

Van Dyck, Was Reticent About War's Outlook

NEW YORK, Nov. 24.—Henry Van Dyck, American minister to the Netherlands, reached here today from The Hague, aboard the Steamship Rotterdam. The suggestion published originally in Amsterdam, that the time was ripe for the United States and the Netherlands to act in concert to bring about peace in Europe, was brought to his attention. He refused to comment on it. He was asked if the report were true that he was the bearer of a suggestion looking towards such action, from the government of Holland, to the United States. To this also he declined to reply. Several interviewers attempted to question him, but raising his hand in a gesture which forbade them to pursue the inquiry, he said: "Not another word; if I am given permission to talk I will do so; until then I can say nothing."

that America will have a great part to play in the restoration of a lasting peace, wherein all the people of the world, great and small, shall rejoice together. Then the nightmare of blood will be over and the palace of peace will have its opportunity." The position of Holland, Mr. Van Dyck said, had been unchanged; it was "still neutral—firm and friendly." Holland's kindness to the destitute of Belgium, he said, was beyond praise.

MONTREAL, Nov. 24.—It is understood that within a week or so Lieut.-Col. Fisher's regiment for overseas service, the 23rd, will be mobilized at Quebec to complete its training on this side in the ancient capital. At present there are some 680 men training under Lieut.-Col. Fisher at Peel street barracks, and nearly 500 men under Major Hill at Quebec. Lieut.-Col. Fisher's men here which include the half battalion and an extra hundred for reinforcements, to be left at the base when the regiment goes to the front, will be moved to Quebec, so that the regiment will complete its work in Canada as a homogeneous battalion.

SURVIVORS PICKED UP. SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 24.—The Revenue Cutter McCulloch, which has been standing by the Hanalei since yesterday sent a wireless message saying he had picked up a boatload of survivors from the wrecked steamer. Captain Alger of the McCulloch asked that the Revenue Cutter Golden Gate be sent with doctors, nurses and emergency hospital equipment, as the survivors were in a bad way.

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FIRE AT LEVIS. Que., Nov. 24.—Fire, breaking out shortly before noon, in the sheds in the rear of the intercolonial, Grand Trunk and Central station in this city, beyond the control of the local fire fighters, and soon attacked the mass of flames and its doom is sealed.

HE HAS RESIGNED. MONTREAL, Nov. 24.—"My resignation goes into effect at the first of December," said Mr. D. McNicoll, vice-president of the Canadian Pacific railway, when seen at the King Edward Hotel this morning. "In the meantime," he continued, "I am remaining in Toronto for another two or three weeks. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy has been good enough to grant my leave of absence, so that my official connection with the C. P. will not be severed until a year or so after my resignation."

A GERMAN VIEW. LONDON, Nov. 23.—Via London, 11:30 a.m.—The Cologne correspondent declares that the reports of a desire for peace, which it is probably inspired by the "region of political idocy. The position of Germany, neither in the east nor west," it continues, "is critical. German military undertakings on battlefields are progressing favorably. Neither the military nor the political situation contain any reason to suggest that Germany desires peace."

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Sir Nigel

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"Enough!" cried the King, more furious than ever. "Like master, like man, and I might have known why it is that this saucy Squire dares to bandy words with his sovereign lord. He does but give out what he hath taken in. John John, you grow overbold. But this I tell you, and you also, young man, that as God is my help the sun has set this night the Red Ferret will hang as a warning to all spies and traitors from the highest tower of Calais, that every ship upon the Narrow Seas, and every man for ten miles round may see him as he swings and know how heavy is the hand of the English King. Do you hear it in mind, lest you also may feel its weight!" With a glare like an angry lion he walked from the room, and the iron-clamped door closed loudly behind him.

Chandos and Nigel looked ruefully at each other. Then the knight patted his Squire upon his bandaged head. "You have carried yourself right well, Nigel. I could not wish for better. Fear not. All will be well." "My fair and honored lord," cried Nigel, "I am heavy at heart, for indeed I could do no other, and yet I have brought trouble upon you." "Nay, the clouds will soon pass. If he does indeed slay this Frenchman, you have done all that lay within your power, and your mind may rest easy."

"I pray that it will rest easy in Paradise," said Nigel; "for at the hour that I hear that I am dishonored and my prisoner slain I tear this bandage from my head and so end all things. I will not live when once my word is broken." "Nay, fair son, you take this thing too heavily," said Chandos, with a grave face. "When a man has done all he may there remains no dishonor; but the King hath a kind heart for all his hot head, and it may be that if I see him I will prevail upon him. Rethink you how he swore to hang the six burghers of this very town, and yet he pardoned them. So keep a high heart, fair son, and I will come with good news ere evening."

For three hours, as the sinking sun traced the shadow higher and ever higher upon the chamber wall, Nigel tossed feverishly upon his couch, his ears straining for the footfall of Aylward or of Chandos, bringing news of the fate of the prisoner. At last the door flew open, and there before him stood the one man whom he least expected, and yet would most gladly have seen. It was the Red Ferret himself, free and joyous.

"With swift furtive steps he was across the room and on his knees beside the couch, his hands clasped in prayer. 'You have saved me, most noble sir!' he cried. 'The gallows was fixed and the rope slung, when the good Lord Chandos told the King that you would die by your own hand. I curse this mule-headed Squire!' he cried. 'In God's name let him have his prisoner, and let him do what he will with him so long as he troubles me no more!' So here I have come, fair sir, to ask you what I shall do."

"I pray you to sit beside me and be at your ease," said Nigel. "In a few words I will tell you what I would have you do. Your armor will keep, that I may have some remembrance of my good fortune in meeting so valiant a gentleman. We are of a size, and I make little doubt that I can wear it. Of ransom I would ask a thousand crowns." "Nay, nay!" cried the Ferret. "It would be a sad thing if a man of my position was worth less than five thousand."

"A thousand will suffice, fair sir, to pay my charges for the war. You will not again play the spy, nor do us harm until the truce is broken." "That I will swear." "And lastly there is a journey that you shall make. The Frenchman's face lengthened. 'Where you order I must go,' said he; 'but I pray you that it is not to the Holy Land.' 'Nay,' said Nigel; 'but it is to a land which is holy to me. You will make your way back to Southampton.'"

"I know it well. I helped to burn it down some years ago." "I rode you to say nothing of that matter when you get there. You will then journey as though to London until you come to a fair town named Guildford." "I have heard of it. The King hath a hunt there." "The same. You will then ask for a house named Cosford, two leagues from the town on the side of a long hill." "I will bear it in mind." "At Cosford you will see a good knight named Sir John Buttethorn, and you will ask to have speech with his daughter, the Lady Mary." "I will do so, and what shall I say to the Lady Mary, who lives at Cosford on the slope of a long hill two leagues from the fair town of Guildford?"

"Say only that I sent my greeting, and that Saint Catharine has been my friend—only that and nothing more. And now leave me, I pray you, for my head is weary and I would fain have sleep." "Thus it came about that a month later on the eve of the Feast of Saint Matthew, the Lady Mary, as she walked from Cosford gates, met with a strange horseman, richly clad, a serving-man behind him, looking sidewardly about him with quick blue eyes, which twinkled from a red and freckled face. At sight of her he doffed his hat and reined his horse.

"This house should be Cosford," said he. "Are you by chance the Lady Mary who dwells there?" The lady bowed her proud dark head.

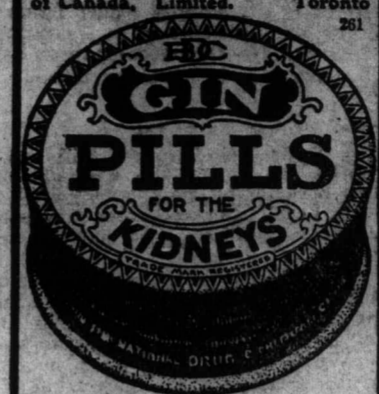
"Then," said he, "Squire Nigel Loring sends you greeting and tells you that Saint Catharine has been his friend. Then turning to his servant he cried: 'Hail, Esaul, our task is done! Your master is a free man once more. Come, lad, come, the nearest port to France! Hola! Hola! Hola!' And so without a word more the two, master and man, leaped upon their horses and galloped like madmen down the long slope of Hindhead, until as she looked after them they were but two dark dots in the distance, wistful in the line and the bracket."

CHAPTER XVI. It was a bright sunny morning when Nigel found himself at last able to leave his turret chamber and to walk upon the rampart of the castle. There was a brisk northern wind, heavy and wet with the salt of the sea, and he felt as he tarried his face to it, fresh life and strength surging in his blood and bracing his limbs. He took his hand from Aylward's supporting arm and stood with his cap leaning on the rampart and breathing in the cool strong air. Far off upon the distant sky-line, half hidden by the heave of the waves, was the low white fringe of cliffs which skirted England, between him and them lay the broad blue Channel, seamed and flecked with flashing foam, for a sharp sea was running and the few ships in sight were laboring heavily. Nigel's eyes traversed the wide-spread view, rejoicing in the change from the gray wall of his cramped chamber. Finally they settled upon a strange object at his very feet.

It was a long trumpet-shaped engine of leather and iron bolted into a rude wooden stand and fitted with wheels. Beside it lay a heap of metal slugs and lumps of stone. The end of the machine was raised and pointed over the battlement. Behind it stood an iron box which Nigel opened. It was filled with a black coarse powder, like gunpowder, and a small "By Saint Paul!" said he, passing his hands over the engine. "I have heard men talk of these things, but never before have I seen one. It is none other than one of those wonderful new-made bombards." "In sooth, it is even as you say," Aylward answered, looking at it with contempt and dislike in his face. "I have seen them here upon the rampart, and I have also exchanged a buffet or two with him who had charge of them. He was jack-fool enough to think that with this leather pipe he could outshoot the best archer in Christendom. I lent him a cuff on the ear that laid him across his foolish engine." "It is a fearsome thing," said Nigel, who had stooped to examine it. "I live in strange times when such things can be made. It is loosed by fire, is it not, which springs from the black dust?" "By my hill! fair sir, I know not. And there is this foolish bombardman did say something of the matter. The fire-dust is within and so also is the ball. Then you take more dust from this iron box and place it in the hole at the farther end—so. It is now ready. I have never seen one fired, but I wot that this one could be fired now." "It makes a strange sound, archer, does it not?" said Nigel wistfully. "So I have heard, fair sir—even as the bow twangs, so it also has a sound when you loose it." "There is no one to hear, since we are alone upon the rampart, nor can it do scathe, since it points to sea. I pray you to loose it and I will listen to the sound." He bent over the bombardment with an attentive ear, while Aylward, stooping his earnest brown face over the touch-hole, scraped away diligently with a flint and steel. A moment later both he and Nigel were seated some distance off upon the ground while amid the roar of the discharge and the thick cloud of smoke they had a vision of the long black snake-like engine shooting back upon the sea. For a minute or more they were struck motionless with astonishment while the reverberations died away and the smoke wreaths curled slowly up to the blue heavens. "Good luck!" cried Nigel at last, picking himself up and looking round him. "Good luck, and Heaven be my aid! I thank the Virgin that all stands as it did before. I thought that the castle would fall." "Such a bull's-bellow I have never heard!" cried Aylward, rubbing his injured limbs. "One could hear it from Frensham Pond, to Guildford Castle. I wot not of such an engine again—not for a hide of the best land in Pottenham!" "It may fare ill with your own hide, archer, if you do," said an angry voice behind them. Chandos had stepped from the open door of the turret, turret and stood looking at them with a harsh gaze. Presently, as the matter was made clear to him, his face relaxed into a smile.

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Got Recruits From Chicago For Canada

[By Special Wire to the Courier] CHICAGO, Nov. 24.—An investigation of alleged attempts to recruit Chicagoans for the Canadian expeditionary force, is being made by United States District Attorney Charles W. Cline, who has ordered Edward Jacobs and Gustave Bachman to appear to-day to sign statements telling how they were inveigled. It is charged, into a trip from Chicago to Winnipeg two months ago. The men say they understood they were to be given employment on a grain ship. At Winnipeg they were taken to the Osborne station and an effort made to recruit them. When they refused to swear allegiance to King George they were left stranded, according to their story. Bachman and Jacobs were approached, it is said, by James T. Deacon, who, they say, is the local representative of Captain E. H. Houghton, of Winnipeg. Deacon, in a letter, which now is in the hands of government agents, admits, it is said, acting as a recruiting agent, but insisted that the two men were aware they were to enter the army.

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