

A UNION GOVERNMENT, NOT A COALITION

There is room to suppose that a large number of the men who have heretofore been prominent in politics still insist on viewing the new National Government as a Coalition rather than as a real Union Government. The attempt to form a Coalition failed. Out of the travail of the Dominion there has been born something infinitely stronger if its life can be preserved through these first critical months. Sir George Foster, a responsible Minister of the Crown, rightly recognizes as a direct demand from the people, the true origin of Union Government, when he says: "The Union Government is not a piece of Cabinet furniture made up with tool, chisel and plane. Union Government, such as we have to-day, and if we had it more perfectly than we have it to-day, what I am saying would be still more true,—started down amongst the people of this country, has been seeded there and has grown and developed among them since war broke out. It grew up gradually and continued uniformly in the hearts of the people. They realized that if Canada was to play her part in the war, her ablest men, irrespective of their past affiliations, were needed to administer and direct the affairs of the State equally as much as her best and bravest were needed to fight in the trenches. I believe if it were possible to take a poll of the individual opinions of the people of Canada nineteen-twentieths of them would be ardent supporters of the Union principle. The members of the Union Government believe that behind them is the honest, earnest, thorough conviction that united national effort will be put forth so as to give every possible ounce of backing in the great cause." Let this challenge to the common people of Canada be taken up gladly and these words proved true at the coming election.

"I wonder what makes men have this itching for office?" I suppose it is because most of them have not any for a living."—Baltimore American.



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THE RIVERMAN

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Chapter 12

SUNDAY afternoon Orde, leaving Newmark to devices of his own, walked slowly up the main street, turned to the right down one of the shaded side residence streets that ended finally in a beautiful glistening sand hill. Orde seated himself on the smooth, clean sand and removed his hat. He saw these things and in imagination the far upper stretches of the river, with the mills and yards and booms extending for miles, and still above them the marshes and the flats where the river widened below the Big Bend. That would be the location for the booms of the new company—a cheap property on which the partners had already secured a valuation. To right and left stretched the long Michigan coast, with hills topped with the green of twisted pines, firs and beeches, with always its beach of sand, deep and dry to the very edge. After he had cooled he arose and made his way back to a pleasant hardwood forest of maple and beech. Orde walked slowly farther and farther into the forest.

A fresh breeze darkened the blue velvet surface of the water, tumbled the white foam blissing up the beach, blew forward over the dunes a fine hurrying waft of sand and bore to Orde at last the refreshment of the wide spaces. A woman, walking slowly, bent her head against the force of this wind.

Orde watched her idly. He caught himself admiring the grace of her dainty and sudden movements and the sway of her willowy figure. As though directed by some unseen guide, her course veered more and more until it led directly to the spot where Orde stood. When she was within ten feet of him she at last raised her head so the young man could see something besides the top of her hat. Orde looked plump into her eyes.

"Hello!" she said cheerfully and unsmilingly, and sank down cross-legged at his feet. Orde stood quite motionless, overcome by astonishment. Her face, as he looked at it, framed in the bands of the gray veil and the down turned brim of the hat, looked up smilingly into his.

"Why, Miss Bishop!" cried Orde, finding his voice. "What are you doing here?" A faint shade of annoyance crossed her brow. "Oh, I could ask the same of you, and then we'd talk about how surprised we are, world without end," said she. "The important thing is that here is sand to play in, and there is the lake, and here are we, and the day is charming, and it's good to be alive. Sit down and dig a hole! We've all the common data to explain things in." Orde laughed and seated himself to the left of her. Without further talk and quite gravely they commenced to scoop out an excavation between them, piling the sand over themselves and on either side as was most convenient. As the hole grew deeper they had to lean over more and more. Their heads sometimes brushed over so lightly, their hands perforated so touched. She looked up happily at Orde, thrusting the loose hair from in front of her eyes. She arose to her feet, shaking the sand free from her skirts. "Now let's go somewhere else," she said. "I think through these woods. Can we get back to town this way?" "Yes," replied Orde. "The lumber-



jack says that the woods are the poor man's overcoat." Orde followed her in silence. She seemed to be quite without responsibility in regard to him, and yet an occasional random remark thrown in his direction proved that he was not forgotten. Finally they emerged from the beech woods. She turned and waved her hat at the beech woods falling spherically against the lowering sun. "Good-by," she said gravely, "and pleasant dreams to you. I hope those very saucy little birds won't keep you awake." She looked up at Orde. "He was rather nice to us this afternoon," she explained, "and it's always well to be polite to them anyway." She gazed steadily at Orde for signs of amusement. He resolutely held his face sympathetic. "Now I think we'll go home," said she. They made their way to the edge of the sand hill. The low slanting sun cast across the vista a sleepy light of evening. "How would you like to live in a place like that all your life?" asked Orde. "I don't know," she weighed her words carefully. "It would depend on the company."



"Good night." The place isn't of so much importance, it seems to me. It's the life one is called to. It's whether one finds her soul's rest in or not that a place is livable or not.

Orde looked over the raw little village with a new interest. Her whole aspect seemed to have changed with the descent into the congeniality of the village street. The old, gentle, though self contained reserve had returned. "I came down with Jane and Mrs. Hubbard to see Mr. Hubbard off on the boat for Milwaukee last night," she told him. "Of course we had to wait over Sunday. Mrs. Hubbard and Jane had to see some relative or other, but I preferred to take a walk." "Where are you staying?" asked Orde. "At the Bennetts'." They said little more until the Bennetts' gate was reached. Orde declined to go in. "I want to thank you," she said. "You did not once act as though you thought I was silly or crazy. And you didn't try, as all the rest of them would, to act silly too. You couldn't have done it. Oh, you may have felt it—I know!" She smiled one of her quaint and quaint smiles. "But men aren't built for foolishness. They have to leave that to us. You've been very nice this afternoon, and it's helped a lot." "Good night."

Orde, however, walked back to the hotel in a black rage with himself over what he termed his imbecility. As he remembered it he had made just one consecutive speech that afternoon. "Joe," said he to Newmark, "what's the plural form of incubus? Isn't it 'busses'?" "Incubi," answered Newmark. "Thanks," said Orde gloomily.



Chapter 13

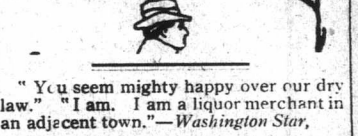
"I HAVE Heinzman's contract all drawn," said Newmark the next morning, "and I think I'll go around with you to the office." They found the little German awaiting them. Newmark immediately took charge of the interview. "I have executed here the contract and the bonds secured by Mr. Orde's and my shares of stock in the new company," he explained.

Heinzman reached his hands for the papers, beaming over his glasses at the two young men. As he read, however, his smile vanished. "What is this?" he inquired, crispness in his voice. "You told me," he accused Orde, "not you were not prepared to break out the railroads. You told me you would expect me to do that for you. Well, why do you put in this?" reading from the paper in his hand. "In case said railroads belonging to said parties of the second part are not broken out by the time the drive has reached them, and in case on demand said parties of the second part do refuse or do not exercise due diligence in breaking out said railroads, the said parties of the first part shall themselves break out said railroads, and the said parties of the second part do hereby agree to reimburse said parties of the first part at the rate of a dollar per thousand board feet." "That is merely to protect ourselves," struck in Newmark. "But," explained Heinzman, his face

purpling, "a dollar a thousand is a good price." "Of course," agreed Newmark. "We expect it to be. It is intended as a penalty in case you don't break out your own railroads in time." "I'd not stand for such foolishness," pouted Heinzman. "Very well," said Newmark crisply, reaching for the contract. "But Heinzman cling to it." "It is absurd," he repeated in a milder tone. "See, I will strike it out." He did so with a few dashes of the pen. "We have no intention," stated Newmark, with decision, "of giving you the chance to hang up our drive." Heinzman caught his breath. "So that is what you think?" he shouted. He tore the contract in pieces and threw it in the wastebasket. "Get out of here!" he cried. Orde's hands twitched nervously. "You to refuse our offer?" "Refuse! Yes—you and your whole capoodle!" yelled Heinzman. "Once in the open street Orde drew a deep breath of relief. "Where?" said he. "That was a terror! We've gone off the wrong foot that time." Newmark was amused. "You don't mean to say that fooler you?" he marvelled. "What?" asked Orde. "It was all rubbish. He saw we had spotted his little scheme, and he had to retreat. It was as plain as the nose on your face. We've got an enemy on our hands in any case and one we'll have to look out for. He'll try to make trouble on the river. Perhaps he'll try to block the stream by not breaking his railroads." The partners huddled on the little frame building in which Johnson conducted his business. "I see no use in it," said Johnson. "I can run my own without help from any man."

"Which seems to settle that," said Newmark to Orde after they had left. "Now," said Newmark as they trudged back to their hotel, "this proposition of Heinzman's has given me an idea. I'm not going to try to sell this stock outside, but to the men who own timber along the river. Then they won't be objecting to the tolls, for if the company makes any profits part will go to them. I'll take these contracts to show we can do the business, and I'll see about incorporation and get a proper office and equipments. Of course we'll have to make this our headquarters."

"I suppose so," said Orde a little blankly. After an instant he laughed. "Do you know, I hadn't thought of that." "Also," went on Newmark calmly, "I'll buy the supplies to the best advantage I can." "And I?" inquired Orde. "Get the boom built and improve the river. Begin to get your crew. You can start right off. We have my money to begin on." Orde laughed. "My! She's a nice big job, isn't she?" he cried joyously. "You seem mighty happy over our dry law." "I am. I am a liquor merchant in an adjacent town."—Washington Star.



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