

much of a blooming picnic. I wouldn't like to have to do it myself.

*Sir C. [less angry, persuasively].* All right. As you please. You're responsible. But wake him up.

*Kendrick.* Why can't *you* give him a lead, Sir Charles?

*Sir C.* Me! You know perfectly well I have all I can do for at least a couple of months, shoving the *Mercury*.

*Kendrick.* I was forgetting that for the moment.

*Sir C.* It must not be forgotten even for a moment that the *Daily Mercury* is the leading line of this Company. It must also not be forgotten that the circulation of the *Mercury* must touch a million before the Annual Meeting—even if the country has to go to war for it. No, my boy; you've done wonders in the sporting department. And I'm sure you can do wonders in the religious department, once you really give your mind to it. [*Voices outside the door, back.*]

*Kendrick.* It doesn't seem to come so natural.

*Sir C.* Oh, nonsense! The first thing you have to do is to make Haliburton understand what snap is. Take him out to lunch. Pour it into him. And tell him from me that if every one of those papers doesn't show a satisfactory profit in six months' time he will be at liberty to go into the mission field, and the farther off the better. Of