

derful Sometimes — otherwise; when she almost hated him, without knowing why.

But then all his philanthropies, his educational and religious work, his interest in the settlements among the foreigners.

Any wonder a young woman, once a plain stenographer, looked at herself in the glass and said,

"Well, you are the lucky woman!"

SMELTERS to finish. Ships to buy. Rolling stock to get. All these for the iron-master to co-ordinate. Even Helen did



"I'll attend to the hammer and tongs. You look after the seances."

not know how he did it. Things were getting too big for the office as it then was. A transformation was due.

"When we—are married, eh?" he laughed. "You will be out of my business. Ah! I don't know how it can be."

One of his curly-headed boy-times. She could have pulled his hair over his eyes, he was so playful, frank, confiding. Never tired. He did business like a famous ball pitcher plays ball.

"What is it—subconscious self, they call it?" he asked, knowing she would never contradict him.

"Oh, I didn't suspect that you were—psychic."

He blinked with bonhomie.

"My dear woman," he said, gutturally, "all men who do anything worth while are psychic."

"Psych—ic," he muttered, when she was gone. "Paugh! Where have I heard that before? I think I should like to boss a university—just for a week."

UP on the hill half a mile from the works there was a bedlam of hammers and saws and trowels. Land there had been cheap when Markham got it. He was making it valuable. Two hundred workmen's homes, improved models.

"Take it from me," he told an editor, "I never will trust any bungling city council to have any part in my business. Those homes will be the community of Markhams, Ltd. And you will never see in Canada more thrifty homes; gardens—one to each; plenty of land for vegetables, fruits and flowers. Eh?"

Which fetched a rosy editorial next day.

Power of the press.

Henry Markham had his own idea of municipalism. He had travelled in Europe; not pretending to originate the idea, but working it out in a new country his own way. And he took as much interest in his workers' homes as in his own new castle on a different hill. Besides, he could talk to these foreigners in their own tongue, and very glibly. These were the men who had broken the strike. They had come in ships, right from the iron centres of Europe.

All right enough. If labor unions were international—why not labor? Canada, after all, was not meant just for Canadian-born; neither for the Imperial idea, as he hinted to another editor with whom he contrived to get into conversation at the club—shrewdly feeling out his man to make sure the editor would tell him as much as he got. Henry Markham had a genius for using the finished products of other men's brains as his own raw material. Canada, after all, was the new world; and the new world was all of the old in a different setting.

POUNDEM, of the Clarion, never got into conversation with Markham. What he thought about the new community he said in his own language. Hoag, as member of the staff—labor reporter—realized how plain living and high thinking were expected to be a team when he accepted \$18 a week with the privilege of conducting his Saturday page to suit his own ideas. What he missed in salary he made up in satisfac-



Hoag's packing-case office at the Clarion sometimes seemed as big as the world.

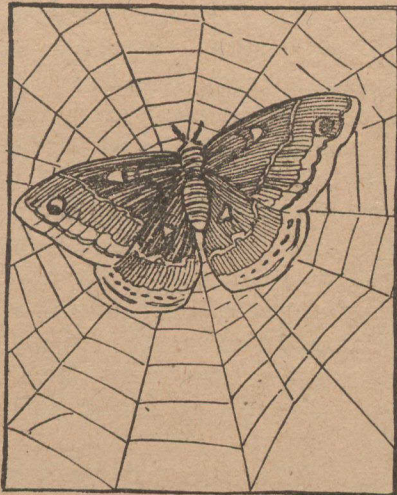
tion. Into his Other Worlds Than Ours department he put a personal investment.

"Thumping good stuff, Hoag," grinned Poundem, with a hard-headed, benevolent sort of leer. "Keep it mysterious. Don't let anybody make it too plain. I'll attend to the hammer and tongs. You look after the seances."

Hoag wondered as he scanned the thick, round-headed advocate of the rights of the under-man, whether Poundem or Markham had the more capable brain. Sometimes he felt like a child in thinking about either. Other times he felt as though the wisdom of both was a very superficial matter.

But Poundem, anyhow, was an exponent of the Maple Leaf Forever Canada. He had small use for polyglot communities. He was an out-and-out Anglo-Saxon.

"I BELIEVE in the kingship of the individual," was one of Hoag's oft-repeated mottoes in his Other Worlds Than Ours page of the Saturday Clarion. "No



One of the flies, a gorgeous moth, in the Markham web.

man's individuality can thrive in a soil of easy money; in exploiting other people; in being exploited by other people. The world's economy is wrong. Every man's power should be free. But modern business would make the majority of men slaves. In the world that we say is to come—whether on this earth or somewhere else—some of those whom public opinion considers big ones, kings and all that, will be surprised to find how insignificant they will look. Some of our magnates with their titles will be glad of a seat near the door a long way from the head table. Some of the men who have been enslaved by the magnates, swallowed by the system, sacrificed to production, to get-rich-quick corporations, may find themselves suddenly asked to come up higher. But no man can hold a high place in that world with any kind of arrogance and without great humility. The Sermon on the Mount, the Beatitudes, will be the handbook of the great and the blessed in the true world, here or elsewhere. And there are millions of people who have got glimpses of this real world in dreams, in visions by day, in the light of the morning, in the magic of the stars, in the silence of the hills—"

Hoag could begin or end one of these screeds almost where he liked. Nobody objected. Everybody who took up the Saturday Clarion read it. And the Saturday sale was going up. The staff knew it. Most of them were a sort of rebels who preferred the Clarion rag even when they had to wait for their pay. Hoag had an office as big as a packing-case and about as comfortable. It sometimes seemed as big as the world. The rumble of the press shook it as wind does a sapling. Hoag felt the power of it more than the vibration of Markhams, Ltd. This little rights-of-man rag was the power of public opinion.

AND why did Martin Hoag think himself the richest man in Canada, because he had blundered somehow half psychically into this berth on the Clarion? This whole building in which it was housed could have been stowed away in the head office of Markhams somewhere. As Hoag smelled the paper every day fresh from the press, he repeated to himself the reason. The day was coming when the Clarion would do a bigger work, when it would be not only feared by Markham, but when it would run the sword clean through that filibustering, bulldozing dragon; and the way it was done would be the talk of the country. Hoag had no earthly idea just how it would be done. He only knew from long experience that Henry Markham had but one great fear—Public Opinion. Up till now he had managed to keep all criticism of himself confined to the Clarion, which, of course, did not represent the public—only the workers. Hoag dreamed he might be the one most necessary power in the Clarion's elbow when it came to smite Mr. Markham. He sometimes asked himself why he had such an ambition to down this man. Was it jealousy—because the ironmaster was stealing the woman Hoag had once dreamed of marrying? If so, it seemed as high as the sky and as broad as the world, and as vast as the winds; and Martin Hoag knew very well that Helen Munro had no such sentiments towards him. She was in the Markham web. One of the flies; the finest of all, a gorgeous moth—but it was the same spider that had finance and business and industry and philanthropy and politics and municipal government all hitched up to his fortunes. There was more than any woman in this desire of Martin Hoag. His desire would be the same even though Helen Munro were to pass out of the world. What was it? And how would it



Flung it with a curse into the waste basket.

ever be effective in downing Markhams, Ltd.?

MRS. BARTOP continually said that Mr. Hoag was harder to locate than a shadow. He was such a pussy-footed man. When she thought he was in one part of the house he was

(Continued on page 23.)