

United States becomes the centre of the world's international politics as it is now the repository of Europe's gold, what is to become of us up here in this top half of North America? If Dr. Wilson or his successors in office decide to extend the Monroe doctrine as far as the North Pole, there will still be nothing for us to do but fall in line. As we are now slaves of England, so we shall then be the docile pupils and imitators of the United States. We are already accused by some of our own critics of being American imitations. Mr. Bourassa says that Anglo-Saxon Canada is becoming Yankified. Dr. Wilson evidently does not think so. To him we are only one of the outer factories in the great power system of Great Britain. We have no national will. We are hopelessly bound to the old world until some other greater power liberates us. We have no power to free ourselves. There is no virtue in the British

Empire to set us free. It is the aim of the big-business Imperialist to still further enslave us.

Perhaps the few hundred thousand Canadians in the United States have some opinions about this sad state of affairs. There may be a hundred thousand of them not disposed to admit that because they were born in Canada and migrated to the United States they knew nothing of the New World till they got to New York, Chicago or Boston. One of them, at any rate, had the courage of his convictions when he wrote a letter to the New York Tribune giving a "revised version" of the peace-without-victory speech. That Canadian is Clarence Lucas, the well-known musical composer and pedagogue. Lucas lives in New York and has lived a good deal in old London. He has never forgotten that he is a Canadian. And his letter to the Tribune, forwarded as this goes to press to the editor of the Courier, gives

some idea of how some of the Canadians in the United States may feel about the President's glorified message to humanity. In part, Mr. Lucas says:

Sir,—I have as much right to speak for the Allies as President Wilson has, and as I obviously understand the mind of the Allies I herewith submit the President's last speech as it appears to those who read between the lines:

"I, Woodrow Wilson, re-elected President of the United States by a minority of the voters, do now propose that, whereas the United States would tolerate no intervention when France sought to bring about peace during our Civil War, we Americans, from purely humanitarian motives acquired shortly after Germany's early prospects began to look dark, now deem it timely to call a halt on this waste of life and treasure just as the Allies are about ready to finish their task."



THE paragraphs opposite, from the documents mentioned, will explain why Albert Bradbury took them out of the little 1879 safe in his dingy office, spread them on the top of the battered desk, and re-read them with feelings of the "liveliest satisfaction," as the financial journals would say.

He had waited patiently for this hour; for as soon as John Davis' will had been probated and he saw that the farm went to the widow for life and then to Arthur B. Davis, Bradbury began to cast an appraising eye upon the Davis "homestead," and to plan how he could add it to his already extensive real estate holdings with the minimum financial outlay.

To attempt to buy out the widow's "life estate" would, he knew, be a waste of time. Mrs. Davis was well aware of the real value of the property, and even if Bradbury had so far forgotten his business principles as to offer a fair price, she would still have refused to sell.

He was well content, however, to play a waiting game, and when it became known that Mrs. Davis could not live many months—possibly weeks—he at once communicated with Arthur B. Davis, of Calgary, who proved to be a much easier proposition. Davis had left New Brunswick at a time when farm values were at a low ebb. Since going west he had plunged in real estate with the expansive abandon of the plains, and had never given a thought to the trifling two-hundred-acre farm in the slow old Province of New Brunswick. He did not know, and did not take the trouble to find out, that the property was assessed at \$8,000 and was worth at least one-half more.

Under these circumstances Bradbury had no trouble in buying out Davis' interest, and his watery old eyes sparkled with the unquenchable light of avarice as he spread out on the desk the deed from

TO my beloved wife Edith I devise the farm on which I now reside in the Parish of Manchester, in the County of Lecarnot, in the Province of New Brunswick, to be held and enjoyed by her for the term of her natural life, and after the death of my said wife to go to my nephew, Arthur B. Davis, of Calgary, Alberta, for his sole use and benefit.

Clause 4 of the last will and testament of John W. Davis, who departed this life on the 18th day of November A.D. 1914.

Mrs. Edith Davis, the widow of the late John W. Davis, we are sorry to report, has been in failing health for several months, and we understood that the local medical men hold out no hope of her ultimate recovery.

News item from the columns of the St. Marie "Guardian" of July 24th, 1915.

Arthur B. Davis,
Calgary, Canada.

Will you take \$5,000 for your interest in John W. Davis' property? Wire.

Albert Bradbury.

Will accept \$5,000. Am forwarding deed to Bank of Montreal to hand you on payment of cash.

Arthur B. Davis.

Two telegrams from the files of the Canada Union Telegraph Company.

To have and to hold unto and to the use of the said Albert Bradbury, his heirs and assigns, forever.

Habendum clause of deed from Arthur B. Davis.

Edith Davis, widow, real estate, \$8,000.

Extract from the Assessor's records of Lecarnot County.

Davis of "all his right and interest" in the property—for which he had just paid the Bank of Montreal \$5,000 that very forenoon.

He replaced the papers in the ancient safe and stood gazing out of the window across the broad St. John River with an expression of smug content.

It was a rare summer day, and his eye wandered over the fine farm lands with the long lines of feathery topped elms that marked the original divisions of the old "soldier grants," running back due east from the river with the orderly precision of an old-fashioned British regiment of the line.

Just opposite Bobur's Island he could see the Davis farm, and even at that distance he could note the well-kept fields and the bountiful crops hustled to maturity by the quickening urge of the hectic New Brunswick summer.

"The place alone's worth \$13,000 of any man's money. The widow will be gone long before harvesting, so this year's crop'll fall to me, too, and if the war keeps on it alone'll be worth \$5,000, standin'," he assured himself piously.

The idea of buying a \$13,000 farm for \$5,000, and paying for it out of the first crop which had been planted at somebody else's expense, was certainly calculated to appeal to Bradbury's miserly over-reaching soul; but he also realized that when he was able to take possession of this his latest prize, plucked like a blazing brand from the burning of his neighbour's hopes, it would enable him to settle some rankling personal scores as well. He smiled

grimly at the thought of what it meant to the Davis family, whose history he knew so well.

The widow, whose span of life was apparently so short, had been the second wife of the late John B. Davis, a certified copy of whose will Bradbury had just replaced in the little safe, and they had never had "a chick or a child," which is the New Brunswick way of saying that Davis left no lineal heirs to inherit his estate. This fact, no doubt, accounted for Davis having left the property to one of his own blood—if only in the collateral line—subject merely to the "life estate" of the widow.

Mrs. Davis, however, had a daughter by a former marriage, and a few months before this daughter, Louise by name, had actually refused to marry Bradbury's only son Harry. To add injury to this palpable insult, she was now engaged to marry Blake Ferris, the young attorney who had actually refused Bradbury's business on the ground that he had one per cent. of his Presbyterian conscience left, and who had tied up the foreclosure of the widow McNeill's mortgage and thereby knocked Bradbury out of two or three thousand very easy dollars.

It was, therefore, not surprising that Bradbury should decide to visit the Davis home that very day, and tell them "what was what" as far as the ownership of the property went. He fervently hoped that Ferris might be there so that he could crush two ungrateful upstarts with one blow, to vary the old proverb about the two birds and half as many stones.

Everything seemed to be working out along the line of Bradbury's sardonic wishes, for when he walked up the tree-lined drive to the Davis verandah, he saw Louise and Blake engaged in an earnest discussion, and he noted with a feeling of barbaric satisfaction that the girl's face was white and strained.

"Good afternoon," he began, suavely.

"Well, what do you want?" demanded Blake,

