



When you see "The Unloved Wife," that gripping and dramatic sensational success in three acts, which comes to the Aylmer Opera House for one Night Only, Thursday, January 5th, 1922, you will know what to tell HIM.

### The Blazed Trail

Continued from Page Seven

and direct. The taciturnity of his mood redoubled in thickness. He was less charitable to failure on the part of subordinates. And the new firm on the Ossawinamakee prospered.

#### CHAPTER XXXV

Five years passed. In that time Thorpe had succeeded in cutting a hundred million feet of pine. The money received for this had all been turned back into the company's funds. From a single camp of twenty-five, with the horses and a short haul of a half-mile, the concern had increased to six large well-equipped communities of eight to a hundred men apiece, using nearly two hundred horses, and hauling as far as eight or nine miles.

Near the port stood a mammoth sawmill capable of taking care of twenty-two million feet a year, about which a lumber town had sprung up. Lake schooners lay in a long row during the summer months, while busy loaders passed the planks from one to the other into the deep holds. Besides its original holding, the company had acquired about a hundred and fifty million more, back near the headwaters of tributaries to the Oss-

awinamakee. In the spring and early summer months, the drive was a wonderful thing.

During the four years in which the Morrison & Daly Company shared the stream with Thorpe, the two firms lived in complete amity and understanding. Northrop had played his cards skillfully. The older capitalists had withdrawn suit. Afterwards they kept scrupulously within their rights, and saw to it that no more careless openings were left for Thorpe's shrewdness. They were keen enough business men, but had made the mistake, common enough to established power, of underrating the strength of an apparently insignificant opponent. Once they understood Thorpe's capacity, that young man had no more chance to catch them napping.

And as the younger man, on his side, never attempted to overstep his own rights, the interests of the rival firms rarely clashed. As to the few disputes that did arise, Thorpe found Mr. Daly singularly anxious to please. In the desire was no friendliness however. Thorpe was watchful for treachery and could hardly believe the affair finished when at the end of the fourth year the M. & D. sold out the remainder of its pine to a firm from Manistee, and transferred its operations to another stream a few miles east, where it had acquired more considerable holdings.

"They're altogether too confounded anxious to help us on that freight, Wallace," said Thorpe wrinkling his

brow uneasily. "I don't like it. It isn't natural."

"No," laughed Wallace, "neither is it natural for a dog to draw a sledge. But he does it when he has to. They're afraid of you, Harry: that's all."

Thorpe shook his head, but had to acknowledge that he could evidence no grounds for his mistrust.

The conversation took place at Camp One, which was celebrated in three states. Thorpe had set out to gather round him a band of good woodsmen. Except in a pinch he would employ no others.

"I don't care if I only get in two thousand feet this winter, and if a boy does that," he answered Shearer's expostulations, "it's got to be a good boy."

The result of his policy began to show even in the second year. Men were a little proud to say that they had put in a winter at "Thorpe's One." Those who had worked there during the first year were loyally enthusiastic over their boss's grit and resourcefulness, their camp's order, their cook's good "grub." As they were authorities, others' performance had to accept the dictum. There grew a desire among the better class to see what Thorpe's "One" might be like. In the autumn Harry had more applicants than he knew what to do with. Eighteen of the old men returned. He took them all, but when it came to distribution, three found themselves assigned to one or the other of the new camps. And quietly the rumor gained that these three had shown the least willing spirit during the previous winter. The other fifteen were sobered to the industry which their importance as veterans might have impaired.

Tim Shearer was foreman of Camp One; Scotty Parsons was drafted from the veterans to take charge of Two; Thorpe engaged two men known to Tim to boss Three and Four. But in selecting the "push" for Five he displayed most strikingly his keen appreciation of a man's relation to his environment. He sought out John Radway and induced him to accept the commission.

"You can do it, John," said he, "and I know it. I want you to try; and if you don't make her go, I'll call it nobody's fault but my own."

"I don't see how you dare risk it, after that Cass Branch deal, Mr. Thorpe," replied Radway, almost brokenly. "But I would like to tackle it, I'm dead sick of loafing. Sometimes it seems like I'd die, if I don't get out in the woods again."

"We'll call it a deal then," answered Thorpe.

The result proved his sagacity. Radway was one of the best foremen in the outfit. He got more out of his men, he rose better to emergencies, and he accomplished more with the same resources than any of the others, excepting Tim Shearer. As long as the work was done for someone else, he was capable and efficient. Only when he was called upon to demand on his own account, did the paralyzing shyness affect him.

But the one feature that did more to attract the very best element among woodsmen, and so make possible the practice of Thorpe's theory of success, was Camp One. The men's accommodations at the other five were no different and but little better than those in a thousand typical lumber camps anywhere on both peninsulas. They slept in box-like bunks, filled with hay or straw over which blankets were spread; they sat on a narrow hard bench or on the floor; they read by the dim light of a lamp fastened against the big cross beam; they warmed themselves at a huge iron stove in the centre of the room around which suspended wires and poles offered space for the drying of socks; they washed their clothes when the mood struck them. It was warm and comparatively clean. But it was dark, without ornament, cheerless.

The lumber-jack never expects anything different. In fact, if he were pampered to the extent of ordinary comforts, he would be apt at once to conclude himself indispensable;

#### TREASURER'S SALE OF LAND FOR TAXES

Town of Aylmer, County of Elgin, Province of Ontario, to Wit:

By Virtue of a warrant issued by the Mayor and under the seal of the Corporation of the Town of Aylmer to me directed, bearing date the 28th day of September 1921, commanding me to levy upon and sell the lands mentioned in the following list for arrears of taxes and costs, due thereon, I HEREBY GIVE NOTICE, if such arrears of taxes and costs are not sooner paid I shall proceed to sell by Public Auction the said lands or so much thereof as may be necessary for the payment of the said taxes and costs at my office in the Town of Aylmer on Thursday, the 12th day of January 1922, at the hour of three o'clock in the afternoon.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the list of lands for sale for arrears of taxes is being published in the "Ontario Gazette" on the 8th day of October 1921, and that copies of the said list may be had at my office—Town Lot Number 13, North on Sydenham Street East in the Town of Aylmer, containing One-Quarter of an acre more or less. Years: 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920. Taxes \$50.44. Costs \$35.00. Total \$85.44.

H. E. ARMSTRONG, Town Treasurer  
Treasurer's Office, Town of Aylmer, September 28th, 1921.

#### IN THE SURROGATE COURT OF THE COUNTY OF ELGIN

In the Matter of the Estate of William Roloson, late of the Township of Bayham, in the County of Elgin, Yeoman, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to R. S. O. 1914, Chap. 121, Sec. 56, and amending Acts (if any), that all persons having claims against the Estate of the said William Roloson, who died on or about the Fifteenth day of September, A. D., 1921, are required to send by post prepaid or to deliver to Cicero McConkey, Straffordville, Ontario, R. R. No. 1, the Administrator on or before the Twenty-fifth day of January A. D. 1922, their names, addresses and description and a full statement of particulars of their claims and the nature of the security (if any) held by them duly certified and that after the said day the Administrator will proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased among the parties entitled thereto having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have notice.

Dated this 12th day of December A. D., 1921.

CICERO McCONKEY, Administrator  
Straffordville, Ont., R. R. 1  
By W. HAROLD BARNUM, His Solicitor.  
12-15-22-29-1-5.

whereupon he would become worthless.

Thorpe, however, spent a little money—not much—and transformed Camp One. Every bunk was provided with a tick, which the men could fill with hay, balsam, or hemlock, as suited them. Cheap but attractive curtains on wires at once brightened the room and shut each man's bedroom from the main hall. The deacon seat remained, but was supplemented by half-dozen simple and comfortable chairs. In the centre of the room stood a big round table over which glowed two hanging lamps. The table was littered with papers and magazines. Home life was still further suggested by a canary bird in a gift cage, a sleepy cat, and two pots of red geraniums. Thorpe had further imported a washerwoman who dwelt in a separate little cabin under the hill. She washed the men's belongings at twenty-five cents a week which Thorpe deducted from each man's wages, whether he had the washing done or not. This encouraged cleanliness. Phil scrubbed out every day, while the men were in the woods.

Such was Thorpe's famous Camp One in the days of its splendor. Old woodsmen will still tell you about it, with a longing reminiscent glimmer in the corners of their eyes as they recall its glories and the men who worked it. To have "put in" a winter in Camp One was the mark of a master; and the ambition of every raw recruit to the forest. Probably Thorpe's name is remembered to-day more on account of the intrepid, skillful loyal men his strange genius gathered about it, than for the herculean feat of having carved a great fortune from the wilderness in but five years' time.

But Camp One was a privilege. A man entered it only after having proved himself; he remained in it only as long as his efficiency deserved the honor. Its members were invariably recruited from one of the other four camps; never from applicants who had not been in Thorpe's employ. A raw man was sent to Scotty, or Jack Hyland, or Radway, or Kerlie. There he was given a job, if he happened to suit, and men were needed. By and by, perhaps when a member of Camp One fell sick, or was given his time, Tim Shearer would send word to one of the other five that he needed an axeman or a Sawyer, or a loader, or teamster, as the case might be. The best man in the other camps was sent up.

So Shearer was foreman of a picked crew. Probably no finer body of men was ever gathered at one camp. In them one could study at his best the American pioneer. It was said at that time that you had never seen logging done as it should be until you had visited Thorpe's Camp One on the Ossawinamakee.

Of these men Thorpe demanded one thing—success. He tried never to ask of them anything he did not believe to be thoroughly possible; but he expected always that in some manner, by hook or crook, they would carry the affair through. No matter how good the excuse, it was never accepted. Accidents would happen, there as elsewhere; a way to arrive in spite of them always exists, if only a man is willing to use his wits, unflinching energy and time. Bad luck is a reality; but much of what is called bad luck is nothing but a want of careful foresight, and Thorpe could better afford to be harsh occasionally to the genuine for the sake of eliminating the false. If a man failed, he left Camp One.

The procedure was very simple. Thorpe never explained his reasons even to Shearer.

"Ask Tom to step in a moment," he requested of the latter.

"Tom," he said to the individual, "I think I can use you better at Four. Report to Kerlie there."

And strangely enough, few even of these proud and independent men ever asked for their time, or preferred to quit rather than to work up again to the glories of their prize camp.

For while new recruits were never accepted at Camp One, neither was a man ever discharged there. He was

merely transferred to one of the other foremen.

It is necessary to be thus minute in order that the reader may understand exactly the class of men Thorpe had about his immediate person. Some of them had the reputation of being the hardest citizens in three States, others were as mild as turtle doves. They were all pioneers. They had the independence, the unabashed eye, the insubordination even, of the man who has drawn his intellectual and moral nourishment at the breast of a wild nature. They were afraid of nothing alive. From no one, were he chieftain or president, would they take a single word—with the exception always of Tim Shearer and Thorpe. The former they respected because in their picturesque guild he was a master craftsman. The latter they adored and quoted and fought for in distant saloons, because he represented to them their own ideal, what they would be if freed from the heavy gyves of vice and executive incapacity that weighed them down.

And they were loyal. It was a point of honor with them to stay "until the last dog was hung." He who deserted in the hour of need was not only a renegade, but a fool. For he thus earned a magnificent licking if ever he ran up against a member of "Fighting Forty." A band of soldiers they were, ready to attempt anything their commander ordered, devoted, enthusiastically admiring. And, it must be confessed, they were also somewhat on the order of a band of pirates. Marquette thought so each spring after the drive, when, hat-tilted, they surged swearing and shouting down to Denny Hogan's saloon. Denny had to buy new fixtures when

they went away; but it was worth it.

Proud! It was no name for it. Boast! The fame of Camp One spread broad over the land, and was believed in to about twenty per cent. of the anecdotes detailed of it—which was near enough the actual truth. Anecdotes disbelieved, the class of men from it would have given it a reputation. The latter was varied enough, in truth. Some people thought Camp One must be sort of hell-hole of roaring, fighting devils. Others sighed and made rapid calculations of the number of logs they could put in, if only they could get hold of help like that.

Thorpe himself, of course, made his headquarters at Camp One. Thence he visited at least once a week all the other camps, inspecting the minutest details, not only of the work, but of the everyday life. For this purpose he maintained a light sleigh and a pair of bays, often, when the snow became deep, he was forced to snowshoes.

During the five years he had never crossed the Straits of Mackinaw. The rupture with his sister had made repugnant to him all the southern country. He preferred to remain in the woods. All winter long he was more than busy at his logging. Summers he spent at the mill. Occasionally he visited Marquette, but always on business. He became used to seeing only the rough faces of men. The vision of softer graces and beauties lost its distinctness before this strong hardy northland, whose gentler moods were like velvet over iron, or like its own summer leaves veiling the eternal darkness of the pines.

He was happy because he was too busy to be anything else. The insist-

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It is difficult to recall an attraction which has created such a stir as has "The Unloved Wife," that sensational, dramatic success in three acts, which comes to the Aylmer Opera House, January 5th, 1922. Presented by Dan Conrad.



## The easy way to buy Christmas Gifts

"I have all the money I need for Christmas." Can you say this to-day? Have you enough to buy all the presents you planned, and have them as nice as you expected?

If you can't do this, this year, make sure of it for the Christmas of 1922 by joining our "Christmas Club."

Anyone can join. Wouldn't you like to be "flush" this time next year?

Of course you would—and you can be by joining our "Christmas Club."

<p><b>Even Payment Classes</b></p> <p>In which the same amount is deposited each week for 50 weeks</p> <p>25c. weekly totals . . . \$12.50 50c. weekly totals . . . 25.00 \$1.00 weekly totals . . . 50.00 \$2.00 weekly totals . . . 100.00 \$5.00 weekly totals . . . 250.00 \$10.00 weekly totals . . . 500.00 \$20.00 weekly totals . . . 1000.00</p>	<p><b>Increasing Payment Classes</b></p> <p>In which increasing amounts are deposited each week for 50 weeks</p> <p>1c. and increase totals \$12.75 2c. and increase totals 25.50 5c. and increase totals 63.75 10c. and increase totals 127.50</p> <p>You can join several classes if you wish</p>
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Aylmer Branch . . . . . J. A. McKellar, Manager

## The MERCHANTS BANK Christmas Club

## AUTO MOVIES

(BY ELGIN GARAGE)



**The chances are your battery wouldn't die an early death if we inspected it occasionally.**

**If you wish to save money and avoid annoyance let us look after your battery.**

**Bring it in for Winter Storage**

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