

in a panic of indeterminate fear, that he was doing his utmost to evade pursuit.

This came doubly home to me as the train stopped at Twenty-third Street, and I saw him step quickly out of the far end of the car, look about him, and dart across the station platform and up the stairway two steps at a time.

I was after him, even more hurriedly. By the time I reached the street he was swinging up on the step of a cross-town surface car. To catch that car was out of the question, but I waited a moment and swung aboard the one that followed, thirty yards in the rear. Peering ahead, I could plainly see him as he dropped from the car on the northeast corner of Sixth Avenue. I could see him as he hurried up the steps of the Elevated, crossed the platform, and without so much as buying a ticket, hurried down the southeast flight of steps.

I had closed in on him by this time, so that we were within a biscuit-toss of each other. Yet never once did he look about. He was now doubling on his tracks, walking rapidly eastward along Twenty-third Street. I was close behind him as he crossed Broadway, turning south, and then suddenly tacking about, entered the Bartholdi Hotel. There he exactly repeated his manoeuvre of the Knickerbocker, circling around to the hotel's side entrance on Twenty-third Street.

Even as he emerged into the open again he must have seen the night-hawk cab waiting there at the

curb. What his directions to the driver were I had no means of knowing. But as that dripping and water-proofed individual brought his whip lash down on his steaming horse a door slammed shut in my face. Once more I so far forgot my dignity as to dodge and run like a rabbit, this time to the other side of the cab as it swung briskly northward. One twist and pull threw the cab door open and I tumbled in—tumbled in to see my white-faced and frightened jewel thief determinedly and frenziedly holding down the handle of the opposite door.

HIS face went ashen as I came sprawling and lurching against him. He would have leaped bodily from the carriage, which was now swinging up on all but deserted Fifth Avenue, only I caught and held him there with a grimness born of repeated exasperation.

He showed no intention of meekly submitting to that detaining grasp. Seeing that he was finally cornered, he turned on me and fought like a rat. His strength, for one of his weight, was surprising. Much more surprising, however, was his ferocity. And it was a strange struggle, there in the half light of that musty and many-odoured night-hawk cab. There seemed something subterranean about it, as though it were a battle at the bottom of a well. And but for one thing, I imagine, it would not, for me, have been a pleasant encounter. It's a marvelous thing, however, to know that you have Right on your

side. The panoply of Justice is as fortifying as any chain armour ever made.

And I knew, as we fought like two wharf rats under a pier-end, that I was right. I knew that my cause was the cause of law and order. That knowledge gave me both a strength and a boldness which carried me through, even when I saw my writhing and desperate thief groping and grasping for his hip pocket, even when I saw him draw from it a magazine revolver that looked quite ugly enough to stampede a regiment. And as that sodden-leathered night-hawk went placidly rolling up Fifth Avenue we twisted and panted and grunted on its floor as though it were a mail coach in the Sierras of sixty years ago, fighting for the possession of that ugly firearm.

How I got it away from him I never quite knew. But when I came to my senses I had him on the cab floor and my knee on his chest, with his body bent up like a letter U. I held him there while I went through his pockets, quietly, deliberately, one by one, with all the care of a customs inspector going through a suspected smuggler.

I had no time to look over his wallet (which I remembered as being as big as a brief bag) or his papers, nor had I time to make sure of how much of the jewelry he wore might be his own. The one thing I wanted was the pearl necklace with the pigeon-blood ruby. And this necklace I found, care-

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OUR EASTERN SEA GATE

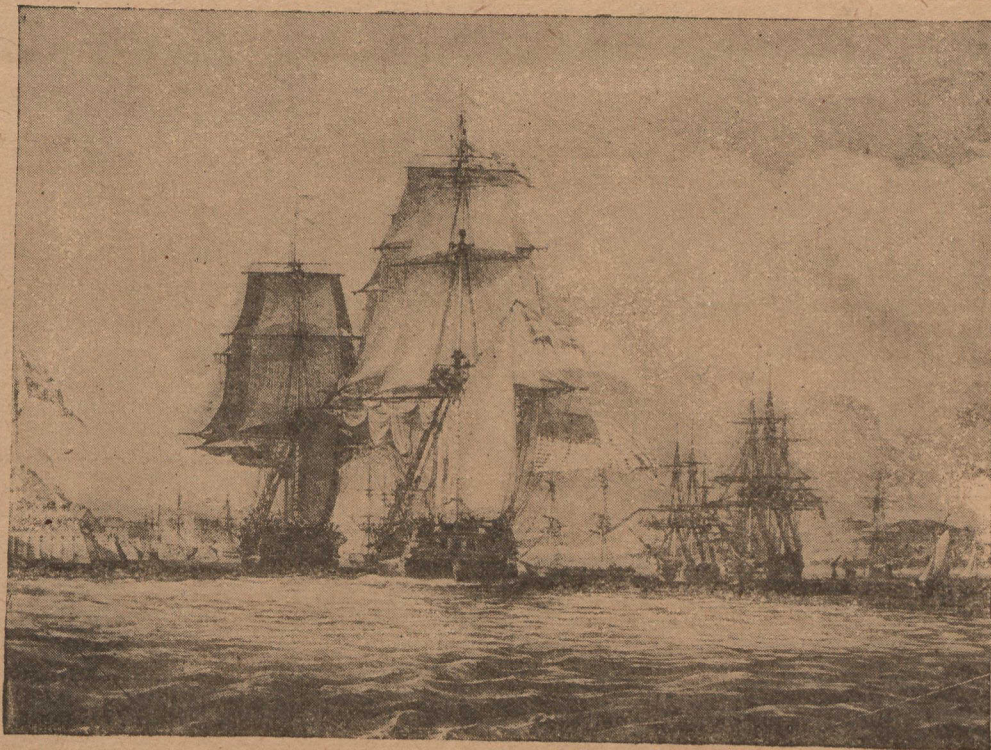
Fleets of Neutral Ships now make Halifax a Port of Call, by order of the British Admiralty

By ARCHIBALD MacMECHAN

A Halifax, Feb. 22, 1917. LOVER of Halifax has named her the City of the Triple Haven, for the term Halifax harbour is not exact. There are really three harbours, not one. Crowned by the huge star-shaped fort called the Citadel, Halifax is throned on a small peninsula, which these three harbours form. This all-but-island is a rude triangle, its base to the east facing the main harbour. The other two sides are formed by Bedford Basin, an inner circular haven twenty miles in circumference, and by the North West Arm, a narrow fiord three miles long which lies at the back of the city.

The Indian name for the harbour is Chebucto, meaning "great," and the aboriginal Miamaqs were quite right. It is a great harbour, one of the three or four best ports in the whole world. Most harbours are the embouchures of rivers; consequently they silt up; bars form across the mouth, and they need constant attention; but harbours like Halifax and Sydney, N. S. W., were formed by the land sinking, if the scientific gentlemen are to be believed. When the bottom drops out of a section of coast, the result is a super-excellent pukka harbour, unchanging and unchangeable. The usual difficulties of tides, currents, depth of water at the entrance do not trouble the mariner making his landfall. Once inside, he is sheltered from every wind that blows.

AFTER the Indians came the French pronouncing a favourable verdict. Apparently Champlain knew it, explored it right up to the end of the Basin, and named it Baie saine, or Safe Harbour. A brief study of its configuration will show why it was called "great" and "safe." Imagine an hour-glass twelve miles long with one end knocked out. The whole end is Bedford Basin; the wasp waist is the Narrows; and the open end is the harbour proper. The open end, or mouth, is corked, or partly stopped by several islands, the largest of which is called



Triumphal Entry of British Ships into Halifax, Sunday, June 6, 1813.

"McNab's." These islands leave two passages or entrances into the harbour. One to the west is a mile wide, the main sea-gate, and admits the hugest steamers afloat, at all tides. From the end of McNab's, a long sand-pit runs out called Thrum Cap, and inside of this is the light-house, which shows the way to all ships coming and going on their lawful occasions. This light-house is one of the most remarkable buildings in the world. It started life as a martello tower; and a brass tablet on its walls commemorates the startling fact that it was built for less than the estimated cost! It was built a long time ago, though, before contractors learned proper methods of working for a government. That it was built by British engineers may possibly account for this pitiful failure to make the most of their chances.

On the port hand, as you enter, is the mouth of the

Arm. The little cape is the end of a wild garden traversed in all directions by winding roads which reveal charming vistas overlooking the sea. It is called Point Pleasant. Near the end once stood, beside a battery, a furnace for heating red-hot shot. On high ground near the centre is the martello tower, near which Howe fought his duel with John C. Haliburton. About a quarter of a mile up the Arm are the remains of the old Chain Battery, at the foot of which once stretched a boom from bank to bank, to keep out the French. A frigate was moored inside, head and tail across stream, so that her full broadside could sweep the approach.

HOWE was born in a cottage on the Arm. His first poem celebrated the great natural beauty of his birthplace. Farther up on the opposite side is a stately four-square tower on the Italian campanile model with an open lantern at the top. It was built by the Canadian Club of Halifax, with the aid of many other organizations, at a cost of \$25,000. The interior decoration of shields and tablets contributed by states, universities, cities throughout the Empire, is unique. It was built to com-

memorate the granting of free institutions to Nova Scotia, in 1758. It stands on high ground in a part called the Dingle, given by Sir Sandford Fleming for the recreation of the citizens of Halifax in perpetuo. Still nearer to the head of the Arm is Melville Island, on which is built the military prison. At the beginning of the last century it was full of French prisoners; now it is full of Germans. The title of Howe's first poem was "Melville Island." The banks of the Arm are covered with picturesque cottages and more pretentious dwellings. At least half a dozen boat-houses contain a thousand boats and canoes, in which the youth of the city disport on summer evenings and afternoons. The Arm has been the scene of many a picturesque regatta. When the sailors raced in the big cutters, it was a sight worth going many miles to see. This beautiful fiord