

men less fit, physically, mentally, morally, than life in the fields, beneath a smokeless sky. Add to this the hooligan, who is being exported, along with the cottons and woollens of England, to stock the Canadian market, and he may well ask, is this not a clear case of community of interest, when all Canadians should join to keep these people out?

Mr. Bourassa's hooligan, like the Paris apache, and the New York gangster, is a by-product of city life. He springs from parents who have made a poor thing of their lives. He has failed to fit himself for factory work; and so he has drifted into petty crime. Take him all in all, he is not a desirable person, especially at nightfall. We respect his eccentric ability, we sometimes envy the romance of his life in the underworld; yet, somehow, we feel we cannot do without the police-force that controls him. But that is not Mr. Bourassa's indictment against him. The Nationalist leader looks to the future, to the time when his hooligan will endow Canada with (presumably) other little hooligans, who will be bad playmates for our children, and will lead them into evil ways.

Now this is precisely what the hooligan is least

likely to do. He made a failure in England; he may make a failure in Canada; but, take him all in all, he comes of a stock inherently sound, which should right itself under good conditions. The great rush citywards in England began about 1780. For one hundred and thirty years it has persisted; and it has been due mainly to the prospect of higher wages, which the manufacturer presented to the wretched peasant. It has attracted to the towns, not the dull and unambitious, but the venturesome; not the mentally weak, but those whose imagination was fired by this spark of hope. In themselves, those who have flocked and do flock to the towns are a finer stock than those who remain on the country side of England. Bad housing, bad drainage, and bad conditions of labour have made the modern hooligan. But England was consistent, in that she manufactured the hooligan, like everything else, out of the best material that she could get.

Acquired characteristics, whether they be bad physique or bad habits, if we may believe the biologists, are not inherited. They may be perpetuated by bad conditions of life: under good conditions they will disappear. This was a stock of

some value, which has lost its value through exposure. Canada can offer conditions most favourable to recovery. Canada can profit more than any country, by the brain and muscle of a good stock of men. Australia, whose situation is similar, has for many years refused to do so. Now her political leaders complain of under population. She has the resources, but she has not got the men. She could see no use for the hooligan.

London, Paris, New York, Toronto, all attract to them the best and the most enterprising men. All of them take from those men more than they give them. The nervous strain and the physical discomforts of the cities are not healthy. Toronto must deal with them; for the present, in spite of her versatile adviser, she can do little good by refusing admittance to his hooligan. The same conditions which produced him in England, or for that matter in France and in America, will produce him here. But if we can by some means reduce the strain, if we can abolish the discomforts; above all, if we can produce a stable industrial system, then we need not fear the hooligan, whether he be Canadian or foreign-born.

# Quarantine Camp

*Story of the Hard Lines of Life in a Gold Camp That Made Sark an Unheralded Hero*

By SAMUEL ALEXANDER WHITE

Author of "Empery," "The Wildcatters," etc.

THE toughest of the leathered stampedeers trailing up Dyea Valley by the aurora's light stopped and rubbed his eyes as if their keen vision had for once played him false.

"Oh, your lamps are alright, Sark," his grinning comrade assured him. "Yon's a golden-haired cheechako in the lead. Saw him break camp on the beach. Tons of baggage. All Indian-packed. Must have money. Just look at that outfit."

Sark frowned. "That's what I am looking at. He can bring all the luggage he can pay for, Bassett, but why in thunder does he want to pack a kid?"

"Eh? Kid?" Tom Bassett's body, bending under its forty-pound load, straightened like a released bow. He stared at the back of the nearest Indian buck. Strapped to that back, papoose-fashion, in a sheath of blanket was a boy of five or six. He had his head stuck out, peering at the huge bulk of Chilcoot mountain.

"Dad," he chirped, "isn't it a whopper?"

And "dad" dropped back at the ingenuous question, walking beside the lad's man-horse with one hand on the ropes of the blanket sheath. Tom Bassett and Eric Sark heard him explaining how they must climb old Chilcoot, going up by Canyon City and Sheep Camp to the steep of the Scales and on through the stormy Pass.

"Easy saying it," sneered Sark.

"Oh, he'll do it, Eric," Bassett declared. "At least, his money'll do it. All he's got to do is to shift his

feet. The bucks will 'tend to the baggage and the boy."

"What's his name?"

"Whose? The father's?"

"Blast the father! No! He ought to be shot for bringing him here. What's the kid's name? First name, I mean?"

"Don't know. Man's name's Challis. From the States, a fellow told me on Dyea Beach. Looks as if he came from the peachland part."

"Why didn't he leave the kid in the peachland, eh?" demanded Sark, fiercely.

"Widower, the fellow said. Widower without relations. No place to leave him."

"His wife's relations, then?"

"Aren't any."

"Huh! Aren't there friends and things? You know, Bassett, the Dawson Trail's no place for infants."

"Or peachland fathers," supplemented Tom. "But what you lagging about? What's griping you? Turning paternal, you big black gorilla?"

"Maybe so," Sark growled, and fell to his plodding again.

"Faster," urged Bassett, pulling his arm and swinging past the cheechako outfit. "Yonder's morning on the Pass. Want to be last through? It's none of our funeral anyway. We'll never see

them again. We'll be on Lake Linderman before they hit the Crater Lake Divide."

BUT Sark and Bassett did see them again. A late autumn gale was holding all the Linderman boats at the head of Bennett when two hired boatmen lined Challis' craft through the mile-long neck of bad water connecting the two lakes. In spite of warning and protest they pushed on. The wind blew a hurricane, but one boatman attending the sail and the other holding the steering sweep, they tacked into the teeth of the storm.

Sark and Bassett watched them, and Sark cursed Challis for his ignorant foolhardiness. And even while his anathemas rang, the sail split like a rifle-crack, the boat kicked round viciously, snapping the steering oar. Then they saw her tossed like a chip on a wave-crest to plunge bottom-up in the trough.

Sark turned upon his comrade a face as hard as the crater rocks. "Ever think such a mild, peachland man could be a murderer, eh?" he demanded in an awful voice. "He's drowned that kid. I told him he would. He told me to go to hell. Now where do you suppose he'll go himself?"

Bassett gave a start. "You've gone batty on that boy," he accused. "Hold on, Eric. You know an accident—"

"Accident!" roared Sark, in interruption. "Didn't we tell him?"

And with that he wheeled and dashed along the beach. Tom Bassett sprinted after, and a half-mile away they came upon the boat tossed high on the shore. It was still bottom-up, broken-backed, and battered. They set shoulders to it to heave it over. As it tilted back against the boulders, they both gave a cry.

Lashed to the seat amidships was the boy.

Sark's fury and violence of motion went from him suddenly. He stared helplessly, and it was Tom Bassett's hands that felt the beating of the heart and passed carefully over the limbs.

"Sound as a dollar," he announced, "but half-drowned. What he wants is the water shaken out of him and blankets and hot drinks. Here, lift! We got to run for the tent."

Half an hour after, the yellow-haired boy sat up in the hot blankets and between sobs sipped at the coffee which the men practically forced him to take. First grief was his. The first lesson of real life had been thrust upon him. Sark's rough heart was touched to the raw as he saw the child battle bravely with that grief. He forbore to speak much to him till he had cried himself out. Then he inquired his name.

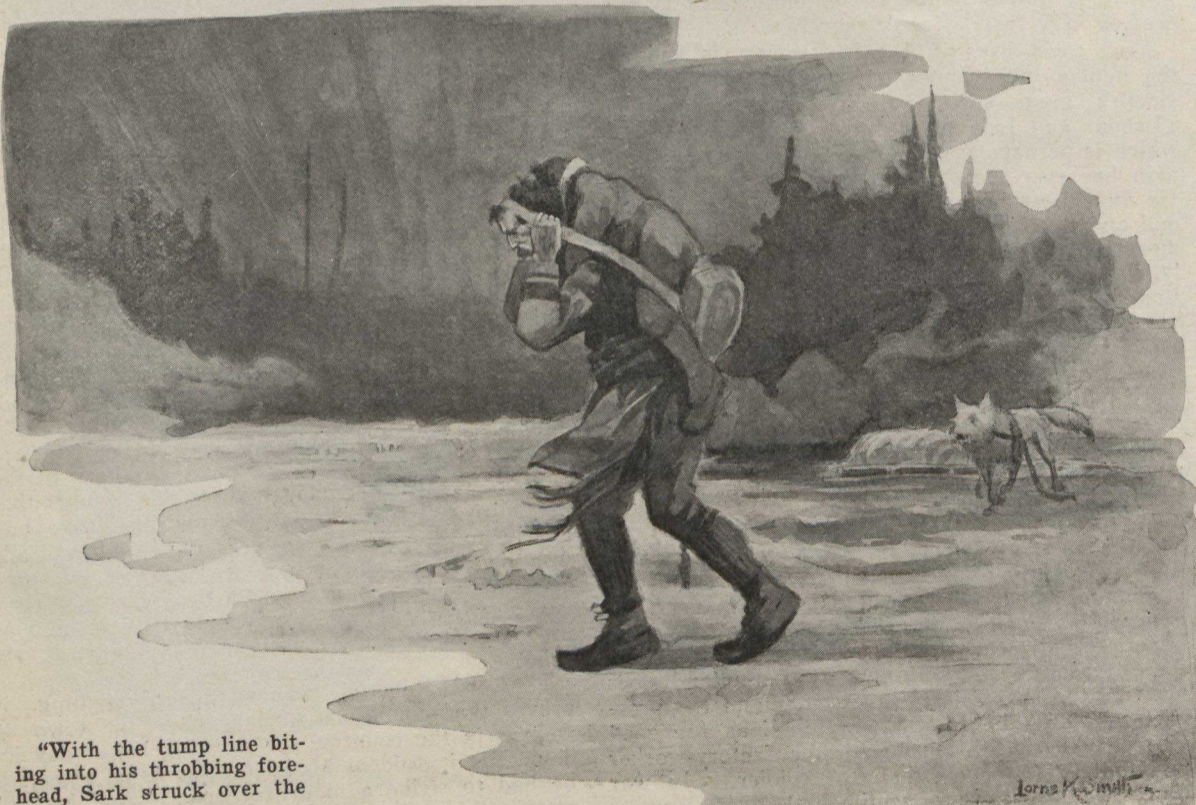
"Foam," was the answer, "Foam Challis."

"Isn't that a funny name?" asked Bassett, with an attempt at cheerfulness.

"Nickname," the boy replied. "Fomeley is the right name. Dad, you know, dad—"

He hesitated. The sensitive lips quivered. The blue eyes blurred. He, man-like, raised his coffee cup to hide his emotion. The partners heard his teeth click two or three times on the cup rim, but the spirit of him checked the tears.

"Dad—dad shortened it to Fome," he presently went on, "and the boys at school made it Foam for



"With the tump line biting into his throbbing forehead, Sark struck over the land."