vertise in nning Acadia

kum, of Scotts Bay. The fe, three sons. Mayford, three daughters. Elida, ther, and sister. Effe, its Bay. Two sisters, hand Mirs. Rafuse reside. Tupper was Court Dep Lodge, Past Grand of A. O.S. 1.0.0.F., Camer of Scotia Lodge, Na., Caming. Mr. Tuppely khown, was beloved assing away has cast a gle ite community.

N IMPROVEMENT

NARD PRESBYTERIA CHURCH s Annual Supper

supper of Upper Cana church was held Friag. 18, and largely attence undred and fifty enjow social hour together. The gaily decorated and from the distributed gifts to a go of the decorations we. A. H. Dickie, Miss Ad the second of the secon

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chapter XXIX

mough that disastrous autumn of
when the logging camps of B. C.
given over to watchmen and the
ills were silent storehouses of idle
linery, and the owners of both
iclubs and homes, cursing labor,
overnment, that vague entity callconsumer who had mysteriously
d to consume, raving about conmy taxation, bewildered and rein the face of a retrograde swing
commercial pendulum—the Normachine functioned without a
creaking joint, on into the winter
a through sodden weeks of mist
min until a deep snow in January
d the gear and froze the water
that fed the donkey engines.
even the hardiest logger was glad
ay indoors.
ertain percentage of the younger
with good money burning thire
its, went to town, victims of the
able reaction from the grind of
But most of the crew followed
or counsel and stayed in the camp,
d poker in the bunk houses, read
and magazines, organized stag
s. Some of the married men built
houses on rafts which could be
d when the camp changed, and
if their families there to live
from rent and fuel cost in town,
joint effort peruaded the
prodigovernment to establish a tem
y school. So by degrese the camp
to take on the aspect of a comty.
shutdown was comparatively brief,
weeks. Then rains wiped out the

included in the work of the protection of the work of the protection of the protection of the protection of the work of the protection of

THE INVERTED PYRAMID

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

tomless pit. Then because they saw no sign of collapse, they credited him with ambitious schemes which aroused their cupicity, and finally their antagonism when he continued to play a lone hand and succeed where they, with their little combinations, either failed or were afraid to run a risk of failing. He would enter no arrangement designed to put labor in its place. He would have nothing to do with employers' associations. He stood out a lone figure, carrying on his shoulders the burden of the Norquay Trust and in his hands a producing organization whose efficiency they envied and could not duplicate by their methods.

All that winter Rod heard hints, snatches of conversation; he watched listened, made mental notes. He heard the complaining of the pinched industrial barons. They blamed the war now. C'est la guerre!

But it was not the war. They were reaping, all civilization was reaping, only seed that had been sown long before the war. The worthy bourgeo's learned nothing; but he did forget many taings. Chiefly he forgot, or perhaps had never learned, that the war did not create greed, ineptitude, blundering, injustice; the war didn't endow man with a tendency to snatch at chestnuts in the fire and complain loully when he burned his fingers. It seemed to Rod utterly childish to blame the war for individual or even national folly. The war had its own burden of iniquity to bear. The war created nothing, released pent forces affi passions,

He considered. Grove would have made as great a mess of his ambitious reches.

'It's a damned shame," Andy mut

"It's a damned shame," Andy muttered.
"No choice."
It was the simple truth. Rod looked across at Valdez often in the next few weeks—perhaps to turn his eyes from the desecration at hand. He did not expect any save himself to feel such a sentimert, to feel a physical shrinking every time a faller lifted his ong-drawn cry of "Timbr-r-r-r," and the sobbing swish of lofty boughs sweeping in a great air and the crashing thud marked another tree prone. Valdez was a waste. Where living green had clothed the hills there lifted stumps, torn earth, bald rock ledges. Desolation. The Granite Pool lay in its cliffy hollow, bared to the hot eye of the sun. The deer and the birds had withdrawn to the farther woods. Animal life banished, vegetation destroyed. Barren. Bleak. Uglingss spread over square miles. Soon Deat Island would be like that. Hawk's Nest would stand bleak and bare on a stripped promentory. If man were immortal, surely the troubled spirits of his dead kinsmen must hover dumbly about the spot. But they were as power-less as he.

He had walked out to see the first tree thrown down, and he had overheard one faller say to his mate, looking up at the stone house and lifting his face to sniff the sweet smell of lilac blown to him across the lawns by a June breeze: "By God, it's almost a crime to cut these trees."

But, as he bad said to Andy Hall—no chore.

All lost save honor! He smiled at the self-righteous expression. He could strike an attitude and utter that worn phrase. It was true. But was it valid.—either the attitude or the phrase? Yes, for himself. He was throwing away every material advantage that men live, work, fight for, plan and scheme and struggle to attain. And he did not do it because it was a reasonable, logical course. He did it to gain peace with himself, to retain his own self-respect. He was so made that he could endure anything but the thought of meeting an enemy and skulking away in the face of danger, of treachery to a trust, of taking an unfair advantage. Yet there was times when he felt that it was too great a price to pay for another man's blandigard and then he would feel as if he had done something, or contemp ted doing something. The provided many terms to the prov

After all there's no Tea





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