

"you?" roared Culwood, shaking his fist. "Get out of it, or I'll throw you overboard."

Barry did not mince matters. He knew that now, if ever, the law of might was the only law. Straight and true his fist shot out, and Culwood staggered back, saving himself by clutching at the wheel. He recovered with a snarl, and a long bladed knife flashed in his hand.

Then for the first time Barry was thankful for the little automatic pistol he had carried for years. Culwood found himself looking into the barrel of it, and a gleam of fear came into his dark eyes. During the lull that followed a dull roar sounded above the wind, dull, yet of immense volume. It shook the very earth.

"Hear that!" yelled Barry, pointing across the lake. "That's fire, bearing down on the Landing, and you know what it means for the women and children unless someone gets them out. Start up that engine or by heaven I'll drill a hole in you and do it myself."

The savage intentness of the young man's voice, the threatening manner in which he held the little pistol, clearly indicated that he meant what he said, and Culwood, if he valued his life, had no course but to obey. Thirty seconds later they were cutting across the mile of water which lay between the two camps, guided chiefly by their sense of direction, for black, billowy clouds of smoke now obscured the sky.

Nearing the landing stage they ran into a scene of chaos. Canoes and rafts littered the water thronged with men and women. Some had already capsized owing to the wind and overloading, and desperate creatures were hanging on to them, while the wind bore them further and further across deep water. Nearer in terrified horses could be seen wallowing about among those who already had sought the water, and wondering at this panic while the fire was still some miles distant, Barry suddenly recalled that tons of dynamite were stocked at this camp for distribution among outlying prospects. At any moment, then, the whole place might blow up, one explosion, caused by a spark, creating another.

As they ran alongside the landing stage a crowd of foreign miners leapt aboard the launch, then Barry began to throw

his heart into it. He shot one man through the shoulder by way of example, and snatching up Culwood's axe transformed himself into a fiend, charging the mob and dealing blows impartially. In ten seconds he had cleared the stage, revealing a little cluster of women and children pushed into the background by the terrified foreigners.

No man dared to approach while the women and children climbed aboard the launch. Had one attempted Barry would have shot him dead, and well the cowardly group knew it. The fire was now perilously near. Wisps of lighted birchbark flew through the air, settling upon their skin and clothing. The air was rapidly becoming unbreathable, and clear it was that in a few minutes this side of the lake would be a veritable hell-pit.

One or two men threw in their lot with Barry in maintaining order while the women and children were got aboard, and when the launch was packed there were still many more to come. Barry scrambled aboard, starting up the engine, scarcely noticing that Culwood had taken his departure.

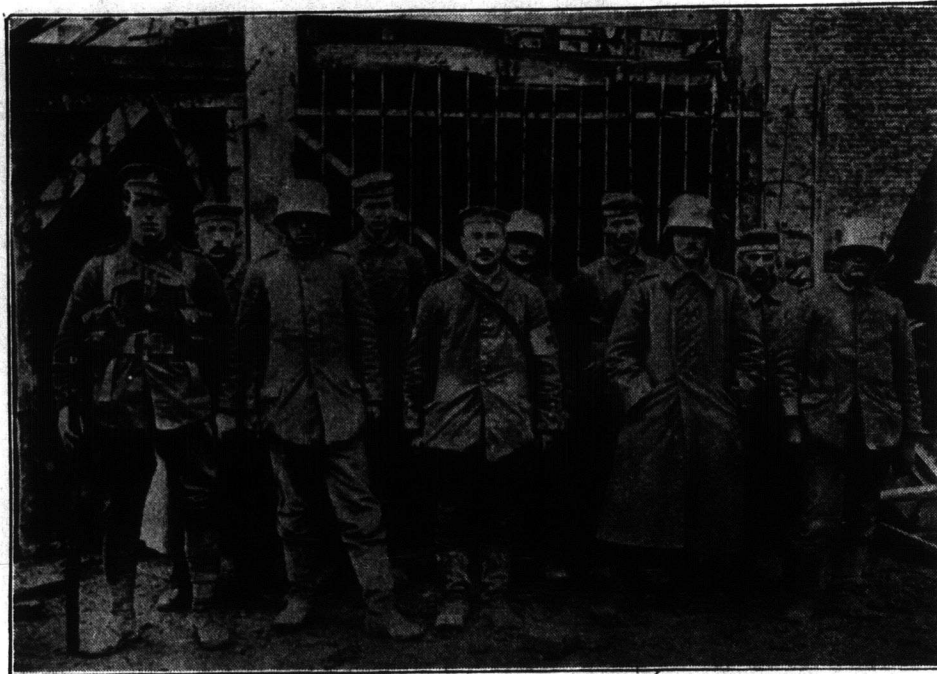
That journey was a nightmare, for now the air was full of flying embers, and at any moment the launch might take fire, in which case there would be no chance for them. Barry landed the first load amidst many earnest blessings, and returned for the next. By now the other launches were scuttled, and men called him a fool for returning. He knew that the fire had now reached the Landing, and that he was going back to a

and all sense of proportion dead within him again faced the burning blast.

He did not land this time. To approach the shore was impossible. He scarcely knew what he did. Months after fragments came floating back to him like glimpses from a dim and unearthly dream. He recalled rescuing several people, men and women, from a raft which was going to pieces. He recalled seeing entreating arms stretched out to him, and one bearded Frenchman kissed him profusely. Then he remembered running down a canoe in the darkness, and dimly realizing that he could save none of its many occupants, for his boat was full.

Ninety yards from the other side the launch caught fire, and they ran ashore just as the flames reached the petrol tank. Headlong they plunged into the water, one after another struggling up, and wearily, painfully dragging themselves waist deep towards the shore. The city lay away to the right under an unearthly glimmer, and here, beyond the beach the timber was partly cleared, but the very muskeg that covered the earth was red and quivering.

As Barry fell in at the tail of the pathetic little procession, leaving the burning launch on the surface behind, he heard the sound of human groans almost at his shoulder. Looking round he saw the shadowy figure of a man, clinging to the gunwale with one hand, his face, ghastly in the firelight, turned upwards in an expression of extremity. At once the young engineer knew that this was one of the crew he had run down in the



First official photographs of the great battle. Germans taken prisoner by the British waiting to be interrogated

veritable hell. In all probability the launch would catch fire, and all things considered, it was a toss-up whether or not he would ever return.

Nor was he far wrong. Nearing the Landing his scarf tied about his mouth, the fumes and the heat forced him to seek refuge in the bottom of the boat, clinging to the wheel with knotted fingers.

By now the citizens had taken to the water, herded like cattle along the shallow stretch, some of them crowded out of their depth by the stifled mob behind. Barry ran in among them. A man helped a woman aboard and tried to follow, but was unceremoniously pushed back. Someone handed up a crying infant, and Barry gave it to the woman already rescued, noting her instinctive motherhood, even in her terror, to hold it to her and protect it. Others and still others were taken in, huddling on the floorboards and gasping for breath, praying in terrified groans, while Barry doused his smouldering clothing, his mind a nightmare of ghastly sounds and horrible scenes.

Again he set out across the lake and again made a safe landing. The fire was now on every side, the noise of it defying all description, and Porcupine itself was in danger. Strong men moved like creatures in a dream, unable to comprehend what had befallen them, stunned and bewildered by the magnitude of it all, doing the most heroic or the most cowardly things with no knowledge of what they did.

A young girl clung to Barry's arm and entreated him not to go back. "It's absolute hell over there!" she muttered shuddering. Barry shook himself free,

darkness, and that the man, his arm almost torn from the sockets, had clung to the launch, and thus been towed across the lake. He went back to help him, it was Culwood!

Three hours later two exhausted men lay at the water's edge staring at the simmering inferno ahead, too chilled to stir, too exhausted to make the effort. For three hours one had kept the other afloat, shielding his face with a scrap of blanket, cursing him, entreating him, begging him to keep his end up. The very clothing had fallen from their shoulders, which now lay bare and blistered, their eyes burnt like living coals, their nerveless fingers were hooked into the sand as though afraid that earth itself would fall from under them. Yet the worst was now over, and one incredible fact remained, they were alive!

Thus they looked into each other's faces, and each nodded gravely. "Geewizz!" muttered the elder. "I thought it was whisky!" Then after a space he added, "How did we get here?"

The boy looked away, and the shadow of a smile flitted across his handsome face. "I guess I towed you!" was his simple comment.

Their Training Didn't Harmonize

Mrs. Newkewed (in tears)—"I just don't care! I'm going to give up house-keeping!" Her Dearest Friend—"What! When you took a special course at college in domestic science?" Mrs. Newkewed (sobbing)—"I-I know, but—but I can't find a butcher that did!"

Waterways and Empire

(By C. J. Aubertin, in the "Daily News and Leader," London.)

Everybody knows by this time that the Germans have reached Odessa. Few have noticed—or in these days of small papers have had a chance of noticing—that, according to several German newspapers, the coming commercial agreement with Russia will contain a plan for the construction of a great canal from the Baltic to the Black Sea. A very pretty scheme, it will be said, which will develop in about twenty years. Quite so, but taken in conjunction with what we already know of Germany's belief in waterways for political purposes, it is a fact of great significance. It means that, even if Germany does not hope to remain physically in Russia, she hopes to remain there economically. Just as "Mittel-europa" is to be secured by the Main-Danube Canal so "Osteuropa"—if one may coin a word—is to be secured by the new project.

Perhaps this sounds fanciful to those who know only the toy waterways of this country with their 30-ton barges. The reply to this is that Germany has for the last forty years spent millions on the improvement of her own inland waterways, with the result—to name only a few instances—that the waterborne traffic of Ruhrort increased 97 per cent in eleven years, that of Mannheim 156 per cent in ten years, of Frankfurt 153 per cent in ten years, and of the River Main 102 per cent in fifteen years. And this traffic was not filched from the railways, as the railways in England have filched the canal traffic, for during these years the railway traffic of Germany increased by 57 per cent. The canals in Eastern Germany are standardized for boats of 400 tons, those in Western Germany for boats of 600, and the former before the war were being brought up to the 600 standard, which is about eighteen times that of England.

Mittel-europa

Improved waterways having brought such prosperity to internal Germany (I speak, of course, of prosperity before the war, though doubtless her water system has played a noble part in the actual conduct of the war), she is prepared to push the policy further, in agreement, naturally, with Austria. What she expects to accomplish in Middle Europe cannot be better summed up than in a statement made just a year ago by the Austro-Hungarian Minister in Switzerland, who declared that the Danube and the Rhine, if united by canals, would create an organic and united Central Europe. And he added that the commerce of Germany, which might be rendered precarious by the results of the present war, possibly prolonged by an economic war, would be replaced up to a certain point by the navigation and river commerce of Mittel-europa with the near East.

The credit for the Main-Danube Canal has already been passed, which is not the same thing, it is true, as the actual provision of the money. Nevertheless, the plans have been long prepared, and over a year ago the King of Bavaria stated that the work would be begun by the labor of war prisoners. Perhaps that has already been done. The canal is to be 440 miles in length, and to cost £33,000,000. It is to be electrically worked by means of a great power station on the Upper Danube, and it is to accommodate boats of 1,200 tons.

Perhaps the phrase "Main-Danube" does not convey much to English ears. It means, however, that in eight years, if the Germans are not too optimistic, there will be a waterway for boats of 1,200 tons from the North Sea to the Black Sea. A scheme is also on foot for the junction of the Danube and the Elbe. Hamburg is crying out for it on the ground that she is the true German port which has suffered so much during the war, and that the Rhine traffic benefits only Antwerp and Holland. Vienna has prepared plans for a great inland harbor where a canal from the Oder is to join the Danube. The harbor, it has been officially stated in the "Neues Wiener Journal," is "destined for the transport of German coal towards the East, where a vast market awaits it in place of British coal."

(Continued on page 47)



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