

THE EXPLOSION *at* RIGAUD, P. Q.



The Curtiss and Haney high explosive plant, finest of its kind in Canada, almost a total wreck from the explosion on August 18.

heed. If he rolls sheaves down on me I slam them back in Ty Cobb style. By middle of the load-on he will be a half-buried farmer, spluttering to find words to tell me what he thinks about me. If the horses don't step up lively I shall bat the off horse on the rump with the fork and tell him to whoa-gee, calling him a son of a sea-cook.

But it will be reserved for the hired man who skins the contemptuous eye like a balky horse, the man who poofs at me because he thinks I am a mere consumer from the city and only a producer by proxy—for him, the real unveiling of myself. That person with hair on his chest and the tobacco-quid in his chops is to be handed those sheaves four at a lick. Each shock will go up at just three lifts. He gets the first four sheaves before the waggon stops, the second just as he is staggering to grab the first, and the third just as the horses move on again. By the time the load is half on the sheaves will be going up so fast that the waggon will never stop once across the field, except where a sheaf rolls off behind. When the load is on it will look like a cross section of a brush fence and very much more tidy than the man at the top, who will be swearing at me when I don't notice him or merely say,

"Don't mention it, old chap. Perhaps you'd better get some one to help you."

That third day will tucker me out. By bedtime I shall be as limp as a rag, but shall pretend to be much interested in my regular copy of the daily paper so that I may vent my latest opinion about the muddle at Ottawa; when all the while I feel as though I am needing a therapeutic massage and an operation for appendicitis. I shall go to bed not caring whether I wake in the morning or not. After that those farmers will ask my advice about what to do next. I shall be even invited to help harness the horses. In the cool of the evening, while the crickets chime in the grand rhythm of the see-saw, buckety-raw all together, the boss, the hairy hired man and myself will lie in the orchard munching harvest apples while the hired man begs me to tell him the story of my life and how such a great brain came to forsake the farm for the paths of human enlightenment. If I stay in the settlement long enough I shall be asked to make my sanctum the town office of the Farmers' Institute. Some day, when those farmers need a real representative at Ottawa, they will send for me to run for Parliament.

In the meantime I am packing my grip and taking a fond look at my lily-white hands.



This section of 34-inch steel tank, weighing between 3 and 4 tons, was carried half a mile.

High Explosives Outburst.

Saturday, August 18. Fifteen successive explosions. Loss, probably \$2,000,000. At least one killed.

Plant almost totally destroyed.

Dragon village shattered.

Houses destroyed a mile away.

Final blast heard 30 miles.

Due to chemical reaction, says Vice-President of Company.



Building wrecked half a mile distant.