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Blazed Trail Stories

Stories of the Wild Life

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

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THE SCALER.

Once Morrison & Daly, of Saginaw, but then lumbering at Beaulieu Lake, lent some money to a man named Crothers, taking in return a mortgage on what was known as the Crothers Tract of white pine. In due time, as Crothers did not liquidate, the firm became possessed of this tract. They hardly knew what to do with it.

The timber was situated some fifty miles from the railroad in a country that threw all sorts of difficulties across the logger's path, and had to be hauled from nine to fifteen miles to the river. Both Morrison and Daly groaned in spirit. Supplies would have to be toted in to last the entire winter, for when the snow came, communication over fifty miles of forest road would be as good as cut off. When could they trust among the lesser foremen of their woods force? When could they spare among the greater?

At this juncture they called to them Tim Shearer, their walking bow, and the greatest riverman in the State.

"You'll have to 'job' her," said Tim, promptly.

"Who would be hired at any price to go up in that country on a ten-mile trail?" demanded Daly, scornfully.

"Not one man," replied Tim, "an' I know where to find him."

He returned with an individual at the sight of whom the partners glanced toward each other in doubt and dismay. But there seemed no help for it. A contract was drawn up in which the firm agreed to pay six dollars a thousand, merchantable scale, for all saw-logs hauled at a railway to be situated a given number of miles from the forks of Cass Branch, while on his side James Bourke, better known as the Rough Red, agreed to put in at least three and one-half million feet. After the latter had scrawled his signature he lurched from the office, softly rubbing his hairy freckled hand where the pen had touched it.

"That means a crew of wild Irishmen," said Morrison.

"And that means they'll just slaughter the pine," added Daly. "They'll saw high and crooked, they'll chuck the tops—who are we going to send to scale for 'em?"

Morrison sighed, "I hate to do it. There's only Fitzpatrick who makes it go."

So then they called to them another of their best men, named Fitzpatrick, and sent him away alone to protect the firm's interests in the depths of the wilderness.

The Rough Red was a big broad-faced man with eyes far apart and a bushy red beard. He wore a dingy machine coat, a dingy black-and-white checked-damned shirt, dingy blue trousers, tucked into high socks and lumbermen's ribbons. The only spot of color in his costume was the flaring red sash of the voyageur which he passed twice around his waist.

When at work his little wide eyes flickered with a half-wild, wicked light, his huge voice bellowed through the woods in a torrent of imprecations and complaints, his splendid muscles swelled visibly even under his loose blanket-coat as he wrenched said only and savagely at some man's stubborn or obstinate brought his fist to the mart with irresistible impact. Then he would pick his victim from the snow, and kick him to the ground with a savage jest that raised a laugh from everybody—excepting the object of it.

At night he strolled back through the forest at the head of his band, shrieking wild blasphemy at the silent night, irreverent, domineering, bold, with a certain tang of Irish good-nature that made him the beloved of Irishmen. And at the end of the trail, the unkempt, ribald crew swarmed their dark and dirty camp as a band of pirates a galleon.

In the work was little system, but much efficacy. The men gambled, drank, fought without a word of protest from their leader. With an ordinary crew such performances would have meant slight accomplishment, but these wild Irishmen, with their bloodshot eyes, their ready fists, their equally ready feet, plunged into the business of banking logs with all the abandon of a carouse—and the work was done.

Law in that wilderness was not, saving that which the Rough Red chose to administer. Except in one instance, perhaps more severe than a beating there was none, for the men could not equal their leader in breaking the greater and lesser laws of morality. The one instance was that of young Barney Mallan, who, while drunk, maddened to horse so severely as to land him. Him the Rough Red called to formal account.

"Don't ye know that horses can't be had?" he demanded, singularly enough without an oath. "Come here."

The man approached. With a single powerful blow of a starting bar the Rough Red broke one of the bones of his ribs.

"Try th' lameness yourself," said the Rough Red, grimly. He glared about through the darkness at his silent men, then stalked through the door into the cook-camp. Had he killed Barney Mallan outright, it would have been the same. No one in the towns would have been a word the wiser.

On Thanksgiving Day the entire place went on a prolonged drunk. The Rough Red distinguished himself by rolling the roasting stove through the door into the snow. He was badly burned in accomplishing this delicate feat, but minded the matter no more than he did the admiring cheers of his maudlin but emulative mates. Fitzpatrick extinguished a dozen little fires that the cooks had started,

shifted the intoxicated Mallan's leg out of the danger of someone's falling on it, and departed from that roaring hell-hole to the fringe of the adobe forest. And this brings us to Fitzpatrick.

Fitzpatrick was a tall, slow man, with a face built square. The lines of his brow and mouth, and his jaw ran straight across; those of his temples, cheeks, and nose straight up and down. His eye was very quiet and his speech rare. When he did talk it was with deliberation. For days, sometimes, he would speculate nothing but monosyllables, looking steadily on the things about him.

He had walked in ahead of the team late one evening in the autumn, after the Rough Red and his devil had been at work a fortnight. The camp consisted quite simply of three buildings, which might have been identified as a cook-camp, a sleeping-camp, and a stable. Fitzpatrick entered the sleeping-camp, stood his slender scaling rule in the corner, and peered about him through the dusk of a single lamp.

He saw a round stove in the corner, a littered and dirty floor, bunks filled with horrible straw and worse blankets jumbled here and there, old and dirty clothes drying feebly. He saw an unkempt row of hard-faced men along the deacon-seat, reckless in bearing, with the light of the dare-devil in their eyes.

"Where is the boss?" asked Fitzpatrick, steadily.

The Rough Red lurched his huge form toward the intruder.

"I am your scaler," explained the latter. "Where is the office?"

"You can have the bunk beyond," indicated the Rough Red, curtly.

"You have no office, then?"

"What's good enough for th' man is good enough for a boss; and what's good enough for th' boss is good enough for any blank blanded scaler."

"It is not good enough for this one," replied Fitzpatrick, calmly. "I have no notion of sleepin' and workin' in no such an dirt. I need an office to keep me books and th' van. Not a log do I scale for ye, Jimmy Bourke, till you give me a fit place to tally in."

And so it came about, though the struggle lasted three days. The Rough Red stormed restlessly between the woods and the camp, delivering tremendous broadsides of oaths and threats. Fitzpatrick sat absolutely imperturbable on the deacon-seat, looking straight in front of him, his legs stretched comfortably apart, one hand supporting the elbow of the other, which in turn held his short briar pipe.

"Good-mornin' is ye, Jimmy Bourke," said he each morning, and after that uttered no word until the evening, when it was, "Good-night to ye, Jimmy Bourke," with a final rap, rap, rap of his pipe.

The cook, a thin-faced, shy man, with a

pendant for the Police Gazette, secretly admitted him.

"Look 'out for th' Rough Red; he'll do ye!" he would whisper hoarsely when he passed the silent scaler.

But in the three days the Rough Red put his men to work on a little cabin. Fitzpatrick at once took his scaling-rule from the corner and set out into the forest.

His business was, by measuring the diameter of each log, to ascertain and tabulate the number of board feet put in by the contractor. On the basis of his single report, James Bourke would be paid for the season's work. Inevitably he at once became James Bourke's natural enemy, and so of every man in the crew with the possible exception of the cook.

Suppose you lag a knoll which your eye tells you must grow at least a half-million; suppose you work conscientiously for twelve days; suppose your average has always been between forty and fifty thousand a day. And then suppose the scaler's sheets credit you with only a little over the four hundred thousand!

What would you think of it? Would you not be inclined to suspect that the scaler had cheated you in favor of his master? That you had been compelled by false figures to work a day or so for nothing?

Fitzpatrick scaled honestly, for he was a just man, but exactitude and optimism of estimate never have approximated, and they did not in this case. The Rough Red grumbled, accused, swore, threatened, Fitzpatrick smoked "Peeries," and said nothing. Still it was not pleasant for him, alone there in the dark wilderness fifty miles from the nearest settlement without a human being with whom to exchange a friendly word.

The two men early came to a clash over the methods of cutting. The Rough Red and his crew cut anywhere, everywhere, anyhow. The easiest way was theirs. Small timber they stripped large timber they sawed high, tops they left rather than trim them into logs. Fitzpatrick would not have the pine "laughtered."

(To be continued.)

At a meeting of the pilot commission yesterday, it was decided to instruct their counsel, Hon. C. N. Skinner and C. J. Ooster to appeal to the Supreme Court of New Brunswick against the decision of Judge McLeod in the matter of the Cumberland Railway & Coal Company vs. the Pilot Commission. This was the question of piloting fees on the company's coal barges to this port.

Butter!

Butter!

We have just received a large lot of very choice Country and Dairy Butter, in solid, lumps and one pound prints.

We are also agents for the Apur Vencer Co., and have in stock all the time a full line of their famous Peas, Macs, and Delivery Baskets. This is Peas season. Call and select your baskets.

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ANOTHER SCHEME TO BOOM

The Sale of Common and Weak Dyes.

Cheap-John Jewelry and Plated Ware.

For many years the Cheap-John jewelry and plated ware vendor pursued his calling in market places, at country and city fairs, and on the public highways. Today, owing to the business push of town and city life and ten cent stores, the gentleman referred to above has been driven out of sight and out of trade.

The false theory of "one dye for color, animal and vegetable productions" (advanced by some package dye makers) having failed to deceive our women and girls, a feast is spread, consisting of Cheap-John jewelry and plated ware, which the ladies are asked to pay for in cash, and the sending of a few empty envelopes to prove that they have tried the weak and poor dyes. Do not forget the terms ladies; "you must first buy and use the common dyes, then ruin your good materials, and lastly, send on certain sums of money before the Cheap-John jewelry is yours."

Just a few warning words:—For easy, safe and profitable home dyeing, you need package dyes of a high standard, not crude and weak dyes bolstered up with Cheap-John jewelry and common plated ware, which can always be bought at any city or town bargain store for less money than you are asked to send to package dye manufacturers.

Kindly remember that DIAMOND DYES guarantee at all times perfect results and large profits when used in the home. The DIAMOND DYES are of pure, so easy to use, that a little child who can read the simple and plain directions, can dye as well as her mother. No plated brass or pewter ware in connection with DIAMOND DYES; they sell on their merits, and give joy and pleasure to all who use them. Do not allow any dealer to offer you a substitute for DIAMOND DYES. Always see that the name DIAMOND PACKAGE DYES is on every envelope.

BRAVERY RECOGNIZED

David Dobbins Gets a Silver Medal for Helping to Rescue Shipwrecked Crew.

Tuesday in Boston, Mass. Wyndham, British vice-consul, presented to David Dobbins, formerly of the fishing schooner Fish Hawk, a silver medal for his gallantry in rescuing the crew of the Canadian schooner Swanhilda when that vessel was wrecked in the Bay of Fundy two years ago today.

The medal bears on the face the coat-of-arms of Canada and on the other side is the following inscription:—"To David Dobbins (seaman) for his gallant services in a dory in assisting to rescue the crew of the Canadian schooner Swanhilda when she was at sea the 28th of October, 1903."

Two other fishermen, Joseph King and William Mansfield, were associated with Dobbins in the rescue. The Swanhilda was leaking in the Bay of Fundy when her condition was observed by the three members of the Fish Hawk. Dobbins, Mansfield and King launched a dory, and after a hard battle they succeeded in rescuing the five members of the crew of the Swanhilda. About thirty minutes after the crew were rescued the Swanhilda sank.

The English vice-consul is endeavoring to locate Messrs. King and Mansfield to reward them.

God never calls a man to command until he has learned to obey.

KILLED BY EXPLOSION

Gas Plant Blew up and Edw. Duquette Went With It.

UTICA, N. Y., Oct. 25.—Edward Duquette, 27 years old, one of the proprietors of the Gas Plant at the head of Fourth Lake on Fulton Chain, was instantly killed last night by the explosion of a gas plant from which the hotel was lighted.

The lights failed soon after darkness and Mr. Duquette with a lantern in his hand went to the gas house, about 100 feet in the rear of the hotel to remedy the difficulty. As he opened the door there was an explosion which broke most of the windows in the surrounding buildings and which aroused every inhabitant, and caused the forest for miles around.

The gas house, a strong structure, was blown to fragments. It is said that when the plant was constructed, the discharge pipe was not extended outside of the plant and that accumulation of gas which ignited from the lantern when Duquette opened the door was due to this defect.

Duquette's home was formerly in Stanley Island, Ontario.

BOLD BURGLARS

MAKE BIG HAUL

Private Bank Robbed at Niagara and Much Money Stolen.

NIAGARA FALLS, Oct. 25.—The private bank of Harvey Hoag at Niagara was robbed early today by three men who took the precaution to cut all telephone wires entering the village before beginning their work. The manager heard the explosion which blew open the safe and fired several shots at the burglars without effect. The carriage used by the robbers was stolen. They are so hotly pursued by farmers and others that they were forced to abandon their team and take into the woods. It is not known how much money was stolen but was probably large as considerable of the proceeds of the sale of the season's crops had been deposited with Hoag. The safe was blown to pieces. Hoag, later found a hat in front of the bank containing \$2,800 in bills. Three thousand dollars in gold are missing.

"I never thought," said the connected lecturer, "that my voice would fill that hall."

"No," replied the leading man, "I thought at one time it would empty it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Why Gin Pills?

Gin Pills are called Gin Pills because each pill possesses all the curative qualities of one and a half ounces of the best Holland Gin. As a cure for Kidney trouble however, they have all of the good qualities of Gin, with none of its bad.

50 cents per box, 6 boxes for \$2.50. Trial box free if you mention this paper.

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One of the Greatest Inventions of the Age.

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It produces 20, 30, 100 copies on any paper from writing done with the type-writer, pen or copying pencil, in the quickest possible manner, and the copies are as good as the original.

PEN, PAPER and INK only required.

EASY TO USE.

For sale in St. John and district by Tully & Fairweather.

PENMAN & SPRANG, Manufacturers, Toronto, Canada.

If Subject to Salt Rheum

WHY NOT MAKE A THOROUGH AND LASTING CURE BY USING

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Many people write to tell us that they are attacked by salt rheum every spring and fall, and have been unable to obtain a cure.

Others write that they were formerly subject to salt rheum, but have been entirely cured by the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

If you are suffering from salt rheum, eczema or any form of itching skin disease, it is worth your while to make a test of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and you can do so with every confidence that the results will be instantly beneficial.

On the first few applications you may find the ointment a little severe, but this is necessary for proper cleansing of the sores so that the cure may be thorough. Use warm water and Packard's Tar Soap only as often as is necessary for cleansing purposes and apply Dr. Chase's Ointment plentifully.

Dr. Chase's Ointment has a world-wide reputation as a cure for the worst cases of salt rheum and eczema. It is not like experimenting with internal medicines when you use it, for you can see the benefit derived from day to day.

Mrs. John J. Delroy, Linwood, Antigonish Co., N. S., writes: "I want to say that Dr. Chase's Ointment has proven a great blessing to me. I had salt rheum on one hand and could not get it healed up. The itching was most distressing at times. Two boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment have cured me completely, and I gladly recommend it to every sufferer."

Wherever there is itching of the skin or a sore that will not heal Dr. Chase's Ointment can be used with positive assurance of relief and cure. 4 cent box, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

R. L. BORDEN IN TORONTO

OTTAWA, Ont., Oct. 24.—Messrs. Fielding, Broderick and Patterson were in Salt Lake City yesterday and from there they went to Denver. They will be in Chicago to-morrow, and it is expected will return to Ottawa at the end of the week.

APPEY'S

Used by the masses, who, unsolicited, certify to its worth

Tones the Stomach and Stirs the Liver to Healthy Action

EFFERVESCENT

Is Nature's Remedy for Tired, Fagged-out and Run-down Men or Women

If taken regularly contributes to Perfect Health, Makes Life Worth Living

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