

THE SILVER CAVERN

(By Anna T. Sadler.)

It was a very nice old house where I lived in my boyhood. Its principal door opened from under broad eaves, on a quaint garden, separated from a grove of beautiful shade trees by a lattice fence. Above this door was the window of my room, whence I could look down on all that was passing. This was not much, for the life was calm and uneventful in that little American town. Outside my window was a lamp, the rays of which shone upon me as I lay broad awake in my bed, thinking "the long, long thoughts" of boyhood.

"Into the town had come, of late, a man who much excited the curiosity of the people, and especially, of course, of us children. We feared him, and yet he attracted us, and we flocked around the door of the shop wherein he carried on the modest trade of blacksmith. But at times he forsook this employment and wandered about through the country.

Some said that he was not quite right in his mind, others, more superstitious, hinted at witchcraft, which, of course, was downright folly. There was nothing extraordinary about the man's apparel, through he seemed to be a foreigner of some sort. He was usually dressed like an ordinary workman, but in his eyes and face there was a mysterious something as if he were forever seeking some object beyond the ken of those around him.

I shall never forget the thrill which ran through me when I was told one summer afternoon that he was in our garden. It was a still afternoon, full of the hush that goes before a storm, the trees turning their leaves backward, the aspen quivering, the wind sighing through the grove hard by, as though it were sighing for an impending misfortune.

We all hurried to the porch, my grandmother, my mother, father and myself. I kept well in the background, peering over my grandmother's shoulder, however, with keen interest. The man had come inside the garden gate, and was upon his knees on the ground, rooting among the grass and weeds. He did not perceive us at first; his back was turned, and he was intent upon his work, muttering audibly to himself. My father would have called out to him, but my grandmother, restraining him by a gesture, herself addressed the man in her mild speech:

"What is it you want in our garden?" He turned and looked at us, with a light in his eyes and a feverish eagerness in his manner amazing to behold. "I am seeking," he said, "seeking; and these," he held up the weeds in his hand, continuing to speak in his foreign sounding voice, "these are earth. They are of no use to you. I do you a service by ridding you of them."

"That is true," said my grandmother, "but it does not explain your presence in our garden."

"I will tell you," he cried, with the manner of one who suddenly took a desperate resolve. "For you are old and wise, and will bid these others be silent. I am seeking the Silver Cavern."

"He is mad," said my father, in a low tone to my grandmother. The man caught the words, low as they had been spoken.

"I am not mad," he cried, with an expression of face and an energy of utterance that caused me to retreat, with beating heart, into the house.

"And I tell you, proud gentleman, that I am half convinced the Silver Cavern is under your ground."

"What is the Silver Cavern?" asked my father, authoritatively. "Your account of it may explain your trespass upon my property, which you know is forbidden by law."

The word law seemed to have a terrifying effect upon him. He rose suddenly from the ground, his hands joined as if in supplication.

"Not the law! oh, no," he said, advancing towards us. I will tell you all. But first, is there anyone about? Let us go where we may be secret."

My grandmother, who was always supreme in authority, was inclined to humor the man. "Excuse me if he be distraught," she whispered, "it can do no harm to hear his story."

"Alas! she little guessed what mischief would be wrought by that concession. We all went into the morning room, wherein the sun, carefully excluded by Venetian blinds, remained without as a besieging commander, eddying arrows of light through the slinks at the cross-barred lintel upon the floor and the blue delf in the glass-fronted cupboard, not even sparing the picture of "George Washington taking the Oath of Cornwallis," which hung over the chimney-piece.

My grandmother, before permitting the man to speak, opened a little corner cupboard with keys which she carried in a great pocket, and gave the stranger a glass of cowslip wine and a slice of cake. He took both so ravenously that it seemed as though he had not eaten nor drunk for some time. While he enjoyed this refreshment we all sat round and waited. A Dutch ancestor of ours, from this frame, seemed to wink drolly at me and almost upset my gravity. But still I was interested, fascinated by the words "the Silver Cavern."

"Know," said the man, fixing his eyes upon my grandmother, "that in my boyhood I met once, in the heart of the Catskills, an old, old man, gray-bearded and white-haired. He was bent with age and drawing near the end of life. I chanced to do him service, and in return he told me that somewhere in the heart of New York State was situated a silver cavern. It had once been the hiding place of pirates, long before the time of Washington. They were supposed to be Danes of Northmen, who had hidden

great treasures there. Only one had seen the place, and with this one the old man told me his father had conversed. He declared that the entrance to the cavern was near the gate of an ancient garden, and consisted of a door with an iron ring in the center."

"I thrilled all over at this description, for our strange guest grew excited as he talked, and seemed to see the gray-beard relating to him this wondrous story. I saw, too, that my elders were impressed by it. My father, as if impatient of interruption, cried: "Go on."

The stranger did so in the following terms: "The old man told me that all his life he had pursued this Silver Cavern as a phantom, and that now, having lived to the age of fourscore and ten, he was dying without a glimpse of it."

"Did he mention what it was like?" asked my father.

"Yes, honored sir; the man with whom his father had conversed had once descended into the cavern."

"If, so, why did he not make use of the knowledge?" asked my father.

"Because of a mortal illness which speedily ended his career. The walls of that subterranean place were of massive silver, shining like the sun; the chairs and tables were of the same material, while lamps of the costly metal burned aromatic oils. Bars of massive silver lay piled around with various articles of rare workmanship and of great value. Documents there were of curious characters, which, could they be deciphered, told perchance of other treasures or secrets precious to the learner. But these, even in the time of that gray-beard's father, were ready to crumble into dust from age, with the other things of perishable nature which the cavern contained. But the silver remained uncorrupted, and shone as it had done for ages."

"But how could you know this tale to be true?" asked my father.

The old man had some particulars thereof in writing, which he gave to me. He produced them from an inner pocket and offered them to my father, who, taking them, put still another question:

"What leads you to suppose that this fabulous place is underneath my garden?"

"From information in those very papers," said the man.

While my father cast his eyes over them I remained in a fever of excitement. Now had this man lent a new and wonderful interest in our garden, which hitherto had known no other treasures than sweet williams and bachelor's buttons, marguerites, prim carnations and cinnamon pinks standing in still rows, looked down upon by the roses, which in June over-weighted the bushes, while sorrowful pansies stared up at them reproachfully with their dark eyes. These were all, save a few simples which my grandmother grew herself, and out of which she made fearful decoctions, which in case of illness I was compelled to swallow, or sweet-tasting wines of which we got a few sips from her rare old wine-glasses. I grew pale with the wonder of it, while my father said:

"This man's written account seems accurate, and yet I can not believe in the existence of this place; but we shall look into the matter, and, remember, if it be found underneath my land it is mine."

"Sir," said the stranger, his eyes flashing as he drew himself up with dignity, "that will be for your honor to decide. I have confided my secret to you, because you say you are good and just. Madam here is old and wise, the youthful lady sweet and gentle. They will tell you that if the cavern be found there it will be enough for all."

"What the man says is true enough," said my mother, speaking for the first time, half timidly. "These treasures, long hidden in the earth, must, if brought to light, enrich many."

My grandmother was strangely silent, her eyes fixed thoughtfully upon the tiles of the great Dutch fireplace, unused now in summer and filled with fragrant growth.

"Why do you not speak, mother?" said my father, turning to her with that deference which a parent in those days received.

"I am thinking, my children," she said slowly, "of the old man, who spent fourscore years and ten seeking this phantom and finding it not. Let us not imitate him. Bid this stranger go his way, and seek that other treasure which shall not fail us, which rust can not consume, nor thieves steal."

"We were awe-stricken by her manner. "I see I have depressed you," she said, smiling her rarely sweet smile, "but the time for another harvesting comes close to me, and no treasures of this earth, though it be what they say, can fix my mind. I see clearly now with the eyes of old age, dim to earth, but keen for what is beyond, that there is but one treasure worth the seeking. That is the store of good works, which, by the grace of God, grows daily."

"The stranger moved impatiently. It was plain that he scarcely understood her meaning, for he was not of our faith at all. "May I continue to search in your garden?" he said, arising.

"Mother," said my father, "if you will permit me so far to disregard your advice, I will give him this permission. But, my good man, if sought be discovered, you must apprise me."

"I solemnly swear to you that I will do so," said the stranger, "and I repeat once more that, so faithfully does your garden correspond to the description given in the paper, I believe it to be the place."

He bowed with a certain grace, first to my grandmother, to my mother, and to us both. Then he withdrew.

"Have a care," said my grandmother, addressing my father, but looking past him to me; "do not begin the pursuit of phantoms."

After that the stranger was frequently seen in our garden. The servants, though they knew the uncanny reports about him in the neighborhood, believed at first that he was engaged in gardening. He came early in the morning when the dew lay thick upon the grass, and often on moonlight nights he was at work. Starting from sleep, I heard him shoveling and scraping. Once or twice I arose, and partly by the moonlight, partly by the light of the lamp near my window, I saw him busied below. I usually crept back into bed with a shiver, for these nightly visits of his terrified me unaccountably.

Still I did not wholly escape the influence of this strange visitor. Even when my father had become satisfied

that it was a chimera, something which a dreamer had dreamed, or, if existing, would never be discovered, I still hoped, I used to be awake and think what I would do if chance should reveal to me that shining cavern, and to what use I should turn the treasures contained there. But it was not, indeed, the wealth which so fascinated me. It was the adventure, the mystery, the delight, which charmed me. What if some glorious day, groping among the weeds and flowers, I should come upon that iron ring, and go down, down into the wonders of the cavern! In the daytime, when the stranger was not there, I went out and crawled upon my hands and knees about the garden beds and paths, till the servants began to whisper among themselves. They believed that I was bewitched by the terrible man from the forest, and trembled when they caught sight of him.

Sometimes I arose early and went out to meet the man and converse with him, learning fresh details of that enchanted place, which he tries to convince me under the very earth we trod. He usually varied eloquently in depicting the glories of that underground treasure house, his eyes glowing and his face shining, until my brain was on fire and my heart possessed by the single idea of finding the Silver Cavern.

I neglected my studies and lost my prizes at school. I was severely reprimanded by my father, rebuked by my gentle mother, and summoned to solemn interviews with my grandmother. On these occasions she tried to make me see that, perchance did I even discover the century-old booty of sea rovers, it might bring me not happiness, but misfortune; and she reminded me, in her wise, calm way, of that treasure whereof she had spoken, that each moment's patience each prayer, each kindly act, each movement of self-control, was increasing to proportions greater far than my thoughts could imagine. I listened, and was impressed, but, like the children of Hamelin into unknown depths, the siren voice of the stranger lured me on.

There were times when he refused to speak, and cast withering glances of distrust at me. Noting my eager manner and my ever-increasing devotion to his idea, I think he suspected that I had obtained some clew which I was hiding from him.

One moonlight night, believing that the garden was empty, I crept cautiously down. The lattice of the fence was repeated in bars of moonshine upon the sward, the paths were shining, a strange peace was over all, so that for a moment I regretted the fever that had seized upon me, and wished that I had never heard of the Silver Cavern. My flesh began to creep, too, when I recalled the tales whispered by the servants that this stranger was a sorcerer or had sold himself to the devil. In the daylight I ridiculed these idle stories, but now in the cold light of the moon, under its indescribable mystery and enchantment, I was filled with a sudden dread. What if this man was an emissary of Satan seeking my soul? Still I did not retreat. Casting all thoughts behind me but that of finding the Silver Cavern, I flew to a dark corner of the garden hitherto unsearched, and began to scratch furiously at the earth.

I was so engaged when I felt a strong hand upon my shoulder and the touch of cold steel at my head. I turned in affright, and there with malice on his face, which in my excited state I thought was Satanic, stood the stranger.

"Ha! ha!" he said, "young serpent, I have caught you. You would keep some knowledge from me. Reveal the secret or I will shoot you where you stand."

I faced him boldly as I might, though I was shaking in every limb from the double fear of his sudden appearance and his threats.

"I have found nothing, as God is my witness," I said solemnly.

He forced my chin upwards till, by the light of the moon, he looked straight into my eyes. "It must be that you speak the truth," he said, letting go of me; "the young cannot lie like that."

He dropped the weapon too, and his head sank upon his breast in profound thought. But when I would have stolen away he restrained me by a gesture.

"Not yet," he said, "till I have thought my thought out."

It was a fearful experience. I remember it yet with a shudder. The eyes of the man, half crazed as I now believe him to have been, fixed upon me threateningly, his face ghastly pale in the moonlight. I was still upon my knees, staring up at him, not knowing how it might end. Perhaps when he had thought his thought out, he would kill me. I murmured a prayer, and with new courage I waited.

The ear-piercing scream which I had at first given, and of which I myself was unconscious, had aroused the household. Presently my father, with two or three of the servants, came running along the garden paths. The stranger, with a quick glance of terror, fired his weapon into the air, and, climbing the fence which separated the garden from the high-road, had disappeared in an instant.

Nor did we ever see him again. Neither was he met with in the surrounding country. The blacksmith's shop was deserted. But by common consent we all avoided the garden after nightfall lest that sinister presence should be lurking there. It seemed as though the Silver Cavern or some other subterranean place had swallowed him up.

I was sent away to a distant school that other scenes might erase that wondrous image from my mind. I returned after some years to find in the peace of the old garden some of the treasures that had charmed my childhood. I looked upon its quaint beauties with a new eye, and I was thankful to find that the unrestful thought of the buried treasure had no power to disturb me.

In after years I gained influence by the ordinary method of steadiness, hard work and perseverance. I trust that I made some poor efforts, too feeble and unworthy though they might be, towards the amassing of those other treasures spoken of by my grandmother, who was long since gathered to her fathers, in an ancient cemetery overlooking a tranquil bay.

But occasionally, in soft twilights or under the light of the moon, I recalled that dream of my youth, and wondered if any seeker should ever find and explore the Silver Cavern.

MARTYRS' SHRINE

Correspondence in Orillia Times, Between A. F. Hunter, Barrie, and Rev. A. E. Jones, S.J., Archivist of St. Mary's College, Montreal.

(Continued from last Week.)

It goes without saying that Mr. Hunter had read all this. Yet, with consummate assurance, and that assumption of superiority which characterizes his whole "circular letter" from start to finish, he dictatorially laid it down as an inflexible dictum which all must accept on his individual and unsupported judgment, and none gainsay under penalty of passing for irrational, "that the records left by the early Jesuits distinctly tell us (according to any rational interpretation of their words) that the position of St. Ignace was three miles nearer than this place (The Martyr's Hill) to Ste. Marie on the Wye!"

A TERMINOLOGICAL INEXACTITUDE.

It was not enough to travesty the few precious records remaining to us, and which furnish all the information we have relating to St. Ignace II., but after insinuating, to put it mildly, that no use had been made of them in determining its position, he would have your readers believe, Mr. Editor, that "the sole point which led to the 'thorough convincing' above mentioned was the shape of the ground, but even in this particular quite mistakenly, for the term 'fosse profonde' has a distinct reference to a channel or trench surrounding the village and not to a 'peak' in relief, or flat-topped eminence, such as the one he chose."

What is the "point," the "shape of the ground," which led to the "thorough convincing?" Was it "Green Veranda" the sole point for Jack? I should like to know if Mr. Andrew Hunter really beguiled himself to the extent of imagining that he alone read the Archaeological Report for 1902. I understand fully that it is not snatched up as eagerly by the promiscuous reading public of the Strand or Munsey, or other attractive or diverting magazines, but it is read by those, and they are not a few, who take a warm interest in Canadian history and archaeology.

How, after making such an assertion, Mr. Hunter will be in the future able to look them in the face is inconceivable, if like other men he be conscious of a reputation for veracity and fairness to sustain. This is the man who would pose as the censor of historical and archaeological error, and lead those much-to-be-pitied people, led astray by the glowing newspaper account of the Shrine, back into the paths of truth. The ditch, it is to be feared, is not far off.

THE BLIND LEADING THE BLIND.

"Fosse profonde" (with an acute accent over the e) is not simply a channel or trench. It is here used as a term in the art of fortification, and under this heading it signifies: "Entourer d'un fosse (dort), to moat." (Spiers and Surenne's Dictionary, N.Y., Appleton, 1862); "fosse (acute accent over the e) (Fort) moat." (Clifton and Grimmaire's Dict., Paris and London, Garnier Bros. and Hatchette & Co., latest edition.) Nor is it here an ordinary moat or ditch dug by the hand of man, for it is qualified in the text, "qui (i.e. la place) estoit entourée d'une palissade de pieux, de la hauteur de quinze a seize toises, et d'un fossé profond, dont la nature et d'un fossé profond fortifié ce lieu par trois costez, etc." (Rel. 1649, p. 10, col. 2, Quebec edit.). The Cleveland edition (vol. 34, p. 122), has "pines" instead of "pieux." The phrase literally translated should read: "Which (place) was surrounded with a stockade of posts (or pine trees) from fifteen to sixteen feet in height, and by a deep moat, wherewith nature had powerfully fortified the place on three sides, etc." To be "powerfully fortified by a deep moat" implies more than a trench, and as it was nature's handiwork it would

ence should be lurking there. It seemed as though the Silver Cavern or some other subterranean place had swallowed him up.

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of necessity take the shape of a deep ravine."

Mr. Hunter facetiously informs us no doubt in his capacity of expert, that the "fosse profonde" has a distinct reference to a channel or trench surrounding the village and not a "peak" in relief, or flat-topped eminence. In answer to this, I might retort and ask him if he ever saw a valley without a hill? But surely he must credit even the poor, ordinary non-expert with enough intelligence to see a difference between a hill and a hole in the ground. A peak is a pointed summit, and is nowhere mentioned in my paper in connection with St. Ignace II. It is a suggestive interpretation of Mr. Hunter, which, judging by his context, he would have his readers believe found place in the report with which he finds fault. On page 93 of this report, the ideas as well as the words are properly translated thus: "and encircled by a deep depression (in the land), with which nature had powerfully fortified the place on three sides."

Now a moat supposes an escarpment, a steep descent or declivity, a precipitous side of any hill or flat-topped eminence, and the deeper the depression or ravine the higher the plateau. Bressani (p. 255), in his description adds strength to the expressions used by Ragueneau: "Son site et les fortifications, que nous y avons fait faire, le rendaient impenetrable, due moins pour des sauvages." Its position and the fortifications which we caused to be constructed there, rendered it impregnable at least for savages. To contribute in any fair proportion to the impregnability of a stronghold, the exigencies of such a site would call for a depression and corresponding eminence of unusually large lines, and the fact mentioned in the deep moat was limited to three sides only differentiates it from any other commanding position lying in the proper direction and at the clearly determined distance from the Old Fort on the Wye. When Mr. Andrew Hunter shall have discovered such a site it will be time enough to think of changing the position of the shrine.

A COMPETENT PERSON CORRECTS A BLUNDER. Mr. Andrew Hunter continues: "I am well aware Rev. Father Jones suggests that the occupation of St. Ignace II. was too short to leave any traces of ashbeds is too absurd to need dwelling upon at any length." Really? But what seems so absurd to him has been deemed a very cogent argument by others, even by General John S. Clark, who, as the main authority relied on in determining the scene of Jogues' massacre, is admitted by Mr. Hunter to be an expert. In his letter of May 18, 1905, the General says: "On receipt of Mr. Hunter's identification of a site of St. Ignace II. in the township of Tay" (p. 21 of his monograph), I criticized his conclusions as inconsistent with the facts inasmuch as the remains show an occupation of at least several years, while St. Ignace II. was only occupied about one year."

The supposed site mentioned on p. 21 by Mr. Hunter, is the farm of Chas. E. Newton, Esq., west half of Lot 1, concession 6, Tay. So, "the unwarrantable claim" that is, that few traces of occupation would be found at the real site of St. Ignace II., on account of the short time it existed, was, after all, according to a duly accredited and certified expert, not "too absurd to need dwelling upon at length" by Mr. Andrew Hunter, nor was it "too ridiculous to merit serious attention." Much less was it "like the device of a theorist, etc., etc.," for Mr. Andrew Hunter would not dare to use these amenities of language, these tactfully chosen expressions, in speaking of General Clark, whom, with good reason, he proclaimed a competent judge.

As to the fact of its brief occupancy, our expert confidently asserts "It is not stated anywhere how old the Indian village (St. Ignace II.), was." Had Mr. Andrew Hunter taken the trouble to read up thoroughly the early documents he would not have committed himself to this historical inaccuracy.

HELPING HIM OUT. The Hurons of St. Ignace I., on account of two disasters that befell their braves, the first of which occurred towards the end of the winter 1647-1648 (see Rel. 1648, p. 49, col. 2, Queb. edit.) and the second a few days after, moved to a new site, St. Ignace II., nearer to the Fort of Ste. Marie I., where they thought they would be more out of the reach of the Iroquois (Id. p. 50, 2 col. 2, p. 51, col. 1). This removal consequently took place not earlier than February, 1648, nor later than the date of the Relation, i.e., April 16, of the same year. (Relation 1648, p. 45, 1 col.). St. Ignace II., fell into the hands of the Iroquois March 16, 1649, and was utterly destroyed. So at most it existed for one year.

Yes, and in this short space of time it was fortified by means of a palisade fifteen or sixteen feet high; but this was the result of combined efforts of Hurons and Frenchmen. Bressani implies as much: "Son site et les fortifications que nous y avons fait faire." (Martin's Translation, p. 252). The number of Frenchmen present in Huronia in 1648, not counting Father Daniel, killed that year, was sixty-four, eighteen of whom were missionary priests, four lay-brothers, twenty-three donnes four boys, eight soldiers who had come up that spring, and seven hired servants. The names of all but fourteen of these are on record. Needless to say that the little colony was amply provided with tools and implements. And as for the supposed impossibility of planting posts it does not exist. Last summer I spent three months on the hill-top and speak from experience. Willing hands would take but a comparatively short time to overcome whatever difficulties were to be met with,

and for the bulk of the Huron members of the village community, it was a question of life or death. They were not on the lookout at that juncture for a sandy hill, but for a commanding position in the immediate vicinity of fertile lands for their corn patch. These conditions made the Campbell Farm, the present Martyrs' Hill, an ideal site.

POST-HOLES OR NO POST-HOLES, THAT IS THE QUESTION. Moreover, among the Huron-Iroquois tribes, palisades were sometimes constructed without post-holes. Mr. Andrew Hunter cannot plead ignorance to this since in his paper entitled "National Characteristics and Migrations of the Hurons, etc.," read before the Canadian Institute, Sept. 25, 1891, he quotes in a footnote (p. 1) from Rev. W. M. Beauchamp's "Early Indian Forts in New York," where the author says "and in the stockades, post-holes were not always used." In such cases cribwork within the enclosure was resorted to, which, filled with stones and covered with earth, especially in the bastions, formed the terre plain of the breast-work. A donne, named Jean Guist, was in 1648 the head-carpenter in Huronia, another, Pierre Tourmente, the head-mason, and a lay-brother, Louis Gauthier, the blacksmith. With skilled craftsmen to direct the gangs of French and Indian workmen, the plans of the Jesuit missionaries, who had a fair knowledge of fortifications, could not fail to be carried out systematically and with dispatch.

TALK FOR EFFECT. Mr. Andrew Hunter talks glibly, throughout his several pamphlets, of distinct traces of palisade lines, and pronounces magisterially that this village site was so fortified, and that other was not. Now, though I was supposed to have a smattering of the art, since I taught the rudiments of castramentation, field-works and permanent fortification, in the early sixties, I unblushingly confess that, in spite of my over-willingness to see, I have not yet come across, either in Simcoe or Grey counties, any unmistakable, certain signs left of palisading, with the exception of the line of outworks at the Old Fort, ruthlessly obliterated a few years ago. And had it not been that palisades were so often mentioned in the old records, one could hardly vouch, without rashness, that they had ever existed. Of course, on visiting a given site we may note how admirably adapted it was for such a system of defence, and without our mind's eye, trace out the lines which the enclosure should naturally have followed. But it is a long cry from this asserting that we see undeniable trace of palisading.

Notwithstanding what I have just said, I can confidently point out, at the Martyrs' Hill, the position and outlines of two bastions at the very least, and the angles of the flanks with the curtain. The ground has been ploughed over and over again, cobbles to no end have been carted away, and yet these outlines are visible. The line of the curtain coincides, quite fortuitously, with a drill, but need not be confounded with it. On the whole, I venture to say, that these unobliterated vestiges will compare more than favorably with anything Mr. Andrew Hunter can instance anywhere in the whole country.

WHY JOB WANTED HIS CENSOR TO WRITE A BOOK. But why waste so much valuable time, not to mention the ink when "writing fluid" fit for a fountain pen is not easily obtainable? Have we not the authority of a "persona grata," a competent person, a self-constituted judge in such matters, a lire expert, who will decide the knotty questions, in very precise terms? Listen please to what Mr. Andrew Hunter has to say in the matter of palisades (see his Monograph on Medonte, p. 66), after having gone over carefully the townships of Tiny, Tay and Medonte.

"Some villages were doubtless palisaded, but no traces remain of embankments, and it would require much examining with the spade to find the palisades of any particular site," let me interrupt and add; and it would require much more examining with the spade to decide that no palisade existed at any particular site. Mr. Hunter continues: "This was not attempted by the writer in any case!"—one moment again, please. Surely, Mr. Editor, this cannot be. In his letter to your paper, he told us—did he not?—that traces of the palisade lines at the Martyrs' Hill ought to be easily discovered at the present day, if they really existed there, but they do not." You may suggest, Mr. Editor, that Mr. Andrew Hunter explains, perhaps, in what follows. Let us see. "But palisading may often be inferred from the position of the site on an isolated hill or on a spur. We cannot think the precaution of selecting a naturally fortified position would be taken without the construction of the palisade itself." Did Mr. Andrew Hunter really write this? He did, on the same page, 66, of his pamphlet on Medonte, and immediately after he

(Continued on page 7.)

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