The Richmond County Record

"PLEDGED BUT TO TRUTH TO LIBERTY AND LAW. TO FAVOR WINS US AND NO FEAR SHALL AWE"

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« Winston Churchill »

CHAPTER X

Oh, East is East, and West is West,
and never the twain shall meet,
Till earth and sky stand presently
at God's great judgment seat;
But there is neither East nor West,
Border nor Breed nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to
face, tho' they come from the
ends of the earth."

—Rupert Kipling.

If Winston Churchill had known in advance his future summons from fate to lead the greatest combination of nations in the world's history, the British Commonwealth of Nations, in their life-and-death struggle against inhuman and brutal hordes of barbarous aggressors, he could not have prepared himself better than he actually did during the earlier stages of his life devoted to unselfish public service. No commentary on the career of Winston Churchill can ignore this fact which makes its appearance again and again during his life.

As a member of the 4th Hussars, Winston Churchill arrived in Bombay Harbour after a voyage of twenty-three days from Southhampton since this was the length of time that required this troopship, containing 1200 men, to make this voyage in that year. However, when it is recounted what happened in India, what Churchill was able to learn, and how this experience afforded him an intimate, first hand view of the manner and method of governing an empire or controlling a land many, many miles from the British Isles and many, many miles of vast territory comprising teeming millions and millions of natives, it must be confessed that this chapter indicates that he was afforded an excellent opportunity to locate the key to the mystery of how the British Empire operates in face of the complexities of its composition. Its intricate structures, and various constitutions. The importance of this practical experience cannot be overestimated or exaggerated, particularly in view of later events of history when Churchill became the Prime Minister at the critical stage of intensified warfare in many directions.

Just as soon as Winston Churchill's regiment, the 4th Hussars, arrived in India troops were assigned to relieve the 19th Hussars at Bangalore where they were to be stationed. This place is well over 3,000 miles above sea level in an excellent climate during the night when the weather usually provides cool and fresh atmospheres, but the sun is so hot, so strong and so bright during the day that white men usually remain indoors from dawn to sunset. It was an army territory that included Bangalore and Secunderbad garrisons of three thousand soldirs apiece which had the responsibility to watch the plateau of southern India within the land of the Nizam and the Mahara of Mysore. These soldiers were quartered in fine barracks but the officers were allowed to dwell outside in bungalows that were constructed within walled grounds, receiving special grants for this purpose, though it must be confessed that the allowances did not permit the officers to live in luxury. They were stationed not far away from the populous cities so that they could be summoned quickly or suddenly if any emergency arose. However, as a general rule, these men were kept occupied by certain routines and duties, including extensive starting in early dawn until eleven o'clock when the men retired to their regular quarters on account of the excessive heat and burning sun that did not allow white men to expose outdoors for any lengthy periods. At about five o'clock in the afternoon, they would return to their normal activities.

These were the experiences of an officer with the British forces in India of which Winston Churchill was a member, and though their activities were many, yet diversifications were quite in order. Polo or just riding in general, attracted many officers, with young Winston Churchill being fond of this enjoyable pastime. Then again other officers gave up much of their spare time to serious thought and observation in order to gain broader views of things, storing up knowledge and experience in this direction just as much as actual physical accomplishments, with 22-year-old Winston Churchill excelling his fellow-officers in this regard, judging by later development in his life, which indicated that he was deeply interested with his three years of invaluable or priceless observation at first hand of British Empire governing tactics and democratic principles. It was a practical education which he never forgot, storing up a knowledge or experience that was made to-order for his eventual rise to the top of the British Government when just such a man was needed to keep the whole empire together.

Native Arichat Captain Wins 1940 Gloucester Honors

GLOUCESTER, Mass., Jan. 19 (CP)—Two Nova Scotia-born fishermen here won all honors for fishing in 1940.

Obi Saltz along the waterfront is still talking about the year's catch of Capt. Alphonse Boudreau in the Dragger Edith L. Boudreau. Capt. Boudreau was born in Arichat, C. B.

In 44 trips to the Banks, the Boudreau brought in more than 4,000,000 pounds of haddock and other groundfish. The vessel received $53,207; each member of the crew of 10 got $4,320, the highest sum ever earned by a Gloucester fisherman.

The other Nova Scotian to win fame locally is Capt. Noble of the Corinthian, who was born in Lower Sandy Point. He has second year in succession he has won the title of "Redfish King of Gloucester."

His total redfish catch for the year was 2,501,000 pounds. The entire fleet landed more than 62,000,000 pounds, a big supplement to thousands of tons of haddock, Redfish fillets are in extensively in the Midwest and Central and South America.

The [illegible] property for Canada's defence, [illegible] be hired for the duration by the United States Navy of several Trawlers and Draggers for use as minesweepers.

LORD BADEN-POWELL'S VISIT

(Boy Scout News Service)

Lord Baden-Powell's last visit to Canada occurred in 1935, when with Lady Baden-Powell and their daughters the Hon. Betty and Heather he toured the Dominion, meeting and reviewing many thousands of Scouts and Cubs, Guides and Brownies in every part of the Dominion.

The visit was additionally memorable because of its occurrence during the Silver Jubilee of King George V. At Winnipeg the World Chief Scout was given an important part in the celebrations of May 6th, and played an historic roe by lighting the great "mid-Canada" beacon which passed on from the East to the West the flaring signal of the great coast-to-coast chain of Boy Scout bonfires one of the most notable features of Canada's celebration of the Jubilee.

The Chief Scout's earlier visits were made in 1911, 1919 and 1923, and were equally memorable for his enthusiastic reception by Canadian Scouts, and the public in general.

The increasing honours conferred upon Baden-Powell as Scouting became more and more a great world movement of millions of boys in many countries never lost to him his personal interest in individual boys. Arriving in Canada for what proved his final visit, he announced that he had come "specifically to see and be seen by Scouts and to meet leaders." He held to this programme despite much pressure to attend numerous veteran and other functions. At each rally he left the platform as soon as possible to mingle with the boys, and frequent newspaper pictures showed him going about hand in hand with two small Cubs or Brownies, to inspect examples of Scout demonstration work.

Nothing escaped his quick eye; and each night, carrying on with the system that had been his for years, pages of his notebook were filled with observations of things seen and heard.

To many thousands of the youth and young manhood of Canada Baden-Powell will long remain as almost legendary hero. Canada as a whole, like much of the rest of the world, has a great deal for which to thank the "father of Scouting" and remember him,—for characters shaped by the Scouting code of honour and dependability; the development of the qualities of leadership, the habit of public service; courage and a Scouting nobleness oblige that has served some hundreds of lives from drowning and fire; for the friendliness that ultimately must provide the basis of world understanding and peace, yet a patriotism that assures readiness to defend those things which are vital to Christain civilization when attacked by the forces of destruction.

In a word, for all those characteristics which make "good neighbour" and "good citizen" Canada has much for which to thank the late Baden-Powell and remember him.

NOVA SCOTIA FARM NEWS

Issued By The Nova Scotia Department of Agriculture in Co-operation With Officials of the Dominion Department of Agriculture and the Joint Advisory Committee on Agricultural Services.

SEED CLEANING PLANTS INCREASE VOLUME

Operation of seed cleaning plants in various parts of the province is an important factor in the general promotion of the use of better seed for grain and other crops. The 11 plants which operated in the province in 1940 handled a considerable increase in volume of seed cleaned during the year as compared with 1939. Total amount of seed grain of all varieties cleaned by these plants was 34,568 bushels, and the total in small seeds was 14,235 lbs. This compared with 21,682 bushels of grain and 7827 lbs. small seeds in 1939. The 11 plants operating were at Nappan, Aylesford, Scotsburn, Antigonish, Kentville, Baylead, Truro, Mahou, Shinimicas, Windsor and Middle Musquodoboit. In reporting upon these operations for the year Kenneth Cox, provincial agronomist, states that while the volume cleaned was considerably increased over 1939, a still greater volume could be handled by the plants.

FARM FORUM GOES ON THE AIR

Farming problems are very much to the front these days in all parts of Canada, and the farmers themselves are taking an increasingly prominent part in discussing them and in bringing them to the attention of the authorities. In order to encourage discussion among the farming communities, and to assist the farmers in their efforts to obtain due attention to these problems on the part of the public at large, the Canadian Broadcasting corporation is instituting a new series of farm talks to be given under the general heading of the Farm Forum. These talks will originate from Toronto, every Tuesday evening, the time for these in the Maritime provinces being from 10 to 10.30 p.m. The general discussion will last 25 minutes, at the end of which there will be a selected commentator for each session. This means that the Maritimes will have its own commentator to sum up and comment on the general talk for five minutes at the end of the main talk. Different farm leaders in the three Maritime provinces will be selected for this purpose.

The first of the series is being given on Jan. 21, and the second on Jan. 28, the subject for the second talk being, "Are there too many farmers?" Study clubs in farming communities, agricultural societies and such like are being encouraged to form listening groups for these talks, and to make a point of discussing them. The suggestion is made that since the hour in the Maritimes is somewhat late, the listening groups should meet about nine to discuss the talk af the previous week, then listen to the current talk and discuss it the following week. The talks will be broadcast by the C.B.C. but will be over local stations only.

POULTRY INCREASE IN GUYSBORO

A. J. MacDonald, agricultural representative of the N. S. Dept. of Agriculture, in Guysboro county, reports a 20 percent increase in chicken and capon marketed in 40 percent increase in the number of laying hens kept.

GAVE WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

The C.S.Y. Guernsey club of Yarmouth county, reports H. H. Churchill, agricultural representative for the county, gave each of the members of the club a war savings certificate for Christmas.

DECEMBER WEATHER CONDITIONS

Rainfall during December as reported at the agricultural college station at Truro totalled 3.49 inches with 9 inches of snow, making precipitation of 4.39 inches.

For the year 1940, the station returned 31.35 inches of rain, and 64½ inches snow, or a total precipitation of 37.8 inches. This compares with the 31-year average of 39.18 inches.

Highest temperature for December at Truro was 50 degrees, and the lowest was six below zero on December 4. On 20 days the temperature went beyond 32 degrees, while on 23 days it fell below 20 degrees.

At Kentville station the average maximum temperature for December was 32.32 degrees and the average minimum was 19.32. Rain totalled 4.04 inches, snow 7.70 inches. Highest temperature was 47 on the 30th and the lowest was one degree on the 3rd.

At Nappan station the average maximum temperature was 31.45 degrees and the average minimum was 12.74 degrees. Highest temperature was 49 on the 7th and lowest was six below zero on the 3rd. Rain total'ed 2.68 inches, and snow 14½ inches, total precipitation being 4.13 inches.

POTATO DEVELOPMENT IN NORTH INVERNESS

Casting about for some means of bringing in greatly needed added cash, farmers in North Inverness turned their attention to their potato crop last year, reports Wm. LePoit, agricultural representative in that territory. During the previous winter, considerable study was made of the situation by study groups, who determined to co-operate in both grading and shipping their product. The result was that more potatoes went from the area to Sydney market in 1940 than ever before, and of a better quality. Through careful grading, the farmers were able to put a first class potato on the market, for which the demand was good and the returns in cash considerably increased.

SALE OF FARM PRODUCTS IN NOVA SCOTIA

Sales of farm products in Nova Scotia for 1940 amounted to $15,-093,000 according to a recent publication of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. This is definitely down from 1939 when sales totalled $16,-826,000 while the reduction from 1937 was even greater, as in that year sales totalled $17,577,000. This reduction is entirely in fruit. In fact sales of products other than fruit in 1940 were approximately one million dollars more than in 1937. Receipts for fruits in 1937 totalled $6,774,000 or 38 percent, of all sales. By 1940 this has decreased to $3,-212,000 or 21.3 percent. of all sales. In 1940, forest products came next, with $2,850,000 or 18.9 percent. of the total, followed closely by milk and cream with $2,743,000 or 18.2 percent. of the total. hThese together comprised 58.4 percent. of the sales for 1940, and 65.6 percent. for 1937, or nearly two-thirds.

Fourth in order in 1940 came butterfat, giving 8.3 percent. of the total; then came cattle and calves with 1,167,000 hogs, 819,000; potatoes, 708,000; and eggs, 532,000.

CO-OP STORES IN SOUTH INVERNESS

Eight co-operative stores are operating in South Inverness, doing a business totalling $188,000 annually, reports Miss Lottie Austin, agricultural representative.

Siberia In Isle Madame

Dear Mr. Editor:

It now appears that the 6000 residents of Ile Madame are to be left without open roads this Winter. Although the distance from Grand Anse to Arichat is only 12 miles, we are told that, owing to the need of curtailing expenses during the war, no snow plow can be spared to keep even this main artery open to traffic. Yet, despite the war, there are Government plows operating daily over other roads in the province which are not of greater importance than ours. The road from Canso to Guysboro, e. g., a distance of some 30 miles, is being kept open although Canso is a town of only about 2000 people. So is the road from Hawkesbury to Inverness and to Chetticamp. There is not a foot of pavement in all that territory, and, moreover, there are passenger and freight trains daily as far as Inverness to serve the people. Wouldn't it seem Mr. Editor that we are being deliberately denied vital public services which are accorded to other communities and that is war economy argument is but a blind?

We are only at the beginning of winter. There have been no bad storms yet in this territory, and already, the Arichat-Mulgrave boat is very irregular and undependable. Boats to and from Halifax, on which we depend so much for the carrying of goods have practically suspended sailings. I wonder what we are going to do when real winter sets in. How are we going to get medical service if cars cannot travel? What will happen if we had to rush some people to the hospital, but, had no means of getting there? When you have a population of 6000 people, you are bound to have emergencies arise. To my mind, it is inviting disaster, loss of life, to leave 6000 people without open roads during three consecutive winter months.

In Petit DeGrat we have secured a new market for canned fish which requires us to build a large cannery. This should be built during this winter to be ready for operation early in May. Some 90 people would be employed in this cannery. How are we going to get the lumber here, if trucks cannot pass over our roads? [illegible] come over in large numbers to the Municipal Council, next Tuesday, and get the Council to take some action in the matter.

A. BOUDREAU

Petit De Grat, N. S.
January 20, 1941.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WAGES AND WAR EFFORT

To the Editor,

Sir:—Prime Minister Winston Churchill recently stated that the social barriers which have been present in England a great number of years shall be removed and a new order will be forthcoming. But why wait till after the war?

Recent statistics show that 410,000 Canadian workers (men and women) earn the shockingly low salary of $600 per annum. It doesn't seem possible that such a condition can exist in this wonderful country of ours, where there are such vast resources, and such extensive natural wealth. Exploitation is the only possible word to describe this condition. Our present government is doing its level best to make its people war-conscious and help more toward its huge war effort; yet the companies who are guilty of such shameful wages are actually deterring the war effort and at the same time cutting their own throats. We Canadians are behind this war effort 100 per cent., but yet how! can a family do its part if the breadwinner makes less than $12.50 a week? There must be a deficiency somewhere.

BUSINESS MAN

RECORD OF ACHIEVEMENT

To the Editor.

Sir:—Wouldn't it be a good thing if some of us would examine what we have done in North America and keep in mind that "foreign fields look green?" Just consider these achievements in the United States and Canada since, say, 1865. At that time North America had practically no railroads, telegraphs, telephones, paved highways. In 75 years we have built our railroads (the finest in the world). We have developed our telegraphs and telephones, the motor car, the radio, our fine highways. We have built our cities and paved our streets. Better still, we have practically abolished diseases that were epidemics mostly every year, when thousands died of typhoid diphtheria, smallpox scarlet fever and so on.

Today the United States and Canada are the envy of the whole world —including any Russians who know about our standard of living. In these favored lands there are more comfortable homes with bath tubs, telephones, furnaces, radios and motor cars than in all the rest of the world put together—many times over. And one might go on at great length. All this has been done under our capitalists system. And who are the capitalists? The people of Canada and the United States. We own our homes and our farms—and the people, nearly 150,000,000 of us, own the railroads and the telephones and, greater than all, we own the great life insurance companies, where combined wealth runs into billions. Let's face these facts right here in America and thank our God we are here and nowhere else. Yes. And we are free. And that is more than can be said of most of the world outside of Canada and the United States. And better days are ahead too, under our capitalistic system, where progress does not mean the destruction of the wealth we have built up by centuries of careful living.

SAM PEARSON

"SANDY" MacDONALD, BROTHER OF MRS. W. N. MacDONALD, DIED IN MASSACHUSETTS

Well known in Sydney, Alexander (Sandy) MacDonald, 61, died in West Bedford, Mass., Sunday, according to word received by his brother-in-law, W. N. MacDonald of Sydney.

BORN AT BRIDGEPORT

The deceased was born at Bridgeport in 1889 and was the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Norman MacDonald.

He resided in Sydney until 1929 when he moved to Massachusetts and a wide circle of old friends and acquaintances will receive with deep regret the news of his passing. A fine type of citizen he enjoyed the respect and esteem of friends in Sydney, Loch Lomond and Inverness County.

He is survived by his widow a daughter Norma, attending New York University; a step-daughter, Goldie Morrison in Boston; a stepson Dr. Clarence Morrison in Providence.

A brother, Rod. in New York; a sister, Mrs. W. N. MacDonald, of Sydney, and another sister, Mrs. (Dr.) M. D. Morrison of Halifax predeceased him sometime ago.

FUNERAL ON WEDNESDAY

The funeral took place on Wednesday and interment will be in Forest Hills cemetery at Boston.

At the time of his death his brother Rod was with him also his immediate family including Mrs. W. N. MacDonald.

Ottawa Conference

With three provinces unalterably opposed to further participation in the deliberations of the federal-provincial conference on the Sirois Commission's report, the meetings have come to an end with little more than preliminaries carried out. In the circumstances, as the Saint John Telegraph says, this outcome was inevitable, and it is therefore just as well that the session was brought to a close before the stage of possible bitter debate ensued.

While the conference disclosed diametrically opposed views on the part of provincial premiers as to the recommendations of the commission, there is no reason to conclude that all the work and expense put into the report is a total loss. The commission produced a document which contains a great wealth of valuable information which may be of considerable use in charting the future course of the confederation. Possibly after the war has been won, and the country has the time and the inclination to give more serious consideration to matters of domestic concern, the consideration of federal-provincial financial and economic relationships can be resumed. In that even the study of the Sirois report may be taken up where it has now been left.

It must not be assumed that, because the provinces and the federal authorities could not get together on this very important question, that there is any lack of unity among the partners in confederation on the great question which is now before us—the successful prosecution of the war. As a matter of fact, there is reason to believe that it was a desire for this very unity, coupled with the fear that discussion of a contentious question would disturb it, that engendered some of the opposition to consideration of the report at the present juncture. It is to be hoped that no antagonisms will arise from the short-lived conference, and that all parties to it will be prepared to get together, to discuss matters of common interest, in more propitious times.

All records for job holding are being steadily broken by the Greeks. They occupy a new position every da.

Nazi leaders are said to be salting away fortunes in other countries. It seems that they are getting ready to de-Kampf.

Report 4,000 Men Overseas Studying Under Legion Plan

OTTAWA, Jan., 17 (Special) Dr. A. E. Chatwin, M.C., overseas Director of Education for the Canadian Legion War Services, has cabled national headquarters of the Legion here that 4,000 members of the 1st and 2nd Divisions in the Old Country have enrolled for studies under the Legion's education program.

Dr. Chatwin stated that, through co-operation of Lieut.-General A. G. L. McNaughton, Commander of the Canadian Corps, it has been possible to offer courses to 100 different studies requested by the men. These many of which are helping the men to improve their military efficiency and increase opportunities for promotion to heigher rank, are being provided oin correspondence booklet form, by camp lectures and by practical demonstration.

Coincident with Dr. Chatwin's cable, it was announced by Lieut.-Col. Wilfred Bovey, O.B.E., Montreal, national chairman of the Legion's education committee, that the total number of men in Canada enrolled as students has now reached the 10,000 mark. He doubted that anything like the maximum enrollment has been reached yet.

Appointment of an officer from each battalion or orequivalent formation, as authorized by the Department of National Defence, to assist the Legion's education organizers has materially promoted the undertaking, Col. Bovey said.

—:o:—

GEMS OF THOUGHT SERVICE HONESTY

Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure that there is one rascal less in the world.

—Carlyle

Honesty is one part of eloquence We persuade others by being in earnest ourselves.—Hazlitt.

Honor is worth its danger and its cost, and life is worthless without honor. —G. Bernard Shaw

Justice, honesty, cannot be abjured: their vitality involves Life.—calm, irresistible, eternal.

—Mary Baker Eddy

Do your work, be honest, keep your word, help when you can, be fair. —J. P. Morgan.

We enjoy ourselves only on our work, our doing, and our best doing is our best enjoyment. —Jacobi.

Tribute

The men who march in England, from King to tinker-lad
Have not believed the story that life is drear and sad
Besides the flowery hedgerows, across the windy down,
They shout for love of England, and England's London Town.

The women weep in England, when secretly withdrawn,
But never in the open street, or in the tennis lawn,
Or where in happy company the warriors appear.
Then are they brave enough to smile though death be hovering near.

The children sing in England, however sad they be,
The jolly ditties of the day come shrilling o'er the sea.
And oh, when ships are torn apart, and shattered engines fail,
"Roll out the Barrel" gaily rings from lifeboats in the gale.

O England, merry England, my father's land and mine,
Though bugles blare contempt of you, and surly bullets whine,
I love you for your gentleness, your gallantry and grace,
And for the smile of constancy which lights your lovely face.

—J. E. Middleton in Saturday Night.

Boy Scouts In The News

ANOTHER YOUNG BOY SCOUT HERO

Ronald Eke, a 13 year old London Boy Scout, was described by the men who rescued him from his bombed home as "one of the pluckiest youngsters that ever lived." Though his legs were completely crushed he made no complaint, and gave directions which helped in the location of his parents. Both were dead when found. Ronald died before reaching the hospital.

—oOo—

A SMALL BOY'S COURAGE

A Deputy Post Warden of a bombed English town was so impressed by the courage of a small boy, a Wolf Cub, that he wrote of the incident to the District Scout Commissioner. Although buried in the debris of his collapsed home over an hour, the boy "came out smiling and said he had only half his breakfast." He said he was quite all right, and helped the rescuers locate his parents in the debris.

—oOo—

A UNITED STATES TRIBUTE TO BRITISH SCOUTS

The following tribute to the Boy Scouts of Britain was paid in a letter received in England from the Chief of the Scout Service Camp of the New York World's Fair:

"We are alll vitally interested in the daily news flashes of England's success. The wonderful work that the British Scouts are doing to help England has been most encouraging to our Scouts and the stories are repeated many times. My only hope is that we here in America can rise to the occasion and show the world, or what is left of the civilized world, that Scouting is doing its part to save civilization. We salute you British Scouts, one and all, and may God Save your King. May we all have better Scouting days together."

—o—

An English novelist denies that the Germans have brains. If he dissected them further he would no doubt find that they have no heart but plenty of gall.

—o—

The Italian general nicknamed "Electric Whiskers" is said to have escaped from Bardia in a motor boat. But no doubt old Whiskers had a close shave.

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BERTRAM BOURINOT, Publisher & Proprietor

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ARICAT, Cape Breton, January 25 1941

NOTE AND COMMENT

White elephants are said to be highly esteemed in Siam, but we fancy that country will be none too pleased if its war with Indo-China turns out to be one of those.

Any young man who proposes during an air raid will have to do something more than merely "pop" the question.

Next summer any American tourist who watches a black bass fight will have little doubt that there is something bellicose about this country.

The Italians in Libya are not quite up to concert pitch. They have too many boy sopranos and tenors and not enough basses.

No bride will mind giving her husband up for one month for military training if he comes back with a thorough knowledge of dish washing.

A million more citizens are to pay income tax this year. It is, of course one of the chief characteristics of a democracy that all privileges are passed around.

Seventy-six thousand parking tags were "fixed" last year in Montreal. Perhaps that sort of thing explains why the city is not so well fixed.

Mussolini has ordered a number of Fascist big shots to visit the front. It seems a waste of energy, as the front is on its way to visit them.

Philippine head hunters are now killing chidren. It must be the German influence.

Financial note says the pound is steady, and the Italians in Libya have reason to know that the pounding is steady too.

According to a cartoonist in the Christain Science Monitor, the isolationist complains: "I tell you we are headed towards war." But an advocate of all-out aid to Britain answers: "I tell you war is headed towards us." That is what increasing large numbers of Americans are recognizing.

"Milk," says an Italian editor, "should not be sold to persons who waste it in tea." More logically the editor might object to selling tea to persons who would spoil it with milk.

Some supposedly sound advice contains more sound than advice.

In zero weather every householder has plenty of excuse for a housewarming.

A Boston doctor suggests that the United States "cut" the liquor. And there are others who will go him one bette: an advise cutting out the liquor.

Bombs may drop on Broadcasting House in London, but the imperturbable B.B.C. announcer continues his unemotional record of the news. In the event of a direct hit (as occurred recently), there is no doubt the bulletin would be completed, even if the last words came in with an accompaniment of harps.

It is difficult to rise above our surroundings, our environment. If we live in a small town we are apt to get the small town outlook. If we live in a dirty, untidy house we are likely to become dirty and untidy ourselves. We are part of all that we have met and all that we have associated with; whether those associations are with men and women or with material things.

The Germans are stealing large quantities of books in Paris, no doubt because they are weary of reading nothing else but the handwriting on the wall.

Canada, after the war, says a Montreal editor, will have to live a simpler life. One way of doing it would be to make bidding systems in auction bridge less complicated.

You can't accuse Mussolini of inconsistency. In his youth he bitterly opposed a war in Tripoli, and no doubt he is now much dissatisfied with the present one.

American radio commentators pay so much attention to the background of the news that it is difficult for the listener to make out what's in the foreground.

Despite rumors, Berlin asserts that Hitler and Stalin remain as thick as thieves, although at the moment Adolf is considerably thicker than Joe.

When a man wrote a Fascist government, it is generally an odds-on bet that his party has no chance of getting into power. The result of fusion would sometimes be confusion. In fact a local Grit claims it might be "Con. fusion worse confounded."

END OF MUSSOLINI WOULD FREE ITALY SAYS "LEGIONARY"

OTTAWA, Jan. 17th. (Special) No greater service could be done the Italian people than to help them rid themselves of Mussolini, his in-laws and fascist bosses. The Legionary, national magazine of the Canadian Legion, says editorially in its current issue. "When that has been done Italians will be free to continue their priceless contribution to mankind which is their heritage and their mission—the enrichment of the world by the splendour of their culture."

Speaking as the representative voice of more than 175,000 ex-service men, The Legionary claims that the Italians have nothing to fear from a British victory, but "an Axis triumph would rivet the fetters even more tightly about them, for the Huns make no difference between their 'friends' and their enemies where Teutonic intrests are involved."

Mussolini, the editorial adds, will go down in history as the supreme military bungler of all time. His exploits in Greece have brought down upon him the unrestrained contemptuous laughter of the whole world.

Ten opening of 1941, it says, brings with it a breath and a fore-shadowing of better things to come. The exploits of the British forces in North Africa justify that optimism, for they have shown that not only have the leaders of these forces learned from the Teuton, but they have improved upon the technique in the preparation and execution of blitzkriegs.

HUGE BASKING SHARK FREQUENT N. S. WATERS

(Fisheries New Bulletin)

Positive identification by Canadian fishery scientists of two large fish taken off the shores of Nova Scotia as Basking Sharks, has given definite proofs of the presence of this species in Canadian waters. The Basking Shark is one of the largest of the shark family.

A large specimen was taken in the fish trap at Sandford, on the Yarmouth County coast, during commercial fishing for mackerel. This fish, a male, was twenty-five and one-quarter feet in length and was estimated to weigh 7,200 pounds. A second fish of the same species measuring 12 feet in length, and weighing some 700 pounds after having been bled, was taken off Digby. Estimated weight of this latter fish before bleeding caused a shrinkage in weight was 900 pounds.

Until 1939 there were no positive records of the capture of this species in Nova Scotia waters and the capture of the two fish thus is a matter of unusual interest.

While sharks are utilized in some instances in the leather industry—their tough skin produces a distinct grade of leather—none of the group except dogfish are taken commercially in Canadian waters. Destructive by nature, the fish are regarded by the fishermen as a nuisance. On occasion they cause heavy damage when they foul the fishermen's nets, destroing the gear in their frantic efforts to escape.

DUNDEE

(From Our Own Correspondent)

John Calder, St. George's Channel, passed throuhg here Saturday en-route to West Bay Road.

Alexander Cruikshanks, of the Mersey Paper Company, St. Peter's, was on a business trip to Dundee recently.

Robert A. Morrison has had the misfo-tune of cutting his foot with the axe while working in the woods.

Many farmers of this vicinity have secured contracts for rough pulpwood to be landed at Black River, and are busy cutting this wood at present. All contractors praise the Mersey Paper Co. and their officials for their courtesy and promptness at all times.

Mink breeders of this community report having had a prosperous year, in spite of the war conditions. Comments from the buyers state that the shipments of mink pelts from our ranches this year have shown decided improvement on last year's lots. This is, of course, due to purchasing of selected quality breeding stock, as well as to more scientific feeding methods. We were pleased to hear of the success and honors won by R. N. MacInnis and D. F. Urquhart, both of West Bay, at the various mink shows held last fall. At Middleton, the challenge cup for champion Eastern adult female was taken by Mr. MacInnis. A silver plate for best Eastern kit female was won by Mr. Urquhart. Other ranchers of this community, who hope to compete in shows next year, include: Robert C. MacInnis, Dundee, Fred Rolfe, West Bay, and William MacKenzie, St. George's Channel.

The success of some men is derived from selfishness.

A real sport is one who can lose with a smile.

"THE TASK WILL BE GREATER IN 1941 THAN IT HAS BEEN IN 1940

...it is going to demand more effort, more sacrifice and far more change in our daily lives..."

RT. HON. W. L. MACKENZIE KING
(NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1940)

ALREADY the pattern and pace of life in Canada have undergone a profound change. Gaps in employment are rapidly filling up. Some 350,000 Canadians who were unemployed before the outbreak of war are now employed. Another 200,000 are with our armed forces. Factories, which until recently were turning out goods for civilian consumption, have been transformed into humming arsenals, pouring out instruments of war. Night and day shifts have become the rule rather than the exception. But the peak of effort is not yet in sight.

In 1941 still more factories will switch to war production . . . new plants will be established, thousands more will be employed. This rising tide of activity must continue until we reach the flood of effort when every Canadian will be employed and working to his utmost, every possible square inch of plant will be utilized, every wheel will be whirring in the race we are waging against time and the enemy.

More men are working . . . working longer hours . . . making more munitions . . . earning more money . . . producing more goods . . . putting more money into circulation. Most Canadians are sharing in this increased national wealth — have extra dollars in their pockets.

The effort the Prime Minister calls for is gaining momentum, but many Canadians, as individuals, have not yet felt the real pinch of sacrifice.

Canadians of all classes are sharing tax burdens, but it must be admitted that up to date the larger part of the money needed for Canada's war effort has come from business firms and individuals with large incomes. They are paying high taxes. They have already invested heavily in War Loan Bonds.

This is not enough. The plain truth is that Canada's rapidly expanding production for war purposes will require increasing sums of money. That is why the Prime Minister warned Canadians in his New Year's broadcast that the year ahead demands more effort and more sacrifice.

Every man, woman and child is asked to lend. Every dollar you lend will help to put another man in a job . . . making more munitions. Every dollar you lend may save a soldier's life . . . help to shorten the war. Small wage earners must carry their share of the burden, too.

No one need go without necessities, but you are urged to forego the purchase of unnecessary articles . . . however small the cost . . . no matter how well you are able to pay for them . . . which take labour and material away from the great task of providing goods needed to win the war.

This is your war. Everything you have . . . everything you believe in . . . is now at stake. This is a message to you . . . a challenge to every Canadian . . . a call to the colours . . . a call for volunteers.

Be sure to make provision to pay your Income Tax—payment is made easier by the new instalment plan. But be prepared to do more — budget your earnings to make sure that you will have money available to buy War Savings Certificates and to subscribe for War Loan Bonds. You will help Canada — you will help yourself.

J. L. Ilsley
Minister of Finance

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«LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS OF INTEREST»

Died From Diptheria

The second death from Diptheria occurred at L'Ardoise on Tuesday.

Visiting In Chatham, Ont.

Contractor John Latimer is spending a few weeks with his son, Rev. Ralph Latimer, Chatham, Ont.

Good Sleighing

The last snowfall has made good sleighing and the woodsmen have been taking advantage of it by hauling needed fuel from the tall timbers.

Much Better

Joseph Babineau, who has been confined to his home seriously ill for some weeks, is pronounced on the road to recovery. This will be good and cheering news to his many friends.

Rockdale Visitor

James Monbourquette, an ex-Councillor for Rockdale, was a motor visitor here on Tuesday en-route to Petit de Grat, where he attended a meeting of the Richmond Fishermen's Operative. Mr. Monbourquette has always been a good friend of the Record.

Recovering

Howard Latimer, who has been confined to his bed for several months is improving under treatment of Dr. B. A. LeBlanc. Howard's many f iends have been much worried over his condition and hope that a continuance of improvement in his health will permit him to go among his friends after the winter is succeeded by balmy spring air.

Arrived Home

Raymond LeBlanc, who was engaged on the Great Lakes as an engineer on a large freighter, arrived home on Saturday. He was accompanied by his wife and infant child from Antigonish. He is receiving the congratulations of his friends on being the father of a bouncing baby son.

BIRTHDAY PARTY

A birthday party was held on Saturday, the 18th inst., on the occasion of the 9th birthday of Dorice, little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. M. Power. Ten invited guests were present and enjoyed themselves to playing bingo and other games. A dainty lunch was served after which the children left for their homes well satisfied with a pleasant evening. On Thursday the 16th inst., their little son, "Buddy" celebrated his 4th birthday when he had four of his little chums invited to supper.

Home to Spend the Winter

Capt. Edward LeBlanc, who has been in command of the boat plying between Baddeck and Ions, arrived home the past week. The service has been suspended on account of the Lake being frozen over.

Keeps Roads Open

The S. S. Surf's motor truck and snow plow in connection has been performing a very useful service since the snowfall blocked up the roads between here and Petit de Grat. The plow has kept the road open. Alphonse Samson is in charge of the truck.

Father Boudreau's Letter

The Council meets in Arichat on the 28th inst. We trust that they will read carefully Father Boudreau's letter in this issue and carry out promptly his suggestions. We see no reason why the snow plow should not operate in Isle Madame districts as elsewhere in Cape Breton. Get busy, D. D., and we know if you use your influence with the government with the same ability as displayed in your public addresses, you will accomplish what Father Boudreau so ably points out in his letter in this issue.

Bus Detained Owing to Snow Blockade

The Gordon bus was detained from proceeding on its regular trip to Sydney on Tuesday owing to snow blockade. The bus was able to make connection with Sydney on Wednesday having to pass through fields to connect with the Grandique Road. Walter Pougere, the driver knows his stuff.

24-Hour Service Coming

Mr. Russell, of the N. S. Power Commission, was in this vicinity during the past week supervising the electric work at the power house in order to make preparations for the 24-hour service soon to be introduced and patiently looked forward to for a long time by the users of electric power on this island.

BORN.—At Aberdeen Hospital, New Glasgow, on the 14th inst., to Mr. and Mrs. Joselyn Latimer, of Arichat, a baby boy. Congratulations.

Has Returned to Duty

A. A. LeBrun, a victim of the flu for several days, has resumed his duties at the Government Liquor Store.

Out of Danger

We are pleased to report that Cameron Boyd, who had the misfortune of falling on the ice here some weeks ago while refereeing a hockey game, is now out of danger and will leave the hospital for his home in Cannso. Mr. Boyd is the efficient superintendent of highways in Richmond County.

Returns After Furlough

After spending a 20 day furlough with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Jas. LeBlanc Pte. Abel LeBlanc returned to his duties at Aldershot on Friday.

Petit De Grat Red Cross Active

The Red Cross Auxiliary unit Mrs. Alexar Pougere secretary, has forwarded a substantial sum of money to the Red Cross fund, Halifax. Under the leadership of Mrs. Freddie L. Boudreau, President of the working committe and Mrs. H. Boudreau President of the Red Cross Auxilary Unit, 20 pairs of socks and quantity of sheets and pillow cases have been forwarded to the Red Cross Branch at Arichat.

Building Large Cannery

The Richmond Fishermen's Co-operative, Petit de Grat, is a very live organization. At a meeting of the shareholders on Tuesday it was decided to build a new and large cannery for the canning of haddock. The building will be 120 feet in length and will be equipped with modern machinery to handle expeditiously large quantities of fish. The long established firm of Burnham & Morrell, of Portland, Maine, have entered into a contract with the Petit de Grat Co-Operative to buy all the haddock canned at the plant for a period of five years. This new industry will give employment to about 100 men and will put new hope and life into the fishermen of Petit de Grat who will be able to dispose of their catch in any quantity. Success to the enterprise and may others follow in other parts of the county before long.

Marketing Board Official

Brian Meagher, of the Marketing Board, Dept., of Agriculture, arrived from Antigonish on Tuesday and did some official business in town and vicinity.

A. A. Morrison's New Ad.

See the new ad. of A. A. Morrison, merchant, St. Peters, in this issue. You will be interested in their new announcement. It points the way for old and new customers where to deal.

Week-End Visitor

Pte. James Bush, stationed at Point Tupper, was a week-end guest of Mrs. Ethel McGrath and family, returning to his duties on Monday.

Business Visitor In Town

Mr. Malcolm Nicholson, Inspector of Old Age Pensions, is an official visitor in the town of Isle Madame.

Pay Your Subscription

If you are honest you will be above cheating a newspaper out of its honestly earned dues. Our meaning will be made clearer in a future issue.

Snow Flow A Necessity

The recent snowfall intensifies the feeling that the government snow plow is an absolute necessity in various districts of Isle Madame. The snow plow operates in other parts of Cape Breton no more important and less needed than here.

HIGHWAY ACIDENTS

Fatalities resulting from highway-railroad grade crossing accidents in the first nine months of 1940 totalled 1,252, an increase of 291 fatalities compared with the corresponding period of 1939, the Bureau of Statistics of the Interstate Commerce Commission reports. In the first three quarters of this year 3,064 persons were injured in such accidents compared with 2,633 in the corresponding period of 1939.

There were 144 fatalities resulting from highway-railroad grade crossing accidents in the month of September alone, an increase of 36 compared with September, 1939. Persons injured totaled 384 compared with 286 for the same month last year.

J. H. POIRIER

WEST ARICHAT, C. B.

GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERY

STATIONERY, Etc.

The Italian general nicknamed "Electric Whiskers" is said to have escaped from Bardia in a motor boat. But no doubt old Whiskers had a close shave.

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Join the delighted Cape Breton families who now enjoy this new, delicious bread every day. Try it for your next meal.

LYNCH'S BAKERY

SYDNEY - - N. S.

"MOP UP" STARFISH TO PROTECT OYSTERS

CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.—Starfish, it would seem, are about to be blitzkrieged by a "mopping up" process as the result of experiments conducted on the Prince Edward Island oyster beds by the Fisheries Research Board of Canada, according to the Natural Resources Department of the Canadian National Railways. Starfish comprise one of the chief enemies of the oyster. In the experiment, mops made from cotton waste tied to a piece of wire in clusters of seven or eight, each mop being from three to four fet long, are towed over infested areas by a motor boat. The starfish become entangled in the loose threads of the mops and are then removed by being picked off by hand or killed by hot water. Experiments would indicate that this method is 99 per cent successful.

—oOo—

A good deed bears a blessing for its fruit.

The Highland Scots

By J. G. MacKINNON

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XIII

His army once defeated, the Prince lost heart and returned to re-occupy it, but fled to the Highlands and Islands, where, with a price on his head, he eluded his foes for five months, and then made his escape to France, his campaign and his wanderings having lasted fourteen months.

All the while he was hiding in the Highlands, it was well-known a reward of 30,000 pounds a sum amounting to a fortune—awaited whoever would find him, dead or alive, and surrender him to the authorities. It was a prize eagerly coveted in some circles. The Duke of Cumberland himself, shortly after Culloden, drove at great speed to Edinburgh with what was supposed to be the head of Prince Charles stowed under the seat of his carriage. While the King's son thus degraded his lineage, there were scores, hundreds, of Highlanders who knew the Prince's whereabouts from time to time, but scorned to t y for the price of blood. Nobody of Highland stock made a move in that direction but one feeble-minded youth; and his witless plan was thwarted by friends who knew his lack of honor to be due to a muddled brain.

The rising of the forty-five has been described as "the last outburst of chivalry." Those who fought under Prince Charlie were devoted to his cause, their loyalty to him imposing no bounds, and a very large number who could not find room in their heart for him. More songs were composed for him than perhaps for any other single person —Gaelic songs in the Highlands, Braid Scots songs in the Lowlands. Alexander McDonald, (Alasdair mac Mhaighstir Alasdair), a Captain in the Prince's army, was the chief among the Jacobite poets, but there were many others, even among those who were so placed that they had to fight for King George.

HIGHLAND SONGS AND LOWLAND

WITH regard to these songs, however, there was a vital difference between the Highland and the Lowland Scots. It is a matter of history that the Highlanders composed and sang their Jacobite songs at the time of the risings, when to compose or sing such was a dangerous thing to do. With the Lowlanders, on the other hand, the writing and singing of Jacobite songs did not begin till "a more convenient season", which came, forty or fifty years later, when Prince Charlie was dead, and there was no further danger involved in singing his praises, or in lamenting the failure of his cause.

It is generally claimed that the rising of the forty-five brought in its train changes that made for the betterment of the Highlands. It is certain that many changes were made. A panic-stricken government, seeing how near the brink of destruction five or six thousand Highlanders had brought it, proceeded to wreak vengeance first by wholesale slaughter, and afterwards by means of drastic laws calculated both to suppress and humiliate the Higland people, laws made to bear upon its Highland friends as heavily as upon its Highland foes, a piece of stupidity quite in line with some other enactments of Government during that century.

Among other measures was that abolishing heritable jurisdiction, the right of the Chief to hold office of Judge in his own Can. Many writers maintain that this it was that brought about the severance of the old-time relationship between the Chief and his Clansmen, a severance by which the latter were immensely the gainers. On the other hand, it has been claimed by not a few that the change was not such a great gain as supposed; that the Chiefs, as Judges, had to decide cases fairly for their own sakes; that only by doing so could they retain their influence with the Clan.

CLAN SYSTEM NOT FEUDAL

HERE it must be remembered that, at this time, not all the Highland Chiefs had reached the status of feudal lords. The feudal lords, like the money lords of our own day, were powerful because of their possessions: only those who followed them in time of war being allowed to live on their lands in time of peace. Unlike them, the Highland Chiefs, derived their power solely from the loyalty of their Clansmen, and that loyalty could be ensured only by their being fair and just. The strength of the feudal system lay in the strong hand; that of the Clan system in the loyal heart.

But for a long time before the "forty-five", the Highlands had been in a state of transition, many of the Chiefs warming up to the feudal idea as being more advantageous to themselves personally. Rents, in money or in kind, were being exacted from their people; Chiefs were becoming landlords, and Clansmen, tenants. And as this new relationship was becoming emphasized, the old bonds, of kinship and friendship were becoming weakened.

CAUSES OF FAILURE

IN a measure at least, this fact explains the difference between the numbers in which the Highlanders "came out" in the "fifteen" and the "forty-five." In the former year, there was no difficulty in raising among them an army of nine or ten thousand men; while in the latter year, when the leadership was more competent and more attractive, it took several months to raise a bare five thousand.

We must, of course, take account of the failure of the rising of the "fifteen", and agree that it had the effect of causing many to hold aloof in the "forty-five"; some of those who had been out then would not go again. But in many cases, the Clansmen refused to follow their Chiefs, for Prince Charlie, while some of the Chiefs who favored King George, could not get their Clans to espouse his cause. The Earl of Seaforth could not induce the MacKenzies of Kintail to enlist for King George; "if they could not fight for Prince Charlie, they would fight for no other." MacLeod of Dunvegan got eleven hundred of his Clan to enlist under him, they supposing that they were going to help the Prince; when events opened their eyes to the fact that they were to go out against him, they took their Chief to task, beseeching him to lead them under the banner of Charles, and when he refused, nine hundred of them "rose up and went home. MacDonald of Sleat fared likewise: on calling up his Clan, twelve hundred of them responded; but on finding that they were to be against the Prince, all but fifty of them took to their homes. And again, young MacDonald of Clanranald, after first deciding to come out, thought it well to consult his kinsman of Sleat, and finding the latter all but forced out of the contest, went home to advise his people to keep out of it too. Then, he fund that he did not have all the say in the matter; his clansmen were determined to come out, and he was obliged to come out at their head. The Chiefs had much influence in their respective Clans, but were not all-powerful; quite often they had to bow to the voice of their under-privileged fellows.

SCHOOLING FOR THE AVERAGE

LET us here give an example of how the average child was treated in the parish schools in the matter of education. The ideal of the old Scottish scholastics—after Reformation times—was to to kill out the Gaelic by teaching and using only English and Latin, to treat the national tongue as if it did not exist at all. Even where no language was spoken but Gaelic, it was ruled out of the class room and off the school grounds as it it were a noxious weed, fit only to injure and destroy the minds of the scholars. One of the most popular composer of Gaelic hymns was the Reverend Peter Grant, a Baptist Minister of Strathspey, who preached and composed in the early part of the nineteenth century. His father being a well-to-do farmer, sent him to school, where he got along well, being an apt pupil. The text-book was the Bible and Testament in English, and Peter did so well that when about twelve years of age, he read every word in the sacred book, with-

(To be continued)

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From Our Own Correspondent

The Misses Clara Petters, Thelma Mason and Alice Boudreau left for Halifax on Monday in search of employment.

Miss Muriel Boudreau, the efficient teacher, of Lundy, Gooseberry, returned to her duties on Monday, after spending three weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Boudreau.

Miss Edith Bourneuf left for Antigonish on Monday to resume employment.

The flu is still with us but the cases are down with fewer attacks of it.

Thomas T. Fenton was a patient at St. Martha's ospital, Antigonish, undergoing treatment for heart trouble, returned home on Saturday.

George H. and Walter D. Boudreau, members of the crew of the S. S. Maid of Orleans, have arrived home the freighter being laid up for a few months.

Rev. Father Boudreau recently returned from a business trip to the United States.

Mr. and Mrs. Theophile V. Boudreau, of Arichat, spent several days here as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Boudreau, South Side.

Mr. Lauchlin Marshall, one of our enterprising young lads, returned from Halifax to Halifax on Thursday.

Miss Janet Marchand left for Montreal on Monday to seek employment in the Canadian metropolis. We wish her success.

Mrs. Walter Landry has gone to Boston to visit her relatives and friends in that city and adjoining suburbs.

Mr. [illegible] has his head in the clouds and his head in the sand it amounts to the same thing.

L'ARDOISE

From Our Own Correspondent

Sad Scots

due to Diphtheria which broke out in the family of Mr. Walter Martine West L'Ardoise, a child two years old was a victim of the disease, it passed away on Monday. To the mother who is also stricken with the disease the community extends deepest sympathy.

Messrs Charles E. Sampson and Wilfred Peters, left for Halifax last Friday, where they have secured employment.

Friends of Mr. Raymond Sampson teacher at Lower L'Ardoise Crossroads will be pleased to learn that he is again able to resume his duties after having been confined to his home with influenza, for the past week.

Mr. Joseph Gracie, of Gracieville arrived home from Halifax on Saturday where he had been employed as carpenter.

Pte. Walter Birrette, arrived from Halifax last week to spend a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Annis Birrette, Lower L'Ardoise.

Messrs Roy and Earle Chappell of Sydeny accompanied by Mr. F. Reed were week-end motor visitors to Point Michaud, guests of Mr. and Mrs. William M. Murphy.

Mr. Bernard MacNeil, son of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm MacNeil, has left last week for O.L.A. Convent Arichat to take up grade XII work.

Mr James Nickerson of St. Peters, was a motor visitor to Lower L'Ardoise on Monday, accompanied by Mr. AuCoin, of Cheticamp, of the Old Age Pension Board.

Pte. Walter Pottie, Abraham Briand and George Burke of the C. B. H. Signal Corps, Sydney, spent a few days with their parents before leaving for their new quarters in New Brunswick.

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RENDEZ-VOUS IN VIENNA

A Story of Romance and Adventure in Europe Immediately Prior to the Outbreak of the Present War

CHAPTER IX

By LESLIE HAMILTON

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"Has there been any change in the situation with respect to the house in St. Josef Platz?" Rex enquired, dismissing their plans later on. "Is it merely closed up, I mean, as Felix told me he believed to be the case?"

"There is no change as far as the closed up part of it is concerned, but it's now under constant observation as well, since they dropped the close watch upon myself," Olga advised him. "Incidentally, speaking of my former guards also reminds me that it's time I was making my daily report. Twelve o'clock is the deadline!"

"Right-o," Munroe agreed. "And while you're attending to that unpleasant detail, I think I'll take a stroll on my own account and look things over at the scene of operations. How long will your errand take?"

"About forty minutes, there and back."

"How long will it take to reach St. Josef Platz?"

"Only about ten or fifteen minutes, it's not very far from here."

"Good enough. I'll slip out after you've gone and endeavour myself to arrive back at your return. You'll know who it is when you hear a soft tap-rat-a-tap-tap-tap-tap on the door. Rex demonstrated, tapping out the signal so that she would remember it.

"Very well. But do be careful, won't you?"

"I'll take care not to arouse any official interest in my movements; don't worry about that!"

"In the meantime, then, Auf wiederschen!" she responded, preparing to depart and giving Rex brief but clear directions on how to reach his destination by the shortest route, after which she left upon her own distasteful errand to police headquarters.

"Did you find it all right?" Olga greeted him about an hour later, admitting Munroe in response to the prearranged signal.

"No trouble at all. And how were the 'jackels' you went to see; anything suspicious in their attitude?"

"None whatever!"

"So far, so good!" her guest murmured, following his hostess into the living room of the apartment and sitting beside her on the chesterfield. "You were quite right about the observation part of it," he confirmed, "the house is being watched all right!"

"Have you any idea why they are doing so?"

"I think it's a very subtle trap, and quite in keeping with their little Machiavellian ways." Rex thoughtfully commented, continuing after a momentary silence with the remark: "Methinks the Gestapo are in hopes, now you are not being watched yourself, that sooner or later there is anything of value in the house you or your friends will try to recover it. I wonder!" he muttered, turning his head so as to look his companion squarely in the face, "if by some unfortunate chance they can have learned of the existence of those damn documents?"

"It is always possible...of course," she agreed, returning his gaze with one of sudden apprehension as she said: "In that case, I think we had better forget all about them, and the picture too!"

"Nothing doing!" came the prompt rebuke from her companion. "Leave the 'loot' behind us and slink off into the night like a couple of Arabs fooling their tent, and without so much as an effort to recover the spoils? Not 'ruddy' likely, pardon my crimson oath; not if I know it!" with a pugnacious tilt to his determined chin.

"I don't like the idea of abandoning everything any more than you do, but if we fail"—a slight tremor shook her frame—"I shudder to think of the consequences!"

"It's going to be a nasty bit of work," Munroe agreed, unconsciously dropping his hand on her arm in a gesture of encouragement. "But I think we can make it, watches or no watchers!"

"If you insist, there isn't anything I can do about it, I suppose." Olga murmured obviously reluctant to entertain the idea in face of the possibility that the Gestapo were expecting such a move. "However, you can at least lessen the after risks by forgetting the painting," she begged him. "That will be a dangerous burden and might lead to capture later on and, as it is my property, you can at least respect my wishes with regard to that item."

"Ever hear that little proverb: 'might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb?' Rex parried. "Besides, what in the world is the use of getting you out of Germany unless you have something to convert into money to replace your present income elsewhere? I also happen to know that the financial position is pretty desperate with your sister and brother-in-law, so the painting is an essential item if you are all going to keep on eating and not starve to death in cosmopolitan Brussels!"

"Very well. Since you are bent upon an all-or-nothing," Olga replied with equal determination. It must be distinctly understood that I will accept one quarter of the value of the picture if we succeed and can sell it afterwards."

"Your sister was one jump ahead of you and proposed giving me one-third. That was the arrangement before I left Brussels." Munroe countered, flashing a peculiar sidelong glance at his companion.

"Oh, I see!" she murmured slowly. "You are knight in shining armour is really an adventurer whose services may be hired for hire, pay or salvage that is why the 'loot,' as you describe the painting, is so all important!"

"I never contradict a lady," Rex grinned with a chuckle of amusement which puzzled Olga, vainly trying to fathom the half mocking smile which slowly flickered over his inscrutable features, "and so long as that is your opinion we'll let it go at that."

"Did my sister also appear to you this man-and-wife idea of you

"I am afraid I forgot to m

he confessed, waving a hand of enchalant dismissal of the whole thing as a mere minor detail. "But they'll forgive you after it's all over," he reassured her, "especially if we are successful and you rejoin them safe and sound."

"Quite a psychologist, aren't you, Mr. Munroe?"

"You don't know the half of it, my dear girl; however, does it make any difference?"

"No! I'm not a quitter, and since I've agreed I'll go through with it, irrespective of whether things turn out bitter sweet—or otherwise!"

"Once again: I salute you! And now that's settled," he lauded quietly, like a schoolboy who's just escaped being caught in an act of mischief, "let's get on with the matter in hand. First of all, do you know if any of these keys Felix gave me will open the little postern gate, set in the high wall at the rear of the house?"

"Yes," came the prompt reply. "This is the one," taking the bunch of keys Rex held out for her inspection. "It's a peculiar shape, as you can see for yourself."

"That disposes of how we get into the grounds," he thanked her. "Now for the house itself. Can you also pick out the key to the back door, and do you recollect if it has any bolts on the inside?"

"No. It's a massive solid oak affair fitted with a double mortice lock instead, and opens with this extra large key here," indicating a ponderous example of the locksmith's art in the bunch which Rex had given her.

"Fair enough!" he exclaimed, well satisfied with the solution of their entrance problems. "That opens up the avenue of approach completely. By the way, can you ride a bicycle, and paddle a canoe?"

"Of course I can ride a bicycle! Nearly everyone does on the continent. Paddling a canoe is a bit tricky and is something I have only tried a few times. Still, if it isn't essential that I be an expert I could probably manage it well enough. But why bicycles and canoes, where the on earth do they fit into the scheme of things?"

"I hope to lay a 'blind trail and give our 'friends' the notion you escaped down the river into Hungary." Munroe replied, explaining for her benefit the advantages of dragging a 'red herring' across their true line of retreat from the country. "However," he continued, "the bicycles will provide our real mode of exit the other way, although I only intend to use them for that purpose as far as the nearest railroad junction. From there we'll pick up the Ostend Express and continue our journey by rail. Incidentally, which would be the most convenient station to reach from here?"

"We could 'cycle to Wells, then go by local from Wells to Passau on the cold Austrian frontier." Olga suggested, regarding her companion with a look of keen interest as she waited further disclosures regarding his plans. "The express stops at the latter place and Wells is only about a hundred and forty kilometers from here."

"There you go, thinking in terms of the metric system the same as your brother-in-law," Rex laughed. "That's what he did when he guessed at the size of the painting."

"Even though I'm half British and you're wholly so, I honestly think it's preferable to your stupid tables of measurement and your impossible pounds, shilling and pence," she retorted. "Furthermore, there is no doubt in my mind as to which is the better system," she parried, quietly counter-attacking Munroe's sly dig at the continental standards.

"There is no doubt, no possible doubt, no possible shadow of doubt," came in a chant of good humoured repartee, "that we British are an exclusive race. And why shouldn't we be," he continued teasingly, "what England does to-day, the rest of the world will do to-morrow!"

"If I had any previous doubts about your nationality, my friend, that little touch of English insularity would completely dispel it, just as surely as your inane Gilbert and Sullivan quotation confirms it!"

"In order to keep peace in the family, my little firebrand, I'll prove I do know my metrics, even if we don't adopt the bally method." Rex chuckled "At approximately three-fifths of a mile to a kilometer it's about eighty-five miles to Wells, which, incidentally, makes just a nice little jaunt via the peddle route, especially on a tandem!"

"Quite mad!" Olga rejoined with a roguish twinkle in her eyes, "just like all the other Englishmen I've had the misfortune to meet. But I wouldn't have you any differ ent," she added a frank smile of merriment robbing her remark of an offense. It made me proud I was half British myself, after I really knew and understood them."

"You'll make an Englishwoman Britannia will welcome with open arms." Munroe complimented; "but to continue, I think my previous suggestion re our mode of exit a very good one, don't you?"

"I was wondering if we couldn't actually go down the river during the night, instead of attempting the other route?" came the astute counter-proposal. "Once in Budapest we shouldn't have any trouble continuing to Belgrade," she pointed out, "and from there it would be easy to cross to Italy, then through France, and on to Belgium."

"I don't want any part of Hungary or Italy at present," her companion objected, lighting and puffing steadily at his pipe for a few moments. "In fact, I'm not keen on Jugo-Slavia if war breaks out suddenly," holding the match for Olga to light a cigarette. "The entire tribe of Balkanites might immediately chuck in with 'Jerry,' you know, and then we'd be out of the frying pan into the fire with a vengeance. We dare not apply for visas to those countries here in Vienna, and to crash them without any is asking for trouble. If we did,' he warned her, "we might very easily find ourselves partaking of rather dubious hospitality in one of their filthy jails, and that would be disastrous in more ways than one."

"But the alternative seems so desperate," she urged. "To be in any other country, even in prison, would be safer for me than Germany."

"Nevertheless, our only chance is north-west to Belgium!" Rex decided. "With those documents and the painting in our possession, it's the nearest safe country for us. Switzerland would be okay, but the state of affairs behind the West Wall will be chaotic with war impending, and probably under military control to boot, something which wouldn't suit us at all."

"Do you think the situation is really as bad as all that?"

"My dear girl," Munroe snapped his fingers, "if Europe isn't at war before this coming week is out I'm a Dutchman! And although things will be in a regular turmoil throughout Germany during the next few days, that will really be to our advantage, as we shall apparently be a couple of American tourists racing to board a ship for the States, thereby fitting quite naturally into the general confusion on every hand."

"You have certainly thought things out very cleverly," Olga commended him, and your conclusions, after one considers them carefully, seem sound enough. What I am so nervous about is the long journey across Germany, especially with the contraband we'll be carrying if we're successful before leaving here. Provided we do recover the picture," she added, puffing lightly on her cigarette, "how do you intend to transport it? We can't take it along in its present frame, that's obvious

"I intend cutting it out and rolling the canvas as small as possible Wrapped in strong brown paper and carried inside a large, full size golf bag, with a set of golf sticks dropped inside for good measure, no one will ever suspect I'm carrying anything but a set of clubs," Rex explained, absent-mindedly striking a match and re-lighting his still burning pipe.

"That's a splendid idea!" his confederate agreed, "and it will be quite easy to buy one suitable for the purpose. Fortunately, I have a fairly large sum of money on hand; so, although it will be an additional expense when coupled to the cost of the two bicycles, boat hire and our fares to Brussels, I think I shall have sufficient to see us through al right."

"In that case, we are well off financially," Rex assured her, "because I started from London with twenty five pounds of my own and also collected ten thousand Belgian francs—another sixty-five pounds—from your relatives in Brussels. Deducting my expenses so far, I have between sixty-five and seventy pounds left, so to-morrow I'll convert the lot into marks and hold them in reserve for emergencies. It will be better to use the money you have in German marks to meet current expenses, I think, as they will be subject to such a heavy discount afterwards."

"There is a huge market here where you can pick up almost anything we need," Olga volunteered, in complete accord with Munroe's suggestions to use her funds and conserve their foreign exchange. "I think we can save quite a bit too by buying second-hand outfits, don't you think so?"

"Bright girl!" As a matter of fact, a used bag would be better than a new one; and while you are at it you might see what you can find in the way of a pair of cheap rucksacks, unless you have a couple," he added quickly. "have you?"

"No I haven't," his accomplice confessed after carefully thinking over his request. "The only hiking equipment I can produce is really cycling kit, socks, shorts, a sport sweater and cap, etc."

"We shall need those as well, so you had better dig them out. They will render us less conspicuous when riding the bikes and, after all, we might as well look the part to perfection," Munroe smiled, thinking what an attractive picture his companion would look in such a rig-out. "If a part is worth playing at all," he concluded, it's worth doing right, that's always been my motto."

"What about an outfit for yourself? That will have to be bought too, I suppose?"

"Yes, and the bicycles at the same time."

"Do you want me to get them?" she asked him.

"No. I think I had better look after those purchases, as I don't want you linked to the bicycles in any way Otherwise, when the hue and cry begins, it might give the Gestapo a lead."

"In that case, there is a very good shop not far from the main tourist office, where you will find such merchandise and all the necessary kit besides. They also speak English there, so you won't have any language difficulties," his companion prompted, meticulously describing the exact location of the sporting establishment.

"Okay, I'll get what I need from that place and two suitable machines besides," advising her that the next step would be to plant the machines, golf bag, and rucksacks stuffed with the cycling outfits, somewhere near Vienna. "It must be where we can easily pick the lot up after the raid and a private place if at a l possible. Can you think of a good spot for the purpose?" he queried, rising and emptying the ashtray they were using, as Olga arose and began to pace backward and forward in an attitude of thoughful mien.

"My old nurse has a small cottage in a wooded section just outside the village of Spesing." Miss Mueller suggested after a few turns up and down the room. "There is a convenient outhouse where everything would be quite safe and, fortunately for us, she is stone deaf and could'n't hear anything. The old lady isn't at home all day either," a sudden recollection flashing quickly through her mind, "as Nanny spends her time with a married daughter in the village most afternoons. But it's two or three miles from here," the girl concluded ruefully, "and in the opposite direction from the way in which we have to go."

"No matter; it's just what we want," Rex assured her, standing with his back to the mantel, while his partner continued walking up and down. "Luck certainly seems to be with us, up to now at any rate," evidently quite satisfied that the place at Soesing would fulfill their requirements all right.

"When do you intend to attempt recovery of the documents and the picture?"

"To-morrow night, all being well."

"One more day before the die is cast." Olga murmured in low tones, frankly admiring the nonchalance of her partner in conspiracy, standing coolly at ease with both hands thrust carelessly in his trouser pockets.

After a moment in which she bravely attempted to match Munroe's complete sang-froid, the young woman laughed quietly, and with equally confident assurance said: "How about some tea, dear boy? We've been talking nearly all afternoon and I'm dying for a bite to eat. What about you?"

"By all means!" Rex seconded the motion. "Now you mention it, I could do justice to a wee spot of refreshment myself!"

(To be continued)



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