

EVENTS

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Dundonald's Latest Offence.

FIRST Lord Dundonald was guilty of a breach of the very discipline he was paid to maintain; in Toronto on July 15 he was guilty of a breach of faith. He broke faith with the committee in charge of the demonstration and placed the committee in the dilemma of deception. There were hundreds of Liberals who joined in the meeting at Massey Hall on the strength of a public statement that there were no political references in the address. Among those on the platform was the chief editor of the Globe who says that there were Liberals on the platform whose presence was specially requested by the committee and to whom assurances were given personally by members of the committee that controversial political questions were forbidden alike by the intention of the committee and the purpose of the gathering.

What happened?

In his address carefully written out previous to the gathering Lord Dundonald wantonly assailed the government and made an appeal to the people to avenge his dismissal by condemning the government.

The committee had communicated the text of the address to be presented to the General which made it clear that the demonstration was planned in his honor as a British officer and distinguished soldier. The Globe published an editorial days before repeating the assurances of the committee that there would be nothing in the proceedings to preclude Liberals endorsing them by their presence. In the face of all this Lord Dundonald deliberately broke faith with the committee, and betrayed the confidence of the Liberals, which confidence, the Globe says, was "completely misplaced." That paper adds that the incident proves that if Lord Dundonald is an able soldier "he lacks utterly those other qualities which are absolutely necessary in the administration of the important office that he held."

Let us examine a few of Lord Dundonald's statements. He used strong language yet complained that strong language had been used by a newspaper against him. All right thinking and all loyal peoples shared his views, he claimed. This raises two questions. "What right has an officer in the

British army to express views on public questions? Are all those members of His Majesty's Opposition who declined to defend Lord Dundonald's view as to how he should discharge his duty, disloyal? They said he was properly dismissed. As Lord Dundonald thinks he has a grievance because he was dismissed his view is not concurred in by a single member of parliament. Are we, then, to understand that Parliament as disloyal, and if so, disloyal to whom? With what purpose does he say that all loyal people are with him? That line of public speech is usually termed inflammatory, and the idea of an impetuous military officer from abroad taking the stump and blazing away at Parliament and government is growing to be grotesque.

The demon of militarism does not possess him, the General says. But men often deceive themselves. He is now making a crusade against the supremacy of the civil power. Take the following paragraph from his Massey Hall oration:—

"All right thinking persons realize the vital importance of non interference with those high officials who administer justice between man and man; surely the defence of the country, the selection of the military leaders of the people are as important as the administration of civil justice, and the man who endeavors to do his duty in an impartial manner, in this respect, should have his hand strengthened rather than weakened."

This sounds very much as if the main function of the civil authority in this country was to back up General Dundonald in his military schemes. Why does he sneer at "some men" as "mere automata to carry out the behests of a particular political party?" He does not know that the spirit which breathes there, and in almost every paragraph of his address, is the truculent spirit of militarism. He does not seem to know that unswerving and instant obedience to the behests of a particular party is the form that constitutional government takes in Canada and in England. That's why Lord Dundonald was dismissed without a responsible man in Canada to say that he was not properly dismissed. He does not see these things any more than he sees that a particular party is egging him on to utter diatribes against the govern-

ment of a country which is neither his native nor adopted country.

It is in the same spirit that Lord Dundonald declares that Col. Ponton had "an undoubted right" to deliver a speech and criticize his superior officers on the headquarters staff. For that which General Dundonald says is undoubtedly right a British general was recently dismissed, for the purpose the Government said of making an example to all other officers. It is his same intolerance of constituted authority that led Lord Dundonald to say that on that occasion he stood "between the Minister and his prey." He has publicly acknowledged that he stood against discipline and against the enforcement of the King's regulations which prohibit a soldier from even writing to the press a letter on military matters, and these regulations, so indispensable to discipline are copied into the regulations governing the militia of Canada. The General justifies the insubordination of an officer on the ground that a militia officer is "a free citizen of a free country." That is mere rodomontade. A free citizen of a free country cannot break the law. Col. Gregory wrote an insubordinate letter to the District Officer Commanding stating that he resigned. The first act of the Acting General Officer Commanding was to telegraph that Col. Gregory's letter was grossly insubordinate in tone, that he be suspended from the command of the 2nd Dragoons, then in camp at Niagara, and given his passports home. That does not make Col. Gregory any the less "a free citizen of a free country" any more than a summons to the police court which asks a free and independent citizen why he kept a dog without a license. Lord Dundonald is talking through his hat.

The situation created by his Toronto speech seems to be fully understood in England, judging by the following despatch, dated London, July 18:—

John Henniker Heaton, M. P. asked the war secretary whether the name of Dundonald appeared on the active list of the war department and whether his services had been dispensed with by the Canadian government; also whether it had come to

the knowledge of the war office that Dundonald had been making inflammatory speeches against the government of Canada; and that at meetings largely attended by the opposition, had been cheered and hooted by the various parties. The Speaker interrupted: "I hope the questioner will not continue in the same tone because those controversial expressions are not admissible." Heaton, continuing, asked whether the war secretary had been warned that the action of Dundonald would be resented and would greatly endanger the loyal and kindly feeling now existing between Canada and Great Britain.

Wm. Bromley Davenport, M.P., "I think the hon. member can see," he said, "these are questions which the secretary of state cannot properly answer without full notice."

The Daily Mail says the sooner the war office and the British government turn their attention to the doings and sayings of Dundonald the better for the motherland and Canada. Dundonald, it says, has embarked upon what looks perilously like a political campaign against the Canadian government, and has appealed to the opposition like the merest demagog. It is not part of the duty of an imperial officer to cause friction between England and Canada and the soldier who does so serves the larger interests of the empire most indifferently.

The Daily News asks: "Are we to have the risk of an imperial crisis raised over this trumpety quarrel?" The threatened meeting in Montreal should be emphatically vetoed. It is high time the British government which closes parliament, closed this indiscreet bearer of a great name and assured Canadians that England dissociates itself from the fire-eating general.

The Manchester Guardian says Lord Dundonald seems to have forgotten his duty as a soldier on the eve of his leaving Canada, by eliciting the partisan hisses of the crowds by a heated attack on the civil government he served. It recalls disagreeably some of the by products of the Dreyfus mess in France. Lord Dundonald's original complaint against the Canadian Government was investigated by it with care and calmness not noticeable in his

own conduct, and substantial reasons were shown that Lord Dundonald, so carried away by irritation, has done the civil government serious injustice. We hope the harm done by Lord Dundonald's mistake will stop short of serious mischief between England and the better part of Canada which will not countenance undutiful soldiers, nor recognize the right of an executive official from London to dragoon and abuse the government chosen by the colony itself.

The Westminster Gazette says it is high time the government cabled instructions to Lord Dundonald to stop talking and come home. He is still an officer holding His Majesty's commission. We can imagine nothing more mischievous for imperial connection than the demonstrations such as was held in Toronto on Friday night. A few more demonstrations of this kind, with a few more high-spirited noblemen to advocate what is called the imperial cause, and colonial loyalty will be subject to the severest strain which has been imposed on it in our time.

The St. James's Gazette says Lord Dundonald's leave-taking undoubtedly has been turned to party account in no small degree.

In the British House of Commons on Monday July 15th Mr. Lloyd George renewed the motion to adjourn in order to draw attention to Lord Dundonald's conduct in Canada. His conduct was mischievous. Mr. Churchill supported the motion and said that Lord Dundonald was being exploited in party politics. The Secretary for war said that no one had attributed to Lord Dundonald other than want of judgment. It was undesirable for any officer to take part in public controversy and the war office had informed Lord Dundonald that his conduct was undesirable and requested him to return to England to be heard in his own defence. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Liberal leader said that it was a grave piece of bad taste for Lord Dundonald to act as he had.

The Auditor General and the Davis Contract.

A MOTION was made in the House of Commons by the opposition in favor of granting additional powers to the auditor general. This motion was objected to by the government on the ground that it was uncalled for, unnecessary and inexpedient. The Minister of Justice made the statement twice and it was not contradicted that the opposition could not point to the expenditure or loss of a single dollar of public money due to any lack of powers on the part of the Auditor General. He went further than this and gave a very excellent illustration to the House of the extremely wide powers possessed by the Auditor General. The example was contained in the Davis contract for the lighting and operation of the Cornwall canal. This contract was entered into by the late Conservative government. It was redrawn in 1900 by the present government, and in this new contract smoked a scandal. He determined to question the validity of the contract, the cost of the service to the contractor, and a number of smaller matters of little account. For this purpose he retained the expenses of Mr. A. B. Aylesworth, K.C., and of special engineering and electrical experts, besides examining the engineer of the Department in charge of the canal.

The Auditor came to the conclusion that the new contract had been so changed as to "throw away every safeguard which had been provided with so much labor and forethought." To him the transaction was "inexplicable" and "the loss by acting on the agreement of 1900 instead of on the agreement of 1896 will be \$1,000,000."

This was a most serious indictment, and no wonder the press wrote it up under scare headlines. The very fact that the

new contract was made for 84 years instead of for 21 as in the original contract seemed to indicate a great pull on the part of the contractor.

But what were the facts?

When the thing came to be thrashed out in parliament it was proved that the original lease was for 84 years and that there had been no such extension as alleged. The extraordinary feature of this was that the part of the lease called the terms and conditions annexed to the lease was omitted by the Auditor General from his printed copy of the lease. The Minister of Justice also stated that the new contract did not differ from the old in respect to any one of its features. The original contract sets forth that the contractor is to supply such number of lights and such electrical power as determined by the government engineer. The new contract simply fixed the number of lights and amount of horse-power. The Opposition were amazed at this statement of the Minister of Justice, which pricked the bubble of the Auditor General completely. It is substantiated by the distinguished legal advice which the Auditor General himself obtained. Mr. Aylesworth, under date of June 14th, 1902, said:

"This agreement of Oct 18th 1900 in fact amounts to nothing more than the fixing of the quantities of the electrical horse-power and electric light the contractor is to supply."

On the evidence therefore offered by the Auditor General himself the new contract instead of making such change as to involve the loss of \$1,000,000 simply fixed the number of lights and the amount of horse-power to be supplied.

The Opposition, relying on the state

ment of the Auditor General, began to frame an indictment against the government and in the attempt the disclosure of the facts and the production of the omitted terms and conditions, completely knocked out the member who tried to bring in the indictment. He was constantly contradicted by the official documents, and when challenged for proof replied that he took his facts from the Auditor General's report, whereupon the Minister of Justice invariably answered that the facts were not as stated by the Auditor General. The

whole thing finally became such a fiasco, such a burlesque, such a travesty upon parliamentary proceedings, that the member referred to finally collapsed, and sank back into his seat, while a fellow member on the same side rose and suggested that instead of going on with the discussion they should first ascertain the facts.

The matter is to be considered by a committee. In the discussion no one alleged that one dollar of money had been improperly paid, and the whole thing deserves to be called a tempest in a teapot.



Colonel Sam Hughes' nightmare a Canadian G. O. C., when the Conservatives attain power.—Saturday Night.

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ARNOTT J. MAGURN, Editor.

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MR. R. L. BORDEN disdains to make political capital out of a slip of the tongue, but he has not sufficient influence to keep his press from doing it.

THE Montreal Gazette thinks that the Auditor General is wasting the public money. It says July 4:—

The Government, through Mr. Scott, has practically asked Mr. McDougall the auditor-general to withdraw his resignation. Nobody seems anxious that he shall insist upon its being accepted. Possibly he will continue to hold the position. The situation, though, should set those in Parliament who have studied it to devising a way that will maintain the usefulness of the office and cut off its useless and expensive practices. Most of the huge report that is yearly presented to Parliament does not represent the work of an auditor.

This is the view expressed in these columns over a year ago.

UNDER the new system provided for in the new Militia Bill now going through the parliament of Canada there will be a Militia Council corresponding to what is in England called the Army Council. That Council will be composed of the Minister of Militia, as chairman of the council, with four military men and two additional civilians. Everything that is done at that council will be made a matter of record, or at any rate every conclusion of importance which is reached by that council will be made a matter of record, so that if there be a change of ministers or a change of officers the record will remain there for the guidance of those who may come afterwards, and when changes are suggested means will be found to compare new proposals with old proposals. Instead of the General Officer Commanding, the proposed Militia Board will fix the policy, issue orders, and deal with all questions connected

with the administration of the militia. The chief of the general staff, who is the new officer, will have charge of what are called field operations—charge of preparing an army for the field. The adjutant-general will have charge of certain branches, many of them the same as now—education, mobilization. The quartermaster-general will have charge of very much the same thing as now—Transportation and so on. And the major-general of ordnance will have charge of the ordnance guns and so on. Each one of these men will be supreme in his own department, subject of course to the decisions of the Militia Council.

THE Senate Chamber is, par excellence, the show place of the State. It is the great hall wherein the great deeds of Parliament are consummated. There the Crown appears in all its splendid regalia. The British Constitution sits enshrined in the Red Chamber. There the grand farce is played in which the Throne sits canopied, surrounded by military display, while the Power behind the Throne slinks away at the far end and is in form of entreaty, meek and humble. Here Society in her drawing room form, displays all her lovely charms. Here gallantry is exhibited with deference and affection when the graybeards gladly surrender to the said charms their cushioned chairs. Here all the Estates are assembled, and it is befitting that a movement should be on foot to renovate the splendid Hall. It has grown a bit grey and dingy. It should, by the application of Decorative Art, be made worthy of the nation it represents. The installation of a new head-piece makes this the appropriate time.

MR. GOURLEY said in the House of Commons:—

“The theory that the Canadian militia should be used only for the defence of Canada is narrow and vicious. It is carrying out the narrow doctrine of the member for Labelle. The empire might be broken to pieces without the necessity arising of calling out the Canadian militia for the defence of Canada.”

The most effective way to preserve the

empire is to take care of Canada as an important part of the King's dominions. This idea of preparing in some way to face the world in arms for the sake of an imperial cause is Mr. Gourlay's answer to his own question: "What is militarism?" The hon. gentleman's leader, Sir Charles Tupper, is and always was stoutly opposed to Canada contributing anything in the military or naval line except the training of the Canadian militia for home defence. It is Mr. Gourlay's hysterical jingoism that both alarms and amuses some Canadians.

"UNDER the old act," said W. F. Maclean, "the militia of Canada could be sent out of Canada for the defence of the empire and under the proposed act that is prohibited." Sir John Macdonald held it to be an improper thing to send the militia out of Canada and refused to do it. Mr. Maclean's assertion was intended as a piece of 12th July oratory that being the date on which he spoke. Both Sir John Macdonald and Sir Charles Tupper contradict Mr. Maclean. His insincerity is evident from the fact that the clause alleged to be prohibitory was passed unanimously. If it was a very serious blow at the empire has the empire no friends in the House of Commons?

THE Dundonald affair is the last of many proofs of the impracticability of a system which divides a department between two officials really representing different interests, one specially Canadian, the other specially Imperial. Rupture was inevitable, and so, as a consequence of the rupture, in the form which Lord Dundonald's impetuosity gave it was the dismissal. This is frankly acknowledged by the leading organs of Imperialism in England. Let Lord Dundonald depart from our shores in peace and honor, with full recognition, not only of his ability and distinction, but of his conscientious performance of that which seemed to him and in reality, was, his special duty. He will receive his reward in England. To make this a party question is really to do him wrong.—Dr. Goldwin Smith.

LORD DUNDONALD'S definition of insubordination—"taking the people in to my confidence."

WHEN the commander-in-chief of the British army wanted to "appeal to the people" against the government he was promptly told that to do so would be opposed to law, order and good government. Some people in this country want us to trample on the constitutional doctrine laid down by the British government and allow General Dundonald to copy the French system of Boulanger. Still Lord Dundonald says all "loyal" people are with him in "appealing to the people."

A COMPLAINT is made by Lord Dundonald that recommendations made by him in 1902 have not been carried out. Less than a year and a half is a short time. How impatient that blood of Betty Cochran's is, to be sure.

LORD DUNDONALD told his Toronto audience that the Minister of Militia refused "to support the new era I had hoped to inaugurate." Too bad that the minister insisted on being boss, but why does Dundonald persist in saying that he was constitutional and subordinate?

SO Lord Dundonald came out to "inaugurate a new era." The government in getting a New Era got more than they bargained for. Then the New Era rebelled, and is now preaching a New Doctrine called Insubordination. This infectious doctrine caught Col. Gregory and the government suspended him. The New Era seems to be something for colonial consumption only and we a self-governing and law respecting people can well dispense with it.

THE Cabinet of the Commonwealth of Australia, following the example of the Canadian government, has decided to abolish the post of commander of the forces on the expiration of Gen. Hutton's term of office, replacing it with an advisory board

with an inspector-general and a Brigadier-General. The Laurier administration can justly claim to originate and not copy.

THEY say that Mr. Chamberlain's most formidable enemy, the man with whom some day he must reckon, is Lord Hugh Cecil. He stands by the government on all questions except the free trade issue. It is said that there is no man on his side of the House with anything like his ability, his power of speech, his determination of character, to say nothing of the prestige of his birth, and the influence of his name and family connections.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON entertained King Edward on board his yacht "Erin" a few days ago. If Sir Thomas Lipton wins the America cup the least His Majesty can do is to bestow on Sir Thomas a well earned peerage.

THE London Times says that the decision of the people on the Dundonald affair will be awaited in Great Britain with great interest. Just imagine the people of Canada weighing the issues of important public policy as between two great political parties at a general election, discarding all these issues and devoting themselves exclusively to the wounded vanity of a public official who is preaching as well as practising insubordination in the militia of Canada. The Times, however, is quite right in questioning the taste displayed by Lord Dundonald in making a political speech at Toronto, and the Times is also right in characterizing Lord Dundonald's statement, that the government was indifferent to the militia as "an unfounded charge."

THE absence of parliamentary knowledge is a marked feature of the present parliament of Canada. It seems only to be necessary for some person to call "order" to secure a decision against the member who is addressing the House. For example Mr. Oliver attributed the prolonged session to "deliberate obstruction." He was called to order, and the chairman ruled

that the "deliberate" was out of order. How obstruction could be otherwise than deliberate passes the mind of man to understand. In the British House of Commons a few weeks ago Sir John Gorst made it an objection to Mr. Balfour's closure motion that he had not alleged obstruction as a reason for his motion. It is quite parliamentary, therefore, to charge a section of the House with obstructing business, just as it is parliamentary to obstruct, and if these principles are correct, it must be possible to premeditate obstruction, and do it deliberately. Obstruction is often the only weapon in the hands of an Opposition.

IT is stated by a London political and literary weekly that the British Army is led and trained by officers whose chief preoccupations are not their profession but their amusements. If a Canadian paper said anything like that the editor would be held up as a traitor to the empire, and called various names none of which would happen to be complimentary.

THE English press has been drawing an inference from the last two bye-elections to the House of Commons in one of which the Liberal majority was increased from 1,000 to 2,172, and in the other of which the Conservative majority was reduced from 1,171 to 540. Lord Bingham who was elected at Chertsey as a ministerialist, is not a tariff reformer. There is a vacancy in Northeast Lanarkshire where the Conservative member recently met with a fatal accident. It is said that Mr. Chamberlain hardly disguises his view that the bye-elections in Great Britain serve the government right for staying on—for prolonging a situation which, bad as it is for Mr. Balfour, is still worse for Mr. Chamberlain, whose vogue in the country is said to be fast vanishing. Since May of last year when Mr. Chamberlain proclaimed for protection, there have been twenty contested elections, and one (the Isle of Wight) which the Ministerialists lost by default. Of these twenty-one seats five only were held by Liberals. At the begin-

ning of the campaign against free trade, there were, therefore, five Liberal seats to sixteen Conservative ones; there are now thirteen Liberal seats to eight Conservative ones. But that is not all. In the contested seats held originally by Liberals the majorities were in nearly every case enormously increased.

THE Conservatives in the House of Commons made a motion, July 18, declaring that the government had not given the tobacco industry of Canada the protection and encouragement to which it is entitled. At the same time the same political party was circulating among the electors a leaflet entitled "put this in your pipe and smoke it." The leaflet starts out by saying that every user of tobacco in Canada has been paying \$4.75 more on taxes on to

bacco as a result of Liberal rule. A comparison is made between the taxes on tobacco collected by the Conservative government and the Liberal government, showing that the Laurier administration has collected over \$6,000,000 more, during a period of five years. The elector is asked to take a quiet smoke and think it over and to punish the government for collecting increased tobacco taxes. This campaign in the country by the Conservatives against the government for collecting more taxes on tobacco contrasted with the motion in the House of the Conservatives condemning the government for not putting on more taxes is a flagrant example of the dishonesty of political parties and is a striking specimen that there is in the federal Conservative party a Dr. Jekyll, and a Mr. Hyde.



WHOA !

Manager Hays—Gee! I wasn't looking for that—Saturday Night.

Labor Unions in Peril.

THE tendency of employers is to organize. Permanent organizers are being put in the field. The old employers' associations were friendly to the unions; the new ones are hostile. Union domination of the shops, the employers say, means union men, union rules, and increased cost of production. Men out of a job are learning to go for work to the employment bureaus established by the employers' association in various cities, instead of tramping about the suburbs or waiting at the shop door. It was instituted three years ago to furnish workmen in time of strike. Every man employed by any member of the association is registered and his record kept by a card system. Employers agree to make daily reports on those cards of men employed and discharged, of applicants for help and of help wanted. The builders protect non-union men in times of strike.

The employers are making a fight for the open shop which is a gaze of battle to the unions. When arbitration and the trade agreement are abandoned but one step remains to the annihilation of the power of the unions. Mr. A. C. Marshall, the secretary of the Dayton Association, proposes the "non-unionizing of industry." The new closed shop is the shop closed against the unions. A year or two will show whether employers can conquer the unions alone or whether, to achieve that end, they must seek the assistance of the government and the great middle class.

They propose first to try it alone and they have decided not to give the politicians a chance. The next national convention is to be held in New York in November—immediately after the presidential election.—William English Walling in *The World-Work*.



A reproduction of one of the famous allegorical paintings of the greatest Victorian painter who has just died, G. F. Watts.



PAUL KRUGER
The Boer leader who has just died.

Jack the Skipper.

By Bernard Capes.

"WILL you favor me by looking at it, young gentleman?" said the petitioner. It was the most curious little model which the petitioner had taken out of a handbag. He was a hungry, eager-looking man in a battered bowler, shabby frock-coat, and a primordial "comforter" which might have been made for Job.

Mr. Edward Cattle, busy at his desk, paid no attention.

"It turns, sir, literally on a question of fresh butter." "Who gets it nowadays, or realizes how, between churn and table, every pat becomes a dumping ground for bacilli? Here, you will observe, the whole difficulty is resolved. We had the cow in to the cart itself, milk her into a separator, turn her out, drive off, and the revolution of the wheels completes the process. See? No chance for any freebooting germ. The result is simplicity itself—the customer's butter made actually on the way to his door."

Mr. Cattle put his pen in his mouth, blotted what he had been at work on, examined it cursorily but surely, rose, walked to the counter, and presented a form to the petitioner, all something with the air of a passionless police-inspector. He was a tall young man, loose-limbed, and with all his hardness, like a melancholy Punch's show character in his head. Much converse with cranks had engendered in him an air of perpetual outspoken protest, of exasperated resignation. For he was a trusted clerk in the office of the Commissioners of Patents for Inventions.

"Exactly" he mumbled through the goose-quill. "That's a matter for your

provisional specification." "Good-morning"

"It's the most wonderful—"

"Of course—they all are. Good-morning."

"It will revolutionize—"

"Naturally. You will make your petition and declaration in the proper forms. Good-morning."

The inventor essayed another effort or two, met with no response, quavered and sighed, packed up his treasure and vanished. The sound of his exit neither relaxed nor deepened a wrinkle on the brow of the neatly-groomed Government official. He simply went on with his work.

At half-past one o'clock, it being Saturday, he—we were going to say "knocked off" but the expression would be a libel on his methodical refinement. He took a hansom—selecting a personably-horsed cab—to his chambers in Adelphi Terrace, lunched off four pate de foie gras sandwiches, already awaiting him under a silver cover, and a glass of chablis; changed his dress for a river suit of sober-tinted flannel and a Panama hat; charged himself with a morocco handbag, also ready prepared; drove to Waterloo, and took a first-class ticket, and the train—he favored the South-Western because it was the quieter line of two in this connection—to Windsor. Arrived there he was hailed and joined by a friend on the platform.

"Glad you've come, Ned. I'm off for our bit. You never are."

It was hardly an attractive reception. Mr. Cattle glanced interrogatively at his companion, the Honourable Ivo Monk, son of Lord Prior.

"No?" he said. "What's disturbing you, Monk?"

"O, the devil, I think," said the young man peevishly. "Come along, do, out of this."

Together they walked down to the river in almost absolute silence. Mr. Cattle had agreed to join his friend for an agreeable week-end on the water. It looked promising. He thought a little and came to a characteristically uncompromising decision.

"Is it anything to do with Miss Varley?"

"Yes, it is."

"She—they have a houseboat here, haven't they?"

"Yes."

"Close by?"

"More or less. Just above Datcher."

"Then, I think, perhaps I'd better—"

"Then I think, perhaps you'd not. You don't know anything about it. It's not what you suppose."

"O!"

A punt, in luxurious keeping with the tastes of its owner, awaited them at the steps. It was equipped with a number of little lockers for wine and food a wealth of the downiest cushions, and an adjustable tilt with brass hoops for "roughing it" at nights on the water. For the Honourable Ivo was at the moment an aquatic gipsy, wandering at large and at whim, and scorning the effeminate pillow.

They loitered through Romney lock, talking commonplaces, and below relinquished their poles and drifted until the reeds held them up. It was a fair, sweet, afternoon, full of life and merriment, and in view of the crowding craft, the remotest from ghostliness.

"Would you like to see her?" said Mr. Monk suddenly and unexpectedly.

Cattle was never to be taken off his guard.

"If it will please you, it will please me," he said.

They resumed the poles and made forward. To their left a little sludgy creek went up amongst the osiers, and, anchored at its mouth, rocked the vulgarest little apology for a houseboat. It seemed

just one cuddv, mounted on a craft like a bomb-ketch, which is filled from stem to stern; and what with its implied restrictiveness, and dingy appearance, and stumped of a chimney, one could not have imagined a less inviting prison in which to make out a holiday. Yet there was a lord to this squalid baby galliot and to all appearance a very contented one, as he sat smoking a pipe with his legs dangling over the side. Monk nodded to him, and the man nodded back with a grin.

"Who's that?" asked Mr. Cattle, when out of earshot.

"O, a crank! You should recongize the breed better than I do."

Mr. Cattle, thoughtfully nursing his jaw, with a frow on his face, had left off punting.

"Don't you know him?" he said, suddenly.

"We exchange civilities," answered the other, "the freemasonry of the river, you understand. There's the Varleys' boat."

Forging under the Victoria Bridge, they had come in view of a long line of houseboats moored under the left bank against a withy bed, and opposite the Home Park. At one of these high, the Mermaid, very large and handsome, they came to, and fastening on, stepped aboard. A sound of murmuring ceased with their arrival, and Cattle had hardly become aware of two figures seated in the saloon, before he was being introduced to one of them.

Miss Varley was certainly "interesting"—tall and "English" but with an exhausted look, and her eyes superhumanly large.

She greeted the stranger sweetly, and her fiancé with a rather full, pathetic look.

"Mamma's resting a little," she said, in a bodiless voice, "and Nanna's been reading to me. Papa comes down by the seven o'clock train."

"And what's Nanna been reading?" asked the young man.

The old nurse held up the volume. It was the Holy Book. Monk ground his teeth.

"Hush, Master Ivo!" whispered the woman, "you only distress her."

"I'd rather see her reading a yellow-back on a July day on the river."

The girl put a hand on his arm.

"When the call has come? When my days are numbered, Ivo?" she said.

He almost burst out into an oath.

"I'd rather be recognized, and called by my own name and nature," he said, bitterly. "But it's all nonsense, Netta. Do, for God's sake, believe it!"

He was so obviously overwrought, the situation was so painful, that his friend persuaded him, on personal grounds, to leave.

They punted across, dropped down a distance, and brought up under the bank in a quiet spot.

"Very well," said Cante. "You'll tell me, perhaps, what's the matter?"

"Can't you see? She's dying."

He dropped his face into his hands with a groan of impotent suffering.

"There's some mystery here," said his friend quietly.

Monk locked up and burst out in a sudden lost fury.

"There is, by God!" Jack the Skipper."

Cante was rolling a cigarette imperturbably.

"Who's—Jack the Skipper?" he dawdled.

"I wish you could tell me," cried the other. "I wish you could show these the way to his throat!" He held out his hands. "They'd fasten!" he whispered.

He came all of a sudden, quite quietly, and sat by his friend.

"It's been going on for three weeks now," he said rapidly. "They call him that about here—a sort of skit on the other—the other beast, you know. He appears at night—a sort of ghoulish, indescribable monster, black and huge and dripping, and utters one beastly sound and disappears. Nobody's been able to trace him or see where he comes from or goes to. He just appears in the night, in all sorts of unexpected places—houseboats, and bungalows, and shanties by the water and terrifies some lonely child or woman, and is gone. The devil!—O, the devil! We've made parties and hunted him, to no good. It's a regular reign of terror hereabouts. People don't dare being left alone after dark. He frightened the little Cunningham child into a fit and it's not expected to re-

cover. Mrs. Bancroft died of an apoplexy after seeing it. And the worst of it is, a deadly superstition's seized the place. Its visit's got to be supposed to presage death, and—"

He seized Cante's hand convulsively. "Damn it! It's unnatural, Ned! The river's haunted—here, in cockney Datchet—in the twentieth century! You don't believe in such things—tell me you don't! But Netta—"

His head sunk on his breast. Cante blew out a placid whiff of smoke.

"But—Miss Varley?" he said.

"You know—you've heard—at least," said the other "what she was. The thing suddenly stood before her, when she was alone, one night. Well—you see what she is now."

"I don't see, nevertheless, why she don't"

"Pack and run? No more do I. Put it to her if you like. I've said my say. But she's in the grip—thinks she'd had her call—and there's no moving her. Cante, she's just dying where she stands."

Cante's cigarette made a tiny arc of light and hissed in the river. He had heard of epidemic hysteria. The world was full of cranks.

"Now," he said, "drop the subject, please. Shall I tell you of some fools I've come across in my time?"

He related some of his experiences in the Patent Office. The most impudent invention ever proposed, he said, was a burglar's tool for snipping out and holding by suction in one movement a disc of window glass. His dry, self-confidence had a curiously reassuring effect on the other. While they ate and drank and smoked and talked, the life of the river had gradually become attenuated and delivered to silence; a mist rose and hung above the water; sounds died down and ceased, concentrating themselves into the persistent dismal yelp of a dog somewhere on the bank above; the lights, in the houseboats thinned to isolated sparks—twelve o'clock clanged from a distant tower.

Then all at once he was alert and quietly active.

"Monk, listen to me. I'm going to cure Miss Varley."

"Ned!"

"Take the paddie and work up—up the river, do you hear? I'll sit forward."

The ghost of a red moon was rising in the east. They slipped on with scarce a sound. A sort of lurid glaze enamelled the water.

All of a sudden a sleek bulk rose ahead right in thier path, wallowed a moment like a porpoise, and disappeared.

"Good God!" cried Monk.

"Keep down!" whispered his friend.

"Cantle! Did you see it? Cantle! It was he!"

"Keep down!"

They paddled on, past the last of the boats, through the bridge, on as far as the squat little bomb-ketch bulking black and menacing at the mouth of the creek.

"Hold on!" whispered Cantle. "Run her out of sight into the reeds. We must wade on board there."

"There? That fellow Spindler's boat."

"Of course, now. That was his name."

"What do you mean?"

"You'll soon know!"

They accomplished the feat, though near mud-foundered by the way, and scrambled dripping, on board The door of the cuddy yielded to their touch. Monk was beginning to gather dim light

"Don't let me," he whispered, almost sobbed. "Keep my hands off him."

"Leave him to me," said Cantle grave-

ly. Not a sound of life greeted them. They stole into the cabin and closed the door almost upon themselves.

"We must yield him to-night for the sake of to-morrow," murmured Cantle.

"Ned! If he goes again—"

"Hush! It's not probable he'd risk a second visit, knowing her watched."

The crack brightened as the moon arose; glowed into a ribbon of light. Suddenly Cantle gripped the others wrist.

A stealthy paddling, sucking sound close by reached their ears. Over the side came

swarming a great shapeless, fishy creature, that settled with a sludgy wa'op on the little triangle of foredeck almost at their feet. Monk gave a soft, awful gasp, and, with the sound, Cantle had dashed open the door and flung himself upon the monster.

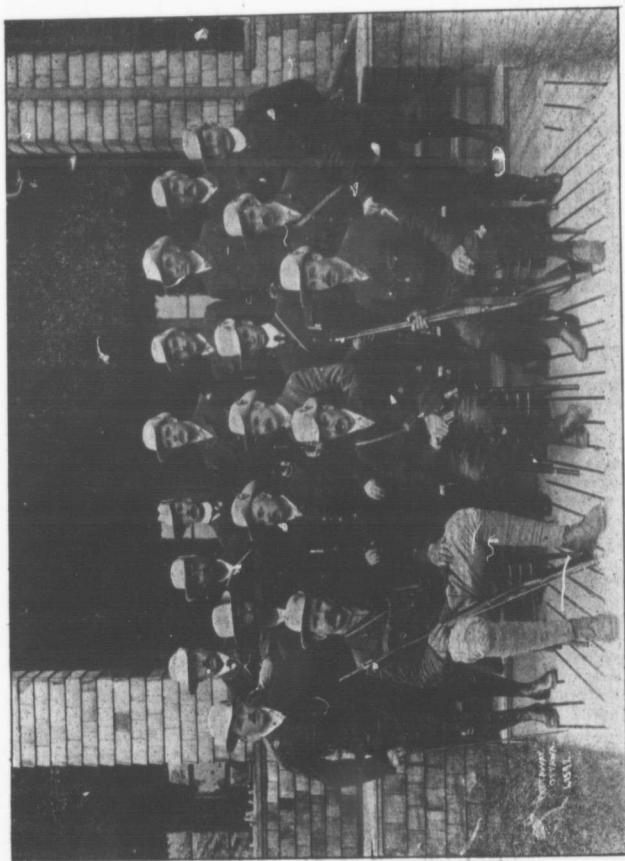
"Quick!" he cried. "yo've got matches. Light a candle—lamp—anything. Lie still, Mr. Spindler. I know you and your Marine Secret Service suit. A knife now, Monk! Out he comes."

He was merciless with the blade when he got it, slashing and cutting at the oil-skin suit, splitting it from top to toe. Mr. Spindler's red beard and extravagant face came out of it like a death's head out of a chrysalis.

"There goes the proud monument of a lifetime," said the madman. He had made no effort to resist. The first blow at this darling of his inventon had seemed to hamstring him morally and materially.

For he was just one of Mr. Cantle's cranks—had once invented a sub-marine travelling suit, with which he had hoped to inaugurate a new system of Secret Service for the Admiralty. It was an ingenious enough device, with some scheme of floating valves through which to breathe; but the authorities, after holding him on and off would have none of it. Then the fate of many inventors had befallen him. Between practical ruin and a moral sense of wrong, he had gone crazy, and vowed warfare on the mankind which had discarded him. It should comprehend, too late, the uses of instant appearance and disappearance to which his invention could be put. He went mad, and ended his days in an asylum.

On the Monday morning Mr. Cantle posted back to the Patent Office. On the Tuesday Miss Varley was reading De Maupas-sant's Mademoiselle Fifi under the awning of the Mermaid's roof; and on the Wednesday Mr. Ivor Monk got her to nan-



The British Tennesseers.—The British Tennesseers who were shot for it last year at Ottawa.