

# EVENTS

*Published Weekly.*

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Vol. 6, No. 24. OTTAWA, DECEMBER 10, 1904. Whole No. 299.

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## *The Russell Affair.*

**D**AVID RUSSELL is out with a letter in Monday's Montreal Gazette in which he threatens to take action against those publications which have used his name in the same sense as Events did two weeks ago. For our part we invite the fullest enquiry. Mr. Russell has for years made the most shameless use of Dominion contractors, and it would be entirely in the public interest to have them one and all tell the truth on the witness stand. More than this Mr. Russell went to large merchants asking them to take stock in his company on condition that he procured orders for supplies to be paid for by one of the departments of government. In one case after the proprietor had refused to have anything to do with such a graft Mr. Russell went behind his back and induced the manager to hand over a few thousands, for which, by the way, the firm never got any adequate return. The state of affairs became so scandalous that an important deputation of members of the last parliament waited on Mr. Blair to protest, and

received a promise that the connection would be cut. Mr. Russell knows very well that any honest jury in Canada would catch him out of the court and just where he would land no one can at this moment tell, tho' the days are not many when the question will be answered.

Hon. A. G. Blair published on Tuesday, the 6th inst. a column denial of statements published in the Montreal and Toronto daily press. Here is Mr. Blair's description of the charges:—

I am referred to as not having been frank with the public as to the reason of my resignation of the chief commissioner-ship of the railway commission, with having conspired with two important railways and other parties to damage the government; with having plotted to make an attack upon the administration of the interior department; with having co-operated with others to expose scandals against the government on the eve of the election; with being privy to an arrangement whereby several of the government candidates in the province of Quebec, in consideration of \$10,000 each, were to withdraw from the

field on the eve of the contest; with failing to take the platform against the G. T. P. scheme, with having been sandbagged into silence, lest some secret which I feared to have come out should be exposed; and with having arranged that I should receive \$100,000 as soon as the scheme outlined should be carried out.

These statements Mr. Blair characterizes as "a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end." He says that Sir Wilfrid Laurier, so far from forcing him to desist, did not even suggest that he should not take part in the campaign. He mentions Mr. Russell's name once, to deny that any dispute regarding money had arisen between them.

Mr. Russell is not so reticent in the use of Mr. Blair's name. He evidently likes his sudden rise from obscurity to fame by the coupling of his name with the names of those in high places. If Mr. Russell cannot occupy the seats of the mighty he is willing to crawl under them. He is reported from Montreal as saying:—

Hon. A. G. Blair and myself have instructed our lawyers to at once commence criminal proceedings against the Montreal Herald, the only responsible journal which has copied the malicious attack upon us. It is only fair to Mr. Blair for me to state that when I persuaded him to resign his position as chairman of the railway commission there was no understanding that he would take the stump. I assumed that when he was attacked he would take the stump, and so believing, I wired the editor of the St. John Telegraph that he would do so inside of 48 hours. I admit that I assumed too much but I can assure the public that Sir Wilfrid Laurier nor anybody else ever sandbagged him into silence. He defies any member of the Liberal party to make the charge.

Mr Russell is great in the use of the word "responsible." An irresponsible paper is doubtless a paper that is not responsible to Mr Russell—La Presse for example. He is dense enough to fail to see that a reference to responsible papers in announcing an action for criminal libel is misplaced.

"Dave" Russell says that when he persuaded Mr. Blair to resign from the railway commission he assumed that Mr. Blair

would take the stump, and this is his justification for telegraphing the St. John Telegraph "Mr. Blair will take the stump within the next 48 hours". Why couldn't the persuasive Dave persuade Mr. Blair to take the stump? Most people are now convinced by the discussion brought on by the article in these columns Nov. 26, and which was commenced in the daily press by the Toronto World Dec. 3, that a gigantic political plot was hatched in which Mr. Blair was to be used as the central figure whose virtue could no longer tolerate the vices of his time. Liberal cabinet ministers were to be arrested on fake charges, Liberal candidates were to be purchased to act as traitors to their party on nomination day. Liberal newspapers were bought up, and at a signal the mines were all to be sprung and the country stamped into overturning the government. The first step was actually taken. Mr. Russell "persuaded" Mr. Blair to resign his \$10,000 position, and immediately telegraphed his papers in St. John that Mr. Blair would take the stump "within 48 hours." No surmise or speculation about that. Precise and authoritative.

Explanations seem to be the order of the day. First Mr. Russell explained. Then Mr. Blair, having first been closeted with Mr. Russell at the Windsor Hotel in Montreal, made an explanation. Then Mr. J. Lambert Payne made a repudiation of a dastardly accusation. Next Mr. R. L. Borden denied that he knew anything about any of these matters, or that he had any hand in inducing Mr. Blair to resign. Mr. Wm. Mackenzie is said to have denied that his firm had anything to do with the affair, and this denial will be accepted if for no other reason than that it was not in the interest of the Canadian Northern Ry. to have a change of government.

The public have not discussed anything with such keen interest for many years and they want to know the truth. Can't Mr. Russell be "persuaded" to tell?

## Ownership of Ottawa Street Railway.

**B**Y a vote of seven to thirteen the city council of Ottawa has decided to submit to the property-owners a by-law empowering the city to buy the street railway for the sum of \$3,000,000. If the company are anxious to unload their property on the city the by-law will be actively promoted. The trouble is that there is no one to look after the interests of the city. The unlucky thirteen who voted to submit the by-law do not, with one or two exceptions, own enough property to carry a by-law for a hen house.

The property owners of Ottawa would be foolish to carry, or allow to be carried such a proposal. The proceedings of the meeting in question prove the unwisdom of such a step. The question as to who should operate the road was discussed. Some favored operation by the council: others a commission, and finally a motion disqualifying aldermen was carried by 13 to 9. But next year's council may have a better opinion of itself and may reverse this vote and determine that if the aldermen are responsible for the road they must regulate and superintend it.

The decision was that the road should be operated by a commission whose members should give their services free. That is a lovely proposition. It makes such commissioners as could be had freebooters. But no resolution or by-law can divest the city council of control of the management. The management may be direct by means of a set of city officials or indirect by means of a commission. The commission to manage the government railways of New Zealand was wrecked by the labor party, and the ablest expert chairman New South Wales ever had, Mr. Eddy, was driven from office by the criticism of hostile mem-

bers of the legislature. This we have on the testimony of the present prime minister of the Commonwealth of Australia. The electors would pay the taxes for the operation of this street railway. They would require an accounting—not from a commission—but from the elected representatives in the municipal legislature. They would also clamor for extensions in every direction, regardless of paying qualities. Ward jealousies would arise, the question of wages both for the operating crews and for the laborers, the question of appointments, the furnishing of supplies, the time limit on transfers, the rate of fares, the contracts for advertising, and a dozen other matters and the council could not legislate itself out of responsibility for them.

Someone would own the road. The proposal to be submitted is: Shall the City of Ottawa, that is, the corporate body known as the council with its corporate seal. No commission, therefore, could own the road. There is not on the face of the earth a single instance where the owner does not control. That is the reason that Sir Robert Hamilton, who had seen the work of the commissions in Melbourne and Sydney said: "I believe that any guard upon our parliamentary representatives in the shape of permanent commissions must, as experience appears to be already showing, break down." All this applies exactly to a municipal legislature such as the city council. The rate of fare on the Ottawa road is now four cents, and the system is well managed, and the stock pays eight per cent per annum. What would happen if this state of affairs was disturbed? First thing some demagogic candidate for the council at the annual

election would adopt a platform of three cent fare, and he would ask what right the city had to make money out of the fares of the workingmen. If that went what would there be to prevent appeals for election on a two cent fare basis, and in fact one of the present aldermen who voted to submit the by-law alluded to the fact that one of the European cities owned its street railway and carried everybody free without collecting fares at all. And indeed if a city is to own the street railway why differentiate between the police service, the street lighting service, or the fire brigade service, and the street car service? The wide advertising the city would receive from the comparatively few strangers who use the cars would more than pay for

them, and besides every visitor to the city becomes a heavy contributor to the taxes the moment he sets foot within the gates. But there would be no limit to the curiosities of management if the city became the owners and necessarily the managers. Even with the company ownership the relations of the street railway and the city council have been so close as to lead some persons to say that the company owned the council. We do not believe that the present proposal will be endorsed at the polls.

We venture to predict that the company will secure the active co-operation of many persons to advocate the sale as in the public interest, and if the by law is to be defeated some organization against it must be effected.

## *Mr. Ross Wants to Know.*

**T**HE Executive of the Dominion having made itself very busy at the Liberal convention in Toronto Premier Ross has addressed the following questions to that body. Up to the date of writing no reply has been published.

The following are the premier's questions:

"Did they send a written request to the Conservative conference asking them to adopt resolutions closing the bars and abolishing the treating system, etc.?"

"Did they ask the Conservative conference to pass resolutions of any kind for advanced temperance legislation?"

"When they found that the particular clause which they favored in the resolutions adopted by the Liberal convention was rejected on Thursday, did they on Friday, by a deputation or in any other

way, submit such a resolution to the Conservative conference for its approval, and if not, why not?"

"How many members of the alliance, as the invitation was a general one to the public, attended the conference of Conservatives in order to impress the alliance's views on the Conservative party and secure the latter's assent to advanced legislation?"

"How many members of the alliance spoke on the colorless resolution moved by Mr. George at the Conservative conference and demanded advanced legislation?"

"Was the executive of the alliance authorized at a regular meeting of the membership of the alliance to start a new political party as being in the best interests of temperance and prohibition or did they act without authority?"

## The Fiscal Question.

THE Duke of Devonshire, formerly a member of Mr. Balfour's administration, delivered a speech recently in Lancashire, England, referring to the fiscal questions as a cause of serious misunderstandings between the Mother Country and the Colonies. He said:

"It is possible that the proposals which have been made that we should tax ourselves, that we should put a tax upon our people for the benefit of the colonies may lead to misunderstandings and to difficulties which, although I trust and believe they will never lead to violence or war, may tend rather to impair than to strengthen the good relations which are now existing between ourselves and the colonies."

Mr. An'sin Taylor, M.P., speaking at the same meeting, said:

"One thing Great Britain imperatively needed—a free and abundant supply of food bought without let or hindrance from those nations which in the bounty of Providence were best able at any given season to supply it. Canada has sent us over 3,000,000 cwt. less wheat this year than last. If, in the name of Imperial unity, they permitted the imposition of a tariff which would discriminate against countries more adjacent in order artificially to stimulate those which were more distant, dissatisfaction and disunion would be in the long run a sure and certain result."

Sir Edward Grey, speaking at Hastings, said:

"After we had taxed our food in the interest of the Empire we should never cease pressing the colonies to admit British goods free to their markets, yet they were plainly told by the colonies that they intended to go on imposing duties on British manufactures, so that Chamberlain's proposals instead of being a bond of union would be the cause of constant friction. Let there be a conference with the colonies on questions of Imperial defence, foreign policy and general interests of the Empire, by all means, but a conference on the fiscal question was bound to lead to heart-burning disappointment."

It will be seen that there are two points against Mr. Chamberlain's proposal: First, that English people would not tax themselves for the benefit of the colonies. And in the second place, it would be unsatisfactory to protectionist manufacturers in Canada who would object to placing on the free list goods of British manufacture, that could be produced in Canada. Canadian manufacturers at a recent meeting passed a resolution favoring Mr. Chamberlain's idea. The insincerity of their position is shown in the view advanced by Sir Edward Grey. An instance of the disapproval of the preferential plan that would be met by protectionists in Canada, is given in the woollen manufacture. There are protectionists who even object to the present 33 1/3 per cent preference on British goods.

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ARNOTT J. MAGURN, Editor

VOL. 6. DECEMBER 10, 1904. No. 24

**C**ANADIANS extend a hearty welcome to Lord Grey, the new Governor-General and his wife who landed at Halifax yesterday, Dec. 9.

**T**HE Prince Edward Island general elections are in progress this week. There were two acclamations out of the thirty seats, one going Liberal and the other Conservative.

**I**T would appear that until a new Speaker of the House of Commons is inducted to office there is no method by which a vacancy can be made by means of the resignation of one of the sitting members. If however, Mr. Kidd resigns in Carleton Ont., an election can take place soon after the session opens.

**T**HE City of Laurier is to be the Pacific terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. Just where the City of Laurier is located no one knows, which means we presume, that the future great city on the Pacific coast will be named after the man who was mainly responsible for carrying through the railway project.

**T**HE sudden death of the Rev. Principal Caven at his home in Toronto, Dec. 1st, removes a national figure whose great influence for good was felt in many directions.

**A** VERY critical view of the Japanese as tacticians is expressed in the quarterly issued by the general staff of the German army, a publication dealing in the scientific manner characteristic of the Germans with question of strategy and the art of war generally. The writer who discusses the Manchurian campaign in this official quarterly reaches the conclusion that the Japanese generals do not deserve the admiration and eulogies that have been lavished upon them in the West, and that their soldiers and officers have been credited with greater virtue and heroism than they have actually displayed.

**E**XALTED optimism and despair, as they clash in the columns of the *Novoye Vremya* (the sensational daily of St. Petersburg) convey to the observer a

strange impression of Russian conditions. There appeared recently in this journal an article quite remarkable in many ways, written by Lev Lvovich Tolstoy, a son of the renowned Count Tolstoy. We have fallen upon sad times, says young Tolstoy. "Yet I am convinced they will pass, and that there will come in their wake glorious and happy days of regeneration for Russia." He notes the extreme optimism on the one hand, and the no less extreme pessimism on the other, pervading Russian society, and concludes that those holding the former view are numerically superior.

**T**HE only drawback about Mr. Blair's explanation is that it doesn't explain.

**T**HE Dominion government is to be commended for its spirited prosecution in the case of the bogus ballot boxes. Every guilty man in the case should be well punished. The Toronto Mail commenting on the nomination of a clergyman in Huron county says that he becomes responsible for the ballot box affair. Shibley of Frontenac while he was in Watertown about 1901 was asked why he had been defeated in the election of 1900, and in the conversation the false ballot box was suggested to him as a device for carrying Frontenac. He therefore, had the silly scheme in hand for a couple of years. He confided the scheme to B. O. Lott the candidate in West Hastings. Under the redistribution bill both ridings in Hastings were made solid for the Conservatives, and no Liberal wanted nomination in West Hastings in particular, so Lott took the nomination in the Liberal interest. To have attempted to use the false ballot boxes before scrutineers would have led to exposure as the construction had necessarily to be different from the genuine box to allow of the switch being worked. The boxes were not used and Phil Lott, a brother, who had failed to get a remission of a fine of \$50 imposed on him for violation of the license laws, revealed the plan to the Conservative candidate. Because these two silly candidates concocted a fraudulent scheme, for which they were at once prosecuted by the Dominion Government, the clergyman a Liberal candidate in Huron for the local legislature becomes a participant in the attempted crime according to the logic of the Toronto Mail. Does that kind of argument make or lose votes?

**C**ANADA is rapidly becoming an international entity. The prime minister and some of his colleagues were received recently in the United States with special honor. Canada was represented at the inauguration on the 5th inst. of the president of the Republic of Mexico. An united northern nation of six million people is no small potatoes.

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PASTOR CHARLES WAGNER

(One of the strongest, sweetest, most helpful characters who have visited our shores from abroad for years is Pastor Charles Wagner, the author of the now famous work, "The Simple Life." Pastor Wagner, who has just completed a two month lecture tour of the United States on the invitation of President Roosevelt, is an Alsatian, leader of the French Liberal Protestant movement, and author of a number of books which have achieved immense popularity. His "Simple Life" is a plea for more wholesome, less complex, less artificial existence.

## Plight of the United States.

A SIGNIFICANT article has been written by W. L. Marvin, secretary of the Merchant Marine Commission whose comprehensive enquiry into the condition of the merchant marine of the United States has just been concluded. The commission is far more evenly balanced politically than are the usual committees of Senate and House—six of the ten members being Republicans, and four Democrats. Moreover, all sections of the country, including, not only the Eastern and Southern States, but the great middle West and the Pacific coast, are represented among the commissioners. All the testimony has been carefully reported by the expert stenographers of the Senate, published in three volumes, indexed, and made available for everybody interested in this problem, which has so long seemed to baffle American statesmanship.

The commission resolved at the very outset of its enquiry that no time could be spared for history or reminiscences, and that the actual desperate condition of American shipping and its imperative need of relief were known of all men. What the commission has everywhere invited, therefore, are specific suggestions as to the best line of remedy. These suggestions, naturally, covered a wide field. American public sentiment demands overwhelmingly that American merchant ships shall be, in the main, American built: that they shall be officered and, so far as may be, manned by American citizens; that while fast mail steamers are valuable, and indeed, indispensable on certain routes a deepened emphasis must be laid on capacious cargo ships, of steam and sail, and that it is of the utmost importance to secure at once improved direct communication, under the American flag, with South and Central America, Asia and the Philippines. These things, apparently, are regarded by the American people as of far more consequence than 24-knot greyhounds in the north Europe.

The commission has listened to much discussion of subsidy methods, pro and con, and it can safely be said that the sys-

tem of mail and auxiliary cruiser subvention embodied in the present law—wherein the Government pays distinctly for service rendered and there is no bounty outright—has won approval throughout the United States. Perhaps even more impressive, however, as one glances over the pages of the testimony, is the support given to a revival of the old, historic plan of discriminating duties and tonnage taxes at least in the indirect trade—that is, the enforcement of discrimination against foreign vessels bringing goods to this country from a country not their own. There are earnest objections to this, as, indeed, to every other expedient, and to adopt it would compel the modifying or abrogating of the chief commercial treaties. But it is rejoined that even the negotiation of new treaties would not be too great a price to pay for the upbuilding of the merchant marine and the revival of the "sea habit" among the American people.

How perilously feeble this "sea habit" has become was sharply borne home to the Merchant Marine Commission at such important ports as Portland, Ore., and Galveston, Texas. There the inquiry failed to disclose so much as one American ship-owner—and of course American officers and seamen had vanished with the American ships. In both cities the overseas shipping business was entirely in the hands of foreign companies which look with frank hostility upon every effort to regain for American ships the carrying of even a share of American commerce. Indeed, it may be taken for granted that everywhere throughout the United States where a foreign steamship agent is established there will be persistent and aggressive opposition to any measure whatsoever for the upbuilding of the American merchant marine. The revival of the "sea habit" in the United States is dreaded by the powers that are competitors in peace and possible enemies in war. It will rest with Congress to determine whether the United States shall have merchant ships and a naval reserve, or shall retire from the ocean.

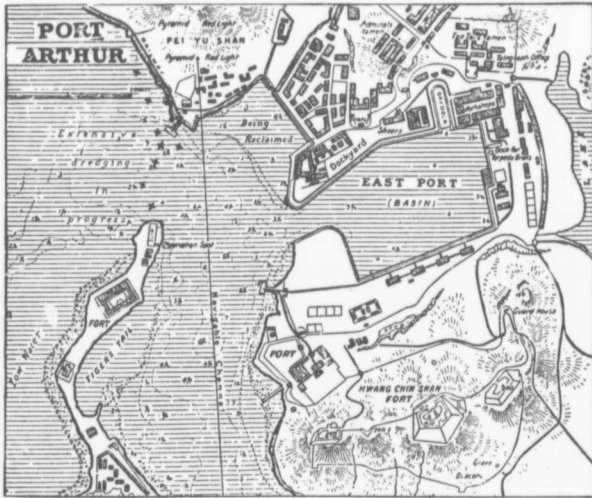


## What the Capture of Port Arthur Means.

A Japanese writer has made the following observations:—

When our Russian friends advertised, in no modest tone, to be sure—the impregnability of Port Arthur, there were some good people in Tokio who thought that the

ress. Fancy to yourself a slant of over seventy degrees riding away into the skies for many hundred meters, surrounded by a deep moat. Imagine also bomb proof trenches covered with steel plates crowning its crest surrounding the permanent fort



The harbor of Port Arthur showing the forts and how the entrance was blocked.

Russians were dreaming. Events of the following days seemed to have given them a somewhat rude awakening. It is true then, that the Russians knew a few things of what their engineers could do in heightening the strength of a Heaven-built fort-

in the centre atop of the hill built of stone and cement in which are mounted heavy guns. Imagine once again that the foot of this fort, just above the moat, is surrounded with wire entanglements, every iron line of which is charged with

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electric currents strong enough to fell thousands of men at a touch, and fancy that two or three of just such forts are placed to every one thousand meters of the perimeter of Port Arthur. Behind such fortification a few determined women, if they only knew how to handle the guns, would be able to entertain an army of one hundred thousand men of unquestioned courage and thorough training. Said our commanding officer to one of the native correspondents. "In a siege work like this, so far as the defender is concerned the forts are everything. With them the forts are their courage; their endurance is the forts; their power is in the forts. Behind them they can well afford to turn the most heroic of human attacks into a sad joke."

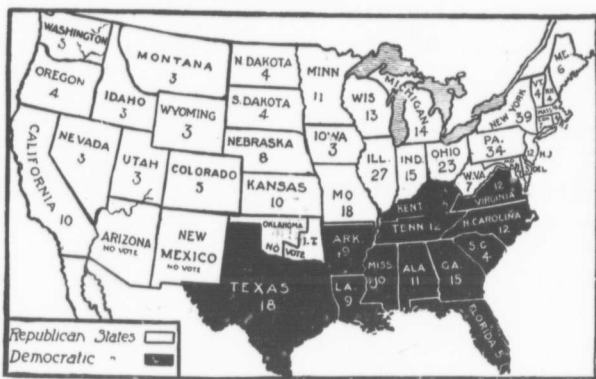
This was the foundation upon which Russia built her dream of a far-eastern Empire. Five years of the best engineering efforts of Russia had been crystallized in this stronghold. With lavish hands Russian rubles were buried in this soil. Confident in its strength, and not without reason, the Russians have sung, with a touch of sincerity in their voices, of the impregnability of Port Arthur.

We must have Port Arthur—that much was decided from the beginning—but when were we to get it? The answer to

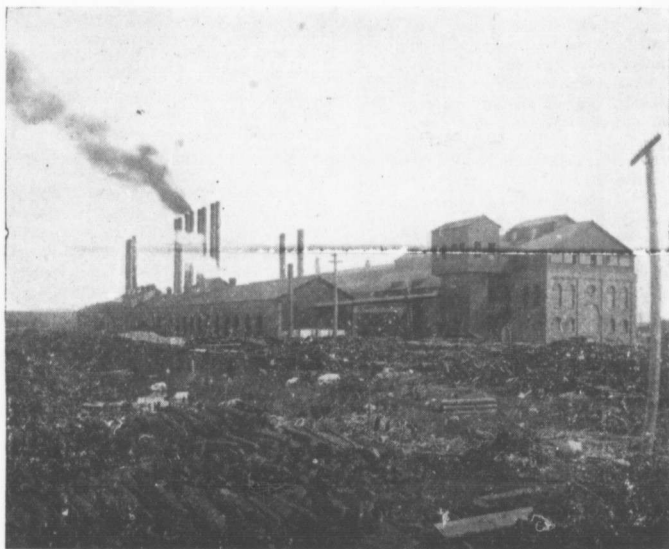
this question depended on two things,—first, if General Kuropatkin were to succeed in breaking through our army facing him and create a possibility of his second coming to the rescue of Port Arthur; second, the coming of a second Pacific squadron of Russia from the European waters. At Telissu, and later at the Sha River, General Kuropatkin had tried, and tried hard to come to the rescue of his Port Arthur friends. As long as the admirable Baltic squadron of Russia was enriching the art of the caricaturist on its famous voyage round the world, there seemed to be no special need for the Nippon Government to get into a fever of haste and nervous excitement over the reduction of Port Arthur. So the commanders of the besieging forces hit upon a compromise. The work of reduction progressed, but with the least expenditure of men. To General Nogi, the men under him are dearer than those of his own blood. To be sure there were occasions when sacrifices could not be avoided. Then the men died without hesitation, although it is not true that the Nippon men look upon life lightly. With the fall of Port Arthur will be closed the first chapter of the Russo-Nippon war. With its possession we shall have everything for which we took up arms against Russia.



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Map of the United States showing in black the states carried for Parker and in white those voting for Roosevelt.



One of the Soo industries

## From an Upper Story Window.

A Sketch from Life by Mrs. Campbell Praed

ON the crown of the wild heather-grown countryside stands the old-fashioned inn. Brilliant shafts of lamplight stream across the open space in front of its quaint, squat outline. From the seclusion of an upper window, conveniently darkened, I watch the world go by, lingering sociably for the most part about its doors. The broad, high road lies just opposite. Near at hand there are cross-roads; east and west, north and south they stretch, and along them come travellers of all kinds; some afoot, some in carriage and cart. Jocund parties, sombre parties, and solitary individuals—but few fail to stop at the inn. The night is calm and clear with a pale young moon rising beyond the clump of tall fir trees that top the hill. A belated postman whirrs past on his bicycle, the greenish gleam of his acetylene lamp looking like a mammoth glow-worm. A couple of volunteers in khaki have just come up, set their machines tenderly against the house wall, and lounged into the bar: good-looking fellows whose coming seemingly makes the company within wax merrier. Outside in the glare of the lamplight, stands a full-faced girl with a heavy, nodding rose at her neck. Half a dozen lads around her vie for her favours. Amid their broken, eager voices hers comes ringing up, round and rich, with a pleasant burr in it.

"Garn, Tommy Day! I walked out with you three weeks ago, and precious dull you was. Not again, just yet, thankee."

"Miss Burton," pleads one of the lads, "me uncle's comin' over from Hatten-

deane 'o Sat day as always brings a bag o' pippins wi' him this time o' year. Yon's fond o' apples."

"So I be. There is a faint hesitation in the girl's tone. "But I'm engaged Sunday Tim Evershed. I cud make it Sunday week."

"Sunday week, then," says the boy rapturously. "I'll keep the best o' they pippins for 'ee."

"Where be goin' Sat'day, Pattie?" inquires another youthful admirer.

"Where you ain't," comes the quick retort, which raises a laugh from the lads at the expense of their comrade.

"Pattie don't want none of you," chime in the others.

"Pattie don't want none of ye," remarks Pattie, loftily.

Unbelieving grunts of derision resound.

"Think I care to take up with a parcel of boys," persists Miss Pattie. "I only talk to you children, 'cos I want to keep young meeself."

"You'll never grow old, Pattie," exclaims one.

"Not if I can 'elp it. But there's things that come whether you want 'em or no, an' old age isoe of 'em."

"Don't matter so long s you've 'ad you're time, and is well married," says a philosophic youth, lighting a cheap cigarette.

"Married! You chaps seem to fancy that all a girl thinks of is marriage. Splendid thing, to be sure!" with fine sarcasm.

"There's Belindy Hiffin; what's marriage

done for 'er? Watch 'er—jest watch 'er, I say."

"She don't like it," murmurs Tim Evershed uneasily.

The young woman towards whom they are glancing shrinks further into the shadow of the house, where she is trying to screen herself and a tiny boy. Apparently acting on impulse, Pattie pushes past the lads and approaches her.

"Lindy," she says sympathetically, "I'd go home if I was you. What's the good o' waitin'. Bertie ought to be abed."

Belinda starts and looks to right and left. "I know," she stammers, "but I can't. Me and Bertie's got to bide 'ere till—till—"

"Till 'Erbert comes out," finishes Pattie with friendly scorn. "It's no use, Lindy Hifflin; you'll never manage your mant that way."

"If I'd a-knownn that men wanted maug'in'——" Belinda seems incapable of finishing sentences.

"They're all alike," rejoins Pattie. "That lot of boys only kept out o' the bar 'cos it amuses 'em to talk to me."

"Herbert's givin' over findin' me amusin'," whimpers Belinda.

"'Cos you thin a deal too much of him. Leave him be."

"I—can't," Belinda shudders.

"Well, have your own way. Some is born fools," says Pattie tolerantly. Suddenly Belinda clutches her arm.

"Stan' back! There's Mr. Morison. I wouldn't have him see me here for worlds. He said he'd sack Herbert if he cotched him screwed."

A tall young man strides past in the direction of a further door, imposingly labelled "Hotel entrance."

"Pooh!" murmurs Pattie, "he's goin' to get a glass himself!"

"He don't take mere'n he can carry com-for'ble," says Belinda. "But he's a kind master and I don't want Herbret to get the sack—just now."

"When's your trouble?" asks Pattie bluntly.

"Six weeks," returns Belinda, with a patient sigh.

"And Bertie not two yet! Well, what

girls want to get married for passes me."

Miss Burton shoulders consequentially off as a landau with an aged driver rumbles up. The mare, a glossy-coated brown seems to recognise the house of call. She has an air of being "happy to oblige. I'm sure," and turns her head to watch her old whip as, having with extreme care thrown a rug over her loins, he climbs laboriously down by the wheel.

"Fr-ank! Fr-ank!" A quavering falset-to re-echoes. It is answered by a hearty bass.

"Elo! That you, Fred? Come for your usual, eh? Frank's out. E' 'ad to take a wagonette and pair over to Crumbside. I'll 'old the mare.

"She don't want no'oldin'. On'y keep an eye on her, Tom." The mare stretches her nose and tenderly rubs old Fred's ear as he pauses.

"Ain't the beauty to 'ave a bite?" inquires the ostler.

"Better not. I shouldn't want nothin' meself, on'y I've 'ad such a day."

"Don't apologise, cocky. Go right in," retorts Tim cheerily, while the mare sniffs in a contemptuous manner at the back of his head.

In the distance the darkness seems to have deepened. Out of it two large red eyes approach rapidly heralded by a roar. An old lean woman tottering along is dragged aside by another, who has a look of terror on her face. The two stand for a moment within a bar of light cast from the inn.

"Always reminds me of little Katie, it do," cries the younger, wildly. "Comin' home like that, never thinkin' of harm, she was, when one of them steam-devils cut her d'own."

"Mebbe 'twas God's instrument," whines the elder woman.

"God wouldn't use such monsters. The devil must ha'taught men to make 'em, and 'twas devils' work to murder my Katie."

"She ain't the only one," calls a bitter trembling voice from the roadside. There's a godish few gone under wheels like that."

But the motor-car shoots recklessly on.

In its rear, startled and terrified, comes a roan cob with a light dog cart. The owner was swearing freely as he pulls up at the inn.

Someone is just inviting Tom Roundle to come and have two of Scotch.

"Can't. I'm seein' to old Fred's hoss," replied Tom, shortly.

"Then I'll fetch it for 'ee. This nippy might one wants a drop of comfort."

Thankee kindly. Not more'n a quarter tumbler to't," calls Tom, while the brown mare looks round interestedly.

Here, you fellow, come and hold my horse," shouts the new arrival.

"Sorry I can't, sir," and Tom carefully edges the brown mare away from the cob's flying heels. "I'm a-holdin' old Fred's."

"Who may old Fred be? Are you an ostler here, or aren't you?"

For answer, Tom put a whistle to his lips. A shockheaded youth appears from the stables.

"Mind the gentlemen's cob, B ill, Lock out for his 'eels, stoopid. Get Charley to cast loose them traces while you ketch up is off fore. The gentlemen'll be ten minutes—won't you, sir?"

"D—n your impudence—very likely. Who's old Fred?"

"Old Fred, sir," explains Tom with dignity "is the oldest 'and on the ribands in these 'ere parts. 'E's mighty fond of his mare, and if you was to arsk anyone that 'appened to be doin' a turn for Fred or 'is mare to give over—well, they wouldn't."

"So it appears."

The brown mare curves her pretty neck, and daintly treads the air with one foot. "Can you wonder?" she seems to say. The questioner, a pimply-faced young man with bandy legs stuck wide apart, curses and coughs, then withdraws to the hotel entrance. Interest promptly centres round the cob. Willing hands unbuckle the traces and put back the shafts, stroking soothingly the roan's reeking sides. The brown mare glances over with sublime indifference. She is tired of standing, but she is not going to let the cob see it. Suddenly her nostrils twitch. She turns swiftly to-

wards the bar. Old Fred is emerging, the back of his hand across his mouth.

'D'ear, dear! Aven't bin long, girlie, 'ave I? You shall soon get home. 'Afr'n a minute, Tom: my old bones ain't so spry as they was."

The mare restrains herself with exquisite patience, and follows attentively her old master's efforts to mount the box-seat. It is a slow job., but Charley Bates, coming forward to lend a hand is frowned away by Tom.

"Right ye are, girlie," comes the quavering falsetto from the box at last, and Fred shakes out the reins.

"Leave 'er be, Tom, she knows her road."

"Right ye are, cocky, go ahead," and Tom draws off admiringly as the brown mare, stepping with delicate precision, takes her homeward way.

The lamplight from the open door of the bar is partially obstructed now by a burly middle-aged man in corduroys, who appears to be waving his hand affectionately to some person unseen, when a couple in the courting stage came round the corner.

"'Ere we are," cries the girl. "Long time since you've been 'ere, Jim."

"Ages," admits Jim, sheepishly. "Anyone about you know?"

"I declare!" exclaims the girl, "there's Mr. Edwards. La! Mr. Edwards, 'ow you tartled me."

"I was salutin' the moon," replies the burly man gravely. "Of course, Miss Potter, if you care to take it to yourself—"

"Always at your nonsense," says Miss Potter, pleasantly. "'Ere's Mr. Tinsley come to see 'ow we do things."

"Old friend o' mine," remarks Mr. Edwards, shaking hands. "Not the first time, eh, Jim?" A broad left thumb points over his shoulder.

"Nor the last, I 'ope," replies Jim, awkwardly.

"He 'asn't been 'ere recent," puts in Miss Potter.

"Not to say over recent," adds Mr. Tinsley in haste.

"Not egsackly in the long, 'Jong a-go-o-o," argues, Mr. Edwards, provokingly.

## EVENTS.

"Miss Potter don't know everything, do she?"

"What's that you say?" inquires Miss Potter, tartly. "Miss P. knows all she ought to. Me and Mr. Tinsley——"

"Lor! I can guess tha' agrees Mr. Edwards."

"What was you drinkin' when we come up?" asks Jim.

"Me drinkin'," repeats Mr. Edwards innocently. "Quite a mistake."

"You don't mean to tell me," retorts Miss Potter, with some acerbity, "that you was a 'standin' in that there bar without a glass in yer 'and?"

"It kind of 'urts me—your way of puttin' things," protests Mr. Edwards. "If you must know, I was 'avin a bottle of water—drinkin the King's 'eath."

"O, go on," implores Miss Potter.

"W'it keeps you warm," suggests Mr. Tinsley.

"Lemme recommen a glass o' water. It's purifying to the blood."

"I don't mind so long's there's something in it," replies Mr. Tinsley.

"But Miss Potter, now," proceeds Mr. Edwards. "Complexion like hers——"

"It's not wha it was," interrupts Miss Potter, promptly. "You should ha' seen me when I was at Margate—shouldn't he Jir."

"Wish I had the chance," responds Mr. Edwards gallantly. "You said cold water, I think?"

"I'll cold water you in 'arf a minute," promises Miss Potter.

"No satisfying ladies," sighs Mr. Edwards. "Try sixpennyworth o' 'Silver Dew..."

"What's that?" inquires Miss Potter, suspiciously.

"Counter sweepings—combined," is the grave reply.

"Jim," cries Miss Potter despairingly, "can you give me a drink?"

"I'll try," smiles Jim, entering the bar, whence a roar of laughter rings.

"By the powers above!" exclaims Mr. Edwards, with bated breath, "E're's Dick Murdock's missus loomin' along after him Dickie Dickie! Shut yet 'ead! 'E're's yer old missus." He turns hurriedly to the

bar, silencing the laughter and salies rounda agin to face a shawled figure.

"Evening, Mrs. Murdock. Looking for Dick, as usual."

"As usual Mr. Edwards. 'Ave you 'appened to see 'im?"

"Some time back, I did, to be sure. going 'ome from work he was."

Mrs. Murdock dodges round the burly form that obstructs her view.

"Might I ask you kindly to turn about and jast cast yer eye inside?"

"Certingly," replies Mr. Edwards, obeying with alacrity. "A pity ettyget don't allow ladies in the bar."

"I never 'eard of Etty Gett," states Mrs. Murdock, grimly: "but if she's been taken in as bar maid 'ere, I shall certainly——"

"You mistake me," exclaims Mr. Edwards, hastily.

"Ettyget is an unwritten law for the benefit of ladies."

"Rubbitch," retorts Mrs. Murdock. "I'd nip in meself for two pins. If——"

"'Twouldn't be worth your while, ma'm. I can see Dick"

Mrs. Murdock accepts his information doubtfully, but she departs.

"Dickie, Dickie" murmurs Mr. Edwards, as soon as safety permits, you kin stand straight."

"Mr. Edwards, remarks Miss Potter, you're a downright liar.

Mr. Edwards shakes his head deprecatingly. Smart words, Miss Potter, but not pretty.

"Ow came you to say you couldn't see Dick Murdock? inquires Miss Potter indignantly.

See him remonstrates Mr. Edwards. Of course I didn't see 'im. What'd you spouse I kep 'me eyes shut for?"

Well, you are, begins Miss Potter, but her attention is distracted by the return of Mr. Tinsley laden with glasses.

'E're's your tippie, Fan. Mr. Edwards may I offer you two of Scotch

You may, my boy, and thanke, replies Mr. Edwards, affably. that's Silver Dew, that is.

Why didn't yer say so. Miss Potter sips approvingly.

Like to leave something to the imagination. I'm an idealist. I am.

I'd rayther know eggsackly what I'm in for, returns Miss Potter.

Rorther—you should say rorther—not rayther; it's more classy.

Well, I never.

No, but you should, asserts Mr. Edwards imperturbably.

I speak as me feyther spoke, blurs Miss Potter. If that ain't good enough—

Forther—not fetyher. R-o-r, rorther; f-o-r, forther.

Do I come 'ere for you to teach me to talk inquires Miss Potter, fairly exasperated.

It's about all I kin teach you. You ain't behind in most things.

I should think not, indeed.

Little bit of orl right—ain't you And an obliging feller like me—always anxious to please—

O, 'old me up, Jim. 'E's that tiring. At a short distance a group of hoydenish young women, noisily cheerful, are drinking indiscriminately with some men. A refined-looking woman in shabby black, with a little girl turns aside in seeming disgust as she passes them. 'Yon stay here, Eliza, away from that crew.' She takes a bottle wrapped in newspaper from he child and leaves her gazing longingly

into the warmth and cheer of the bar. A distant door closes upon the woman. Belinda fiiffin waiting patiently in the shadow, looks up as it swings. The refined-looking woman steals noiselessly out bearing a brimming glass in her hand, and beckons to Eliza. She holds the glass to the little girl's lips, gingerly, and not too close, drawing it back on a sudden. Then she raises it to her own, and drinks slowly, lingeringly, watched in her turn by the child. A lawless thirst has awakened in Eliza's eyes; the corners of her small wet mouth shine trembling in the lamplight. The woman, her head half turned away drinks with the long steady gulp, gulp of a parched beast. Impatiently the child puts out her hand; their fingers meet on the stem of the glass—it is almost empty. The woman shakes her off. There is an interminable moment—a pin-point of time,—but crammed with unsatisfied craving for each. Soon only the dregs remain. Eliza snatches the glass. The woman's teeth rattle against it, but now the child has it, and with a snarling sound she tilts up the last drops on her face. The woman laughs. Five minutes later the pair taking the replenished bottle, disappear into the darkness.

But the inn still offers a golden welcome And still Belinda waits.

