

# THE INVERTED PYRAMID

BY  
**Bertrand W. Sinclair**  
Author of "North of Fifty-three"

(Continued from issue of Dec. 25.)

Late one afternoon when the Dent had operation had got well under way, a fog swept like a wet smoke through the Eschataw Passage. It lifted, broke, spread and closed as if it were of two kinds whether to lay over the channel well of obscurity or disperse into elements. While it hovered and shifted thus uncertain, and the tides in the rapids slackened, a white yacht nosed into the bay and felt her way along the bank of the boat.

It was the Kowloon, come back like a post of other days. From the point Rod, Mary, and Isabel recognized her through the fog haze as Grove's old yacht, which Laska had come into the major portion of her husband's estate, and sold to her father.

"I wonder if they've come to hold out the olive branch to an erring daughter?" Isabel said lightly. "Dad might possibly. Still, I don't think he'd trespass on your bailiwick, Rod, even for that."

"What has very likely happened," Rod sneeringly surmised, "is that she's on her way somewhere north and has simply taken shelter on account of the fog. This passage is dangerous in thick weather."

He sauntered away to the workings after a little. The Kowloon was of interest to him, save as a reminder of old days. At the inner end of a bay already a widening field of stumps lifted at heads and a litter of discarded tools and broken boughs over man-acre. With tools and machinery his loggers were eating into the heart of that ancient forest as a mouse gnaws into a slice of cheese.

The fog lifted and closed intermittently. Rod came back in the course of an hour to find a stout figure with a cigar putting from its teeth standing in the edge of the logging watching the high-shouldered donkey spit smoke and steam and huddle under enormous strains.

John P. Wall greeted him impassively. His small gray eyes met Rod's for a second, wandered off among the stumps, the dimly seen men, the black iron monitors huffing and puffing, the reddish-brown logs floating by hundreds in the bay, swept over the unkempt grounds rank with grass, the gray stone house casting a great shadow, and came back to Rod.

"Damn shame to do this," Wall lifted one hand toward the untidy log-ged-off ground.

Rod shrugged his shoulders. "I'll give you two hundred thousand for Dent Island just as it stands." He offered abruptly. "Take your outfit and go log somewhere else. Two hundred thousand cash."

Rod looked at him. A hundred and fifty thousand would shift his last burden. That was the maximum he could realize from his timber, if he sheared Dent Island as a farmer shears his sheep's fleece in the spring. And with the forest stripped, Dent Island had no money value. It would consist only of an old stone house standing gaunt amid a few acres of grass, its background a stony stump-littered waste. Whatever associations Hawk's Nest had for him and his could be less than nothing to John P. Wall. What stirred the man? Had his iron bowels been moved to compassion? Was he obliquely trying to make amends? Or did he think that by purchase he could put on the intangible mantle the Norquays had worn about themselves in five generations?

Rod smiled wanly. "Why should you wish to buy Hawk's Nest at more than its market value? Does your conscience hurt?"

"Conscience?" A flicker of expression crossed Wall's heavy face. "No. Don't use it in my business. Took a notion to the place. Always did like it. That's all. You're destroying it."

A glow of anger began to burn in Rod, and mixed with it a detached wonder at the type of man before him. He could imagine Wall viewing him with impersonal pity, and brushing him aside in pursuit of his own ends. There was a pachydermous quality in the man. He couldn't be hurt. He had no qualms. For him the world of humanity was not made up of men and women who had good impulses or bad ones, wisdom and folly, conditioned by many things. No, to him the world was made up of two kinds of people; those who could get what they wanted and those who couldn't. For Wall there were no fine distinctions, no ethical hazards in which a man might lose his soul. The firm grasp, the unrelenting hold, justified itself. Anything profitable was good business. Rod looked at him and considered of Wall carried that remorseless philosophy into his social life, his family life, if he applied it to his pleasure, and in what degree. And if he did whether he found the balance in his life's ledger to lie on the credit or the debit side.

"You're reckoned wealthy, aren't you?" Rod said to him. "Three or four millions?"

sort of restitution occurred to him, Rod," she declared. "He wouldn't even understand the idea of such a thing. He has always admired this place, secretly longed to have something like it, and he has discrimination enough to know he couldn't create it in his lifetime. He'd buy Hawk's Nest like a shot. He has dreams of founding a Wall dynasty. I really believe. A place like this, made to order, with its history—why, he'd gloat over it. The parvenu idea of acquiring prestige by purchase—by proxy. I know I sound horrid, but it's true. He thinks the Norquays have gone to seed. And that the Walls only require a proper background to be somebody. It's amusing and sometimes almost tragic—this social pushing, this itch to be thought something you aren't, to make a big splash. Did he seem keen on it, Rod?"

"Rather."

"Mamma's been priming him," Isabel nodded. "I've heard her talk about the possibility—since you've been supposed to be in deep water. She thinks Bob's a perfect gentleman—even if his father isn't quite—when Robert's merely a good little spender. Poor old daddy. He's the best of the lot, because he just naturally can't help being a ruthless old pirate, and he never held a grudge in his life against any one who beat him at his own game. He's a bear at making money and mom's a bear in society, and they've raised Bob and Laska and me to be bears of one sort and another too. Some combination."

Isabel applied herself to the salad for half a minute.

"Suppose you go aboard the yacht with me and I'll introduce you to dad," she proposed mischievously to Andy.

"I have no objection," he returned calmly. "Neither have I the slightest desire to meet your male parent—whose only merit in my eyes is that he is your parent. I couldn't use him in my business, and it's a cinch he couldn't use me in his."

"He might," Isabel teased. "He has lots of irons in the fire and loads of money. You sure did marry money, Andy, old son."

"Well, I have irons in the fire myself," Andy retorted imperturbably. "And without any hankering for loads of money I expect to get all I need."

The pair of them sauntered off after dinner, still facetiously debating what they called the possibilities of a Hall-Wall entente. Rod and Mary went out on the porch. The rapid marmalade in a rising key. Young Rod, who had learned to read under his mother's tutelage, curled up in a chair with a book of fairy tales. The sun dipped below the jagged backbone of Vancouver Island and the afterglow lingered, a radiant tinge over the blurred slopes that lifted to high mountains on the mainland shore.

About the head of the bay were clustered compactly the numerous portable buildings of the camp,—bunk houses, messhouses, storeroom, isolated small dwellings. A short slope bright with low salal brush dipped to the water. On that gentle pitch numbers of the men often clustered in the evening, sitting on their haunches, lying stretched on their backs, spinning Rabelaisian yarns, Homeric tales out of their woods experience, talking about their work, the war, economics,—all the infinite variety of futile gabble and profound wisdom that is embodied in a group of skilled men following a risky outdoor calling. The Pacific Coast logger is no mere beast of burden. He is master of an intricate technique as applied to the handling of enormous timbers by powerful and complicated machinery. The B. C. woods is no place for the sluggish of brain or hand.

Wall himself was heavily interested in timber and had been for years. There were probably fifty men in Rod's crew who had drawn Wall pay checks in their time. And there was not a man there but knew the Wall camps and knew little good of them. They had an evil reputation. Probably Wall himself had never seen the interior of a single one of his camps. He had no personal interest in such matters,—only in results. He got results through superintendents, who in turn passed the buck to logging bosses. And these again, because their jobs depended on high average production, drove without mercy so long as they could hold the job. There was a sardonic sly along the coast that every Wall camp always had three crews: one coming, one going, and one on the job.

The loggers frankly hated Wall and all his works. Whereas they liked Rod Norquay. Moreover, now in the third year of Rod's regime, very nearly every man there understood the situation. They were for him, to a man. Rod represented to them the very antithesis of everything John P. Wall stood for. And no man portion of Rod's crew were intellectually capable and emotionally impelled to make out a very black case against the John P. Walls of the country.

A little cluster gathered on this slope between camp and tidemark. The cluster grew till the limited area was black with men in calked boots and mackinaw clothing, men with unsheathed stubble on their chins and strong caloused hands. They sat and stood, there, without the customary shouting and laughter. It seemed as if every man in the camp had been drawn to look silently down on the white yacht.

The Kowloon stretched her graceful length along the landing. Her paint was like virgin snow, and from stern to stern she glistened with brass and copper and varnished teak. On her forward deck two or three of her crew in spotless white ducks leaned on the rail, looking at the men ashore. A gramophone exhorted the latest jazz. There were guests present, and now that the fog had gone with the sun, they were on deck, dipping and swaying and gyrating to the music.

Suddenly a man on the bank began to sing. A solitary voice, a rich baritone, it cut across the canned symphony and lifted with the diapason of the rapids as a tonal background.

There was nothing strange in that. Men often sang there, soloists and impromptu quartettes. They sang to amuse themselves, or because they were happy, for any or all the reasons that move men to song. It was not the fact of the man singing. It was his song.

"Ye sons of freedom awake to glory. Hark! Hark! What myriads bid you rise."

The third line came with a volume that burst the evening hush like the roll of drums. From a hundred-odd throats it poured in rhythmic unison, with a passionate earnestness, and something akin to a threat.

"Your children, wives, and grandires hoery. Behold their tears and hear their cries. Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding With hireling hosts a ruffian band Affright and desolate the land. While truth and liberty lie bleeding? To arms, to arms! Ye brave. The avenging sword unsheathe. March on. March on. All hearts resolved."

On liberty . . . or death!"

The last word struck like the blow of a ponderous hammer falling on muffled iron. Then silence,—as if it had been halted by some invisible conducting baton which had welded that impromptu chorus into a single harmonious whole to chant that old, old song of revolt against oppression.

Who that has ever heard a marching regiment sing the Marseillaise but knows the clang of its ending, like the snick of a breech-bolt or a great sword clashed home in its scabbard.

No one moved. No voices lifted in words or laughter. Rod, sitting with his chin in his palms, listened with a curious tension for a break in that sudden hush. The massed group on the bank remained immobile, very quiet, as if something profoundly sobering had come over them.

And in the midst of this strange quiescence a gong struck faintly, deep in the bowels of the Kowloon, and when the deckhands flicked off the mooring lines she backed slowly out into the channel, out into the gathering dusk, the jazz tunes stilled, her guests standing quizzily in a group by the after rail.

(Concluded next week)

## MARRIAGE AT KINGSPORT

A marriage of interest was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Weaver, Kingsport, at high noon, Saturday, Jan. 3, when their daughter, Margaret Adelia, was united in marriage to Mr. Robert Kirkpatrick Minnis, of Vancouver, Rev. Thomas Crosby officiating. The ceremony was performed beneath an arch of green and white from which were suspended bells of white. The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore a gown of cocoa colored tulle and carried a shower bouquet of pink carnations and maiden hair fern. Both bride and groom were unattended. Miss Carrie Weaver, sister of the bride, who wore a gown of henna crepe, presided at the piano, and as the bridal party entered the room played Lohengrin's wedding march. Following the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Weaver. The gifts, which were many, included silver, linen and cheques. The groom's gift to the bride was a substantial cheque. Mr. and Mrs. Minnis will spend their honeymoon in Halifax and other points in Nova Scotia, and will return to Kingsport before leaving for their home in Vancouver. The bride travelled in a handsome suit of taupe, with hat to correspond. Mrs. Minnis will be much missed in the church and social life of our town.

## Acadian Want Ads. Are Workers.

We have bought the total output for the Annapolis Valley of

**Brown Brothers' Nurseries of Ontario**

which we're selling at moderate prices. This stock has been giving great satisfaction the past few years. Canada and the other Dominions are practically assured of some form of preference which will become law when the British Parliament meets in February, which should greatly benefit the orchardists in the Valley. Far sighted growers are ordering our trees for Spring planting, anticipating the better demand for apples in the future.

For prices and varieties apply

**Herbert Oyler**  
KENTVILLE

**I HAVE JUST FINISHED STOCK TAKING**

Thanks for the best year's business in my history.

I am now going to make a special offering to my customers

Watch for Special Announcement next issue.

THE BEST YET—RESERVE YOUR BUYING

**W. A. STEPHENS, WINDSOR, N. S.**

# 100% Value

in every packet of

# "SALADA" TEA

Pure, delicious & rich-drawing. Black, Green and Mixed Blends.

Try It! at our Expense

You do not risk one cent in proving to your own satisfaction that Maple Leaf Flour is all that is claimed for it.

Maple Leaf Flour for bread, cake and pastry is made from selected Canadian hard wheat, carefully milled and tested at every stage of the milling, and guaranteed against the slightest variation in quality.

Try it out in your own home. Bake a few batches of biscuits as a test. You will find that Maple Leaf Flour gives them at every baking that same teasing aroma that starts digestion. Maple Leaf Flour is famous for the even texture it brings to biscuit making. And for cakes it lends a richness and feathery delicacy to even the plainest recipe.

Read the Guarantee Below

Ask your dealer about a remarkable Course in "Cookery Arts and Kitchen Management," written by Anna Lee Scott, the renowned Domestic Science authority. It's FREE to every user of Maple Leaf Flour.

Maple Leaf Milling Co. Limited  
Head Office: Toronto, Ontario



**READ THE ADVERTISEMENTS**  
Wise Shoppers Do

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS

**M. R. Elliott, M. D.**  
(Harvard)  
Office Hours:  
1.30 to 3.30 P. M. 7 to 8 P. M.

**G. K. Smith, M.D., C.M.**  
Grand Pre, N. S.  
Office in residence of H. P. KINNEY  
Hours: 1.30 to 3.30 P. M.  
7 to 8 P. M. Phone 311

**Dr. H. V. Pearman**  
Specialist  
EYE, EAR, NOSE and THROAT  
Office practice only  
Wolfville, N. S. (Formerly of Halifax)

**Eaton Brothers**  
Dentists  
Dr. Leslie Eaton, D. D. S. University of  
Dr. Eugene Eaton, D. D. S. / Pennsylvania  
Tel. No. 43.

**V. PRIMROSE, D. D. S.**  
(McGill University)  
Telephone 226

EYESIGHT SPECIALIST Hours: (9-12 A.M.  
Telephone 20 (2-5 P.M.)  
**Paul G. Webster,**  
Optometrist  
Webster Street Kentville, N. S.  
Graduate of Rochester School of  
Optometry, Rochester, New York

**G. C. NOWLAN, LL. B.**  
Barrister and Solicitor  
Money to Loan  
Orpheum Bldg. WOLFVILLE  
Phone 240. Box 134

**W. D. WITHROW, LL. B.**  
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR  
NOTARY PUBLIC  
Money to Loan on Real Estate.  
Eaton Block - Wolfville  
Phone 284. Box 210.

**H. E. GATES**  
ARCHITECT  
HALIFAX, N. S.  
Established 1900

**D. A. R. Time-table**  
The Train Service as it Affects Wolfville

No. 96 From Kentville arrives 8.41 a.m.  
No. 95 From Halifax arrives 10.10 a.m.  
No. 98 From Yarmouth, arrives 3.12 p.m.  
No. 97 From Halifax, arrives 6.12 p.m.  
No. 99 From Halifax (Mon., Thurs., Sat.) arrives 11.18 p.m.  
No. 100 From Yarmouth (Mon., Wed., Sat.), arrives 4.13 a.m.

**Plumbing and Furnace Work**  
JOBING PROMPTLY DONE  
**H. E. FRASER**  
Phone 75

**BREAD!**  
Our bread has been reduced to 12 Cents per loaf  
Our bread is mixed with up-to-date machinery and wrapped before leaving bakery.  
W. O. Pulsifer and F. W. Barteaux both sell our bread at this price.  
**A. M. YOUNG**

**Homes Wanted!**  
For children from 6 months to 16 years of age, boys and girls. Apply to  
**H. STAIRS, Wolfville**  
Agent Children's Aid Society

**COAL**  
Inverness, Springhill Bay View, Acadia Nut Acadia Stove, Acadia Lump, Old Sydney, Welsh Coal  
**A. M. WHEATON**  
PHONE 15