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## *The Sale of the Canada Atlantic.*

THE official Gazette contains a notice that at the semi annual meeting of the shareholders of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, to be held in London on the 29th inst., authority will be asked to acquire and take over the Canada Atlantic Railway, which means, we presume, the Canada Atlantic and Parry Sound Railway. The original Canada Atlantic Railway was built from Coteau Junction, just outside Montreal, to Ottawa, and the extension of the road from Ottawa to Georgian Bay was called the Ottawa, Arnprior and Parry Sound Railway. The Canada Atlantic Railway was amalgamated with the Ottawa, Arnprior and Parry Sound Railway in 1899. The system is 130 miles in length from Ottawa to Depot Harbor, near Parry Sound, on Georgian Bay. It would appear that the sale of the road to the Grand Trunk has not been completed, but the asking of authority from the shareholders is evidently for the object of completing negotiations which have been in progress.

Mr. Booth, the president and owner of the system, is reported in the daily papers

as saying that the Grand Trunk Railway Company knew that they could have the road any time during the last two years. This is an extraordinary statement, if it was made, for Mr. Booth knows that many months ago he agreed to sell the road to the Canadian Northern Railway Company, that the price was fixed, and that the Dominion Government was favorable to sanctioning that arrangement.

We have always taken the view, and still hold to it, that it is very much in the public interest that the Canada Atlantic Railway should become part of the Canadian Northern Railway system, for the reason that it is the only possible solution of the congestion complained of in the west. The Canada Atlantic Railway would, during the season of navigation, put the Canadian Northern Railway to Hawkesbury, and at Hawkesbury the Great Northern Railway, which runs from there to Quebec, is controlled by the Canadian Northern people. The Canadian Northern Railway is now building to Edmonton, in the North West Territories, and will shortly complete that line. The road outlined

above would then enable the Canadian Northern Railway almost at once to take a car of grain from Edmonton straight through to tide water, during the whole of the season of navigation, a period of at least seven months in the year.

If the government have allowed the Grand Trunk Railway Company to obtain possession of the Canada Atlantic and Parry Sound road, they have put a block in the way of relieving the congestion in the west, of which representatives in parliament have so frequently complained, and to which the government have pledged themselves frequently to do their utmost to relieve. This is a serious statement, and, if it is true, we greatly regret the fact. It is understood that several months ago Mr. Booth had agreed with the Canadian Northern Railway Company to transfer his road to them, and when the government was cognizant of that, and had promised to co-operate to the extent of their power to facilitate the transfer, if the Grand Trunk Company have now obtained the road, it may be that there will be laid a charge of breach of faith. Of course we have not a sufficient knowledge of the facts to decide on this.

The price the Grand Trunk have agreed to pay for the road has not been made pub-

lic, but it will not be less than \$15,000,000 or \$16,000,000.

As the Grand Trunk have for years worked in harmony with the Canada Atlantic, and used the road practically as their own, it is difficult to say what object they have in attempting to acquire control and possession, unless it is to endeavor to cripple the Canadian Northern Railway Company, and to force that concern to yield up its western system, covering 1600 miles in Ontario, Manitoba and the Territories, to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, whose promoters originally went after the system but met with a refusal.

According to the Montreal Gazette of the 7th inst., Mr. William Mackenzie, president of the Canadian Northern Railway, said in Montreal on Tuesday that the transfer of the Canada Atlantic Railway to the Grand Trunk would not affect the Canadian Northern in any way. They were not dependent on the Canada Atlantic, and the business of the Canadian Northern would go on as before. He was unable to see how the Canada Atlantic would afford the Grand Trunk any better facilities than they had, as their own road from Midland, where they had terminal facilities and elevators, was just as short to Montreal as by way of the Canada Atlantic Railway from Depot Harbor.



THE WAR SITUATION IN THE FAR EAST.  
From the North American (Philadelphia)



THE BRITISH LION: (to Russian Bear) "Keep your paws off my commerce!" (Germany and Turkey may be seen in the background.)

From the Leader (Cleveland)

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## The Governor Generalship.

SOME remarks on the Governor-Generalship of Canada apropos of the rumour concerning the Duke of Marlborough appeared in a recent issue of the Toronto Globe, and were subjected to some criticism in the Montreal Star of August 30. It would appear that the Globe stated that possibly the appointment of the husband of an American heiress might serve a useful purpose in teaching Americans something about our system of government, and how 'insignificant' a part the office really plays in the matter. The Star does not think that this is a very proper sentiment, and says in support of this:—"The king allows his ministers to have their way in matters of policy, but his office is not insignificant on that account." The Globe does not say that the office is insignificant. The Star's article in the beginning said that the Globe thought the example would show our American cousins how insignificant a part the governor-general plays in the administering of our system of government. That is a very different thing from saying that the office was insignificant. We take it that the Globe's view was that the office was an important one playing an insignificant part in our system of government.

It would not be amiss if something should happen to teach the Montreal Star a little of our system of government, when it undertakes to say that the king allows his ministers to have their way in matters of policy. The Star ought to know that the king of England was appointed by the House of Commons, and can be removed by the House of Commons, and the only "allowance" that pertains to the king is the allowance for living expenses made to him by that parliament, and instead of the king allowing his ministers to have their way in matters of policy, the ministers repre-

sent the House which allows the king to remain on the throne. It in fact gave him that throne. The king holds office at the will and pleasure of the House of Commons. The trouble is that all the theoretical power of the Crown is perpetuated in the statutes and in all appointments made by the ministers. They do everything in the name of the Crown, and the Crown is credited with doing everything, by and with the advice, and so forth.



Earl Grey

The Star goes on to say that the people of Canada do not want an insignificant governor-general. It is hard to find out what the people of Canada want in the matter. They are never consulted. The office of governor-general in Canada has been in the past regarded by Mr. Cham-

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erlain and his colleagues as a piece of patronage belonging to the colonial office, for the reason that the appointment of all governors of colonial dependencies and Crown colonies, appertains to the patronage of the colonial office. This results in the appointment, sometimes of a suitable man, and sometimes of a man who is not suitable. As to what constitutes a suitable person for the office there will be difference of opinion. It would evidently be a mistake to appoint an important and experienced man. The essential qualification is a man who will know enough to do what he is told to do, and if that is an insignificant person, it is the only person who will fill the office properly. We pay the man to do what he is told, and that is all there is to do. We give him a house and furniture and all the glasses he requires and he has an opportunity of enjoying life in a dignified position for five years. The Duke of Marlborough might do as well as anybody else. The fact that his wife is an American should not detract from his application, if he is an applicant for the office. The fact that the Duchess of Marlborough would have her friends over here from the United States would probably be welcomed by the trades people of Ottawa as the sign of a large expenditure of money instead of becoming a question of politics. In England complaint has been made that the court was remaining away from London too long, a matter affecting the trades people, and their complaint was thought by the British government to be a reasonable one. If the establishment or enlargement of a court at Ottawa meant a large expenditure of money there are a great many people who would regard the appointment of the duke with favor and the arrival of the duchess with pleasure. The British government appointed as governor-general to India a man who had an American wife. Of course India was a little further away for frequent visits from the Dutch aristocracy in New York, but we see no objection to frequent visits to Ottawa by the old aristocrats of New York, or even by the new rich.

If the governor-general of Canada is de-

barred by our system of government from active participation in politics, he can at least devote himself, with his wife, to social entertainments and to the upbuilding of charities, and even, as on one occasion, to the support of religion, by the employment of a chaplain and the erection of a chapel. The wife of the governor-general probably takes more interest in dressmaking and millinery than in politics, and as a rule she takes an interest in the poor and the promotion of deserving charities, in the cultivation of music and in many other laudable movements. The fact that she happens to be born in the United States should not militate too much against her.

Since writing the above it has been definitely announced that Earl Grey has been appointed to succeed Lord Minto as governor-general of Canada. When it was rumoured some time ago that Lord Grey was to be the choice, we said then that in our opinion he would make an excellent officer to administer the government of Canada. He is somewhat familiar with the country, and had, what we deem to be essential, a training in the House of Commons in England, where he would become acquainted more closely with the system of government, with the relations of ministers to the House, on the one hand, and the Crown on the other. In English politics he is a Liberal.

Lord Minto arrived in Canada in the month of November, and will probably take his departure during the coming November.

Albert Henry George Grey, 4th Earl of Grey, Lord Lieutenant of Northumberland, was born on November 28, 1851, being the son of General the Hon. Charles Grey, and Carolina, daughter of Sir Thomas Harvie Farquhar, Bart. He was educated at Harrow School, and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his senior in the law and history tripos in 1873. He represented Northumberland in the House of Commons from 1880 to 1886 in the Liberal interest.

He formed a close friendship with the late Cecil Rhodes, and was administrator of Rhodesia during the two stormy years of 1896 and 1897, since when he has been

Director of the British South Africa Company. He is one of the administrators appointed under the will of Mr. Rhodes. He has thus had considerable administrative experience.

In 1877 he married Alice, the third

daughter of Robert Stagner Holtford, M. P., and a son was born to the couple in 1879, the present Viscount Howick. Earl Grey owns 17,000 acres and is a member of Brook's Club.

## Judge Parker on the Filipinos.

THE question of autonomy and liberty for the Filipinos is destined again to play a part in the presidential election. Judge Parker, the Democratic candidate, has placed himself squarely before the people on this important question. He favors "independence, political and territorial." He would have the United States treat them "precisely as the United States treated the Cubans," and he favors "making the promise to them now, and take such action as soon as it can prudently be done." In other words, the Democratic candidate rests his appeal on the constitution of the United States, and is opposed to the bastard imperialism for which McKinley was, and Roosevelt is responsible. Judge Parker's letter was addressed to J. G. Milburn of Buffalo and read as follows:—

"You are entirely right in assuming that as I employed the phrase, 'self-government' it was intended to be identical with independence, political and territorial. After noting the criticism referred to by you, I am still unable to understand how it can be said that a people enjoy self-government while another nation may in any degree whatever control their action. But to take away all possible opportunity for conjecture, it shall be made clear in the letter of acceptance that I am in hearty accord with that plank in the Democratic platform which advocates treating the Filipinos precisely as we did the Cubans; and I also

favor making the promise to them now to take such action as soon as it can prudently be done."

The whole of the Democratic press does not agree with Judge Parker's expression of policy. Both the Brooklyn Eagle and the New York Times disapprove, but the New York Evening Post thoroughly approves of the letter, and says:—

"Mr. Parker has intrenched himself squarely on the most fundamental principles of this republic. He and his party have sworn anew allegiance to the Democratic doctrine that men shall have the right to govern themselves unimpeded by masters of another race and clime. If he is chosen President, he will do everything in his power to hasten the day when the American flag shall be hauled down as honorably as it was by Theodore Roosevelt's order from the flagstaffs of Havana on May 20, 1902. If Mr. Parker enters the White House, the present policy of vagueness, postponement, and shifting will be at an end."

This seems to present the issue as it will go to the polls next November. The Republican press sees in Judge Parker's Philippine declaration his certain defeat, but they have to reckon with a strong man, and every utterance made by Judge Parker seems to convince the people more and more that he is a splendid candidate and will make a safe ruler.

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ARNOTT J. MAGURN, Editor.

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**C**OMMENTING on the Muskoka election petition, the Toronto News finds fault with Mr. Mahaffy, the Conservative member, because he stated under oath that he knew nothing of the intentions or movements of the organizers, who went into the constituency from outside in his behalf, and adds that at least Mr. Mahaffy cannot be said to have exercised any particular vigilance to prevent improper practices. Mr. Sutherland, a local member for Oxford, was, in the opinion of one of the trial judges, guilty of improper conduct in giving a hostler 50 cents for looking after his horse in the hotel yard. According to the News, when a man becomes a candidate for parliament, he must run around the constituency looking for trouble, and take pains to prevent what the law calls improper practices. If the poor man pursues the ordinary course of taking steps to get elected by holding public meetings and canvassing, he would afterwards be condemned by the Toronto press or a portion of it for not exercising vigilance. It is hard to refrain from expressing one's candid opinion of the criticism indulged in by the News.

**I**N a column article on the James' Bay Fishery concession to Mr. Archie McNee, the Toronto News describes him as the proprietor of the Windsor Record, a Liberal newspaper. It may be a Liberal newspaper, but all the same it lent itself to the campaign of slander and scandal, waged so fiercely by the Tory press against Mr. Sifton, around 1898 and 1899.

**T**HE Ontario Conservative leaders have just concluded a meeting held in Toronto. They evidently expect that there will be something doing about the time the leaves begin to fall.

**T**HE Ottawa Evening Journal of Sept. 1st opened the fall campaign by a scathing condemnation of the Liberals in resentment at an attack on Mr. Bergeron. Among other grounds for condemnation was the appointment, as one of the commissioners to construct the Grand Trunk Pacific, of Mr. Brunet, who had opposed Mr. Bergeron, and been elected by such practices that some of the guilty parties got into jail. The only thing wrong about the Journal article is that Mr. Brunet, to whom it refers as the opponent of Mr. Bergeron in an election, has not received any appointment from the government. The appointment was given to Alfred Brunet, a leading financial man of Montreal, whereas the gentleman whose record in opposing Mr. Bergeron causes the Journal so much resentment was Joseph Brunet. We wonder where the Journal puts all its wasted indignation, and all its uncalled for denunciation. Probably salts it away for future use.

**A** REMARK by the pope is reported by an English clergyman, who recently had a conversation with His Holiness in Rome, and who visited Ottawa a few days ago. The simplicity of living and unostentation of His Holiness is very well known, and he keeps his two old sisters with him and takes care of them. It was urged upon the pope that he should make them countesses, but His Holiness replied, "No, it is as great an honor to be known as sisters of the pope," which was truly a royal reply.

**A**T the Dominion rifle meeting at Ottawa the chief prize was carried off by an Australian, and a rifleshooter from New Zealand came next, while a man from Natal won important prizes. At Bisley, in England, a Canadian carried off the king's prize. It seems to be a bad year for the home men. The Dominion Rifle Association has just thrown open some of the principal matches at Ottawa to men from other parts of the empire, and so it came about that men from various colonies, who had been shooting at Bisley, returned home by way of Canada and took advantage of

the Dominion meeting. The visitors had no cause to complain of Canadian hospitality.

**T**HE Toronto News and Winnipeg Telegram both complain that under the dumping clause of the tariff the minister of Customs has power to fix the price of goods imported, and they dwell on the "hideous dangers" of such a system. Such well informed papers ought to know that the department of customs has always had power to fix the price of imported goods, in the event of the invoice price not being acceptable or correct. The term "Minister of Customs" must of course be construed in the sense of meaning the department, as the inspectors and board of appraisers are the actual people to fix prices in cases of dispute. There is not much capital in making mountains out of molehills.

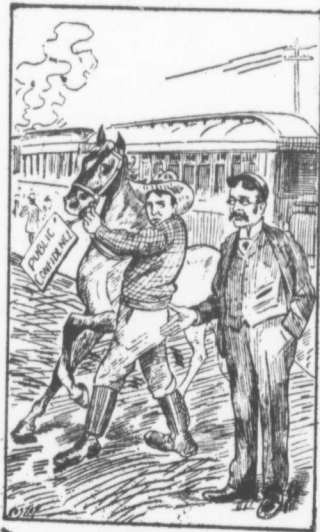
**T**HE campaign of race and creed, the appeal to prejudice and passion, the invitation to the fanatics continue to be the stock in trade of such papers as the Toronto Mail and Empire, working in behalf of its political party. In its issue of Sept. 1st it reproduces a half dozen lines from a blatherskite in Montreal who is faking up some story for a Chicago paper, as follows:—

"I have in my hand the report of a speech made by a Liberal 'spellbinder', in which the orator told his audience of French habitants that Queen Victoria, with her own hand, murdered Sir John Thompson because he had changed his religion from Protestantism to Roman Catholicism."

Here is the work of an unknown nenny-liner, whose calibre is indicated by the use of the word "spellbinder" given editorial prominence in the Mail and Empire. For what purpose? If a half-witted or malicious individual in Montreal, whose identity is unknown, chooses to write up a lot of waddle for an American newspaper, and many of them do, no one can help it, but the reproduction of this mischievous stuff in the editorial page of a Canadian paper is simply disreputable.

**P**ARLIAMENT has been only four weeks prorogued when the last issue of the Canada Gazette was published, yet it contained no fewer than nine notices of intention to apply at the next session for divorce. The applications are spread all over the country, being from Lethbridge, Montreal, Dawson, Toronto, Winnipeg and Port Perry, Ont. At this rate parliament will have a score or more of such applications at the next session. Is it not about time that parliament established a competent court to deal with such applications? There is no doubt that the judge in the Exchequer Court could be made a judge in divorce.

#### A FRIEND IN NEED.



R. L. Borden, M.P.—"Oh! my agricultural friend, will you help me to ride on that horse?"

His Agricultural Friend—"Yes—the way you helped me to ride on that train at 3 cents a mile."—Toronto Telegram.

**I**F there was such a thing as a British Empire, in the sense the word empire is used in history, with an emperor at its head, we would not see two portions of that empire squabbling over which owned or controlled a portion of the common territory. There is a great strip of territory called Labrador, the lordship over which is being asserted by Newfoundland as against Canada. The question comes up by reason of Newfoundland issuing licences to its citizens to cut timber on a portion of the territory. The Vancouver Province urges that Canada should take immediate steps to guard her outlying territory from all attempts at spoilation by her neighbors. Yet we will find persons who assert that Canada does not own any territory at all: that Newfoundland and Canada are part of one empire and that all the land and all the water belong to the sovereign. If that were true the things that are happening would not happen, and could not happen.

**M**R. GAMEY addressed a few remarks to a labor day gathering at New Hamburg. Mr. Gamey is a splendid example to hold up before the eyes of honest mechanics and workmen. He is a confessed cheat, liar, scoundrel, eave-dropper, a man

who sought to ruin others, a man who liberally conspired against others, a man who altered a bank deposit slip, a man who fled to the United States in a sudden panic in fear of arrest, and a man on whose platform decent men will not go. The next thing we know, we will have Mr. Gamey addressing Sunday school scholars.

**T**HERE is something doing in Manchuria, and, as far as one can judge at this distance, it is something bad for Russia.

**A**RRANGEMENTS are now being made for the seventh Canadian Conference of Charities and Correction, which will be held in London, Ont., October 5th to 7th. This Conference meets annually to discuss social problems, compare experiences and develop plans for the advancement of philanthropy, the prevention of crime and the improvement of the condition of the poorer classes. The railways have owing to the benevolent character of the Conference agreed to give a single fare rate and the Ladies' Committee at London have offers to entertain delegates in private homes. We are asked by the managers to say that all who are in any way connected with philanthropic work will be made welcome.





## A "Non-Political" Commission.

THOSE who advocate a government owned and operated transcontinental railway are up against the objections urged by Sir Alexander Galt, Sir John Macdonald, Sir John Abbott, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Senator Josiah Wood, Mr. H. A. Powell, ex-M.P., New Brunswick, and other leaders of public opinion in the past and present, as well as against the opinion of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. Fielding, and other leaders of public opinion on the other side of politics. They, therefore, resort to the position of suggesting that the administration of such a road should be taken out of politics by the appointment of a "non-political" commission. How a road owned and operated by a government can possibly be taken out of politics is a question exceedingly difficult to answer.

The experience in Australia, where the commission system was adopted to try and remedy or abate the evils of public ownership and political management, shows on investigation that the commission was used by the minister of railways and the government as a buffer, and in some cases the commission threw back the responsibility on the government, while the practice of members of parliament interfering in appointments, the purchase of supplies and appliances, and in fact almost all of the details of the management of a railway continued. In New Zealand a difficulty with the labor party caused the commission to be abolished, while in more than one case the English expert, brought out to act as chairman of one of these commissions, threw up the job in disgust in consequence of conflict with the politicians.

In Canada the appointment of a commission to have charge of the construction of the Eastern Division of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway also contributes to the conviction forced upon us by the exper-

ience of other countries. That commission has been denounced by nearly every Conservative newspaper in Canada on the ground that it is composed of Liberal politicians. Take one of the most mildly written of the Conservative organs, the Victoria Colonist, in its issue of Aug. 27 it proceeds to criticize the commissioners on the ground that, they have no knowledge of railway construction, and then they take exception to the personnel of the commission. Mr. Wade, the chairman, they describe as a lawyer who has done nothing to distinguish himself, although he had a seat in the House of Commons. The objection to Mr. Bronet is different. It is, not that he was a public man, or a relative of a public man, or a politician, but that this appointment is his first introduction to public notice. Mr. C. A. Young is described as a brother of Senator Young. Mr. Robert Reid is referred to as having rendered services to the Hon. Charles Hyman in political matters. It is to be presumed that if Mr. Wade had been a Conservative member of parliament Mr. Reid a political supporter of Sir John Carling, Mr. Young an opponent of Mr. Sifton, the Colonist would find them not ineligible for appointment. Now, under our system of government and with our practice, the government of the day chooses for appointment, as a rule, men from among its own supporters. Even if it did not do so, it would have to choose men from among the supporters of the Opposition. It would be impossible to find any man of character, of reputation, of experience, with any claim to recognition who is not known as either a Liberal or a Conservative. The doctrine, therefore, is laid down that the government that chooses very reputable and representative men, representing law, finance, agriculture and com-

merce, cannot constitute a non-political-commission because of the former political affiliation of the appointees. How, then, is it possible to secure a non-political-commission, and if it is not possible, what becomes of the argument of Mr. R. L. Borden advanced on the floor of the House, that he would overcome the drawbacks of government ownership and construct and operate a line of railway by means of a non-political commission?

In any event, under our system of responsible government, we can never get away from the principle of holding the Minister of Railways and his colleagues responsible for the methods adopted on a government road, for the character of the appointments, and for the purchase of supplies. It has never been done and never will be done. It might be possible for the government to construct a railway and lease it to a company, but even then the government construction of a road has not, in this country at all events, been a success. For ourselves, we believe that the commissioners appointed are men of fair ability, considerable experience, acquainted with the people and the country, and men of high per-

sonal standing in the community. Mr. Wade, the chairman, has had considerable experience in railway matters and has for many years devoted a great deal of time to the construction and financing of a railroad, and in addition he brings to bear on a commission, constituted under statute law, the advantage of a good legal training. Mr. Brunet is a banker, a man of high standing in the financial world, and will prove, therefore, of great value on such a commission. Mr. Reid is a successful business man, and a man of good executive ability. Mr. C. A. Young will not find many persons to blame him for being the brother of Senator Young. He is a good representative of western Canada, and is acquainted with the needs of the farmers and with the methods of transporting grain. As a grain merchant, residing for many years in the centre of distribution in the Northwest, he will be in a position to give valuable aid to the commission. There are scarcely four men to whom fewer objections could be urged than the four men whose names have been mentioned.

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## A Matter of Use.

Being a Story told by Detective Sergeant Milbank to James Blyth.

**M**ANY people will still remember the burglary at Lake House, Duckingham, when Mrs. Edward Harrogate was robbed of her famous pearl collar. The case will be especially memorable to me as being the one instance in which I have known country police to show some rudiments of intelligence. Before my arrival on the scene they had succeeded in establishing the fact that the burglars had come to the Lake House grounds by water, and by a difficult and improbable route.

The Lake House grounds run down to the water; it might be thought an easy matter for a boat load of strangers to effect a landing. But Duckingham Lake is private water, and the only boats upon it are those belonging to the owners of the two or three houses upon its borders. All these are kept in boat houses under lock and key.

It was soon proved beyond all doubt that none of the boats which had any right to be on the lake had been taken out on the night of the burglary.

Whence, then, did the strange craft come?

By an effort of shrewdness Tom Hewitt, P.C., remembered the "Run."

The "Run" is a narrow dyke affording the only inlet or outlet of water to or from the lake. It enters in a retired corner at the western end, and, after many meanderings, extending over two miles in length, meets the river Saefig. A hundred yards or so from the lake it crosses a little lane where it broadens to a ford. Here there is a

small plank and rail bridge where no boat could get over the shallow of the ford or under the bridge. A portage at this point would be essential. Investigation showed no broken reeds along the banks of the "Run;" no print of quant (Norfolk name for barge-pole) or boat-hook. The searchers would have been at a loss but that the night of the robbery had been wet. Tom Hewitt inspected the lane against the ford and here found footprints that went to confirm his notion that a boat had been brought up from the river and carried across the lane. The puzzle was to think what kind of boat it could have been. An ordinary row-boat must have been propelled by sculls or pushed along, either of which processes would have left marks. And there were none visible in the whole two miles of the "Run." A Rob Roy canoe (the only kind known in that part of the country) would only hold one person. And it was clear from many indications that there were at least two or three.

The local discoveries stopped at this point, and remained there until I went down at the request of Mr. Harrogate.

I at once went over the ground with Tom Hewitt, and failed to discover anything he had passed by. But I had one advantage over him. I was well acquainted with Canadian canoes, and I soon made up my mind (though on insufficient data) that a boat of this class had been used.

No one in the place had ever seen such a craft. There was only one thing to do. To search the rivers and waters round about

patiently and unobtrusively. For this purpose I hired a 2½-ton cutter from Smith's yachting station at Saelig Bridge, and started on a cruise. Chance, and a favoring wind, took me up river towards St. Marys' on the Fen.

For three days I sailed about without avail. But on the fourth I turned up a little tributary river that runs into the Saelig some four miles from Duckingham Run. Three miles up this, I was stopped by a lock, where there was a cluster of rough-looking fishermen leaning over the weir bridge. Just below the lock was a picturesque little inn displaying printed notices that comfortable lodgings were to be obtained there for anglers. Standing in the porch, talking eagerly to another rough-looking character, was a man whose face struck a chord of indistinct remembrance in my brain.

He was a tall man with huge square shoulders, and an extraordinary depth of chest. His face was clean cut, sharp and strong, with none of its power or character lost or modified by any growth of hair, for he was clean shaven. His aquiline nose, high, prominent cheek-bones, firm lips, decided chin, and, above all, the scintillating domination of his grey eyes, marked him as one to stand on an eminence above his fellow men, whether that eminence were good or bad. The inexorable purpose that he seemed to exhale pointed towards the latter, for no good man is relentless.

My professional instinct leapt at the sight of him, and yet I could not remember where I had seen his face before.

I ran out a gang plank and went ashore. I saw the stranger of the porch and his companion approaching me.

"Good-day, sir," said the former, with a keen look at me. "I hope you are coming to try your luck with the rod. I've been fishing here for nearly a fortnight without any other company than my friend Tom Grice, the landlord," (he indicated his companion with a nod), "and a few honest fellows whom you may see on the weir bridge. Will you allow me to introduce myself. I am Sydney Humphris—p-h-r-i-s!"

His voice was rich and well modulated. His accent that of an educated man. I felt sure that I knew his face, but still I could not recall under what circumstances I had seen it. Only something seemed to warn me that they were tragic.

"My name's Jack Ellis," I said. "And have come for a bit of fishing."

At this Grice (a bluff, sturdy, bearded man with dark hair and blue eyes, a mixture of Scandinavian and Danish blood that is common about the East Anglian marshlands) grinned.



"I took careful aim . . . and fired quickly twice"

"D'ye want a bed, sir?" he said. "There's plenty o' rewm."

I thanked him affirmatively, and soon we were all three in a cosy bar-parlour that looked out over the weir. Round the room were cases of stuffed fish. Rods and tackle hung from bare baulks in the ceiling. A fire was burning in the open fireplace; for though the end of May was near, the marsh air struck cold.

"Let's have a bottle of that old rum of yours," said Humphris. "The wind is cold in spite of the sun. And see that we have some stewed eels for dinner. We'll feed together if you've no objection," he said to me.

Of course, I consented. I wanted to see as much of him as I could.

"The rum was good. The dinner excellent. The companionship of my fellow-lodger most fascinating. My suspicions might have been lulled, had it not been for a surreptitious watch which was kept on me, and which, I observed, was continual, though carefully concealed.

After dinner I took tackle and bait, and accompanied Humphris to the deeps against the lock. I had seen no sign of a Canadian canoe, but there was a large out-house where she might be hidden; and I noticed that whenever I approached this either Humphris or Grice brought forward some excuse to turn my attention elsewhere.

The charm of Humphris' manner and conversation was having its due effect upon me. He had been in many strange places, and knew how to describe his experiences with humour and dramatic intensity. I was almost forgetting my suspicions that he had been in even stranger, or at least more equivocal places than those he spoke of. But every now and then some little interference with my freedom of action, under the guise of sparing me trouble, awoke my doubts and strained my nerves with expectancy.

The inn was quite alone in a wilderness of marshes, and for miles around the flat expanse lay bare without sign of any other habitation. I began to think that the night might prove a trifle more dramatic than I cared for, especially if I were indeed on the right track and my real personality were known. That this was so I had an uneasy suspicion. I was never left alone, and the undefinable magnetism of danger thrilled me. There was nothing definite to go upon. And yet I felt that there was a conspiracy between Humphris and Grice—a conspiracy that was threatening to myself.

Our supper was of fish, excellent in qual-

ity and excellently prepared. Grice sat down with us and proved a valuable conversationalist.

The darkness fell between eight and nine but there was a full moon and the water and marshes lay bright and clear in the white light.

"Le'ss shnt up," said Grice; "their can't be noobardy else come. Le'ss shut up an' make a night on't."

"All right," said Humphris; "get some more of that old rum and a bottle of brandy, and I'll brew some punch. The kettle is nearly boiling." He smiled and turned to me. "I think you'll like my punch," he said; "I rather fancy myself at brewing it."

I thought I saw a light of intelligence pass between the two men. I determined to be on my guard.

Grice fetched the ingredients. There was some little noise outside before he returned with them. I heard a woman's voice say, "No! No!" and a scuffling, and that was all.

The punch was brewed. Humphris filled the glasses, and for an instant his back was turned to me as he did so. I saw something suspicious in every movement, and I noticed it; but it might very well have been an accident.

"Here you are," said Humphris, handing me a glass of the rich, brown steaming stuff.

He and Grice each had similar glasses of grog in their hands.

"Here's luck!" said Humphris.

"My bes' respects" said Grice.

They drank. I raised my glass to my lips and sipped.

Then I knew.

For some years I had indulged in what I suppose I must admit to be a vice. Like many others, I had been fascinated by De Quincey's Opium Eater, and had begun by taking laudanum experimentally. The fascination of the habit grew upon me, as I never seemed to suffer any ill-effects from the practice, but found the drug a digestive, a wonderful preventive of colds, and an extraordinary brain exhilarator. It never had the slightest soporific effect upon me for a good ten hours after I had taken

it, and then only in an agreeable manner. I could take half an ounce without its having any effect upon me beyond a quickening of the intellect and a placid satisfaction of the senses. And half an ounce would send most people into a dangerous coma.

As soon as I put the steaming glass to my lips I knew my beloved drug was present. I was so used to it, that even the presence of the rum, brandy and lemon flavoring did not prevent me from gauging the amount in my glass. The game was clear now and I thought I should win.

"By Gerge, sir," I said, "the punch is ripping!" I raised the glass again to my lips and drained it off. My system exulted at the longed-for stimulant (for opium is a stimulant as well as a narcotic). In a minute or two I glowed all over comfortably. My brain woke to abnormal keenness. But I had a part to play, and played it. Gradually I let my eyelids drop. I yawned. I sleepily apologized; half-opened my eyes again looking as dazed as I could. Then I shut them, and lay back, breathing heavily.

My companion made no signs for a minute or two. Then I heard Humphris say: "Come on, Grice, we'll go and inspect the yacht. I'll swear he's Milbank the tec, and it's ten to one he's after us. If he is, —well, the marsh will hide him, I reckon."

As soon as they had gone I stealthily opened my eyes. They had left their glasses half full. I had a 4 oz. bottle of laudanum in my pocket. "Aha!" I thought. "I don't expect they're quite so impervious to it as I am."

I rose quietly, and poured a good half ounce into each of the glasses. Then, thinking it likely that they would search me on their return, I hid the bottle in a cupboard, behind a lot of others. Having done this I settled myself back in the chair. For I knew they would not be long. There was nothing to detain them on the yacht. No papers, books or anything. Presently I heard them approach grumbling. "We shall have to go through his pockets," said Humphris as they entered.

"What for?" argued Grice. "Let's put him out on't, an' be done wi'm."

"No! no!" insisted the other (and I felt grateful to him). "I'll find out who he is, somehow. He can't do us any harm for a day or two. The pearls are in my room, and he won't go in there while I'm about."

"Well, let's finish our grog," said Grice. "My bes' respects!"

I heard the liquor gulped down.

"Damn!" said Humphris. "I cut the peel too thick. Standing has made it bitter."

"Aha!" replied Grice. "We ote tew ha droonk it afoor we went out."

I heard them come up to me and felt their hands about me. But I remained motionless, breathing heavily.

"Here we are," cried Humphris. "Here's a letter Harold Milbank! I thought I remembered him. He nearly nailed me at Hampstead once, but I managed to slip out of the window. Well, that settles it, anyhow."

I remembered him, too, now. He was a king among burglars.

"Shall we dew'm now, guvnor," asked Grice.

"No," was the answer. "I want him to come round and appreciate his position. Ha! ha! Then we'll give him a little advice and send him to hell. Here, take this —it's his pistol."

"Let's have another drain," said Grice.

Before the second lot of spirits was consumed the opium did its work.

"I fare some sleepy," murmured Grice. There was no response: a gasp or two, a curse from Humphris; then nothing but heavy breathing.

I gave them five or ten minutes to get well under the influence of the drug then I opened my eyes.

They were both sitting against the table, their heads on their hands, in a state of profound insensibility.

"Aha!" said I. "Now it's my turn."

I saw a coil of rope hanging upon the bulks with the fishing tackle, and commenced operations by binding the precious pair hand and foot. I recovered my revolver and papers, removed Humphris

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pistol (which I found bulging out of a hip pocket), and started in quest of the pearls.

I asked a woman where I could find a wheelbarrow. She told me in the outhouse. I did find one there and the Canadian canoe as well. With very little trouble I got my men in the barrow, one after the other, and wheeled them aboard my cutter across the gang-plank. Then I latched the canoe and made it fast astern.

I had got the canvas on the cutter and cast for'ard, and was about to unhitch my stern rope when there was a great sound of shouting and cursing from the inn, and a rumble of clumsy feet over the wooden bridge across the weir. Before I could clear my stern rope from its mooring post a couple of marshmen rushed down the wall, across the bit of road to the staithe and flung themselves upon the slipping nawsar.

"Hode yew on, yew——" they yelled. "Cs'll I'arn yew ta interfare along o' us uns "

But my sails were set and drawing, and though the night wind was light, there was enough to fill the canvas. With a laugh, I slipped out my knife, and, steering with my hips I turned and cut the line astern, chuckling as the line came back with a jerk on the two ruffians ashore.

But the game was still alive. A rumble and rattle of wood on wood, a swish of wood in water, and a surging sound, and the old lock ferry-boat was in full pursuit, urged on by a dozen strong arms. To make matters more serious the two men on the bank had recovered themselves with sufficient promptitude to enable them to leap at the Canadian canoe and seize her by the gunwale as she drew away. I got under way with these two trailing behind in the water yelling with terror and fury but acting as an effectual drag upon me, while all the time the ferry-boat was coming on.

"Let go," I cried to the two men, awash in the wake of the cutter and canoe. "Let go, or by God I'll send a bullet at you."

"Shewt, and be damned to ye!" cried one of them, and the other howled, "Dew, yewshall hang; as true as Gord ye shall."

I took careful aim where their hands clutched the canoe, and fired quickly, twice.

A yell and a splash, and I felt the cutter bound forward freely as the drag astern was released. I could see the two making for the shore, so that I felt satisfied I had done them no serious injury.

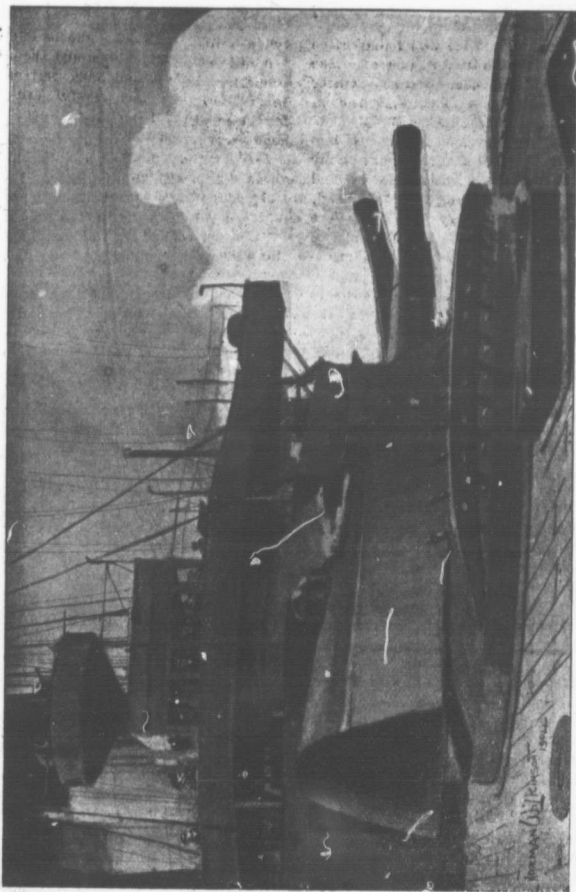
But the ferry-boat was barely fifty yards astern, and, to my dismay, I caught sight of the long barrel of a marsehand muzzle-loader glinting in the moonlight.

"Luff her up and lay to," came a shout, "or I'll send four ounces o' swan-shot into yar innards!"

Without answering the hail, I took a snap shot at the standing figure and to my delight, I saw man and gun go over in the bottom of the boat. And, as luck would have it, the success of my shot did not end there, for at the instant of the fall, a great flare of fire shot up in the sky, and the booming roar of a marsh gun thundered out. In some way or other my armed enemy had caught his trigger in his fall, and discharged his piece harnlesly to the sky. I gave a great cheer, for now I saw that I was safe. The cutter was drawing away, and by the time a muzzle-loader could be fired again I should be out of shot.

When my two prisoners came to themselves they were in charge of Tom Hewitt. They got their deserts in due course of time. But I was never able to bring my night assailants to book, for identification was impossible without treachery, and treachery is one of the few vices of which a true bred marshman knows nothing.

Mr. Harrogate was not ungrateful, and in return for the handsome present he gave me I left him the Canadian canoe. She is still on the lake, and a yearly source of wonderment to the villagers at the recutting.



The war—Japanese Battleship Firing Her 12-inch Guns Forward.