The Heart of a Woman

By BARONESS ORCZY

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CHAPTER XXIX—(Continued.)

"I saw this," he said, "in the Daily Graphic yesterday. It's the picture of Paul, I saye to myself."

The coroner took the paper from the witness and laid it down on the table, glancing at it casually. There had been innumerable portraits of the murdered man published both in the morning and the evening papers of yesterday.

"It's Paul to the life," insisted Jim Baker. "I was at my work, you understand, when I seed the paper in one o' the other chaps' 'ands. I couldn't give up my work then. I 'ad to wait till evenin' to speak to my missus. Then we talked it all over, and young Smith 'e took a day off and me too, and Mrs. Baker and Emily and Jane Smith, they all come along."

"And you looked on the face of the dead man, and you swear that it is your son?"

"I take my oath, sir. Ask 'is mother there. She knows 'er own son. She'll tell you just what vaccination marks 'e 'ad on 'is arm, and about the scar on 'is leg and all. The ladies, sir, they are that sharp—"

Jim Baker—feeling no doubt that his ordeal was nearly over—was losing his nervousness, or perhaps it took a new form, that of jocularity. The coroner thought t best to check his efforts at humor in the bud.

"That will do!" he said curtly.

And the Clapham bricklayer at once retired within his shell of humble self-deprecation. He answered a few more questions that the coroner put to him, but clearly his own circle of vision was so circumscribed that, willing as he undoubtedly was, he could throw no light whatever on the unknown events which led up to the extraordinary fraud practiced on the Earl of Radclyffe and which culminated in the mysterious murder in the taxicab.

The father of the strangely enigmatic personality, who indeed had taken many a secret with him to the grave, was far too indifferent, too fatalistic, to put forth any theory as to his son's motives, or the inducements and temptations which had first given birth to the astoundingly clever deception.

Wearied and impatient at last the coroner gave up his questionings. He turned to the jury with the accustomed formula:

The foreman of the jury wanted to know if the witness son had any birthmark on him, or other palpable means of identification.

"Yes, sir," replied Jim Baker, "but 'is mother'll tell you better'n me—she knows best—about the vaccination marks and all."

The foreman then asked the coroner whether the jury would be allowed to identify the marks. On being assured by the coroner that after adjournment this very day every means would be taken to corroborate Jim Baker's statement, the jury seemed satisfied.

And the coroner called the next witness.

CHAPTER XXX.

And Then Every One Went Home.

Though the hour was getting late, no one among the crowd thought of leaving the court. Even the desire for tea, so peculiarly insistent at a certain hour of the day in the whole of the British race, was smothered beneath the wave of intense excitement which swept right over every one.

Although the next witness—who each in their turn came forward to the foot of the table—swore to tell the truth and faced the coroner with more or less assurance, they could but repeat the assertions of the head of the family; nevertheless the public seemed ready to listen with untiring patience to the story which went to prove that the man whom everybody believed to be the heir of one of the oldest titles and richest rent-rolls in England was the son of a Clapham bricklayer, a master of audacity and of fraud.

The mother—a worthy and simple soul—was the first to explain that Paul, her only son, had always been something of a gentleman. He had done very well at school, and never done a stroke of work like 'is father. When he was fifteen he was quite stage-struck. "Always playacting," as the mother put it, "and could recite poetry beautiful!"

Mrs. Baker seemed distinctly proud of her son's deeply rooted horror of work. She thought that all the instincts of a gentleman were really in him. When he was a grown lad, he went as footman in a gentleman's family somewhere in the Midlands. The mother loftily supposed that it was there that Paul learned his good manners.

"He was a perfect gentleman, sir," she reiterated complacently.

It appeared too that the wastrel had had a period in his career when the call of the stage proved quite irresistible, for he seemed to have left the gentleman's family in the Midlands somewhat abruptly and walked on as super for a time in the various melodramas produced at the Grand Theatre, Nottingham, whenever a crowd was required on the stage. There seems also to have existed a legend in the heart of the fond mother and of the doting sister that Paul had once really played a big part in a serious play. But this statement was distinctly wanting in corroboration.

What was obviously an established fact was that the man had a certain spirit of adventure in him, and that he had been a regular rolling stone, a regular idle, good-for-nothing wastrel, possessing a certain charm of manner which delighted his family and which was readily mistaken by the simple folk for that of a gentleman.

They were all called in turn; the sister, and young Smith "from next door," and the latter's sister. Not one of them swerved for a moment from the original story told by Jim Baker. Emily and young Smith told of the meeting which occurred on a fine summer's afternoon between themselves and Paul. By the strange caprice of wanton coincidence the meeting occurred inside Green Park. Paul seemed a little worried, thinking that the passers-by would see him talking to "poor people like us," as Emily Baker had it, "although," she added proudly, "I 'ad me new 'at on, with the pink roses." Otherwise he was quite pleasant and not at all "off-'and."

The account of this interview was fully corroborated by young Smith "from next door." Jane Smith, who at one time had considered herself engaged to Paul Baker, had a few tender reminiscences to recount. She had seen the prodigal onc on the boards of the Queen's Theatre, Lewisham, and she declared that he looked "a perfect gentleman."

The day wore on, or rather the commencement of evening. The evil-smelling fog from outside had made its home inside the dismal room. People there only saw one another through a misty veil; the corners of the room were wrapped in gloom. Exciting as was the story which had been unfolded this afternoon, one or two among the audience had given way to sleep. Lady Ducies' feathers nodded ominously, and the old dame who had munched sandwiches was inclined to give forth an occasional snore.

Louisa's eyes were aching. Constant watching had tired them; they even ceased to see clearly. Her brain too had become somolent. She was tired of hearing these people talk. From the moment that Jim Baker had stated that the murdered man was his own son, Louisa had known that he had spoken the truth. Instinct was guiding her toward the truth, showing her the truth, wherever possible. She listened at first—deeply interested—to the scrappy evidence which told of Paul Baker's early life, but the family from Clapham Junction Road had marvellously little to relate. They no more understood their adventurous-spirited son than they would have been capable of aiding and abetting the fraud which he concocted.

They themselves were far too simple and too stupid to be dangerously criminal. And so the evidence quickly lost its interest for Louisa. She herself, with the fragmentary statements which she heard, could more easily surmise the life history of Paul Baken than could the doting mother, who retailed complacently every mark on the skin and on the body of her son, and knew nothing whatever—less than nothing—of his thoughts, his schemes, of the evil that was in him, and the ambition which led to his end.

And now the last of the Baker contingent was dismissed. Jane Smith, the sweetheart of the murdered man, was the last to leave the coroner's table. She did so in a flood of tars, in which the others promptly and incontinently joined.

The coroner, somewhat impatient with them all, for their vague notions on the most important bearings of the case had severely tried him, adjourned the inquiry until the morrow.

He ordered the jury to be present at a quarter before ten, and gave the signal for the general withdrawal.

After which every one went home.

CHAPTER XXXI.

And There Are People Who Do Not Care.

For the first time in the whole caurse of her life Louisa Harris felt that convention must be flouted and social duties could not be fulfilled.

When the coroner, rising from his seat, gave the signal for general exodus, she had felt her father's firm hand grasping her arm, and leading her out of the fog-ridden, stuffy room into the cold, gray passages outside.

The herd of cackling geese were crowding round her. Heavens above, how they cackled and gossiped! It seemed as if the very floodgates of a noisy, bubbling stream had been torn asunder, and a whirlpool of chattering women been let loose upon the earth.

Convention, grim and untractable, tried to pull the string to make all puppets dance. But for once Louisa Harris rebelled. She closed her ears to insinuating calls from her friends, responding with a mere cut nod to the most gushing "Oh, Miss Harris! how are you?" which greeted her from every side.

She turned her back resolutely on convention. The slave for once rebelled against the taskmaster: the puppet refused to dance to the ever-wearying monotonous tune.

She had lost sight of Luke the moment the court rose. She supposed that his solicitor, Mr. Dobson, knowing the ropes, had got him away from the reach of cackling geese by leading him through some other more private way. But she was far too dazed, too numb, either to wonder or to be disappointed at this. She felt as if she had pitched head foremost down a long flight of stairs, and had only just had sufficient strength to pick herself up, and not to let other people see quite how severely she had been bruised.

Mentally, morally, even physically, she felt bruised from head to foot.

Colonel Harris contrived to steer her through the crowd: at the gate outside even the smoke-laden atmosphere seemed pure and invigorating in comparison with that stuffy pen, wherein the herd of cackling geese had found its happy hunting ground. Louisa drew in a long breath, filling her lungs with fog, but feeling a little freer, less choked in spite of the grime which she inhaled.

"I think," sail Colonel Harris now, "that you'd better go straight back to the Langham, and get some tea. You'll feel better when you've had your tea."

"I fell all right, dear," she said, trying to smile.

"So much the better," he retorted with an equal effort at cheerfulness. "I'll come along as soon as I can."

"Where are you off to, dear?" she asked.

"I'll just go and have a talk to Tom," he replied.

"I'll come with you. I can wait in the cab. I don't suppose that you'll be long."

He tried to protest, but obviously she had made up her mind. Perhaps she did not like the idea of going back to the hotel alone. So he hailed a passing cab and told the man to driveto Scotland Yard.

He had deliberately—and despite former prejudices—selected a taxicab. He wanted to see Tom as soon as was possible.

Louisa leaned back in the corner of the vehicle silent and motionless. Father and daughter did not exchange a single word whilst the cab rattled through the crowded streets of London. Hansoms, omnibuses, innumerable other taxis, rattled along the selfsame way, just as they had always done before this, just as they would go on doing to the end of time. People walked along, busy and indifferent. Many went past the shrieking news vendors without even stopping to buy a paper.

Luke stood accused, almost self-convicted, of a horrible crime, and there were thousands, nay millions, of people who didn't even care!

The taxicab flew past the railings of the Green Park, there where another taxicab had drawn up a couple of evenings ago, and where a snake-wood stick marked with tell-tale stains had been found clumsily buried in the mud. Louisa peered out of the window of the cab. People walked past that spot, indifferent and busy. Two girls were standing close to the railings chatting and gigling.

And Luke tomorrow, or perhaps tonight, would be under arrest—charged with murder—horrible, cruel, brutal murder—a vulga, cowardly crime! The snake-wood stick had told a tale which he had not attempted to refute.

Presently the cab drew up and Colonel Harris jumped down.

"I won't be longer than I can help," he said. "Will you be all right?"

"Yes, father dear," she replied, "I'll be all right. Don't hurry."

She saw her father disappearing through the wide open door, above which a globe of light shone yellow through the fog. She remained huddled up in her furs, for she felt very cold. Her feet were like ice, and the fog seemd to have penetrated to her very marrow. Few people were to be seen in the narrow roadway, and only an occasional cab rattled past.

From the embankment close by came the cry of news vendors rushing along with late editions of the evening papers.

A church clock not far away slowly struck six, but she held no count of time. A kind of drowsiness was upon her, and the foggy atmosphere, coupled with intense, damp cold, acted as a kind of soporific.

She may have waited years, or only a few minutes; she did not know, but presently her father came back. His presence there under the lintel of the door seemed to have roused her from her torpor, as if with a swift, telepathic current. As he stood for a moment beneath the lectric light, adjusting the collar of his coat, she saw his face quite distinctly; its expression told her everything. Luke's arrest was imminent. It was but a question of a few hours, moments perhaps.

"I am going to Exhibition Road at once," he said, speaking quickly, like a man deeply troubled.

And without waiting for her consent, which was a foregone conclusion, he gave the chauffeur the address: "Fairfax Mansions, Exhibition Road;" and added, "drive as fast as you can!"

Then he jumped in beside Louisa. The taxicab moaned and groaned whilst it manoeuvred for turning; then it rattled off once more at prohibited speed.

"It is," she said simply, "only a question of time, I suppose?"

"The warrant is out," he replied curtly. "Any moment now the police may be at his door."

"Uncle Ryder is convinced of Luke's guilt?"

"Absolutely."

"Beyond that what does he say?"

"That unless Luke chooses to make a bolt of it, he had better plead guilty and intense provocation. But he thinks Luke would be wise to catch the night boat for Calais."

"They'd get him back on extradition."

"Tom says they won't try very hard. And if Luke keeps his wits about him, and has a sufficiency of money he'll be able to get right through to Spain and from thence to Tangiers. With money and influence much can be done, and Tom says that if Luke will only get away tonight he himself is prepared to take all the blame and all the responsibility of having allowed a criminal to escape. It's very decent of Tom," added the colonel thoughtfully, "for he risks his entire future."

But the sorely troubled father did not tell his daughter all that Sir Thomas had told him in the course of the brief interview.

In effect the chief of the Criminal Investigation Department had given a brief alternative by way of advice.

"A ticket to anywhere via Calais at once—or a revolver."

And he had added dryly:

"I see nothing else for it. The man has practically confessed."

But this Colonel Harris would not admit, and so the two men parted. Louisa's father, thinking a great deal of his friend but still more of his daughter, wanted above all things to have a final talk with Luke.

Louisa in the meanwhile sat silent in the corner of the cab.

She was trying to visualize this new picture: Luke—a fugitive from justice!

The taxicab was making a slight detour as Whitehall and the Mall were closed for road repairs. The chauffeur was driving round by St. Martin's Lane. At one of the theatres there, a popular play was filling the house night after night with enthusiastic crowds. It was only half-past six now, and in a long queue extending over two hundred yards away from the pit and gallery doors of the lucky play-house, patient crowds waited for the evening's pleasure.

People were going to theatres, they laughed at farces, and wept at tragedies. Was there ever such a tragedy enacted inside a theatre, as now took place in the life of a commonplace man and woman?

Luke—a fugitive from justice! Money and influence could do much! They could enable a wealthy criminal to escape the consequences of his own crime! They could enable him to catch express trains unmolested, to fly across land and sea under cover of the night, to become, Cain-like, a wanderer on the face of the earth without rest and without peace.

Could they prevent him from seeing ever present at his elbow the grim Angel of Remorse, holding in one hand the glass wherein relentlessly flowed the sands of time, and in the other, the invisible sword of a retarded but none the less sure vengeance? Could they prevent his hearing the one word, Nemesis?

Luke—a fugitive from justice! Accused of a crime which he did not commit, self-convicted, almost self-accused, and fleeing from its consequences as he would from Remorse!

And people went to theatres, and laughed and cried. People ate and danced and sang News vendors shrieked their wares, the latest sensational news; the gentleman criminal who has money and influence and with their help evaded the grip of justice.

CHAPTER XXXII

A Man Must Act as He Thinks Best.

Louisa knew the flat in Exhibition Road very well. She had helped Edie to furnish it, and to made it pretty and cosey, for Edie's passion was for dogs and for golf; drawing-room chairs and saucepans were not much in her line. So Louisa had chosen practically everything—the piano, as well as the coal-scuttles, and every stick of furniture in Luke's room.

Tonight she went up the well-known stairs very slowly: she ached so in every limb that she could scarcely walk. She seemed to have aged twenty years in two days.

Edie was sitting alone in the pretty drawing room buried in a capacious armchair, her hands folded before her. The room was in darkness save for the glow of the firelight. She jumped up when Colonel Harris and Louisa were announced and the neat servant in black dress and smart cap and apron switched on the electric light.

"Oh," said poor little Edie impetuously, "I am so thankful you've come!"

She ran up to Louisa and put her arms round her, kissing her.

"Do come and sit with me," she continued, loath to relinquish Colonel Harris's hand after she had shaken it, "I feel that in this solitude I shall go dotty."

Whilst she spoke, she detached with nervous, febrile movements Louisa's fur from round her neck, and dragged the older woman nearer to herself and to the fire. Then she threw herself down on the hearth rug, squatting there in front of the fire, with nervy fingers picking at the fringe of the rug. Her cheeks were red and blotchy with traces of recent tears, her hair, towzled and damp, clung to her moist temples. Suddenly she burst into a torrent of weeping.

"Oh, Lou! what does it all mean?" she exclaimed between heavy sobs. "What does it all mean? They say Luke has murdered that odious Philip! and I have been cooped up here for two days now, not daring to go out! ashamed to face any one! and Luke—Luke—oh!"

The outburst was almost hysterical. The young girl was obviously fearfully overwrought, and had endured a severe nerve-strain by not having the means of giving vent to her feelings. Colonel Harris, with all an Englishman's horror of feminine scenes, was clearing his throat, looking supremely uncomfortable all the time.

"Sh!—sh!" admonished Louisa impatiently, "be quiet, Edie, you mustn't go on like that! Be quiet now!" she added more severely seeing that the girl made no effort to control herself. "What will your servants think?"

"Do you suppose," retorted Edie, "that I care what they think? They can't think more, can they? when they all talk of Luke as if he were a murderer."

"Do for God's sake be silent, Edie. This is too awful."

And Louisa, almost roughly, dragged herself away from the girl's hysterical embrace. She had tried so hard for two days and two nights to keep herself together, and her nerves in check. All day today had been one long continuous battle against the danger of "breaking down," that bugbear of the conventional woman of the world.

Now this danger, backed up by this poor child's grief, loomed greater than ever, now—now—that "breaking down" would become a positive sin, the most abject form of cowardice. But Edie's bewilderment, her loneliness, were intensely pathetic. Louisa had tried to be severe, and insisted on checking the access of hysteria, but her heart went out to the child, and to her puzzlement in face of this awful, ununderstandable riddle.

"Look here, Edie," she said gently, putting her own kind arms round the quaking shoulders of the younger girl, "you are just going to show father and me how brave you can be. You are Luke's nearest and dearest one on earth; you must not add to his troubles by this exaggerated show of grief. We'll all have to be brave—all of us—but Luke will have to be the bravest of us all, and so we must all do our best to keep up our courage, and help his own."

She was not accustomed to making such long speeches, nor yet to preach and to admonish. Life, before now, had never placed her in the necessity of admonishing others; everybody round her—the people with whom she came in contact always behaved very much as they should—in the proper conventional worldly manner. People she had hitherto to do with, did not give way to hysterical tears, nor had they occasion to display fortitude in the face of an overwhelming moral shock.

Therefore Louisa was not sure if her words would carry weight, or if they would produce the effect she desired. She gazed anxiously at Edie whilst she spoke, looking with hopeful yet fearful eyes in the poor girl's face, wondering if she had succeeded in calming the hysterical outburst.

Edie hung her head, wilfully veiling her eyes beneath the drooping lids. She twirled her gossamer handkerchief into a tight wet ball and toyed with it nervously.

"It's not much good," she said at last, in very low tones so that Louisa had some difficulty in hearing what she said, "my trying to be brave—when Luke is such a coward!"

"Be quiet, Edie," retorted Louisa, all her kindness and sympathy gone, and pushing the girl roughly away from her. "You have no right to talk like that."

"Well, Colonel Harris," rejoined Edie, turning to the man in her distress, "I ask you, if it isn't just cowardice to run away now, and leave me and Jim to face the whole thing alone?"

"To run away? What do you mean?" demanded Louisa, placing her hand on the girl's shoulder, forcing her to turn round and to face her.

"Who's running away?" queried Colonel Harris with a frown.

"Luke," said Edie hotly, "is running away. He came home just now, and calmly told me that he was going off abroad tonight, and since then he has been shut up in his room, packing his things. I have been all alone here all day. Jim won't be home till late tonight. Poor old Jim! what a fearful home-coming it will be for him."

But to this renewal of Edie's lamentations, Louisa had not listened, only to the words: "Luke said that he was going abroad tonight!"

Luke—fugitive from justice. The monstrous, unbelievable picture which she had tried to visualize just now had become a mirror reflecting awaful, hideous reality.

"Where's Luke?" asked the colonel. "I'd better see him.

"No, father," interposed Louisa quickly. "I'd sooner speak to Luke. Can I go to him, Edie?"

"Yes, I think so," replied the other. "I don't suppose that he has locked his door."

"Lousia," said her father gently, "I don't think you'll be doing any good, dear. A man must act as he thinks best."

"I'm not," she replied, "going to interfere with Luke's plans. I only want to speak to him. Don't bother, Edie. I know my way."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

If You Would Only Let Yourself Go.

Luke was sitting at a desk, writing, when Louisa entered his room. Only one lamp shaded with yellow silk hung above the desk, throwing golden light on paper and blotting pad and on the hand which held the pen.

When Luke turned at the sound of the opening door his face remained in deep shadow. He could not of course see her distinctly, as her figure was silhouetted against the light in the passage behind her; that was no doubt the reason why he did not rise to greet her when she entered, but remained seated at his desk.

"May I come in, Luke?" she asked.

"Certainly," he replied. "I was just writing to you."

"Then give me your unfinished letter, and tell me what else you were going to write."

"Oh! I had only got as far as your name," he said, pointing to the empty page before him.

"Was it so difficult then," she asked, "to tell me everything?"

She had come forward into the room, and stood beside his desk, one hand resting upon it, her face looking down at the letter which he had not yet begun to write. He still made no attempt to rise, for now her face was in full golden light, and he could see its every feature.

"It is so difficult," he said, "not to write drivel when one is saying good-bye."

"You are going away?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Tonight?"

"In half an hour."

"You are going abroad?"

"Certainly."

"Why?"

This last question came abruptly, in harsh, trenchant tones, altogether different to those of her smooth contralto voice. He turned his eyes away from her face, and looked down at his own hands, which were clasped in front of him.

"Because," he replied without the slightest hesitation, "I cannot face what lies before me if I remain."

"Why no?"

"For many reasons. There's Uncle Rad to consider first and foremost, then Edie, and Jim, and Frank."

"What have they to do with it?"

"Everything. After the evidence at the inquest today a warrant will be out for my arrest within the next few hours."

"What of it?"

"The evidence against me is overwhelming. I should be tried, perhaps hanged, for murder, at best sent to penal servitude for life. I cannot chance that. I must think of Uncle Rad, of Edie, of Jim and of Frank."

"You have yourself to think of first and foremost."

"Well," he retorted simply, "I have thought of myself, and I do not see how with my own dagger-stick brought up in evidence against me, and my ill-feeling toward—toward the dead man so well-known, I can possibly escape condemnation."

He spoke in such even and perfectly natural tones, that just for a moment—it was a mere flash—Louisa wondered if he were absolutely sane. It seemed impossible that any man could preserve such calm in face of the most appalling fate that ever threatened human being. She, too, like the indifferent, hide-bound official this afternoon was seized with an irrepressible desire to break through that surface of ice. The outer covering must be very thin, she thought; her presence must have melted all the coldness that lay immediately below the surface. Without saying another word, quietly and simply she came down on her knees. Her skirts had not swished as she did so, not a sound from her revealed the movement When he looked up again, her face was on a level with his, and her eyes—those great luminous eyes that shed no ters at moments such as this—looked straight into his own.

"For pity's sake, Lou," he said, "don't make a drivelling coward of me now."

And he rose, pushing his chair aside, leaving her there, kneeling beside the desk, humbled and helpless. And he retreated within the shadow of the room.

"Luke," she said, imploring him, "you are going to tell me all that troubles you."

"Nothing," he replied curtly, "troubles me. You are wasting your sympathy, you know. And I have a train to catch."

"You are not going, Luke?"

"Indeed I am."

"You condemn yourself for a crime which you have not committed."

"I am already as good as condemned. But I do not choose to hang for the murder of the Clapham bricklayer's son."

He laughed. It almost sounded like a natural laugh—would have done so, no doubt, to all ears except hers. Then he added dryly:

"Such a purposeless crime too. Fancy being hanged for killing Paul Baker."

"Luke," she said simply, "you don't seem to realize how you are hurting me!"

One ejaculation, "My God!" escaped him then. He stood quite still, in the shadow, and presently his hand wandered with the old familiar gesture down the smooth back of his head She remained on her knees and after awhile he came back to her, and sat down on the chair beside the desk, his eyes on a level with hers.

"Look here, Lou," he said quietly, "I have got to go and that's all about it. I have got to, do you understand? The consequences of this crime cannot be faced—not by any one—not be me. There's Uncle Rad to think of first. He is broken and ill; he has more than one foot in the grave. The trial and the scandal couldn't be kept from him; it would be bound to leak out sooner or later. It would be too big a scandal, and it would kill him outright. Then, you see, Lou, it would never do! I should be Earl of Radclyffe and a felon—it wouldn't do, now would it? Who has ever heard of a peer undergoing a life sentence—or being hanged? It wouldn't do—you know it wouldn't do—"

He reiterated this several times, with quaint insistence, as if he were discussing with her the possibility or impossibility of attending a race meeting, or a ball in Lent, she proving obstinate.

She did not reply, leaving him to ramble on in his somewhat wild speech, hoping that if she let him talk on uninterruptedly, he would sooner or later betray something of that enigma which lay hidden behind the wooden mask which he still so persistently wore.

(To be continued.)

OAT YIELD IN THE WEST BEATS ANYTHING YET

Winnipeg, Sept. 10—With the announcement of Manager McWilliams, of the Canadian Elevator Company, that the crop yield of the prairie provinces will exceed 200,000,000 bushels, come general reports from all over the rural districts of a brisk demand for money to handle the crop.

Train loads of wheat are now moving to Fort William and the great rush is on. Vice-President Bury, of the C. P. R., is out for a record this fall in the movement of grain. Threshing of wheat is general now and oats are being harvested. This crop is really in excess per acre of the wheat. Nothing like the oat yield has ever been seen in the west.

PEOPLE'S EYES OPENED NOW, SAYS LAURIER

(Continued from page 5.)

at one end of the dominion, and the maritime provinces at the other.

"Should a country like Canada, with the coast line Canada has, remain absolutely without protection? Those who say so are simply demagogues.

"The question is one which must be settled. We solved it in the manner which we believed was our best duty to Canada and to the empire.

"It is easy to inspire terror among the people. But I would rather have been beaten than to have won by such means.

"After three months in England, Borden has returned. He went over to discuss the naval question. He does not seem to be any nearer a solution than he was before. He is going to submit the matter to his colleagues. I do not reproach him for taking his time about it. We will discuss it when it comes. But I will say this in advance: Never, never will I raise my voice in appeals to race or religious prejudices. May my tongue cleave to my palate; may my right arm be palsied if ever I inspire discord on this question.

"We will discuss the matter calmly and with dignity, and I will try to do my duty as a Canadian and a British subject. I consecrated my life to making Canada a nation. If we are faithful to our programme, the nation will live, and the party triumph."

The conclusion of the speech was followed by an ovation lasting several minutes.

One tablespoonful of water or milk should be allowed for every egg in an omelet.

LITTLE SUMMER COLONY AT DRURY COVE CAME NEAR BEING WIPED OUT BY FLAMES

Fire Destroys Three Houses and Several Other Cottages. Motor Boats and Other Craft Are Saved With Great Difficulty—Workmen Nearby Give Valuable Assistance.

Wednesday, Sept. 11.

Through the efforts of twenty-six workmen from the Maritime Motor Co., Ltd., and several residents of the district, and the untiring energy and courage of the Misses Roakes, daughters of L. Roakes, the pretty little summer resort at Drury Cove was yesterday afternoon saved from being wiped out of existence when three of the houses owned by Mr. Roakes were burned to the ground. A high wind was blowing at the time and the whole colony was threatened. For three hours, the Misses Roakes worked at the pumps and raised water for the fire-fighters, who had formed a bucket brigade. Their work in saving houses from the flames was most praiseworthy, for no less than three other buildings and several boats in the cove caught during the fire, and these were all looked after before any serious damage had been done to them.

So hard did the women at the pumps work that they always had three or four buckets full of water ready for the men. The leaders in the fire fighting band were Elting Brown, Fred Parker and Kenneth Colwell, who acted as overseers and directed the men.

They worked till 5 o'clock putting out the flames and extinguished fires which caught from the firebrands that were carried here and there by the high wind, and late last night were busy pouring water on the smouldering ruins.

The burned district included three buildings, two one story and a half houses and a one story house, with a long shed in the read, all of which were owned by Mr. Roakes. Mr. Roakes was very indignant last evening because the city fire department had not answered a call which he said he sent to them. He said that he telephoned to the hook and ladder station in King street east, where he was referred to Chief Kerr. He was told, he said, that the fire was outside the district covered by the department, being beyond the Three Mile House. Mr. Roakes said that one of the houses burned was within the city limits, and that the city line passed through a second house. He also said that he paid taxes in the city and therefore had a right to fire protection. He told the reporter that he would see that the matter was looked into. He places his loss at $2,000, and has no insurance.

Two of the houses burned were occupied by Z. G. Alwood, of M. R. A., Ltd., and Stewart Hamm, of the N. B. Telephone Co., while the third was unoccupied. Mr. Alwood, in whose house the fire originated, lost all his furniture, which was valued at $400. He had insurance amounting to $150, but last night he could not say in what company. Mr. Hamm was more fortunate. Only a month ago he had taken out a policy for $500 in the Royal Fire Insurance Co. Most of his furniture, however, was saved by the young men, who assisted in the fire-fighting, and placed in safety in John Sutherland's barn. He was on business in Norton at the time and his family was on the river. A telephone call brought him home last evening. When he arrived his home was in ashes.

Nearly an Accident.

The third house contined some very valuable machinery, furniture, etc., belonging to Mr. Roakes. All of this was burned. Here some of the fighters came very nearly meeting with an accident, for some ammunition which had been stored there exploded, and scattered things in all directions, but, fortunately no one was injured.

In the early stages of the fire a house occupied by George Dishart caught fire from one of the flying embers, but the blaze was extinguished with some difficulty. Twice again during the course of the afternoon brands fell on the roof of the house and it was only by the greatest care that it was saved from the flames. Another house occupied by Wm. Nilsson and a family by the name of Bond, also caught and the roof was burned before sufficient water could be carried to the place, which was some distance from the scene of the main fire. One of the the Drury Cove Company's lime kilns also caught fire, but here the blaze was easily extinguished, before it got any headway. The house occupied by Thomas Simpson, which was nearest to the blaze, was in great danger, and had not the wind shifted at the critical moment there is no doubt that it would have been burned.

The fire first started in the house occupied by Z. G. Alwood, about 12.30 o'clock. It was noticed by Fred Parker, who happened to be passing. Both Mr. and Mrs. Alwood were out at the time and had been out since 10.30 o'clock. On leaving the house for a row in the river they left no fire in the stove and it is a mystery how the fire caught.

Was Spectacular.

When the alarm was given, one side of the house was burning and before the bucket system had got in good working order, the house was in a mass of flames, and the house next to it had caught. There was little hope of saving any of the three houses as they were close together.

As soon as the news of the fire reached the city, autmobiles, carriages and all sorts of conveyances were rushed to the scene, and before an hour there were hundreds of spectators watching the blaze. All the residents of the vicinity were out in full force to aid in the salvage work, and while the men were fighting the fire the women were bringing furniture out of the houses. Mr. Hamm lost three valuable fur coats in the fire.

Several valuable motor boats and canoes were in danger of being ignited by the sparks that were drifting about. A crew of men led by Elting Brown went about and soaked all the boats with water and by carefully watching them, succeeded in keeping the fire from doing any serious damage to them. While looking after the great number of boats there, he forgot to care for his own, with the result that the canvass was burned off the bottom of it as it was lying upside down on the beach.

CAMPBELLTON IS GROWING VERY RAPIDLY SAYS EX-MAYOR

Dr. Murray Explains That People Are Really Better Off Than Before—Buildings of a High Class Are Going Up.

Wednesday, Sept. 11.

Dr. D. Murray, who was mayor of Campbellton at the time that town was swept by fire, was in the city yesterday with his family. Dr. Murray has been touring through New Brunswick and Nova Scotia in an automobile and came from Digby yesterday morning.

Speaking of conditions in Campbellton, he said that the town was growing rapidly and there was every indication that the citizens would be better off eventually as a result of the fire. The new building laws have had a good effect and a great many of the buildings erected are of concrete or stone and brick, even many of the smaller dwellings are of concrete.

Dr. Murray referred particularly to the fine post office and round house which were built through the efforts of Hon. William Pugsley, then minister of public works. These buildings are a credit to the town and the post office is one of the finest buildings there.

He also pointed out that the sanitary conditions were particularly good and said there had been practically no typhoid in town this year. The business section along Water street is not building up as fast as the rest of the town, but the buildings are all of brick, stone or cement, and some of the owners of land have expressed a determination to build in the near future.

Nearly all the buildings in the town are being fitted with electric lights and the current is supplied from the fine plant, the property of the town, which has been erected since the fire at a cost of about $60,000. Current for lighting is supplied at the rate of ten cents a kilowatt, and Dr. Murray said that before the fire there was about $5,000 profit after paying bond interest and all other expenses.

Another indication of progress is the banks. Campbellton now boasts four of these institutions, each in its own building. The Bank of New Brunswick and the Bank of Nova Scotia both had offices there before the fire. These two banks have built new brick buildings and the Royal Bank of Canada and the Canadian Bank of Commerce are also in the field with fine fire-proof structures.

Dr. Murray pointed out that people outside who read Dun's report would think from the number of mortgages on Campbellton property that the town was much poorer, but this is hardly the case as at present the mortgages are on new buildings and are being placed at one time, whereas before the fire there were almost as many house mortgaged, but now there was the difference that new structures took the place of the old and the people were really better off.

Some magnificent churches have also been erected. Last year the Methodist and Presbyterian congregations each built wood structures of a high class, and this year the Baptist and the Church of England people have fine brick buildings under way. Dr. Murray was sure that these churches would be a credit to a town of much larger size. The people of Campbellton seem very much encouraged with the outlook for the future and Dr. Murray predicts a healthy growth in business and population for the town.

Dr. Murray will start for home today. He reported that some of the roads in Nova Scotia were good, but the northern section in New Brunswick through which he traveled had very bad roadways. He left Campbellton a week ago last Thursday and traveled from Chatham to Halifax and then down through the Annapolis valley to Digby. He expects to reach Campbellton Thureday.

COMPULSORY TYPHOID VACCINATION

(New York Sun).

The Sun has always favored all reasonable methods of sanitation suggested by the constituted authorities. We have consistently defended the latter against the unreasonable attitude of faddists and self-appointed critics who constantly assail vaccination and other well established preventive measures. A protest must, however, be entered against the indefensible compulsion of sailors to submit to typhoid vaccination. Such a case has recently been reported from Mare Island, where a sailor was ordered to prison for a year for refusal.

Typhoid vaccination is fairly well established as an immunizing procedure lasting a more or less prolonged period; and in the presence of a threatened epidemic it would probably render good service. Under the latter conditions punishment for refusal to permit typhoid vaccination may have some justification. Under ordinary conditions, however, it would appear an indefensible mode of discipline to imprison a sailor for one year for refusing his consent. Unlike vaccination against smallpox, typhoid vaccination is still on trial, and proper allowance should be made for ignorance on the part of the offender.

It is doubtful if the severe punishment inflicted in the Mare Island incident was entirely due to the sailor's refusal of consent. We credit our naval officers with greater discretion than this report would indicate.

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NEW BRUNSWICK'S IR POSITS

H. W. Woods, M. P. P., been to Montreal told The M ald about the valuable iron this province. The Herald Woods said that the deposi over a considerable area. T been examined by expert and had been found to be o variety. So much interest had in the discovery that already had been formed to exploit the it was more than probable th would be run to Welsford, wh cipal deposits were, in the nea fact, legislation giving permi company to run a road thro trict has already been passed. of coal had been found, and been worked for some time county, M