Calling Our Harvest Reserves

A Matter of National Economics

IN THE RUSH TO GATHER OUR WHEAT IN 1916, WILL QUEBEC REACH OUT FOR THE COLOSSAL HARVEST WAGES AWAITING HER?

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

WINNIPEG, August 12th.

WHATEVER romance there may be about estimating a wheat crop, there is very little but plain, cold mathematics about computing the labour necessary to gather it in. No amount of gambling on the number of men needed would have any effect on the price of the labour. There are no bulls and bears in the free-for-all labour market that once a year musters common labour, miscellaneous talent and as many kinds of people as can be found in a big mining camp into one spontaneous army corps of stokers and pitchers and threshers. In that army a man's brains or his manners do not of necessity count in themselves. He must have tough hands—or get them—and boots that know how to hustle as near as possible from sun to sun. For the big grain-field east of the Rockies crowds most of its glorified epic of binders and stokers and pitchers into a couple of moons.

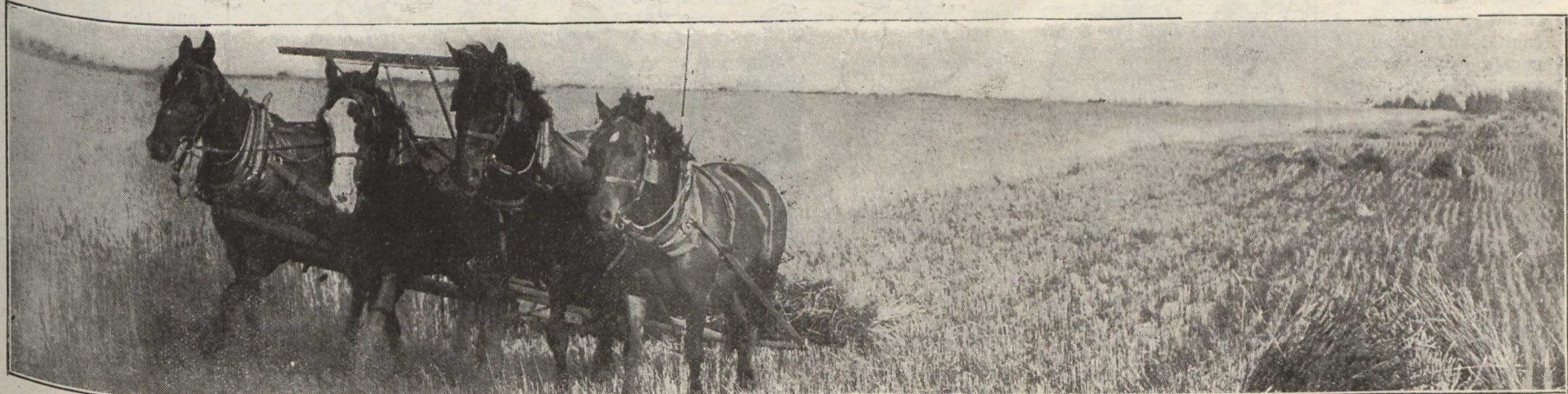
What appears to be the second greatest Canadian harvest is now beginning in the West. Whether the total wheat crop will reach 250,000,000 bushels or whether it will not more than equal the before-1915 record of 210,000,000 is for crop experts to bicker about. A ten per cent. decrease in acreage from 1915 will make small difference to the amount of labour needed to get the 1916 crop from the standing field into the maw of the threshing-mill, the granary and the local elevators. Labour in high dimensions is needed in the West. The wheat demands it. The buying efficiency of Canada in the world's markets and the home market depends in a tremendous degree upon the wheat crop between Kenora and Calgary, Souris and the top edge of North Alberta—a wheat empire 1,000 miles in length and 300 miles wide.

Those easterners who preach so wisely about westerners working out their salvation by mixed farming may as well, for the time being anyway, put

those sermons back in the bottom of the barrel. They may come handy on the next circuit. At present the western farmer has a passion for wheat, because it represents the quickest return on investment, because a herd of cattle costs a large amount of money and considerable time to develop; because wheat requires no water more than the moisture to make it grow, needs no barns, can apparently be cropped year after year without rotation of crops, often without ploughing more than once in three years—on good land ultimately going to the devil by bad crop methods, but just now holding its own on a wheat average of about 20 bushels the acre. Great is the cultivator and the disc harrow! Wheat is as fundamental to the Canadian prairie just now as political regeneration is to Manitoba. And since August, 1915, the wheat epic has never ceased in that country. Nineteen-fifteen wheat is still going out to Fort William and Port Arthur. When the first car of 1916 grain is inspected at Winnipeg there will yet be some millions of 1915 wheat on the way out. The western farmer thinks, dreams, multiplies, worships—Wheat. He may fall below 1915 by a hundred million bushels or more. That makes no difference. The crop of 1915 is still a glorified hangover, while the crop of 1916 is the possibility of another spree.

And so long as the price of this wheat doesn't get boosted by war demand, decreased visibiles or rust experts beyond a sensible commercial height, that's about all the average easterner cares to know about the wheat crop of the West. It happens, however, by the peculiar irony of industrial conditions in Canada that the East must for a good while yet shake itself out of its smug unconcern, trusting to the Lord, the weather and the way things always work, and take a very practical notice of this western wheat crop. In 1916 the East needs to take notice more than ever. No. 1, 2, 3 Hard, No. 1, 2, 3, 4 Northern—are important facts for Ontario, Quebec and Maritime inhabitants as well as for the prairie.

In the first place, more labour is needed from the East to harvest the second greatest crop of 1916 than was taken last year. The East may say that's none of its business; but if the East is only half as selfish as the West sometimes thinks it is, the call for 25,000 harvest hands from



The "peak load" of the West's labour requirements will soon be facing the country. It must be met.