

only by a long unfinished ditch which nobody wanted. Anyone who wanted to drive a hard bargain would have had little difficulty in getting his terms accepted; for it was beginning to dawn on the minds of thinking people that, even if a power canal could be completed, no manufacturers to buy the power were in sight, and without these the power might just as well be allowed to waste itself down the rapid as it had been doing for thousands of years or, for that matter, millenniums. Then Mr. Clergue appeared. Here is the first part of his quest, told in his own words, to the Board of Trade of Toronto some months ago:

"It fell to my fortune to be associated with gentlemen who were possessed of some means, more than they could find profitable investments for, and it was agreed between us that we should begin a prospecting tour along the basin of the St. Lawrence—which, of course, extends from the Gulf to Lake Superior—in order to ascertain what opportunities there existed along this frontier for hydraulic development.

"In the course of that journey, starting from Cape Breton and ending at Port Arthur, important water powers were found and investigated; various of them had their merits and nearly all of them had their demerits. At Sault Ste. Marie we found—with Lake Superior for a millpond and a fall of about twenty feet—a plain opportunity for economical and advantageous hydraulic development."

It was in 1894 that this modern Colchis was discovered by the process of elimination; but, just as in the olden time, dragons of horrid shape guarded the Golden Fleece; and no Medea, not even a Pocahontas, appeared to help the Argonauts. Their leader had to fight unaided by spells, save those which down-east brains and modern science supply; and in the fight which has now been continued for six years, defeat stared him in the face again and again, so irretrievably, that, had it not been for a very rare quality of brains, the millions of money invested in his enterprise would have been lost, while

the gentlemen who had advanced them would have in exchange only the consolation Henry George gives to their class, in "Progress and Poverty," to the effect that "Wages are in no case paid out of capital!" Mr. Clergue's education—classical, legal and scientific (I fancy he would find it hard to say which of those three courses of study he could have dispensed with)—has enabled him to use his big brain to the best advantage. The result has been a victory so great and so full of promise that in both the towns and in the districts round about which are profiting by his marvellous industrial development, he is generally known as "the Wizard of the North." Another name has been conferred on him recently. Having presented the hospital with a much-needed elevator, the Sisters gratefully inscribed on it the initials F. H. C. Chaffed for complimenting the donor, the Mother Superior calmly remarked that the letters stood for Faith, Hope and Charity, the virtues their community always sought to practise and to inculcate. I also heard the name of "Czar" given to him, as it is to R. G. Reid, in Newfoundland, and to E. W. Rathbun, in Deseronto, by the cranks and critics, of whom, fortunately, there is a sprinkling everywhere to keep everybody else straight. Whatever he may be called, I found the general opinion of the Canadian Soo concerning him to be summed up in the emphatic words, "There is nothing in the house too good for him." His first transaction with the municipality, as told me by a leading gentleman of the place, was not in the least what we expect from anyone—Boer, Yankee or Britisher—who may have a reputation for "slimness." Having purchased the American canal for something like twenty-five cents on the dollar of the sum represented by the investment, that being at the time its value to him, he took over the Canadian canal for the actual amount, \$265,000, which had been spent on it by the citizens and the town. This gained for him the heart of the people. To be delivered from imminent bankruptcy was