

**THE DAILY NEWS**  
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DAILY EDITION

Tuesday, November 26, 1929

**PREMIER AND ALASKA HIGHWAY**

Prince Rupert people will be pleased to read that Premier Talmie has experienced a change of heart and will not hurry forward the Alaska highway prior to those purely British Columbia public works which are so badly needed. We shall now be more hopeful that something will be done soon in getting to work on the Skeena highway which will give us an outlet to the world beyond.

We believe that Premier Talmie is doing what he thinks is best for the province, but political influences around him are sometimes so strong that it makes it difficult for him to realize what is best. When he was in Prince Rupert, even during his campaign, he carefully avoided reference to the highway scheme in which Prince Rupert and the interior people are interested and he has never expressed himself in favor of it as he has for the American highway scheme. We hope now to hear him come out strong for the Central British Columbia highway connecting Prince Rupert with the rest of the province. Let him do that and we shall feel that he is really premier of this part of the province as well as of the south.

**UNFORSEEN OBSTACLES**

No matter what one does, there is sure to be opposition to it. Unforeseen difficulties and complications arise which change the whole aspect. Take as an example the Minimum Wage Act. There are people in certain instances being forced to work for less than a living wage. That was bad and statesmen set about finding out a way to prevent it. They devised a method by which no employer would be allowed to pay less than a stated wage to employees in that particular calling. But now the employees see in this a menace. They see that the setting of a minimum to some extent tends to bring down the wages to that minimum and they prefer not to have a minimum set.

**C. N. R. DIRECTOR**

We have a letter from Queen Charlotte Islands urging that a Canadian National director be chosen from Northern British Columbia. It is pointed out that the needs of the north are more outstanding just now than the needs of the south and a man is needed who will be closely in touch with them.

The letter goes on to say that the interests of the Queen Charlotte Islands lie with Prince Rupert and that the development of this port means much to the people of the islands. The people of the islands demand to have a say in the choice of the director and they are strongly of opinion that he should be chosen from this part of the country.

**IMPRESSION OF PREMIER**

Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King Does Not Like Spotlight; Unlike Hon. R. B. Bennett

Premier Mackenzie King spoke to more than 700 enthusiastic listeners at the Board of Trade dinner on Thursday night, writes H. L. Weir in the Vancouver Sun. So far as the quality of his speech was concerned, he might just as well have spoken to 700 sleepers. What I mean is that the enthusiasm of an audience does not reach him. He does not react to applause. His mind is the antithesis of that of Mr. Bennett. The latter, with the instincts of an actor, expands and glows under the influence of approbation. Cheers stimulate him to his best oratorical flights. But Mr. King's mind is aloof. Public speaking, to him, is merely thinking aloud. The fine orderliness of his mind is demonstrated in the architecture of his speeches. His address on Canada's external relations revealed no facts that most of his audience did not know before. But it presented those facts in such logical sequence that they took on a new and living meaning. He painted his picture of the new Canada, the centre of world powers and just across the Pacific from the awakening billion people of Asia, not with the fire and color of a visionary, but with the sure precision of a mathematician. And with his mathematician's mind, he says only that of which he has thoroughly convinced himself. The way his mind works is revealed in the way he speaks. To those who would listen as they run, he repeats himself almost to a three-some degree. But each time he returns to an idea, he has turned it over just enough to examine it from

a little different angle. Mr. King does not play with ideas, but he subjects them to the same searching inspection that a pawnbroker devotes to a customer's watch.

**Maneuvers Ideas**  
He does not seize ideas quickly, put them into immediate action, or file them away. He lines them up like soldiers, maneuvers them, makes them form fours and jump through hoops. If they are worth while he takes them on as permanent mental passengers. But there are no stowaway ideas on Mr. King's intellectual ship. Mr. King makes no attempt to appeal to an audience's emotion. Unlike Mr. Bennett, who dotes on the tears in his audience's eyes, Mr. King gives the impression that he has no emotions. But this delicate, gentle and thoughtful tribute to the late Mr. Robb away down in Mr. King's heart there was a restrained emotional quality that, like John Bull, he could feel but could not speak.

Mr. King, in his capacity as one of the world's greatest authorities on economics, has spent his life solving problems. His mental processes are those of a man struggling with an intricate bit of Euclid. And like a devotee of Euclid, Mr. King will accept no axioms nor premises that are not proven up to the hilt. Nor will he put the Q.E.D. on his problem until he has mulled over every angle and microscoped every line. It is said of Mr. King that he is too academic for action. His speeches in Vancouver reveal not the academic mind so much as the cautious mind. Mentally, what he has he holds. What he has not he regards with suspicion. As Prime Minister of Canada Mr. King is perpetually under the spotlight. Mr. King doesn't like the spotlight. But he can't prevent it from revealing one of the strongest and most interesting personalities in the history of Canadian Government.



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**INSTALLMENT XXI.**

The ensuing brief space of time was charged with incalculable tension. In the green-shaded light from the lamp which Miss Brown had drawn close to the typewriter, her companion's face seemed for a moment ghastly. There was something menacing about the sudden deepening of those lines, the smoldering light of fury in his eyes.

Miss Brown remained standing. At the first shock of discovery, she had found herself trembling in every limb. The emotion had passed. She became the cooler of the two.

"I am only telling you what you can see for yourself," she said, pointing downward. "That is an exact replica of my book, but there is not a word of writing in it, not has there ever been." "Are there any pages torn out?" he asked harshly, grasping the book in his hand.

"Not one. It is perfectly new and has never been used." He threw it down. For a moment, they looked at one another in a silence ferocious, almost terrible. Miss Brown felt no single impulse of fear. According to her capacity, she was angrier than she had ever been in her life.

"Have you any explanation to suggest?" he demanded.

"It is not for me to suggest explanations," was her prompt rejoinder. "From the moment, when I left your house in Lombertson Square until the time when I entered the bank the next morning, the book was never out of my sight. I deposited it there with instructions that it was to be given to no one except to me personally. You bring me here. You produce what you say is my notebook, and I find that it is not. Now I come to think of it, I am not so much surprised. The book was deposited in the bank in my name and with the distinct understanding that it was to be handed over to no one else except me, even though a written note should be produced. If this had been my notebook, the bank would have broken their trust with me."

"That is a trifle," he declared. "There are times when banks have to do as they are told. That is the notebook handed over by the manager of the bank this afternoon to the chief commissioner of police and a representative of the Home Office. They had the manager's word for it that it was the book deposited by you."

"Then the manager lied," Miss Brown declared stubbornly. "The book which I deposited contained my shorthand notes taken down at your dictation. This one has never contained any writing of any sort whatever. It is not the same book."

"And where is yours?" "How should I know?" she asked coldly. "I have not the chief commissioner of police or the Home Office to call upon for aid. I have been simply a machine of which you have made use. I have carried out your instructions literally. If anything has gone wrong it is through some fault of your own, or because your enemies are cleverer than you are."

He caught at her wrist. Her eyes flashed, but she made no movement. "Do you swear," he demanded harshly, "that you know nothing more than you say, that you have not withdrawn the other book and sold it? They'd have given you half a million for it, I've no doubt."

She wrenched her wrist free, and began to put on her mackintosh. Her voice was unsteady now with smothered sobs.

"I am very sorry indeed," she declared, "that I ever found my way to Lombertson Square. Let me go, please. I shall not answer your question. I should like to go away at once."

He stood for several moments apparently fighting a battle with himself. Then he caught her arm just as she had turned toward the door. The fierce rigidity had passed from his features, the flame from his eyes. He seemed suddenly older.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Brown," he said. "It has happened to me only once before in my life to be carried away like this. I offer you my humble apologies."

The new Miss Brown disappeared. She ceased to button her mackintosh and sank back into her chair a little helplessly. Her eyes were full of forgiveness. "I am so very sorry," she faltered. "Don't let us waste any more time. Let us think out just what may have happened."

He, too, sank into a chair. For a few moments he said nothing. He was like a man from whose living body, the spirit had been expelled. He had that shattered look of impotence which is the most perfect negative expression of despair. Often afterward he remembered that in this crisis—and he had lived through many—

it was Miss Brown who took command of the situation.

"You say that the chief commissioner and some one from the Home Office went to the bank," she reflected. "The bank manager would not dare to refuse them what they asked, neither would he dare to attempt to deceive them. Therefore he handed over what he thought was the right packet. I suppose it couldn't have been changed on its way here?"

"The Chief Commissioner of Police brought it straight through to this room," he answered.

"Very well then," she went on, "we will rule that out of the question. This book—a bogus book—came from the bank, and the manager may have really believed—he probably did—that this was the original one I left when he handed it over to the Chief Commissioner. There must be a clerk or someone there, though, in league with your enemies, who knows that there were two similar packets. But Colonel Dessiter, what about the genuine packet? It took the Chief Commissioner of Police and a representative of the Home Office to obtain the bogus one. Why shouldn't the real one be still there?"

Dessiter was beginning to think again. For once in his life he was following a lead.

"It would scarcely have been worth their while to have planned all this," he reflected, "unless they had evolved some scheme for obtaining possession of the genuine one."

"It isn't a certainty that the scheme has succeeded, though," he argued hopefully. "There is a distinct chance that the real packet—the one with my book and the letters—is still in the vaults of the bank."

"There is certainly a chance," Dessiter admitted. "This one was only fetched away before closing time this afternoon. I wish I'd searched for the letters before. We could have had some one back at the bank in a quarter of an hour."

"At 10 o'clock tomorrow morning I shall present myself there and demand my packet," she announced. "I shall leave it to you to see that I am not molested if by any chance I get it."

"I will arrange that," he promised. "We have a regular department here now, and a very good service. I'll have you fully protected. They haven't had much opportunity yet to get away with the real packet. The more I think of it, the more I believe there's a good chance that it's still there," he added hopefully. "The manager told the Chief Commissioner that no single clerk was allowed down in the vaults alone. This fellow they've got hold of whoever he may be will have to wait for his opportunity."

He paused in his restless pacing of the room, went to a cupboard, brought out whisky and soda and helped himself.

"Some wine, Miss Brown," he invited.

She shook her head.

"Nothing thanks," she replied. "Then there's something else, Colonel Dessiter. You can't have forgotten what you dictated to me. Why this moment? Why not even hand in your information direct?"

He drank steadily half a tumblerful of whisky and soda, and lit a cigarette.

"I've done a little in that way already, Miss Brown," he admitted. "And if the worst comes to the worst, of course, I can recede, but there are the addresses and those letters I want particularly—especially one of the letters. And then, you see," he went on, "for the successful carrying out of our plans it was most important that they shouldn't know exactly how much we've discovered. Tell me, he asked abruptly, "when did you recognize me?"

"Only when you lost your temper," she assured him. "Up till then I was quite content to believe that the things in you which reminded me of Colonel Dessiter were just family traits. When afterward you looked at me," she went on coolly, "as though you were going to take me by the throat and crush the life out of me, I suddenly realized who you were."

He nodded. "I'm glad I didn't give myself away altogether," he said. "I have kept in the background all my recent life to such an extent that few people know me even by sight."

"Would it be indiscreet," Miss Brown inquired, "to ask why your death was announced, and why you seem to be in hiding?"

"Under the circumstances, nothing that you could ask me would be indiscreet," he told her. "It was Hartwell's suggestion—Hartwell is the chief of our Home Secret Service. It's better for many reasons that the people whom we're up against just now should believe me out of the way. I haven't quite finished my job yet, and

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there are fifty of them in London at the present moment who, if they thought I was still alive, would manage to get at me; how, even if they hadn't a ghost of a chance of getting away with it. I will say this for these blackguards," he went on thoughtfully, "that they think no more of their own lives than they do of the person's they set out to kill." "They really do believe, then, that you are dead?" she asked. (To Be Continued Tomorrow)