

ing two-fifths of a cent; but he had a seller's market (the desperate British would buy all the bacon he could ship), and his firm's overall profits had boomed. Profits equalled 43.32 per cent of the company's invested capital in 1915, 80.02 per cent in 1916, and 57.48 per cent in 1917. Canadian soldiers were paid \$1.10 a day; Sir Joseph was making \$3,000 a week from bacon alone. His reputation would never recover, and he would never understand where he had gone wrong. The Macmillan Company proclaims on the dust jacket that this is one of the finest biographies of a Canadian businessman ever written. It is too modest a claim. It is first rate by any standard.

Let us move on to greater superlatives. **By Persons Unknown: The Strange Death of Christine Demeter** (Macmillan of Canada, 1977) by George Jonas and Barbara Amiel may be the best true-murder book since *In Cold Blood*. It is clearly superior to the best selling *Blood and Money*, Thomas Thompson's epic about domestic relations in Texas, and it has an added dimension that *Crime of the Century*, Hal Higdon's classic account of Leopold and Loeb, does not.

Christine, an Austrian beauty married to a handsome and fairly rich Hungarian immigrant, was found with the back of her head bashed in, in the garage, beside the family Cadillac, on the night of July 18, 1973. She was good-looking (and an occasional fashion model) but was not, apparently, bright. Her husband, Peter, was well born with family connections to Admiral Horty, Hungary's last Fascist dictator. He had escaped to Austria during the 1956 Hungarian uprising and made his way in time to Toronto. He was probably a white-collar thief and may have acquired his initial investment capital by misappropriating money orders sent home by other immigrant Hungarians. He believed that he and his cousin Csaba were very clever, wild and crazy guys. The cousin, who lacked daring, remained poor, but Peter became a builder and developer and acquired a handsome home in Mississauga on the outskirts of Toronto, a swimming pool, the Cadillac, a Mercedes, a mistress (Austrian like his wife) and after the murder, a police tap on his phone.

The police were Mississauga's finest, and though not perfect, they were a lot smarter than Peter thought. They were also somewhat more aggressive than Canadian police are usually imagined to be. Since Peter had a mistress, a \$1 million insurance policy on his wife, and an oddly unsympathetic manner ("Who would have thought she had that much brains?" he said, after seeing them spilled on the floor), they picked him as their prime suspect. After Cousin Csaba told them that Peter had been suggesting for years

that they get together and knock off Christine, they enlisted him as an agent provocateur. Csaba began meeting with Peter while wearing a microphone and "body pack" electronic system. The police soon had some highly suggestive but not quite conclusive conversations. The theory was that Peter had hired one or more underworld fellows to kill Christine. As time went by, the police gathered together a dazzling group of thugs who obviously had been up to something with Peter and/or Christine. The key thug was a lad called The Duck who went back to Hungary before the cops could get their hands on him. Peter was indicted and brought to trial, and the trial went on and on, changing directions as the police got hold of new evidence. Defence lawyers shifted frantically to accommodate developments and wound up suggesting that Christine had been plotting Peter's murder while he was plotting hers and had probably been done in by her own henchmen. It was possible. The jury, however, concluded that Peter, who was certainly up to something nefarious, had commissioned the killing.

The story is told wonderfully well. The authors also examine in detail the process of justice as practiced in Canada and contrast it with the procedures and limitations of police and courts in the United States. They are not advocates, but probing reporters who raise interesting points. The evidence gathered when the police tapped Peter's phone, including conversations he had with his lawyers, would most certainly not have been admitted in a US court, and those conversations may have been crucial in persuading the jury that Peter was guilty. The authors note:

In the last quarter-century the law in Canada has taken a direction that has alarmed many thoughtful people. . . . While in the United States due process has been elevated to the point where strict observation of the accused's rights seems to have superseded most other considerations of justice, in Canada other considerations of justice—or even utility—seem to have increasingly superseded the basic rights of people accused of criminal acts. While in the United States the cases of some of the most obviously guilty and reprehensible criminals—ferret-like little crooks with records a mile long, like Miranda or Escobedo—have served to establish the highest principles of due process. . . . Canadian courts during the same period tended to put general principles second to the urge of not letting the guilty escape punishment. This resulted in the curious situation where, while many civil-liberties-minded Canadian lawyers . . . were looking to due process in the United States for an enlightened social model, some Americans—faced with an ever-increasing crime rate . . . started looking to Canada for a