



THE OFFICERS' HOME AT FORT ST. JAMES.

where, made up mostly of dead salmon and discarded dugouts. Among these melancholy phenomena, small Indian warriors play and crooning mothers rock babies on their backs.

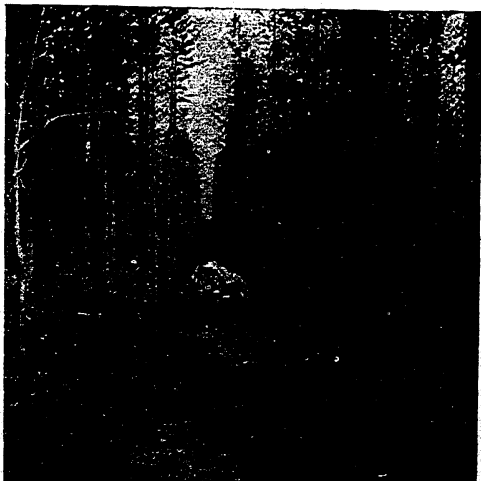
We will not, however, stop here with the natives, but take a look at the fort itself, that which makes the life of the place and which brought it into being. Once inside the enclosure, one feels the privacy of the place, especially so in summer, when there is no trapping and hence little trading. The place looks almost deserted. The store occupies the centre; around the yard and joined to the high fence are the officers' houses and warehouses, massive buildings of logs, squared, mortised and calked with mud. A warm gray covers all except the yellow, sunburnt grass. Turning around and looking northwest, a superb view out over Stuart's Lake terminates many miles away with a line of blue mountains dotted near their summits with snow. Back of the fort the bush encroaches even to the fence itself.

I have found that few people realize the significance or extent of the Hudson Bay Company. Incorporated in 1690, it has had a wonderful career as a trading institution. A huge monopoly at one time, paying its stockholders

big dividends, it has now taken a place among business enterprises as a gigantic country store which takes its pay in skins instead of dollars and cents. When one knows that it covers territory from the Atlantic to the Pacific seaboards, from the Arctic to our boundary line, that its steamers are

plying up the great rivers and its ships crossing the ocean, that it supplies all the wants of practically all the Indians of the Dominion, one's respect for such a power rises.

The life here as concerns the officers in charge and their families, if there happen to be families, is not, as might be imagined, a lonesome one. I was surprised one day after dinner to be ushered into a billiard room, where stood a table of regular size. I found it had been brought in sections in a scow all the way from civilization. To be sure the room was small, but that difficulty was overcome by using cues of diminutive size



THE LONG TELEGRAPH TRAIL.