

of the party camps. His most brilliant campaigns were conducted from "No-Man's-Land." But the times have changed, and fighting from "No-Man's-Land" is not as attractive as it used to be. For one thing, there isn't so much of it. The two great parties have sapped "No-Man's-Land" with trenches in different directions and now regard a large part of it as their legitimate property. And then there has grown up a huge army of grain-growers, who have built their dug-outs in the old "No-Man's-Land," and set up the "Grain-Grower's Guide" as their standard.

When the Western Grain Growers' Movement began, the wise men glibly sketched for it a course of rise and fall. When it had grown into prominence and threatened to absorb the agrarian life of the three Provinces, the wise men were undismayed, and pointed to movements of equal importance in the United States, which had come and gone, but even the wisest of the wise men are now convinced that the Association of Grain Growers, unlike its predecessors, is not a mere ephemeral organism.

Several causes have contributed to the permanency of the movement, but none more than that its seeds fell upon prairie soil followed by Richardson and the "Tribune." Years before the Grain Growers' Association had presidents and secretaries, the "Tribune"

was engaged in the daily work of preparing the public mind for the acceptance of co-operative marketing, and the hustings rang with the eloquence of R. L. Richardson on behalf of nine out of ten planks in the Grain Growers' platform. The paper and the man carried the ideas through the perilous stages which men call visionary, and when a concerted attempt was made to put these ideas into practice, the general public were prepared to believe them practicable.

By priority of possession, R. L. Richardson is entitled to leadership of the grain growers' movement, but his leadership is not acknowledged by the Association, and this brings us to a consideration of other features in the make-up of the man behind the "Tribune."

Several times a candidate, Richardson, if memory serves me right, has been only once a member of parliament. He has been a leader in ideals rather than a leader of men. The prophets of old were apparently little given to organization, and Richardson has been all his life essentially a prophet, not a priest. Whether he lacks organizing ability or shuns the work of the committee-room from choice, is an open question. It is true he has that indefinable thing called personality, without which successful

leadership is impossible, but it may be safely assumed he is lacking in a knowledge of tactics and party discipline. He who has invariably confined himself to the frontal attack is not usually a tactician, and he who has himself spurned discipline, will naturally find it difficult to subject others to its yoke. It may be that the day is coming when these things are no longer necessary in our political life.

R. L. Richardson is older by nearly thirty years than when he took command of the "Tribune," and while he still possesses most of the vigour and zest of the old days he no longer fights simply for the love of battle. Maturity has sobered the judgment and brought a better perspective of life. In the early days reliance was placed almost solely upon intuition for conclusions and upon rhetoric for their presentation to the public. Nowadays the value of a careful analysis of the case in hand is appreciated. Idealism has been tempered with humanism. Richardson, in short, has reached the second period of his active public career, the days of his best capacity for the people's service. It may be that wealth and political leadership will come his way. Be that as it may, he will never be happier than when he planned his campaigns and fought his lone battles over the wide ranges of "No-Man's-Land."

# The Mystery of Marjorie Sansom

*A Piquant Story of the War, and Canadians Fighting in It*

By MARVIN LESLIE HAYWARD

**I** SAT behind the battered desk in the little office of the "Rockport Advertiser," and held forth to Lucien Emery on the adamant hardness of a country editor's life.

"It does look tough the way you 'dope' it out," admitted Lucien; "but why can't we think of some way to make a lot of money quick?"

"Better men than us have racked their brainworks to pieces over the same problem," I laughed. "Still here's a forlorn hope, if you want to take a chance." I assured him as I picked up the last issue of the "Daily Banner."

"What is it—C. P. R. on a ten point margin?" queried Lucien, carelessly.

"The town of Blashfield is in a ferment of excitement over the mysterious disappearance of Miss Marjorie Sansom, the only daughter of George R. Sansom, the wealthy proprietor of the Blashfield Cotton Mill," I read. "The young lady left home last week to visit a friend at Stanford, and has never been seen or heard of since. The distracted father is leaving no stone unturned to solve the baffling mystery, and has offered a reward of \$5,000 for any information throwing the slightest light upon the matter."

"I haven't the honour of the young lady's acquaintance, and it is rather a long chance," demurred Lucien; "but if I hadn't made up my mind to enlist we'd play the amateur detective for a time and split the reward."

It was just what I had been expecting, and I threw the "Banner" into the little Franklin stove.

"So you've really decided to go?" I asked, glancing down at my "game" ankle with a feeling of helpless and unreasoning animosity.

"Yes. I've drilled ever since I was fifteen, and I can't stay home and look an Arab peddler in the face. And say, old man, if anything happens, you know—"

"Yes."

"I'd kind of like for you to keep an eye on my little brother Jack, and do what you can for him. Mother died when he was only a kid, and I'm the only one he has to look to. He's bright, that boy is, and he'll amount to something if he has a chance."

"Depend on me to the limit of my slight resources," I assured him, with an uncomfortable obstruction in the general neighbourhood of the larynx.

"Then I'll rest easy," declared Lucien, as he swung out the door, and I imagine he was no more anxious than I to test his voice with any further conversational demands.

**I**T was certainly a busy time for the sleepy little town of Rockport; during the next three days. Colonel Masterson's battalion—the 67th Lecarnot Light Infantry—was hustled together, and almost before the good citizens were aware of what was going on, the "Valcartier Special" was pulling out with the customary musical and flag waving ceremonies. The men, clothed in the old-fashioned red tunics that had done duty at a dozen training camps, jammed the step and filled the windows, and unmistakable signs of emotion were exhibited by various parties who had been entirely unaffected by

"Gipsy" Symon's series of revival services during the preceding winter.

I myself stood on the crowded platform, and between the August sun in my eyes, and some very rapid and ineffectual winking, the moving cars took on various remarkable and fantastic shapes.

"Be sure to write to me," I called, as I caught sight of Lucien on the rear steps of the car assigned to "D" Company, and felt the necessity of saying something that would sound as if we expected to meet again in the course of a few months.

"Sure. You're continually scribbling stories," he replied, in the same commendable spirit, "and my letters might furnish some 'local colour,' I think you call it."

I watched the train until it went around Bradbury's bend, and then wandered back to the despised "Advertiser" building with Lucien's parting words ringing in my ears.

Poor Lucien was very forgetful, or else the postal arrangements are very unsatisfactory in that indefinite locality designated by the overworked phrase, "Somewhere in France"; for the first and only letter I ever received from him was nearly a year after the troops sailed from Canada, and it bore the official stamp of the German prison camp at Bufelburg.

It was a typical Emery letter, however—all the familiar mannerisms and the sudden plunge into the heart of his subject without any of the commonplace openings. It is one of my most treasured possessions; but I never used it as the basis of a story, for the "story" was in the letter itself, and the "local colour" was too vivid to tamper with.

Although frequently urged to do so, I never felt it my duty to give it to the public until the shallow pated editor of the "Stanley Press" published a lengthy and mushy editorial last week to the broad, general effect that we should forget the animosities of the late war and reinstate our former enemies at the council board of civilization; and that many of the stories of Hun atrocities were grossly overdrawn by some correspondents anxious to turn out striking and readable copy.

I am, therefore, giving Lucien's letter just as he wrote it, and will abide by the decision of my intelligent readers, excluding, of course, the editor of the "Stanley Press."

"The descent into the Pit was rapid and came with sharp dramatic suddenness," Lucien wrote. "The ascent therefrom was slow and laborious, and the way led through the gates of poignant pain. How long we remained in the Kingdom of Darkness I know not; but it seemed ages after we dropped into the black minatory Pit that yawned so suddenly at the bottom of our trench, before my errant soul came back to the inert clod of clay that had once housed my sentient being. Then one morning the Shadow fled; the Pit gave up its dead, and I opened my eyes in a German prison hospital with the long, precise rows of white cots, and the quiet, efficient nurses with the red cross on their plump sleeves.

"For an instant the whole world seemed to be

revolving with amazing velocity; the distorted images of the Pit still danced before my eyes, and, as if from a great distance, came the sounds of fierce primeval conflict that had hammered at my ears during my last conscious moments. Gradually and indistinctly I realized who and where I was, and after a few preliminary tentative efforts I turned my eyes slightly to the left. Then for a brief moment it seemed that I was slipping back into the Stygian darkness from which I had just emerged.

"What I saw was enough to turn even a well balanced mind; for the Captain lay on the adjoining cot, bandaged and broken and an ashen pallor on his round, boyish face. Then, with an overpowering rush, it all came back to me, and I think I must have hovered about the yawning mouth of the Pit again, my mind a partial blank, and my vagrant thoughts travelling far afield, 'along the road of memory that leads to yesterday.'

"**M**Y mental brigade staff worked after a fashion; slowly and haltingly, out of the succession of hazy pictures that flashed before my still distorted vision, one stood out vivid and distinct. It was August again and the magic of midsummer filled the air. The metallic carol of the bobolink and the clear call of the cedar bird rang out sharply from the trees along Brewer's intervale, and the mellow zip of the gang saws at Crawford's mill floated down the peaceful valley. I was strolling through the green fields on the western bank of the old river, towards our trysting place, the rustic seat under the 'Indian elm.' On the opposite side the little town of Rockport lay as quiet as Solomon's temple the day before it was dedicated, and the river itself glittered like a great silver mirror dropped between the verdant hills. The far horizon was an opalescent shimmer, and an amber haze rested like an unspoken benediction on hill and hollow, forest and field.

"Elsie was already there, under the shadow of the old elm, and the mellow sunlight filtering through the palpitant leaves, lit up her bronze hair with a halo of golden light. She spoke, and her voice chimed through the mist that seemed to be settling down again and obscuring the brilliant scene.

"'Oh!' she exclaimed, an uncontrollable little catch in her voice, 'isn't the war dreadful? But you're not going, are you, Boy?'

"The golden fancy faded like the trick moving pictures they used to show years ago at the old 'Lyric Hall.' There was an interregnum of darkness. Then a blare of familiar military music, and our Company was drawn up in front of the Rockport Dominion Building, waiting for the noon express that would take us to Valcartier. The officers were all in their official stations; the sober people thronged through the little square, and Moses Calder's 'bush' band conscientiously rendered the 'British Grenadiers.'

"The Company, as you know, had not been got together without considerable difficulty, and that martial spirit was markedly absent that used to animate the countryside when the summer training camps were running. Major Barton and Captain