

grade, eastward bound, compelled our location parties to seek easy ways across the watersheds, and it is hard to believe we are on the height of land from which waters flow to Hudson's Bay. At the Pitchpine and Marten Rivers we see the last of the southward bound streams, though curiously enough Lake Oscalaneo (Seagull Lake) empties away to the north into St. Maurice waters. Long, narrow lakes abound, spring fed and conveniently paralleling the line. The hills are growing less rugged; more muskeg, more placid streams. Railroading is easier here—the tangents are surely twice the average length of those along the St. Maurice, and only the contractors can regret the absence of the deep rock cuttings.

ALL is life about here just now. Ballast pits with those would-be human steam shovels, filling the hollow places, and adjusting the track to grade, keep the work trains and the hundreds of foreign labourers busy. Another few months and the host will have passed on. Other inhabitants than these transients there are few, and these few trace, in a more or less mixed strain, their ancestry to those who once ruled the forest. So far there are no settlers. Presently they will appear and transform these log cabins and tar-paper shacks into primitive farm-houses. For their convenience, station buildings are under construction, and the present resident engineers will have their names displayed for generations on the signboards of these cases. But imagine Kamiskamak becoming McCarthy! I suppose it will save much worry to the clerical staff of the Grand Trunk Pacific, but one hates to see the passing away of an indigenous nomenclature. But on to the ever-advancing "End of steel"! Long lines of boarding cars on temporary sidings welcome us. All during this construction these same cars have been the pioneers and their day is nearly done. A cook from Naples, a Florentine cookee, serve our supper along with the "steel gang," and we hasten on (via that wearying hand-car) towards the setting sun. Four miles more, and we find the last rays sparkling on the newest rails, and the outlook is a long, sandy stretch, broken at last by the low hills. Beyond that we know another crew have just stopped laying steel eastward. Still

four miles, on foot now, to Doucet, where everyone is waiting for the invaders.

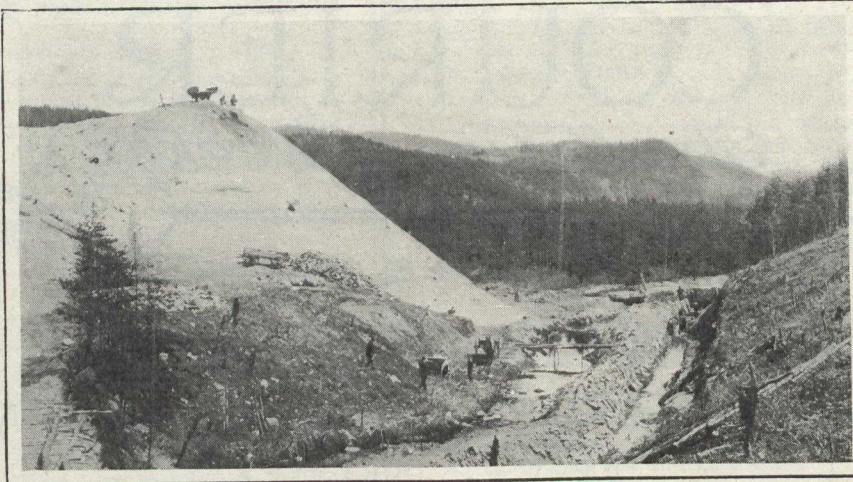
I leave it for the last time in its sylvan peace and take up my pack for the march toward Cochrane.

This stage begins with a delightful disappointment; a six-mile canoe trip is better than walking

and deep and is a valuable tributary to the Bell, which it joins.

My ears prick up at the hoot of a locomotive in the distance. Further advance shows that the last cutting is being completed, and it is only a mile to another.

The rest of the story is soon told, for Jim Cassidy was an old friend, and his gasoline car was just starting. Seventy miles that afternoon. The second Megiskan and Bell River flash by. Still there is muskeg in abundance, but I gradually realize that it is a transitional strip and prospects improve. At last we reach the place whose name has aroused my curiosity, Peter Brown. Peter, it seems, was a primitive settler of wide renown.



Hundreds of men worked on this tremendous fill at Waboose Creek.

and the Atik River is perfectly adapted. In fact, we could have gone much farther with an occasional portage, but at Canyon creek I left my good friend the engineer, and gave the grade more detailed inspection. First, I found fine sand; then came the muskeg. This is the beginning. I thought I had seen muskeg before, but I had not. They say that if it's on a clay subsoil it is good tillage. That is not the essential point. If, as in some of this country, there are not enough valleys along with artificial ditches, to give drainage—it will remain muskeg, with the suction of a devil fish. My trousers bear the marks of its reeking tentacles.

At last to the Megiskan. The Megiskan flows south at the eastern crossing and then turns north, and we bridge it again before it breaks away for the Bell River and James Bay. The eastern crossing marks the division between Districts B and C; it is the objective towards which steel is being laid from either end. A canoe brought me over and there was just a glimpse of fine rapid. The Megiskan is broad

will doubtless assist him with colonization roads and drainage ditches, and the excellent facilities for railroad transportation will make this location attractive. The advantage over the prairie is that the colonist can busy himself all the winter with turning his wooded lands to material advantage, which is not the case on the prairie.

The Harricaw crossing brings us some prospectors from north and south. Each has his own tale of joy or woe, but the former is retailed only into individual ears. It is most probable that there are great mineral deposits to be unearthed; who can foretell? Another Cobalt? A second Yukon? Why not?

We pass just to the north of glorious Lake Abitibi and rapidly now to Cochrane—the town of abundant faith, courage, and hope. Cochrane deserves the realization of its ambition.

The end of this story involves the tale of a tenderloin steak in the good King George at Cochrane. It was opportune.

When Justice Peeks

Off-Hand Observations of More Than Ordinary Interest to the Average Man

By BRITTON B. COOKE

THIS is not an accusation; it is a suggestion. I say: "How much does Pull have to do with the affairs of, for example, your local police court? With all the courts in which criminal cases are tried?" You may reply at once: "Nothing whatever!"

Very well, then. I could not prove you wrong unless you happened to make the denial on the part of the few particular cities I happen to know best, in this regard. There, Pull counts for much more than one might suppose. I will not say that, in itself, this Pull is altogether wrong, but it is mischievous and, what is more, I am loath to believe that the examples which have come to my attention are the only examples to be found, or that the cities in which they happened are alone in their weakness. You, in repudiating the suggestion, may be allowing your civic loyalty to quench your natural thirst for Truth, which is to some extent quite proper. For there may be times when loyalty is better than destructive truth; and you may be an excellent judge in such matters. But whether you admit or deny the possibility which I have intimated, it would be no less discreet for good citizens generally to keep an eye on the Pull and wire-pullers, particularly in the matter of Justice. Does Justice, in your city, peek, as it were, from under the bandage which you suppose covers her eyes? Can she, by her olfactory or other nerves, detect the presence of a friend in the dock or on the list of those who should be in charge of the police? Or does the Crown Attorney whisper to her when a friend of his, or a friend of a friend of his blunders into an unwilling policeman's arms.

This article does not refer to bribery. It is unthinkable and I think has never so much as been whispered against a Canadian court officer. Bribery has nothing to do with the situations to which I refer. But Justice may be cheated before the offender is actually brought to trial. There are many loop-holes between the issuing of a warrant and the prisoners' dock, and these avenues of escape open to certain influences: influence through lodge, through club, through outside political associations, through personal relationship. And this Pull is only a few steps from the pull which is based upon the exchange of money, and which, when we read of it in the United States, we call Bribery.

In a fashionable house in a residential district in

an eastern Canadian city, was a "poker joint." Across the road was the house of a man who had occasionally played a game in that house. It had seemed for a long time to be immune from the attentions of the police. On this certain day the local Crown Attorney, passing the doctor's house, dropped in for a visit, and as they looked out a front window together, admiring the day, the Crown Attorney chuckled:

"See that house over there?" he laughed. "There'll be some fun there in a while. It's a poker joint and we're going to raid it at eight o'clock."

"At eight!" exclaimed the other. Then, in another tone of voice, "I guess you don't know who's in there, Charlie?"

"No," replied the Crown Attorney, startled. "No. Who?"

"Why Jimmy —. He's been playing poker there for two days. You'll get him for sure."

"Phew!" exclaimed the Crown Attorney. "Where's the 'phone?"

The doctor led the way.

"Main 999!" ordered the lawyer. "Hello! Police switchboard? That you Jerry? Give me No. seven." (The police division in which the poker house was situated.) "Hello Seven. Sergeant, get me Inspector Perkins. That you, Inspector? This is Worrel. About that little visit we were going to make to-night . . . Yes . . . Well, listen: I don't really think we had better make it a clean-up—at least, not this time. Take your men in plain clothes and give them a scare. Tell them to shut up or we'll clean them out. But since we haven't given them any sort of warning before, don't gather anybody in. Just put the fear of the Lord into 'em; that's enough."

THE Inspector, who liked the Crown Attorney because he had helped him get his promotion, laughed. There was no raid. Both the lawyer and the doctor breathed a sigh of relief to think how narrowly they had averted trouble for Jimmy —, one of the "best scouts" in their acquaintance.

All things considered, there was nothing very wrong with what the Crown Attorney did. Most whole-hearted and red-blooded people will say that

he did just about what he ought to have done—what any "good head" would have done under the circumstances. The interests of the community at large were apparently served as well by warning the gamblers as by dragging them off in a dirty waggon to a dirty jail, and having them fined in the morning. Yet in principle was it safe?

FOR instance, the Inspector knew, just as well as the Crown Attorney, that the public prosecutor was sheltering a friend. Being a man with a sense of humour and a capacity for good fellowship himself, he admired the Crown Attorney all the more for it. But subconsciously he lost a little of his respect for the theory of the Law, and the next time that he, in the course of his duty, encountered a friend he thought less of letting him go. Even that was not dangerous.

But in that same city a white-haired man was called upon to account, one day, for monies which he had obtained from municipalities in another part of the province for the promotion of, let us say, a mining project in their vicinity. The project had collapsed and the white-haired man said, wearily, that there was not enough to complete the work. The country people alleged that there had been misappropriation. It was difficult to get the matter taken up by the Attorney General's department. There was not any evidence, the department objected. The man was undoubtedly crooked and had made away with the people's money, but there was no use taking any action, for it was one of those difficult cases where you could prove nothing. Better let it lie, thought the department.

But the pressure of public opinion grew very strong and the Attorney General saw that departmental objections were useless. He arranged for an investigation by a committee of the Legislature. For some reason or another the committee delayed and delayed, and when finally it was ready, the supposedly crooked promoter was found to be ill. When he recovered he had to go to Hot Springs, Va., to recuperate, and when he came back, his memory was very poor, respecting the affairs of his mining enterprise. He had lost some of his papers. Men openly sneered at his evasions; the public seemed satisfied that the man was guilty. Finally, essential papers were missing and the whole case was on the