

the Rockies. We found the soil a splendid clay loam to the average depth of fifteen inches. There is little or no large pine, but there are immense tracts of tamarac, spruce and poplar that will yield the best ties, poles and pulp wood; in fact, the supply of pulp wood in this vast country, which is all New Ontario right back to James Bay, is practically inexhaustible. The evidences of coal, copper and iron are many and prominent. I picked up a nugget of gold half the size of a five cent piece and eagerly looked in the sand for more. My Indian guide told me of a discovery of free gold by Indians some years ago near this place, which is a secret among them. We also found miles and miles of gypsum and mica, and

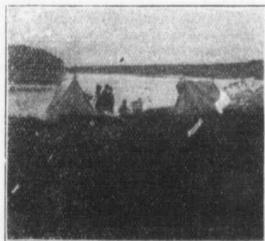


THE BISHOP'S GARDEN, MOOSE FACTORY.

also a lake of pitch, discovered accidentally by an Indian while chasing a fox. When this great railroad is built we shall have easy access to these immense resources. One can hardly presume to imagine the wealth that even our own fair province is going to reveal in the future days when this new continental railway is an accomplished fact.

This road will be less expensive in building than the Canadian Pacific Railway, but possibly not as substantial. The promoters of our Dominion railroad girdle followed the Height of Land to evade bridge building. The rock cutting was slow and expensive, but the roadbed is solid and lasting, and consequently in the long run is cheaper. The proposed route of the Grand Trunk Pacific is through a country of great rivers. The Albany, Moose, Mattagami and Abitibi, with their innumerable tributaries and lakes, have created a most fertile country which promises the finest agricultural land in Ontario, but will of necessity increase the cost of railroad construction by reason of the necessary bridge work. Nevertheless, it is already evident that the natural productions of this vast Ontario of ours will warrant the expense.

After seventeen days' hard toil we arrived at Moose Factory and were warmly received by the occupants of the Opposition post, whose supplies were greatly reduced, and indeed approaching the vanishing point. Being in the service of the Opposition we experienced some difficulty purchasing small supplies from the Hudson's Bay Company for the return trip; but being transients we were privileged and pleased to pay sixty cents per pound for baking powder, thirty for lard and five for salt. We found there a pretty little town of some three hundred and fifty Indians and half-breeds. There were about twenty whites, who were mostly Hudson's Bay Company officials. Bishop Newham, of the Moosonee District, resides there in a beautiful house, and the Bishop's wife, who is a daughter of the late Canon Henderson, of Diocesan College, Montreal, was exceedingly kind to me, and honorably remarked that the Bishop was out on one of his regular afternoon calls three hundred miles across Hudson's Bay; that he had been away a month and was expected home in about six weeks.



SUNDAY CAMP ON MOOSE RIVER.

It was funny to hear the questions asked regarding the

outside world by these good people, who receive mail regularly once a year, sometimes often when trips like ours are made. They did not hear of Queen Victoria's death until three months after it occurred. They heard of the Coronation several months ahead, and knowing not of its changed date most ceremoniously celebrated the day. One Hudson's Bay factor showed me how he attempted to keep abreast of the times. When his yearly budget of daily newspapers arrived he filed them, and began on the first of January to read his paper every morning, but just a year behind the times. I was amused to find an Eaton catalogue in the town, and a young lady gave me the money for an order to Eaton's for an article she would receive possibly a year later.

After four days' rest in this pretty little salt sea island village we commenced our homeward voyage. Though having no cargo, the return trip was painfully slow and wearisome. Although going south, it was upstream, and day by day the order was to pole up the furious rapids inch by inch, and when shallow enough wade out and "Shogonawbi," as the Indians call hauling on a two hundred foot line. Thus by pushing, pulling, paddling, poling and portaging we made our way back to the welcome Canadian Pacific Railway line.

Victoria University, Toronto.

A Young Hero.

THE terrible tragedy in Chicago by which nearly six hundred people lost their lives, is almost without a parallel. The whole world has been shocked by the awful scenes which occurred within the walls of that doomed building when the fire broke out. Many of these were almost too sickening for description, but were relieved to some extent by deeds of cool, determined heroism on the part of a number of young men and boys especially. Here is one case reported by the daily papers: "Willie McLaughlin, son of Rev. Dr. William P. McLaughlin, pastor of First Methodist Church, Buenos Aires, Argentina, South America, was a student in the sophomore class of Ohio Wesleyan University. He had come to Chicago to attend the wedding of his cousin, the daughter of Rev. Dr. Frank W. Gunsalus, pastor of Central Church, Chicago, and president of Armour Institute. Willie had spent Tuesday night with his friends, the family of A. W. Greenman, presiding elder of Buenos Aires District, South America Conference, who reside in Evanston. He returned to Chicago Wednesday morning, went to the home of his aunt, Mrs. Gunsalus, who is Mrs. McLaughlin's sister, and, after attending to several errands for her, said he would go down town for a while and see the city. Central Church, of which his uncle was pastor, had leased the auditorium of the Iroquois Theatre for its Sunday morning service.

"Willie, in walking around the down-town district of the city, happened to pass the theatre, the striking entrance to which attracted his attention. He recalled the fact that this was the place in which his uncle was to begin holding services the next Sunday and, out of curiosity, he entered. He found standing room in the extreme end of one of the galleries. When the fire broke out he was near the entrance to the rear fire-escape. The calcimeter who threw the ladder across the space between the fire-escape and the North-western University building states that young McLaughlin could have been the first to escape, but that he refused to go and assisted in the escape of seventeen women and children. The flames then came rushing through the doorway; his clothes caught fire and he was severely burned. He was taken into North-western University and laid in a room in which were a number of others severely injured. When the physicians reached him they found his face scorched terribly, his hair burned entirely off, his hands burned almost to a crisp, his legs and body scorched and he was injured internally. Suffering as he was, he begged the doctors to attend first to the women and children around him who were shrieking in their agony.

"To a reporter who reached him soon after he was rescued he told him who he was and said feebly: 'Tell Dr. Gunsalus where I am, please, as soon as possible, and hurry up the ambulance, because I know that I am going to die. I never can get over this. I am nearly burned up and somehow or other I feel that my life is going out. I want to go to the Presbyterian Hospital.' There he died Friday night."

He is said to have been a noble, lovable boy. Certainly he deserves the title of hero.