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How the Devil-God Lost His Head

BY J. THEO. WILSON.

When silhouetted against the azure of a sunset sky, seen through a rift in the Rockies, the massive column at the apex of Devil's mountain is a source of momentary fear seizes upon all beholders. The approach to the tabooed valley of the Blackfeet Indians from the west is well worthy of the old, uncanny legends about it. Lake Minnewanka, Devil's lake, is one of the glories of the Canadian national park. Its waters are almost black, of an unfathomable depth, and, surrounded on all sides by precipitous mountains, it appears suitable for the western confine of the valley of Warika, the Indian's evil spirit.

And when the lake, that follows in course a parallel of latitude, is traversed, entrance is at once given to the pass made sacred by a thousand years' traditions in the eyes of all orthodox Blackfeet. A narrow beach of shingle, stretching in a graceful curve for a couple of hundred yards, affords a good landing place for the canoe. The beach is backed by a clump of mighty firs and hemlock. There are traces of old trails, passable by only one at a time, and one is chosen lending opportunity towards the mountain at the head of the pass. The path is traversed for about a quarter of a mile, when it stops abruptly in front of an enormous mass of granite. It is only after much scrambling over fallen logs and matted underbrush that a detour is made successfully, and when the other side is reached it is seen that the obstruction is a mighty boulder. Circular in shape, with a diameter of at least fifty feet, its track can be traced far up the valley. This mass is the head of Wanka, the devil god of the Blackfeet. Now comes the story of how the devil lost his head.

The valley is a place of sudden storms; of mighty thunder claps that go reverberating with innumerable echoes among its craggy fastnesses. When the lightning flashes it seems to lick at the hillsides and gather fresh power as it rives a monarch of the forest. Such is the place to which the Blackfeet went every spring to worship Wanka. No member of the tribe dared hunt within the valley. The medicine man told that an arrow fired within its confines meant death to the sender. It was the hunting ground of Wanka, and of Wanka alone.

And so it was from time immemorial, but the white men began to invade the Blackfeet territory. First came the hardy Scotchmen and French Canadian courier du bois, the advance guard of "King George men," pioneers of the Hudson's Bay Company. But they did not stop. Their eyes were turned towards the west and on, on on they went, searching for furs. Most passed to the north, through easier valleys, and though word was sent that at Jasper House and that named after the Rocky Mountains the pelts of beaver, mink, marten and fox would be bought and paid for no stoppage was made near the pass of Wanka.

But soon a visitor of a very different kind arrived. He did not hurry west, but stayed among the Blackfeet. His talk was not of furs, nor of horses, nor of cattle. It was of a new spirit, the Lord of all the others, of One whose mighty power embraced the earth and heaven, both time and eternity. And the visitor was of a different aspect to all the others. His coat was long and black. There was nothing of the hunter about him. On his head was a large wide-brimmed hat, not the sombrero that had even then strayed up from the plains of Mexico, but like his coat of deepest black. Round his waist was something strange. From a long string of beads an image was suspended, nailed to a cross. This aroused the curiosity of the Blackfeet. Well they knew the Sun dance, the ordeal through which a youth must pass before he became a brave. They knew the circling round the pole, where brave young breasts were torn. They knew how the barb was passed through the tender flesh and attached to rawhide thongs connected with the summit of the sacred mast. Many of them had felt the agony themselves as hair's breadth by hair's breadth the flesh was torn away, in some cases the barb being forced free on the outside. But this Man on the cross had torture worse than that. What did it mean? The priest answered, "Peace, peace and goodwill."

Could this untold agony mean peace? And then the priest gave answer, "Peace, not to himself, but to all the world." Gradually in the minds of the more susceptible Indians a glimmering grew of what this new, strange story meant. It was each not for himself and his tribe, but every other tribe also. Some one has truly said that in every heart there is a spark of divine, and this spark became enkindled under the influence of the gentle father. Round the camp fires in the winter he told his curious story of peace, goodwill towards all men. And then he asked who would follow, who would embrace the new faith.

The murmurings of the medicine men grew loud; the wise women of the tribe huddled together and, in whispered converse debated how they should combat the rising influence of the long frocked man in black. Yet still he continued his teaching and, as the middle of the winter arrived, a dozen of the younger braves gave their word to accept the new faith, and be baptised according to its ritual with the advent of the coming spring. It was time for the leaders of the old faith to be up and doing—to show the tribe the old gods were the mightiest. Many consultations were held and at last a challenge was hurled at the apostle of the new religion. Would he dare to invade and carry out the ceremonies of this strange belief in the valley sacred to the devil god's name? The father answered "Yes, we are in His hands everywhere." And so it befell.

Traversing the Bow river and then turning in a half circle the tribe reached Devil's lake. The canoes quickly took them across it and landed all on the shingled beach. It was the Monday before Easter. While the rest of the tribe waited on the shore in sullen silence the little band of converts, headed by the man in black, struck a short distance into the forest. Only a quarter of a mile had to be passed when a comparatively open space was reached and in this spot, where a short grove of trees formed a natural cathedral, preparations were made to erect the rude altar. The enormous boulder was not there then as it rested on the mighty column that now rises majestically from the summit of Devil's mountain.

The few days passed peacefully to the little party. Teaching, prayer and meditation occupied the time after the altar was erected. All things were ready and the priest and his dozen converts arose on Easter morn, the latter anxious to receive and the former willing to bestow the outward symbols of accepting the new faith. It was a gracious, golden morning. Two were sent to tell the tribe that all was ready for the test. Yet a few dared to witness the impious invasion of the devil god's chosen domain; some sought refuge an the sombre bosom of the lake. Still, a half dozen of the hardier braves remained to see the downfall of the new religion, concealing themselves in the trees and brushes to witness the wrath of Wanka.

Slowly the ceremony progressed. The gentle father drew from within his cassock the little vial of water blessed by his archbishop away east in Montreal. He had carried it with infinite care during his long, long journey across the mountain and prairie and now the time for use had arrived. He was to baptise his first converts, the pioneers of their race to accept the story of the cross. With outstretched hands he stood in front of the altar, a blessing on his lips.

Suddenly the very earth seemed to tremble. The unbelievers threw aside their concealment and staggered through the bush towards the lake. It was as if the foundations of the globe were allied with Wanka for the defeat of the teachings of peace. The mountains on the north appeared to bow to the crags on the south—there was the uprooting of monarchs of the forest that had stood unscathed through a thousand years. The converts fell to the ground in a paroxysm of fear. With faces buried in the earth yet with hands uplifted to the altar they awaited their fate. In an instant a new terror became visible. From far up at the head of the valley there came the sound of a mighty crash. All looked instinctively. What was this? The head of Wanka had disappeared; the gigantic circular mass at the summit of his columnar neck was bounding down the mountain side like a thing of life. It hewed its way through timber and underbrush crashing fir and hemlock, whatever their girth, like matchwood.

The surface of the lake became like a raging ocean. Frail canoes were upset, their occupants hurled into the seething waters. Some struggled for the shore, some expired of fright. And down, down the valley came the fallen head of the god. Only one man stood erect facing whatever might befall. Bare headed, holding aloft the crucifix, his pale lips moving in prayer, the teacher of the gospel of peace implored the Almighty even yet to spare his flock. With cries and yells of fear the medicine men and wise women called on Wanka to complete his revenge, to continue in his might and crush out those who sought to undermine his power. It was all over in five minutes. The head of Wanka slackened up in its career. Slowly and more slowly it came, though none present realised it. Paralyzed with fear they could not move. They had no thought but one of terror; the Christians looked with new-found faith towards their God; the believers in the old religion realised the wondrous power of Wanka. But the career of Wanka's head was over. Within a foot of the Christian altar it came to rest—never more to be moved. Then up rose the converts and joining with trembling voices to that of their beloved teacher they sang "Gloria in Excelsis, Deo."

All that now remains in support of this old-time legend is the enormous boulder near the head of Devil's lake and the signs of its avalanche-like course down the valley. A nearby tree is marked with the sign of the cross. Yet ancient squaws, even in the twentieth century, tell the papooses when gathered in the tepee at night, the story of how the devil lost his head.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Consult the label on your paper and if your subscription to the Weekly Leader is not paid to Jan. 1907 you are in arrears. Owing to having recently installed modern machinery in order to facilitate the handling of all lines of printing and increasing the size of the paper, the management of The Leader would appreciate if all persons in arrears for subscription would pay up promptly. Remember all subscribers paying in advance will receive a handsome souvenir picture.

It is impossible to answer all subscription letters received at this time of the year but if the label on the paper reads Jan 06 it's an acknowledgment your remittance reached this office.

THE LEADER,
Subscription Department.

$3,000,000 FIRE IN CAPITAL OF SIAM

Chinese Trading Quarters in City of Bangkok Have Been Visited By Serious Fire.

BANGKOK, Siam, Jan. 8.—The Chinese trading quarters of Bangkok have been devastated by fire. It is estimated that the loss will amount to about $3,000,000. Bangkok, the capital of Siam, is situated twenty miles from the mouth of the Menan River.

Many of the houses are built on rafts, a single raft frequently supporting eight or ten houses. Part of the city, however, is of modern construction, having electric illumination and electric cars, while lines of street railway run in all directions. The business of Bangkok is largely in the hands of the Chinese, who are about as numerous as the native Siamese. Estimates of the population vary between 250,000 and 600,000.

A BONE LIBRARY.

"We are inaugurating the new year," said a medical student, "by starting a bone library, modeled on one they have in Paris. From now on, by paying $3 a year, a student at our college can take out two bones at a time from any portion of the human frame.

"It's a good idea, this bone library. In the past you had to buy your bones if you wanted to study them, and they were expensive, for the cleaning and bleaching processes are tedious and costly. Hence many students of anatomy had no bones of their own. Poor fellows, they couldn't afford so much as a wrist or a finger bone.

"As for the important bones, they were beyond the reach of nearly all. A good skull, you know, costs $30 or $40. A good skeleton costs $75 and more.

"But now we have a bone library, and every student will now work on his osteology with the bones right there before him. In and out of the library you will see us streaming—a studious, grave crew, one returning a parietal bone and taking out a sternum, another exchanging a radius for an ulna, a third bringing back a tibia and carting off a clavicle."

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All over in 5 minutes. Note harsh method. Leaves a clean cut. Cows give more milk; steers make better beef. Good for calves too young to B. Endorsed. Prices, $2 to $3. Sent

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is the Most Delicious and Refreshing Tea in the world. Perhaps you were shopping or calling today and went home tired out. Do you know that a cup of "SALADA" would have completely refreshed you? There is nothing quite as good as "SALADA" when one is weary either in mind or body.
AT ALL GROCERS. 40c, 50c, AND 60c PER LB.

GAVE AWAY "OLD OAKEN BUCKET"

How the Famous Song About the Old Well and Farm Was Written.

BOSTON, Jan. 8.—Cranberry picking on the "Old Oaken Bucket" farm, and most successful cranberry picking at that, kept the farmers' wives of Greenbush and Cohasset busy for a time before Christmas, and the famous old well has sunk into abeyance for the time being.

The old barn, the only building standing of the time of the poet, Samuel Woodworth, rang with the sound of voices and pit-pat of the berries falling. Women sorted them in huge trays—scores of women—and a man in an outer room turned a wheel that worked a separator.

Henry Worthey was there, Henry H. Worthey, whose father was Joseph Worthey, and whose grandmother took for her second husband the poet, Samuel Woodworth.

He is a tall thin man, with russet cheeks and kindly twinkling eyes, and he smiles more frequently than England folk are wont to.

"We's had a busy summer," he remarked. "There have been over a hundred people here in one day to see the well; and there was seldom a day went by but what there was one or more. They were from all over the country, and some of them from way off—England and the like—just to see the old well.

"My! I remember the time that the well wasn't so noted. We didn't even keep the old oak bucket. It just naturally got worn out, and it lay around loose for awhile. When I was a boy I remember seeing two of the slats hanging in the woodshed, and one day my father gave away one of the hoops to a neighbor who needed a hoop for a bucket of his, and another neighbor got the tail of the bucket, which he afterwards sold to a minister for fifty cents; so we have nothing of the original left, and there are thousand of people coming here to see it.

"If you could only tell just what was going to get noted you could be kind of careful of it, but how are you going to tell?"

Water is Famous

"That water is good water, even now it is noted all over the countryside. You'll notice that there is a path worn from the front gate to the well. Well, that's from the people just dropping in for drink on a hot day.

"Samuel Woodworth was born on this farm and he drank a lot of that water. He was in New York in 1877 one hot day in summer. That was when he was between thirty and forty, and he took up a glass of water to drink.

"When he put it down he said: 'That isn't like the water we used to draw from the old well, is it? I'd give a good deal for a drink of that water now.'

"And his wife said: 'Why Samuel, think that would make a real pretty piece of poetry; why don't you write something about it?' and he sat right down there and wrote 'The Old Oaken Bucket.'

"Samuel Woodworth has written a lot of things and some of them are just as pretty as that, I think, but there aren't any of them that make people remember him like that little poem he wrote that hot summer day in New York."

The well itself is of the old-fashioned variety, of the time of a hundred years ago. It has the great sweep and from it hangs a new oaken bucket, not moss covered, but discolored, as any wood becomes when constantly in dampness and water.

It lies snug to the side of the house uncovered, and with the trees of the orchard all about. The trees are leafless now, and the summer enthusiast of curiosities is not evident.

MEXICAN TRADE.

Canadians Can Get It By Sending Only the Best Goods.

Mr. W. A. Donly, Canadian Commercial agent in Mexico, advises any manufacturers who are really desirous of obtaining a foothold on that market, or indeed throughout Spanish America to make a careful study of the needs of the market rather than to convert so many people to the use of goods as supplied in the home market.

The foreign trade of Mexico last year was the largest on record and shows that the total imports of $11,325,000, 66 per cent, were drawn from the United States, whilst 68 per cent, of the Mexican imports, valued at $135,570,000, found their way to Uncle Sam's domain. In spite of this showing, however, there is an opening for Canadian trade in Mexico, which our people should encourage by filling orders with none but goods of the very highest quality. The Mexican government has added to its experiment in public ownership of railways, by taking over controlling interests in the Mexican Central Road. The government has made no radical change in the operation of the other lines that it already controls. Competent railway men have been left in charge and no attempt made to administer them as departments of the government, in the ordinary sense. Presumably the Mexican Central will be handled in the same way. The government system now totals some ten thousand miles.

NEW ZEALAND'S ANNUITY SCHEME

Socialistic Legislation Drafted by Seddon and Approved by His Successor.

MELBOURNE, Jan. 8.—Further particulars have reached here from New Zealand of the great thrift scheme and pensions fund initiated by the late Mr. Seddon, and now taken over by the new Premier, Sir Joseph Ward, and embodied in a bill laid before the Parliament at Wellington.

The schemes are to be administered by a national annuities branch of the existing state life insurance department, whose head is to be empowered to contract for the granting of deferred life annuities and annuity assurances. Annual payments are to be made from the colony's consolidated fund to the annuities account to provide subsidies on the following scale:

Per Cent of Premiums Paid—	
To unmarried persons	10
To married persons without children	12½
To persons with one child	15
To persons with two children	17½
To persons with three children	20
To persons with four children	22½
To persons with five children	25
To persons with six children	27½
To persons with seven, eight or nine children	30
To persons with ten, eleven or twelve children	32½
To persons with more than twelve children	35

The maximum annuity for which premiums will be subsidized is £156 yearly.

In addition the following extra subsidies will be paid under Sir Joseph Ward's bill:

	Per Cent
When insurer's earnings are under £156 yearly	5
Between £160 and £260	2½
Widow or widower	2½
When member of a friendly society	5
Bonus for persistency in depositing	2½

The following two examples are quoted: An unmarried man, earning £5 weekly or more, not a member of a friendly society, not "persistent," to per cent; a married man, with three children, earning 10s a day, gets a subsidy of 22½ per cent; if a friendly society member and is "persistent" in depositing, his subsidy will be 30 per cent.

Elaborate tables accompany Sir Joseph Ward's bill, setting out the amounts of pensions obtainable. Persons aged 30 years get, at 60 years, 3s 11d yearly, and an annuity of £1 12s 7d cash payment for every £1 deposited. There is a choice of deferred age payments—that is, when the annuities begin, which may be at 60, 65 or 70 years. A person aged 40 will get, at 60, for every £1 invested, an annuity of 2s 10d, or a cash payment of £1 17s 3d; at 65 years, 3s 11d, or £2 4s 3d, and at 70 years, 5s 6d, or £2 12s 7d.

EARL GREY SPEAKS ON STATE OF JAILS

Condemns Strongly the Confining of Young Prisoners With Hardened Criminals.

OTTAWA, Jan., 8.—Judge Ben B. Lindsay of Denver, Colo., addressed the Canadian Club tonight on "The Juvenile Court." Among those present were Earl Grey, some of the ministers of the Crown and the leader of the Opposition. Judge Lindsay spoke of the success which attended the working of the juvenile court in Denver.

Earl Grey, in proposing a vote of thanks to Judge Lindsay, said that he might be standing on thin ice if he gave his support to a proposition that might soon be debated in Parliament, but he trusted to see some of the principles which the judge advanced would soon ripple over the border.

There was, His Excellency said, a great reform to be accomplished in some of the Canadian jails, where there was now to be seen that which would make every self-respecting Canadian hang his head in shame. Young men were confined among criminals waiting their trial, and who, unless they were convicted, ought to be treated as innocent. Such things ought not to be allowed in a land of liberty.

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MAN WORTH BILLION LIVES IN ST. PAUL

Comparatively Obscure Man by Name of Weyerhaeuser Owns 50,000 Square Miles of Timber.

NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—There has been found a richer man than Rockefeller, and he lives in the United States, too. That a comparatively obscure man owning properties worth a billion dollars should be living in this country, silent, unexploited, and, generally speaking, unheard of, seems incredible in this day of newspaper publicity. To Charles Norcross, a well-known Washington correspondent, belongs the credit of having brought into the limelight the little known personality of Frederick Weyerhaeuser.

In the December number of the Cosmopolitan Magazine Mr. Norcross has an interesting article telling how the old man has gathered together the vastest fortune on earth—a fortune largely bound up in timber lands—and how the accumulation of this inconceivable estate has been made possible through a great national crime.

Frederick Weyerhaeuser is a recluse and his own business associates do not share his secrets. His home life in St. Paul is quiet and simple. Even to those who know him best he is a living puzzle, an enigma, a mystery.

Born in Germany in 1834, he came to this country as an immigrant, moved west and went to work as a section hand on a new railroad. He then got a job in a sawmill. Soon he owned the mill.

The rest of his life has been a slow, unceasing, steady grind of buying timber cheap, selling it at a profit, buying more timber, then acquiring still larger tracts by the methods which have lately led to so many scandals in this country. To-day the great forest tracts of the Northwest are his; he has more money than a million men of his tastes and desires could spend in a thousand years.

In his article in the Cosmopolitan Mr. Norcross says:

"There is nothing in this country growing in value by leaps and bounds like timber properties. The pinch is coming. The prodigal waste of years is creating a paucity of desirable timber tracts. The famine is not much yet; but in time, possibly within the next score of years, according to well-informed lumbermen, the real supply will be greatly diminished and prices will soar even more than they have in the past ten years. Weyerhaeuser is beginning to reap the fruits of his foresight.

If he lives twenty years longer and retains what he has today he will be wealthy beyond all computation. It is hardly necessary to be specified as to the increase in the value of timber lands, but just a couple of cases may be cited as instances, and for these instances J. G. Staats, editor of the Lumberman's Review, and one of the best informed lumber experts in the country is authority.

Valuable Pine Lands.

"According to Mr. Staats, one piece of yellow pine land, held ten years ago at a price of $75,000, is today unobtainable at $750,000. Another tract in West Virginia, covered with spruce and hemlock, and purchased five years ago at $12,000, was recently sold for $500,000. The cases might be continued indefinitely, but these two are cited simply to show he way the timber tracts have increased in value. They are in no way remarkable. Hundreds of others just as impressive could be given.

"In the lumber territory of Wisconsin, Minnesota and the upper Mississippi river district he has reigned for years undisputed. It is estimated by those who have studied Weyerhaeuser's widespread business interests that fully 30,000,000 acres of timber land are under his control—50,000 square miles, an area six times as large as the State of New Jersey.

"As to value, again one must speculate. It may be cited that recently the Weyerhaeuser interests sold one square mile in Thurston county, Washington, for $76,000—an average of nearly $120 an acre. Of course that was cream. It would be safe to say, however, that the land is worth close to a billion dollars—and it is increasing in value at a greater rate than any other public utility.

"With the recent revelations as to graft and the illegal methods used to achieve their eminence in the world of commerce, one naturally wants to know whether Weyerhaeuser and his associates have created this giant industry, organized a great trust and builded this monumental fortune with clean hands. Unfortunately not. Weyerhaeuser and his associates have done their part, just as Mitchell and many other men in the northwest did their part, in securing lands fraudulently. The game of homesteading and getting government land by fraud was just as familiar to the Weyerhaeuser interests as to others.

"Possibly Weyerhaeuser never personally conducted any of these illegal operations, but hundreds of thousands of acres taken in by his companies for timber purposes was stolen under the old and well-known formula. It is hardly worth discussing this, since the same practices for which Francis J. Heney is securing convictions in Oregon were practised by the Weyerhaeuser clique. It is not necessary to record, however, one of the most stupendous steals ever engineered in this country. It was done legally; there is no redress. It was the looting of the United States government lands worth probably $100,000,000. The scheme was engineered for the benefit of the Weyerhaeuser companies; and while others made millions, the Weyerhaeuser interests probably benefited more than anyone else."

PUBLICITY BUREAU.

MEDICINE HAT, Jan. 7.—The annual meeting of the Board of Trade was held today. The special committee appointed some time ago to canvass the citizens with a view to securing subscriptions for a publicity bureau, reported that they had met with the best of success. The council of the board was authorised to secure a secretary for a term of three years and secure suitable offices near the C. P. R. station.

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REGINALD RIMMER, Barrister, Advocate, Notary Public, formerly legal adviser to the Lieutenant Governor of the N.W.T., and of the Department of Indian Affairs. Scarth Block, Scarth St., Regina.

WM. TRANT, Barrister and Notary Public, Office—Smith & Fergusson Block, South Railway St., Regina, Sask. P. O. Box 492, Telephone 220.

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