

# THE INVERTED PYRAMID

BY Bertrand W. Sinclair  
Author of "North of Fifty-three"

(Continued from last issue.)

"The first fifty years of holding Hawk's Nest was altogether a pretty lively affair. But they kept right on the job. In '59 gold was found in the Cariboo and people rushed into B. C. by thousands. The Hudson's Bay monopoly was broken. B. C. became a Crown colony. We got title to our land. Grandfather began to operate in timber. Confederation with the Dominion took place in '69 or '70, in my father's time. There have been lots of changes in this country since old Roderick came. But we're still here."

"You can quite truthfully say that you belong to one of the first families, eh, Rod?" Laska bantered.

"Oh, well," he replied carelessly, "that's sheer accident. Nothing to be cocky about. I didn't have any hand in the big doings."

"Still, it's something to live up to, don't you think?" she inquired seriously.

"Perhaps. I don't know that it's on the cards for me to carry on any particular tradition. Neither myself nor Phil. We're superstitious, in a way. Of course we belong to the family, and all that sort of thing. But we're only younger sons, after all."

"I don't quite understand," Laska wrinkled her brows. "What difference does that make?"

"Quite a lot—to us," Rod grinned amiably. "You see, the original Roderick had certain notions about money and property. He laid down as a working principle for his heirs that the estate should never be divided and partitioned out to each generation. He said that the bulk of it ought to remain compactly in one inheritance, for the benefit of everybody concerned. He made various suggestions as to how this should be carried out, but the main one is that the home place and the bulk of the holdings shall pass into control of the eldest son. We've proceeded always on that basis. Grandfather, in fact, when it came his turn, converted the estate into a corporation. The control is always vested in the eldest son. He owns the shares and carries on the management. Seventy per cent of the net income goes to him. The other thirty per cent of revenue is equally divided among the rest of the children, whether there's one or a dozen, and is paid to each for life as each attains his majority."

"Grandfather is really the king of the castle. He's eighty now and I don't suppose he can last much longer. The governor is the active manager. When the governor goes out, Grove takes over the whole works. He'll live here. His children will probably be born here, and his oldest son will be expected to carry on in the usual manner. It's a pretty well-established family custom."

"What do the younger sons do?" Laska inquired.

"The girls naturally get married and go away with their husbands. But the younger sons?"

"Oh, we generally stick around," Rod said casually. "But once our schooling is completed, we are at liberty to do what we please. There's usually a lot of opportunity in connection with the family affairs. We own a lot of lumber and land along the coast. When a younger son wants to set up elsewhere, a vine and fig tree he has to 'I see," Laska looked thoughtful. "It's something like the old English way of entail."

"Yes, except that it isn't a law. Merely a custom. You might call it a family tradition. Any generation could depart from it, if they wanted to."

"They stood for a minute looking at the dull red of the tile roof showing through the trees."

"Shall we walk around a bit?" Rod asked. "Or shall we go and have a game of tennis before dinner?"

"Let's walk. I hate tennis when it's hot," she said frankly.

"They closed the iron gate behind them and lounged along under the trees."

"What became of the 'Hermes'?" Laska asked suddenly.

"Went to the boneyard long ago," Rod replied. "Next time you're up in the library look in that big glass case by the east wall. You'll see old Roderick's charts and navigating instruments, sextant, chronometers, so on. The ammic and compass is on the 'Haida'—some of the old metal fittings, too. The old 'Hermes' was all oak, brass, copper and bronze. Her figurehead stands in a corner of the hall. You noticed it?"

"The wooden figure of a battered Neptune? I didn't know what it was," Laska confessed.

"Across the lawn as they strolled, there came presently a man in flannels. When he came up to them it turned out to be Phil."

"The governor wants you, Rod," he said. "They're making medicine in the library. I'll look out for Miss Wall. You'd better look out for yourself, Rod answered with brotherly impudence. If he had dreamed how close he came to the mark with this youthful attempt at repartee, Rod would assuredly have kept silence. It was there any one of the blood for whom Rod had a genuine and fish affection, it was this tall brother who stood smiling down at Laska all. In the very nature of things Rod would not know that he had just placed Laska's hands a weapon to be used—unconsciously—against his brother, that anything he could say or do should conceivably tilt the uncertain scales of a woman's decision. So he turned at his own sally and strode away toward the house, whistling "Hey, hey, Cope" and wondering carelessly why they were making medicine and what his father could want of him so late that Phil had been sent to command his attendance. So far as Rod was concerned, his father's intentions were usually conveyed in the trim-hority that was seduced by the

quy under that roof who had so clear a vision of all that had preceded him, and so faint a comprehension of his future. The normal youngster of that age is sagely forward-looking. He has no retrospect. He is full of impatient hopes, dreams, desires, whenever he lifts his eyes beyond the absorbing present. Rod deliberately refrained from lifting the curtain of the future. When he went beyond the engrossing moment, he looked backward over the history of his country and family which were so closely knit, and he saw all the great adventures, the exciting struggles, the foundation-laying and the slow purposeful upbuilding, as something which had become a finished process before he was born. He would spend hours mooming over his great-grandfather's journal and feel a pang of regret that he had not lived in those quickening days. They were gone. The land was tamed. The Chilikofins would never again come raiding with the sea otters were vanished along with the men who hunted them. The trading vessel, square-rigged or fore-and-aft, had given way to the steam tramp. From Land's End to the Strait of Juan de Fuca was a twenty-day voyage instead of thirty weeks. Law, order, custom molded men now. The frontiers were charted and surveyed. What was the use of being born with a spirit that chafed against the dull certainties of a world in which everything was known, defined, reduced to a formula? The world that Rod knew was like the Norquay family—static! So he summed it up. All the great deeds done, or at any rate the necessity, the spur of doing remove beyond him. Those silent shores to which Roderick Sylvester Norquay sailed with Vancouver in 1792 were cluttered with grubby towns, marked off into private areas for individual exploitation. Those inland seas which they had explored and charted were speckled with vessels in the lumber trade, the coal trade, coastal transport, fisheries. The forests were falling under the axes of ten thousand loggers. There was only the adventure, the struggle, the arid business of making money. And no Norquay had a vital need of doing that. Their forefathers had attended shrewdly to the acquisition of land and timber when it could be had for the taking. The Norquays did not need to make money. They had it. It came rolling in to them. They could sit still or play; it was all one. Static! That was the term Rod used.

That a capacity for thinking about such things in such fashion was scarcely by the normal intellectual equipment of an eighteen-year-old youth did not occur to Rod. He had the singularly unboyish quality of hoarding his thoughts, of living very much in a reflective world of his own, which he shared with no one; which indeed he sedulously masked from every one he knew, unless it was Mary Thorn. Even to Mary he permitted only shy, stray glimpses of what sometimes crowded his brain, as a concession to her confident belief in him, her conviction that the most fanciful thing he could utter was at least worth consideration merely because he saw fit to give it utterance. Whereas any groping effort to encase an abstraction in words served only to bring an amused look to the collective faces of his own people. His father would lift heavy eyebrows in polite surprise. Grove would laugh coarsely. Even Phil would look a little puzzled, a little bored. Rod knew. He seldom made such experiments in self-expression. But his mind would concentrate with burning eagerness on a great variety of things. And sometimes his conclusions saddened him without his knowing why.

This decree of banishment from Hawk's Nest in midsummer provoked him to sullen pondering in the quiet of his own room. He recognized authority, obedience as an observed tradition in that house. It was not the fact of his being bundled off to a university that troubled Rod. He had looked forward to that as a necessary and perhaps delightful experience. It was the snap judgment which hastened the date of this mental discipline—as if it were a penalty inflicted on him for an offence—as if he were a small child caught with his fingers in the jam pot.

So Rod, sitting with his elbows on the window sill looking out on the Val-de-Rance streaming full flood between Tadez and Big Dent, seeing the glassy green incline and the white flash foam, wondered irritably why his father saw fit to penalize him, to warn him in that offensive, suggestive manner

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In the city of Belleville, Ont., on June 16, 17, 18 and 19, the 149th anniversary of the arrival of the first United Empire Loyalist in the Bay of Quinte district was celebrated with interesting pageants and ceremonies. Many descendants of these loyal pioneers participated. It was in September, 1783, that five ships carrying Loyalists sailed from New York via the St. Lawrence River, to settle in the Quinte district. Wintering at Sorel, they arrived at their destination in the following summer. They made homes for themselves in the virgin forests, and laid the foundation for the busy towns and cities and the prosperous agricultural areas of today.

Our illustration shows in the upper left-hand corner, Lieut.-Col. S. S. Lazier of Belleville, President of the U. E. L. Celebration Corporation. In the upper right-hand corner, General Sir Wm. Otter of Toronto, a vice-president; below him, Sir Hugh John Macdonald, K. C., of Winnipeg, also a vice-president. Sir Hugh is the son of the late Sir John A. Macdonald, Canada's first Confederation Premier, whose early home in the Bay of Quinte district is also shown.

**GOOD SHOT**

Our King is one of the best shots in the world, and his horsemanship is second only to his shooting. His third and fourth hobbies are reading and stamp collecting, the latter being the only thing that tempts the King to turn from pressing duties, in the kingdom, owing to his habit of calling in all the interesting people of the hour for consultation and discussion. Though laying no such claim to Beau Brummelism as that maintained by his father, Edward VII, the king has, it is said, an immense wardrobe, exclusive of more than ninety uniforms.

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Wolfville 4.15 P. M.	Main Road	Kentville 4.45 P. M.
Kentville 5.30 P. M.	Main Road	Wolfville 6.00 P. M.
Wolfville 7.00 P. M.	Main Road	Kentville 7.30 P. M.
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Kentville 2.45 P. M.	Main Road	Wolfville 3.15 P. M.
Wolfville 4.00 P. M.	Main Road	Kentville 4.30 P. M.
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