

Carmen's Messenger

By Harold Bindloss

"You've your road and ye'll see the clachan in about a mite. If they're not verra willing to tak' ye in, ye can tell them ye're a friend o' mine."

Foster thanked him and followed the track, which led him to a hollow where lights shone among a clump of bare ash trees. A few low, white houses straggled along the roadside, and he thought one that was somewhat larger and had former windows. When he knocked he was shown into an untidy kitchen where two men sat drinking by a peat fire. At first the landlord seemed doubtful about being able to find room for him, but his manner changed when Foster carelessly mentioned that he understood from Pete what he would be welcome, and one of the others gave him a look of surprise.

"Where met ye Pete?" he asked.

"On the hill," said Foster, who felt sure of his ground. "I helped him with the net."

"Had he any luck?"

"Not much," said Foster. "Two gamekeepers turned up and although we got a few partridges Pete lost his net."

There was silence for a moment, and then another remarked: "I wouldn't say but we're enough. We have helped Pete out before, and a change is lightsome. He can gang till the Moss-side folk noo."

They let the matter drop, but Foster was given a better supper than he expected and afterwards a bed in a cupboard fixed to the kitchen wall.

CHAPTER XIII.

A Complication.

At noon next day Foster sat smoking, on a bridge near the clachan. The air was mild and sunshine filled the hollow, while Foster had just dined upon some very appetizing broth. The both was thick with vegetables, but he did not think the meat in it came from a barn-door fowl. The clachan was a poor and untidy place, but he was tired, and as the gamekeepers would not suspect a neatly dressed stranger, had thought of stepping another night. When he had neeply finished his pipe Long Pete came up. Foster, who had only seen him in the moonlight, now noted that he had a rather frank brown face and a twinkling smile.

"Ye'll be for Hawick?" he remarked.

Foster said he was going there and Pete resumed in a meaning tone. "It's a grand day for the road and ye could be in Hawick soon after it's dark."

"Just so," said Foster, who could take a hint. "But is there any reason I should start this afternoon?"

"Ye should keep. I was across the muir in the morning and found a policeman frae Yarrow at Watty Bell's. He'd come over the hills on his bicycle and was asking if they'd seen a stranger w' a glove on his left han'."

Foster made a little abrupt movement that he thought the other noted but said carelessly. "The fellow must have had a rough trip."

"A road gangs' room' up the waterside, though I wouldn't say it's very good. I'm thinking he made an early start and would wait for dinner with Watty. Then ye might give him twa 'oors to get here."

Foster, who looked at his watch, pondered. He was beginning to understand Scottish tact and saw that Pete meant to give him a friendly warning. It was obvious that the policeman would not have set off across the hills in the dark of a winter morning unless he had been ordered to make inquiries. Moreover, since the gamekeepers had mistaken Foster for Pete, the orders had nothing to do with the poaching.

"Perhaps I had better pull out," he said. "But the fellow won't have much trouble in learning which way I've gone."

"I'm no' sure o' that. There's a road o' a sort runs west to Annandale and Lockerbie."

"But I'm not going west."

"Weel," said Pete, "ye might start that way, and I would meet ye where a sheep tracn runs back up the glen—ye'll ken it by the broken dyke where ye cross the burn. Then I would set ye on the road to Hawick over the hill."

"Thanks," said Foster thoughtfully. "I suppose I ought to let the folks at the inn know I've gone towards Annandale, so they can tell the policeman."

Pete's eyes twinkled. "It might be better if they didn't exactly tell him, but let him find it out; but I'll see that the policeman Jock is noo and then rather sharp."

Ten minutes later Foster left the inn and set off across the moor. The north shone red, and here and there little pools, round which white stones lay in the dark peat, flashed in the sunshine. The pale-blue of the sky changed near the horizon to

delicate green, and a soft breeze blew across the waste. Foster enjoyed the walk, although he was puzzled and somewhat disturbed. If inquiries had been made about Featherstone, he could have understood it, but the police were asking for a man with a glove on his left hand, which could only apply to him. Daly, of course, would be glad to get him out of the way, if he had learned that he was in Scotland, but the police could not arrest a man who had done nothing wrong.

Foster now regretted that he had helped the poachers, although he thought he had made friends who would not betray him and might be useful. He had met Border Scots in Ontario, and knew something about their character. They were marked by a stern independence they had inherited from the moss-trooper ancestors and he thought Pete was a typical specimen of the virile race. The man met him at the broken dyke and leaving the road they turned east up the side of a sparkling burn.

The narrow strip of level ground was wet and covered with moss in which their feet sank, but the hill-side was so steep to walk along. It was a slope of grey-white grass, the ragged summit where the peat was gashed and torn. Here and there stunted thorn trees grew in a hollow but the glen was savagely desolate, and Foster, glancing at his companion, thought he understood why the men who wrung a living from these barren hills prospered when they came out to the rich wheat-soil of Canada. The flowers of the Forest, who fell at Flodden, looking fast the Scottish square against the onslaught of England's finest cavalry were bred in these wilds, and had left descendants marked by their dour staminate. Pete's hair was turning grey and his brown face was deeply lined, but he crossed the quaking moss with a young lad's stride, and Foster thought his mouth could set hard as granite in spite of his twinkling smile. He was a man would forget neither a favour nor an injury, and Foster was glad to feel that he was on his side.

At the head of the glen they climbed a long grassy slope and came to a tableland where the peat was torn into great black rifts and piled in hummocks. This was apparently Nature's work, but Foster could not see how the storms that burst upon the hills could have worked such havoc. Crossing the rugged waste to a distant cairn, they sat down upon the stones, and Pete filled his pipe from Foster's pouch.

"Ye'll head east until ye find a burn that will lead ye doon to the road; then as ye cross the brelst o' a fell ye'll see the reek o' Hawick," he said and added after a pause: "Maybe ye'll no' be stopping in the town."

"I'll stay the night. After that, I think I'll take the hills again. I'm going south towards Liddesdale, but I expect that's out of your beat."

Pete smiled. "There's maist to be done in my regular line this side o' Hawick. Buccleugh looks after his hares and patrigs weel, and his marches rin wide across the country from Teviot to Liddel. But I have friends a' the way to the North Tyne and there's no' many sheep sales I do not attend. If ye're wanting it, I could give ye a few directions that might help ye on the road."

Foster thanked him and listened carefully. It looked as if the poachers, who seemed to work now and then as honest drovers, knew each other well and combined for mutual protection. It might be useful to be made a honorary member of the gang. "Weel," his companion concluded, "if ye stop at the inn I've told ye o' ye'll find folks who can hand a quiet tongue, and if ye see any reason for it, ye can say ye're a friend o' mine."

Foster rather diffidently offered him some money, but was not surprised when the man refused the gift. Indeed, he felt that it would have jarred him had Pete taken it. The latter gave him his hand with a smile and turned back to the glen while Foster pushed on across the heath. He reflected with some amusement that Pete probably thought him a fugitive from the law.

After a time he stopped to look about. His view commanded a horizon of two or three miles, for he seemed to be near the centre of the tableland. Its surface was broken by the hummocks and hollows of the peat, and tufts of white wild cotton relieved the blackness of the gashes in the soil. Sheep fed in the distance and he heard the harsh cry of a grouse that skimmed the heath. The skyline was clear, and by and by two sharp but distant figures cut against it.

Foster's first impulse was to drop into the line, but he did not. If the

men were following him, it would take them half an hour to reach the spot he occupied and, if necessary, the roughness of the ground would enable him to reach the edge of the moor without their seeing which way he went. Besides, since he would be visible as long as he stood up, he could find out whether they were looking for him or not. They came nearer and then vanished, and he sat down and speculated about his line of retreat. Their disappearance was suspicious, and although he thought he could baffle the rural police, it would be different if he had gamekeepers to deal with.

By and by the men reappeared, but as they did not seem anxious to cover their movements he felt relieved. It was possible that they had come to mend a fence or look for some sheep. For all that, he drew back among the hummocks, and looked for hollows where he would have a background for his figure as he resumed his march. He saw no more of the men and by and by came to a burn, which he followed to lower ground, where he found the road. Pete had told him about it.

It led him up and down hill, and now and then the track was faint, while when he crossed the last ridge the light was fading. Motionless grey clouds stretched across the sky, which glimmered with a pale saffron in the west. Rounded hills, stained a deep blue, cut against the light, and a trail of gauzy vapour hung about a distant hollow. Since there was no mist on the moors, he knew it was the smoke of Hawick mills.

As he went down, stone dykes began to struggle up the hill. The fields they enclosed were rinky and dotted with whitens, but they got smoother and presently he came to stubble and belts of ploughing. Then he turned into a good road and saw rows of figures that got gradually brighter in the valley ahead. It had been dark some time when he entered Hawick, and the damp air was filled with a thin, smoky haze. Factory windows glimmered in the haze and tall chimneys loomed above the houses. The bustle of the town fell pleasantly but strangely on his ears after the silence of the moors.

Reaching a hotel that looked comfortable, he went in, ordered dinner, and provisionally booked a room, though he did not register and explained that he could not tell yet if he would stay all night. Then, leaving his knapsack, he went into the street and stopped by a bridge where three roads met. A guide-post indicated that one led to Selkirk, and the map had shown Foster that this was the way to Peebles and Yarrow. Another ran up the waterside to Langholm and the south.

Foster lit a cigarette and drawing his gloved hand into the sleeve of his mackintosh, leaned against the side of the bridge and watched the Selkirk road. It was not cold and the street was well lighted by the windows of the shops. Briskly moving people streamed across the bridge, as if the factory hands were going home from work, but nobody seemed interested in Foster and the policeman who stood by the guidepost paid him no attention. He thought about going back to the hotel when a car, travelling rather fast, came down the road and pulled up close by.

Foster leaned quietly against the bridge and did not turn his head, but saw Daly sitting beside the driver, the half-dried mud that was thickly crusted about the car indicated a long journey. An abrupt movement might be dangerous, although he did not think Daly expected to find him or Featherstone calmly lounging about the street. The latter beckoned the policeman and Foster heard him ask if one crossed the bridge for Langholm.

The man told him to turn to the right, and after speaking to the driver Daly asked if there was a garage and a good hotel near. The policeman gave him some directions, and when the car turned round and rolled away slowly Foster followed. He passed close by the policeman and taking advantage of the sociable Scottish custom nodded and remarked that it was a fine night. The man answered civilly, with a careless glance at Foster, who went on, feeling satisfied with his experiment. It was obvious that no inquiries about him had been telegraphed to Hawick and he had only Daly to deal with. This was curious, if the police were really anxious to find him.

The garage was open and Foster asked a man if they hired motor bicycles. The fellow said they did, but the manager was out, and Foster stropped about the room. Daly's driver was refilling the lamps with carbide, and when this was finished asked for petrol.

"Ye're for the road again," the man who brought the tin remarked.

"For Langholm," replied the driver. "I don't expect we'll go far, though tonight, but I've got to have things ready if the boss wants to go on."

Foster hoped the other would ask

where they had come from, but he did not do so, and next moment Daly walked down some steps at the other end of the room. Knowing that a quick retreat might betray him, Foster stood still, examining a lamp he picked up and Daly, who crossed the floor, passed within a yard or two.

"You can fix her all right, I suppose?" he said to the driver.

The latter said something about a sparking-plug, and when Daly stooped over the engine the light of a lamp shone into his face. He was a big, handsome man, but Foster, studying him closely, noted his hard and greedy eyes. For a moment, he came near forgetting the need for caution and was stirred by a fit of rage. The fellow had it in his power to bring disgrace upon upright people and drag an honoured name in the mire. He could humble Alice Featherstone's pride and ruin the brother she loved.

Lawrence had done wrong, but had paid for it and made good in Canada, and now the rouse who had learned his secret would drag him down, or, as the price of silence, bring his relatives to poverty. Foster felt that he was not the man to be merciful when there was an advantage to be got; one saw a sinister hint of cruelty in his coarsely-handled face. It would have been a relief to provoke the fellow and throw him out of the garage, but Foster knew he must deny himself this satisfaction, since it would make things worse for those he meant to shield. He did not remember having felt so full of primitive savagery before, but he exercised his self-control.

He mentioned the latter if he were a guest. For all that, Daly was ignorant of the Scottish character, because the Scot seldom offers information that is not demanded.

"No," she said, "we have no American staying with us."

Foster thought Daly opened the visitors' book, which lay on the counter, but as he had not yet entered his name, there was nothing to be learned from it. Still Daly might enter the smoking-room, and he picked up the Scotsman and leaning back in his chair held up the newspaper to hide his face. After a few moments, Daly said, "I don't know anybody here; it looks as if my friends aren't in the town."

Then he went along the hall and standing in full view but rather in the shadow, he turned his head, looking down at the lamp he began to take to pieces, and presently Daly said to the driver, "You had better get some food; I'll want you soon."

Then he came back and passing close enough to touch Foster, went up the steps and through a door. Foster put down the lamp and strolled out of the garage. He found dinner ready at his hotel and when he finished went to the smoking-room, which was opposite the office. He left the door open and by and by heard a man enter the hall and stop at the counter.

"Have you an American called Franklin here?" he asked and Foster smiled and he recognized Daly's voice.

He had half-expected the visit, and the inquiry was cleverly framed. Daly had not asked about a Canadian, because the accent of Western Canada is that of the United States, and Franklin resembled Featherstone enough to prompt the girl when the door shut Foster put down the newspaper and began to think. He imagined that Daly hardly expected to find Featherstone in Hawick, but it was curious that he was going to Langholm, which was on the beat road to Lockerbie in Annandale. It was the police Foster had tried to strip off the track at the clachan by a striking west across the moors, and he did not think Daly had anything to do with them. He could see no light on the matter, but when he went back to the garage it was something of a relief to find the car had gone.

CHAPTER XIII.

After breakfast next morning Foster asked the hotel porter to take him his knapsack to the station and get him a ticket to Carlisle. He must leave a cue for Daly, who might come back to Hawick when he failed to find him in Annandale, but would be badly puzzled if he went to Carlisle, because it was an important railway centre, where one would have a choice of several different routes. This should give Foster a few quiet days, after which he must think of a way of inducing Daly to resume the chase. The latter probably thought he was following Lawrence, and if he did not, no doubt concluded that Foster was working in concert with him, and to find one would help him to deal with the other.

It was a dark morning and the smoke of the woollen factories hung about the town. A few lights burned in the station, but the building was gloomy and Foster had some trouble in finding the porter among the waiting passengers. Soon after he did so, the train came in and the

man hurried along the platform, looking into the carriages.

"Ye wanted a corridor, sir," he said as he opened a door.

Foster got in and stood at the window until the porter went away. People were running up and down looking for places, but he had no time to lose. Opening the door on the opposite side, he went along the corridor and stood for a moment on the step at the other end of the carriage. He could not see the porter, and when two or three passengers ran up, got down from the step. Next moment the whistle blew, the engine snorted and the train rolled out of the station.

As none of the porters spoke to him, Foster thought he had managed the thing neatly and made it look as if he had come to see somebody of importance instead of having been left behind. For all that, he waited a minute or two, studying a time-table, to avoid the risk of overtaking the hotel porter; and then made his way by back streets out of the town. For some miles, the road he took ran south up a well-cultivated valley, past turnip and stubble fields and smooth pasture, and then changed to a rough stony track that climbed a hill.

A turn shut the valley in when he reached higher ground and a long stretch of moor rolled away ahead. Foster thought these sharp transitions from intensive cultivation to the sterile wilds were characteristic of southern Scotland. It had rained since he left Hawick, but now the sun shone down between the clouds and bright gleams and flying shadows chased each other across the waste. To the south the sky was clear and shone with a lemon-yellow glow, against which the rounded hills rose, delicately grey. In one place there was a gap that Foster thought was Liddesdale, and his path led across the latter towards the head of Tyne. Not a house broke the sweep of withered grass and heath, and only the crying of plover that circled in the distance disturbed the silence of the moor.

Foster liked the open trail and went on with a light step, until as he crossed the watershed and the country lay to the south, he came to a wire fence and saw the black mouth of a railway cutting beneath. It was now about two o'clock, and feeling hungry, he sat down where a bank cut off the wind and took out some food he had bought at Hawick. He did not know if he found the shining rails and row of telegraph posts that curved away down the hillside out of place, but somehow they made him feel foolishly unconventional. His boots and mackintosh were wet, he was lurching on sweet biscuits and gingerbread, and did not know where he would spend the night, although it would not be at a comfortable hotel. Until he saw the tunnel, he had felt at home in the wilds and might have done so yet, had he, for example, been driving a flock of sheep; but the railway was disturbing.

In this country, people travelled by steam-heated trains, instead of on foot, and engaged a lawyer to defend them from their enemies. He was going back to the methods of two or three centuries ago, and not even doing this properly, since the moss-troopers who once rode through those hills carried lances instead of a cheque-book, which was after all his best weapon. He laughed and felt himself something of a modern Dox Quixote as he lighted his pipe.

Then there was a roar in the tunnel and a North British express, leaping out through a cloud of smoke, switched his thoughts on to another track. His adventures had begun in a train, and it was in a train he met the girl who warned him not to deliver Carmen's packet. He did not see what the packet had to do with him, but he had had some trouble about it and thought it might turn up again. Then he wondered whether Daly was now in Annandale. The fellow was obviously determined to find Lawrence, and if one admitted that he had come to England for the purpose, did not mind how much it cost him, which was rather strange. After all, blackmailing was a risky business and the Featherstones were not rich. It looked as if Daly might have some other object in tracking Lawrence, but Foster could not see what it was. Indeed, he was frankly puzzled. There was a mystery about Carmen's packet, he had been warned out of Edinburgh, and inquiries about him were afterwards made, while Daly's keenness was not quite explained. He wondered whether these things were somehow related, but at present they only offered him tangled clues that led nowhere. Well, he might be able to unravel them by and by, and getting up went on his way.

He spent the night at a lonely cottage on the edge of a peat-moss and reached the Garth next afternoon. John led him in and after taking his mackintosh off remarked: "Mr. and Mrs. Featherstone are out, but Miss Featherstone is at home; I will

let her know you have arrived."

Then he paused and added in a half-apologetic tone: "I hope you had a pleasant journey, sir."

Foster smiled. John had softened his imperturbable formality by just the right touch of respectful interest. In a sense, they were accomplices, but Foster thought if they had committed a crime together, the old fellow would have treated him with unremoved deference as his master's guest.

"On the whole, I had. I suppose you met the other car when you turned back at the station?"

"Yes, sir. I met it coming round the bend."

"As the road's narrow, your judgment's pretty good. Did anything happen?"

John's eyes twinkled faintly. "Not to our car, sir. The other had the back luck to run-on to the grass where the ground was soft. In fact, we had some trouble to pull her out. The gentlemen seemed annoyed, sir."

Foster went to his room chuckling. He could imagine the deferential way in which John, who had caused the accident, had offered help. When he went down Alice met him in the hall and he thrilled at something in her manner as she gave him her hand. It was getting dark and the glow of the fire flickered among the shadows, but there was only one lamp, and as it was shaded, the light did not travel far beyond the small table on which tea was presently served. This hinted at seclusion and homelike intimacy. An embroidered cloth half-covered the dark, polished oak, the china was old but unusually delicate, and the blue flame of a spirit lamp burned beneath the copper kettle.

Foster thought everything showed signs of fastidious taste, but there was something austere about it that harmonized with the dignified shabbiness of the house. It was, for example, very different from the pretentious of the Edinburgh tea-room, and he thought it hinted at the character of the Borderers. For all that, it was the society of his companion that had the greatest charm. Alice was plainly dressed, but simplicity became her. The girl had the Border spirit, with its reserves of strength and tenderness. Now she was quietly friendly, but Foster knew her friendship was not lightly given and was worth much.

Alice made him talk about his journey and he did so frankly, except that he did not mention his meeting with the girl in the tea-room or the detective's visit to his hotel. Still he felt a certain embarrassment as he had done when he told his partner's story. It was rather hard to relate his own exploits, and he knew Alice would note any error he was led into by vanity or false diffidence.

"Then it was really to keep a promise to Miss Austin you went to Newcastle," she remarked presently. "Since she sent you with the packet you must know her pretty well."

"Yes," said Foster. "In a way, we are good friends. You see there are not a great many people at the Crossing."

Alice gave him a quiet glance. He was not such a fool as to imagine it mattered to her whether he knew Carmen well or not. But he thought she was not altogether pleased.

"What is Miss Austin like?" she asked.

Foster was careful about his reply. He wanted Alice to understand that he was not Carmen's lover, which needed tact; but he was her friend and must do her justice, while any breach of good taste would be noted and condemned by his companion. He did his best, without learning if he had produced the right effect or not, for Alice let the matter drop, as if it no longer interested her.

"Perhaps it's a pity you helped the men who were poaching," she said. "I'm afraid you're fond of romantic adventures."

"It's sometimes rash and sorry afterwards," Foster admitted. "However, there's an excuse for the other thing. This is a romantic country and I've spent a long time in Canada, which is altogether business-like."

Alice gave him an approving smile but she said, "One shouldn't be sorry afterwards. Isn't that rather weak?"

"I'm human," Foster rejoined. "A thing looks different when you come to pay for doing it. It's pretty hard not to feel sorry then."

"After all, that may be better than counting the cost beforehand and leaving the thing undone."

"You're a Borderer; one of the headstrong, old-fashioned kind that broke the invasions and afterwards set their own rules for a whim."

"As a matter of fact, a number of them were very businesslike. They fought for their enemies' cattle and the ransom of captured knights."

"Not always," Foster objected. "At Flodden, where the Ettrick spears all fell in the smashed squares the Scots king came down with his strong camp to meet the English on equal terms. Then it wasn't busi-

nesslike when Buccleugh, with his handful of men, carried off Kinmount Willie from Carlisle. There was peace and he had two offended sovereigns to hold him accountable."

"It looks as if you had been reading something about our history," Alice said smiling.

"I haven't read much," Foster answered modestly. "Still, we have a few books at the mill, and in the long winter evenings, when the thermometer marks forty degrees below and you sit close to the red-hot stove there's nothing to do but read. It would be hard for you to picture our little room; the match-boarding, split by the changes from heat to bitter cold, the smell of hot iron, the dead silence, and the grim white desolation outside. Perhaps it's curious but after working hard all day, earning dollars, one can't read rubbish. One wants romance, but romance that's real and has the truth in it."

"But your own life has been full of adventure."

"In a way, but there was always a business proposition to justify the risk," Foster rejoined. "It's good to be reckless now and then, and I've felt as I read about your ancestors that I envied them. There must have been some charm in riding about the moors with one's lady's glove on one's steel cap, ready to follow where adventure called."

"So far as we know," said Alice, "it was the custom to honour one lady, always. The Border chiefs were rude, but they had their virtues and there are some pretty stories of their constancy."

Foster imagined he saw a faint sparkle in her eyes. He would have liked to see the resented his having gone to Newcastle on Carmen's behalf, but doubted this. After a pause she resumed:

"People say we are decadent and getting slack with luxury, but one likes to think the spirit of the race survives all changed conditions and can't be destroyed. There is a colliery not very far off where the water broke in some years ago. The men in the deep working went out, but the few who escaped went back into the pit—and never came up. They knew the thing was impossible, their leaders frankly told them so, but they would not be denied. Well, the colliery was not reopened, the shaft-head towers are falling down, but there's a granite fountain on the moor that will stand for ages to record the splendid sacrifice."

"They had all to lose," said Foster. "One must admire, without hoping to emulate, a deed like that."

Alice changed the subject rather abruptly. "What you have told me is puzzling. I can't see why the police followed you, and there's something mysterious about the packet. It all seems to have some connection with Lawrence's affairs, and yet I can't see how. I suppose you have no explanation?"

"Not yet. I feel there's something going on in which I may be by and by take a part. The clues break off, but I may find 'em that's stronger, and then—"

He stopped, but Alice gave him an understanding glance. "Then you would follow the clue, even if it led you into some danger, for Lawrence's sake?"

"I'd try," said Foster with a flush that gave him a curiously ingenuous look. "As I've no particular talent for that kind of thing, I mightn't do much good, but you have accused me of being romantic and I've owned that I'm rash."

Alice smiled. "You're certainly modest; but there's a rashness that is much the same as generosity."

Then Featherstone came in and after a time took Foster to the library, where he gave him a cigarette.

"It's strange we haven't heard from Lawrence yet," he said in a disturbed voice. "He hasn't given the Canadian post office his new address, because here's a letter they have sent on."

"From Hulton, who seems to be in Toronto," said Foster, picking up the envelope. "As I'm a partner, I'll open it."

He did so and gave Featherstone the letter, which inquired if they could supply some lumber the company needed.

"I'm sorry we can't do the work, because we won't be back in time. It would have been an interesting job to cut the stuff in the way Hulton wants."

"We seems to leave a good deal to your judgment and to have no doubt about your sending him the right material," Featherstone remarked.

"I suppose that is so," Foster agreed. "Hulton soon got into the way of sending for Lawrence when he wanted any lumber that had to be carefully sawn. In fact, he treats him as a kind of consulting specialist and I imagine likes him personally."

He was silent for the next minute or two. Featherstone's remark had shown him more clearly than he had hitherto realized how high Lawrence stood in the manufacturer's esteem. No other outsider was treated with such confidence by the powerful

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

200,000 PAID IN

... Have Re... Cent. of Fund... on the \$3,465... Church of England by the Anglican total \$2,200... cent—a very when compared reported by the churches. In view amount is made on only two... Commission... is in charge of... himself as the returns. He two million, two already paid in... turned over to... funds to be... with extension... different depart... To date the... disation, adminis... expenses of... ward Movement... cent... ready distributed... given to the 25... omision for use... ctive boundaries... of a national... mfirm clergy, and... the beneficiary... Synod, has re... \$750,000 as... campaign funds... fund thus being... wide for annuity... clergy in those... not a local ben... amounts which... are: Settlers... Fund, \$75,000;... Work, \$95,000;... \$75,000; Gen... Council, \$25... of Religious Ed... Council of Social... and War Service... MASTER... question in... new phase this... of last year's... Mr. J. H. Gold... former leader of... at a salary of... conversation with... of the band... was informed that... the organization... with the attitude... muncil in engaging... the action they... E... illness of... Pleton, is the... they among her... Mrs. Burdick... marriage was Miss... well and favor... ington and vic... at her girlhood... 200,000 PAID IN... ins... ing... ur... ply six... LL...