

A crisp April morning and the level rays of the sun turning the great chunks of broken ice in Thunder Bay into masses of moving opals. "The Sleeping Giant" was wrapped for the nonce in a crimson robe. It was the opening of navigation, 1913, and the good tug "Edward

An Easy Fortune

Fiske," with the moving picture apparatus aboard, called at Dock No. 5 for the newspaper woman. As early as 6:30 the first steamer was away, ploughing a course amid the great blocks of ice; another had started but could not get under way, and the tug "James Whalen" was puffing and snorting to her rescue. The moving picture folks were anxious to get everything and the Fiske chased hither and thither at their behests. The operator was a Frenchman of true Gallic intensity, and shouted and gesticulated like a madman whenever we came in range of one of the great grain boats. The scene was glorious, the light and color wonderful. The great white gulls sailed and dipped and for a time I was oblivious to all but the wonder of the picture. Presently I noticed the Frenchman when not winding his picture machine was figuring rapidly with a very stubby pencil on a very dirty notebook. Thinking these figures had something to do with the pictures, I asked what he was doing. "Madame," he exclaimed, waving the note book, I figure the colossal fortune I make, had I but this ice in New York in July—oh, the sad waste of it, thousands of tons, such so beautiful ice."