

# THE INVERTED PYRAMID

BY  
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Author of "North of Fifty-three"

## CHAPTER XXX

As the reaping machines pass over a field of wheat at harvest time mowing swath after swath until there is nothing left but bristling stubble, so the men and machinery under Rod's direction mowed the forest, harvesting that great crop which the centuries had matured. Day by day the logs poured into the booming ground. Weak by weak tugs departed, towing enormous rafts. The mills chewed up these logs and spewed them forth as squared timbers, in wide boards and narrow, in beautifully finished materials out of which carpenters in far cities fashioned roofs over the heads of other men.

To Rod, these trees had been living things, dumb giants brooding over the earth they shadowed. He had stood among them with a humbled spirit. As a child he had moved in that silence and shade with a strange awe, with a mysterious sense of possession and of being himself possessed. A childish fancy? Perhaps. But it lingered still, recurred often. He could imagine the spirit of the forest putting forth a voiceless protest at all this havoc. He could dismiss these fancies intellectually, but his mind was powerless to put aside emotion. His brain could support action with the stern logic of necessity; it could not always banish the pang from his heart.

It was a sentimentality to regret ravished beauty he pleaded guilty. He recalled the protest that burst from a mill-fon throat upon the cathedral of Rheims crumbled under shell fire. Here was something as beautiful, as inspiring, as much a glorious monument of the centuries as anything of wood and stone wrought by the hands of man. Here was a majesty of form and a beauty of color man might copy but could never surpass. It was being obliterated with considered purpose.

Mary encompassed it in a sentence; with a sigh. "It's like seeing a painting you have treasured in your home for a lifetime; ripped out of its frame, defaced, torn to bits by some vandal."

Summer merged into autumn. September rains rolled up a veil of smok- from scattered forest fires. The coast line emerged clear and sharp from the blur. The maples put on their russet gowns. Equinoctial gales hurried the coast briefly and left still days shot through with a waning sun. And whether in sun or storm the wheels on Dent Island turned unremittently.

With sweaty bodies and untiring tools of steel the loggers plied their trade. The booms accumulated and went their way. Money poured in. From the material angle Dent Island was a gold mine. But like those that have been, the vein was being out.

On a day in October Rod saw the last of the great booms draw clear in the wake of a steam tug. Before it was out of the Narrows he passed it on the Haida, southward bound. Very soon now he could write fits to another chapter in the sequence. Slowly, with a pent eagerness, he was placing his levers to right the inverted pyramid.

He knew that before he returned the last tree would fall, would be snatched seaward by the shuddering main line. His crew would gather all their gear on the beach, coil the cables, blow down the donkey boilers. But he would not be there for those obsequies. He had other ghosts to lay.

He stood on the deck looking back. The Haida had not yet cleared the inner harbor. East and west the water front spread away for miles in a darkness thickened by the city smoke, a black pall jeweled with deck lights, emerald specks, ruby gleams, dots and squares of yellow, brilliant lines of arc lights, scintillating, imprisoned lightning. Behind that line of dusky wharves, where vessels from far ports disgorged their freight with groaning cargo winches, rose the banked and terraced lights of the town. Great electric signs blazed on warehouse roofs, on every vantage point, proclaiming to all and sundry that "Smith's Coffee," "Brown's Tobacco," "The House of Jones," "Your Credit is Good," were epochal affairs, worthy to be written in letters of fire against the sky.

But from that flaming galaxy one—that, like the name of Abou ben Adhem, had been above all the rest—was missing now. It had greeted the incoming mariner and the tired commuter on the grunting ferries for twelve years. It would never glow again.

The Norquay Trust Company was no more. It was as dead as the man whose title ambition had given it birth. Its seat seal would never again be effixed on any document. With a deep personal disaffection Rod had wiped out its corporate existence. Legally, honorably, painlessly, he had put it to death.

He stared over the rail. The hive! He seemed to hear the drone of count-

less creatures armed with invisible stings which they plied upon each other vindictively, unthinkingly, often without knowing what they did, as they buzzed about their sustenance-seeking, marching antlike in the streets, factories, shops, flies clinging in clusters upon motive things of wood and iron called street cars. They came out of nothing; they were boung nowhere. They desired only to be fed, to sleep, to be amused; and their food, their slumber, their amusements were not means to an end; they were the end in themselves. Spiders in offices, banks, above the swarm, yet seeking only what the swarm sought; spinning their webs, enmeshing material things beyond their utmost need, themselves becoming enmeshed and destroyed their souls if not their bodies—in their own web.

The hive! The futile swarms buzzing in the market place. In a moment of despondency he wished that he might never see it again.

He smiled in the dark, a grimace of utter weariness. Why couldn't he think of them except as agitated insects? A mood—a mood.

His job—that job—was done. Looking back at the lucid glow above the city, that lingered as an impalpable sheen in the sky after the Haida put the Brockton Point light abeam and the inner harbor was shut away, he felt a sudden relief. His life was his own once more, as much as any man's may ever be. He had shifted the weight off his shoulders. He was going home. After that—

Well, he wasn't certain. He had a plan, a program. It might come to something worth while. He hoped it would; he believed it would. If he had little faith in the value of much that men struggled for, he still believed in man. But whatever his future might be, it must be one of action. He could never be passive. To dream without doing? To contemplate, with contemplation as an end in itself? No. To be a passionately interested bystander, critical, puzzled, sympathetic, deprecating, uplifted or disgusted according to the momentary mood and impression, to the waning of events through the sieve of his intellect, but nevertheless a bystander aloof from the common, troubled stream of life—he could never be that again.

He doubted now that he ever had been. He had only thought himself a watcher on the bank. He had been sweeping along in the current unaware. It couldn't be otherwise.

He was very tired. When the Haida cleared the outer harbor and met the full strength of a westerly swell in the Gulf he went below and turned in.

Daybreak in Ragged Island Pass! A wave of light and color spanning the Gulf, lighting up the snowy peaks on Vancouver Island. A blend of misty shores, gray-green sea, hills that faded from olive to purple, from purple to delicate lilac and merged with the horizon as faint blue patches far off, on the edge of things. Then the sun stabbing in golden shafts through notches in the Coast Range, hunting black shadows out of every gorge, touching each wave crest with a sparkle. A morning breeze flicked the sea with touches of white, and set the Haida lurching, plunging, flinging fan-shaped bursts of foam off her bows, arching iridescent sheets of spray in which small, elusive rainbows gleamed.

At ten in the morning they ran the south narrows of the Euclataw with the ebb an hour gone, rolling, twisting, yawing widely as they sheered off wicked swirls and were shot at last on a straight current between the two Gillards and into the mouth of Mermaid Bay.

The house was silent, empty. It was silent and empty enough at best, its quiet corridors flanked by rooms that were never opened, in which ghostly shapes of furniture, stood in dim light like swathed mummies. But the rooms that Rod occupied were empty. Rod went out quietly and sat down on the porch steps. Here presently came Staggs in overalls, his long dark face a healthy brown from self-appointed outdoor tasks.

"Mr. and Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Norquay went in the little launch on the morning black to see the rapids run, sir," he informed Rod. "They weren't expecting you today."

Rod nodded. They had gone to watch the Devil's Dishpans spin, the great bois heave roaring up out of that cauldron, to listen to the loud song of pent waters released. He wondered, too, if young Rod would some day run those rapids for sport with a girl in a canoe as a companion on the adventure, as he and Mary Thorn had done so long ago. It was long ago. He didn't trouble to cast up the years. He had a feeling of being separated from that time by something more profound, more significant, than calendar years.

He looked over at the camp. Figures of men moved about. Gangs were stow-

ing gear on the beach. Cold donkey engines stood dead on their skids, round-bellied monsters with smokeless stacks pointing skyward. Miles of steel cable, main lines, haul-backs, high-lead gear, skyline rigging lay about. At least he had his tools. Tools—and the men to use them. Men with the bark on: the shock troops of industry, a battalion under his hand, eager, skilful, disciplined, confident in him. What more did he want?

Then his eyes turned slowly northward, regretfully. That was the sum of his striving. He had paid his debts. He faced the world with a great, empty stone house and twelve hundred acres of worthless land; worse than worthless, for its stony ribs, the melancholy stumps, the nakedness and the waste bred an ache in his heart. It had been so beautiful, and it was now so indescribably sad. Like a woman's lovely face ravaged by small-pox. It was hideous and must remain so until the kindly seasons clothed it anew with saplings which his grandchildren might see as another forest of lusty trees. But he would never look north toward the green palisades of the mainland without a touch of sadness, a pang of regret for that stately forest destroyed to preserve a tradition, to discharge an obligation, to live with honor in his own sight.

Tradition, obligation, honor! Royal words falling into disuse, uttered with an easy smile and facile lip service,—sound without substance. But they had been more than words; they had been vital things to other Norquays as well as to himself. They remained so to Rod. He believed they held their old significance to many men, even in a world that worshipped Mammon above all other gods.

One pair of weak hands could destroy so much. Power in weak hands had torn down the work of four generations. But it could be rebuilt. Like the saplings, he and his could grow slowly to the old stature. Place and prestige could be grasped again, if he wanted them—if they seemed worth reaching for. He was not sure he wished to grasp either in the accepted sense.

He rose and walked out a little way, turned to look at the house. That was built to endure. A pardonable pride, the glow of a fierce possessive affection warmed him. Hawk's Nest would hatch an eagle yet. Norquay children would still romp in those wainscoted hallways. Some day it would come back to its old warmth and cheer, its comfort and security. Its blazing windows would be a mark for vessels running the rapids by night. The voices of friendly people would ring there, and laughter and music, so that sadness would keep aloof with its somber garments.

Rod did not see in detail how he should accomplish this. But he had hope and courage. He knew what to avoid. He had been bitterly schooled in the way of a world which had abandoned the old faiths to pursue things. Nature had not fashioned him softly, even in bestowing upon him the rare gift of perception. The blood in his veins was the blood of men who did not suffer patiently at the hands of their enemies. He had no wish for a beak and claws to root and tear. But he would sharpen his weapons and use them with a pin-point of the Walls and Deanes and Richstons of the world if they got in his way. And he was confident that if such a battle he would never lack followers who knew the fight was fair.

He wanted no great thing of life save such reward of industry, initiative, ordered effort, as would turn this silent gray house into some measure of its old aspect and atmosphere; so that when his time came he could sit down content, knowing that for all that had been given him in the way of affection, trust, service, he had given some measure of return. His gods were not material gods. He did not wish his children to worship at a material shrine. Comfort, they should have. Luxury they might desire and enjoy. But only if they gave something in return. If he had been minded to inscribe a motto for his house Rod would have written: "You cannot get something for nothing—soon or late there is a price to pay."

He would like to leave Roderick Thorn Norquay something to carry on. But what he most desired his son to carry on was chiefly such wealth as he could carry within himself: an ideal of uprightness, a sense of kinship with his native land, the perception that externals are only the husks of life, a soul that would not quail before disaster or well too proudly if all the world lay at his feet.

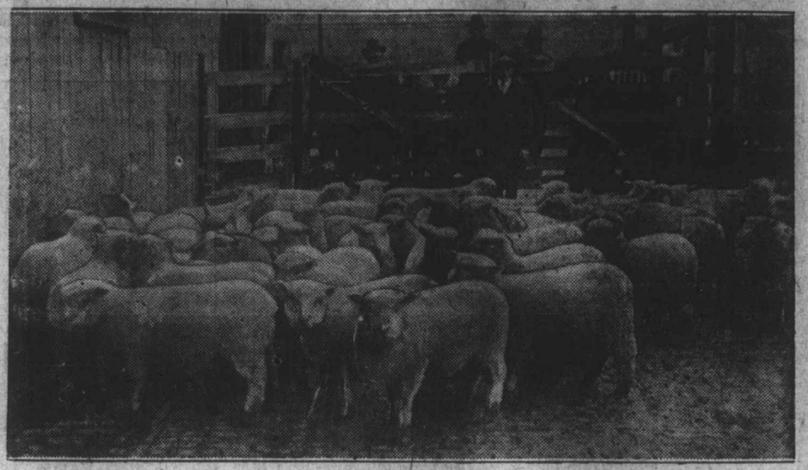
Rod smiled over his musings. He was just turned thirty, and he stood there thinking of what he should like to leave as the spiritual heritage of his son. He had years and years and years ahead of him yet, and task upon task.

He swung on his heel. His eye touched lingeringly on the waste land, passed on to the men stowing the logging gear on the beach. Tools were there, and energy—an abundance. It was enough. "Three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves," Rod said to himself whimsically. "We beat the average."

And after a little reflective pause, he said aloud in a tone of conviction: "There's one thing to be said for shirt sleeves. They give a man room to swing his arms."

Souvenir folders, containing sixteen pictures of Wolfville and vicinity, on 15 cents.

# Canada's Smaller Wool Crop Affords Food For Thought



Col. Robt. McEwen's champion car lot of Canadian weather lambs, "Southdowns," at Chicago International Show.

Farms in the British Isles support 24,000,000 shorn sheep, while the whole Dominion of Canada supports but 2,000,000, one twelfth as many. Yet during the fiscal year ended March, 1924, woolen and knitting mills imported into Canada some 19,376,925 pounds of raw wool.

In Canada, in 1922, according to the Census of Industry figures we had 277 woolen and knitting mills, which employed some 22,000 workers. Yet in 1922, countries abroad sent into Canada \$38,000,000 worth of woolen and knitted goods, and in 1923, \$41,000,000 worth, representing employment for some 17,000 to 20,000 workers. Although during the past year the wool and knitting industries have expanded to some extent and, particularly in the Eastern Townships of Quebec, new mills opened up, it is seen that only about half of the woolen goods sold in this country could have been produced here. Raw wool, grown in Canada, comprises but a small fraction of that which is used by the mills that are operating in the Dominion.

There is not enough wool grown to supply the demand of the world. Japan and China, the staple clothing and bedding materials for which countries were formerly silk and cotton, are rapidly becoming great wool consuming countries, imports to Japan alone having jumped 700 per cent in ten years.

Thus it is seen that the Canadian wool grower has not only a growing domestic market, but an ever increasing foreign market for his clips, yet sheep are rarely given due consideration by Canadian farmers even though they have been dubbed "mortgage lifters" in the West.

Col. Robt. McEwen of London, Ont., president of the Canadian Co-operative Wool Growers' Association, who won the championship for a car-load lot of Canadian weather lambs, "Southdowns," at the Chicago International Show, has said, "taking Canada as a whole it has been proved that climatic conditions are favorable to sheep raising. No devastat-

ing disease has visited our flocks. Yet today we find ourselves up against the serious economic condition of consuming more wool than we produce, and for a comparatively new and fertile country like Canada to have reached the stage of deficient supply for such an essential as clothing should surely demand the serious consideration of us all."

But although wool growing as an industry in Canada does not come up to what might be expected of it, those who are engaged in it are highly and effectively organized as regards marketing. In 1914 those in charge of the Dominion Live Stock Branch, Ottawa, began to urge that sheepmen be more careful in putting up their fleeces and that they stop selling at any old price which might be offered locally. Following their efforts various sheep breeders and wool growers' associations throughout Canada began to collect wool from their members, this wool being graded in turn by expert graders supplied by the Dominion Government and being sold on the graded basis. As more and more local associations were formed, it was felt that all should be affiliated under one central selling agency with the result that in 1918 the Canadian Co-operative Wool Growers Limited was formed with headquarters in Toronto. This is a commodity marketing organization handling wool only, having about 2,500 shareholders and approximately 12,000 shippers of wool throughout the Dominion. Individual clips are collected at various points for shipment in car-load lots to the central warehouse at Weston, Ont., for grading and sale.

At the present time this organization, which operates from coast to coast, is handling from a quarter to one third of the Canadian clip reaching the open market. Its influence is being extended more and more each season as will be noted from the fact that in Ontario alone the number of shippers has increased from 3,200 in 1922, to 4,000 in 1924. The various grades of wool are sold to equal advantage in Canadian, American and English markets, and it is perhaps noteworthy that during the past two years approximately three-quarters of a million pounds of Canadian graded wools have found a market with English mills.

# GOOD ADVERTISING Pays Its Own Way

## To Advertise Is One Thing---To Advertise At A Profit Is The Real Objective

Good and bad seasons are merely a state of mind. The man who is big enough to make his own condition never has any "bad" seasons. Equalizing business throughout the year is simply a matter of education—education by way of intelligent advertising.

WHO ARE YOUR PROSPECTIVE CUSTOMERS? Mail your sales message DIRECT to them and eliminate waste circulation. Don't wait for that "beaten path to your door", let The Acadian pave the way.

We are a nation of headline readers; therefore you've got to say what you have to say with a PUNCH. You might hit the bull's-eye with bird shot. You CAN hit it with a .44. You might reach your customers with general advertising. You WILL with direct advertising in THE ACADIAN.

SHOP WHERE YOU ARE INVITED TO SHOP

# The Acadian

The Logical Advertising Medium in Eastern Kings



WHAT'S THE GIG? An unusual photograph of The King, Queen and Lord Beatty enjoying a hearty laugh. This photograph was taken when Their Majesties paid their first public visit to a movie theatre.

When M... They have M... vertise, it's... Saying Th... thing to Sel...  
Vol. XLIV.  
WOLFVILLE  
Annual Rep... and Es...  
Nurse's... Total number...  
42 medical... 36 surgical... 1 gynaecological... 1 miscarriage... 2 prenatal... 14 babies of mat... 19 operations... 9 deaths...  
The total nu... for 1924 was 16... to adults and... There were 327... 627 other free v... 354 free visits... the total number... the nursing visit... natal and 37... welfare, 174 so... visits, 174 Hom... structive visits... 51 night calls...  
The out of... past year consi... 3 operations an...  
January, A... found necessary... cured at the... ments were mad... for three month... February. Hel... man who was... usual work, ovi... March, A boy... fractured his le... care at home v... until his leg co... April & May... needed Santoni... with dental tr... clothes, then s... three months... June, An emer... reported. It w... operate immedi... ferred to Westw... successful... July, Four chi... pital and oper... adenoids. A li... Children's Aid... This was carri... was supplied w... August, A mat... plications arose... February. F... These cases w... penses were pai... The doctors in... vice free... Other Social... with the Childr... was attended fo... of the children... with female pris... Town Manager... Meetings of the... Women's Instit... and Canard we...  
In the Child... sixteen of the... Seven cases w... ples from the c...  
SCHO... During the... three schools at... er Wolfville sch... The doctor an... gave their servic... school in addition... The report fro... in the medical... tions was as fo... 4 suffering fr... 46 defective th... 25 defective ve... 239 need dental... In comparison... that 30 children... ment, 22 receive... corrections. Th... they were ver... dition of the t... previous year... Port treatment... cluded from scho... with minor co... Several cases of... ing cough wer... ed from school... are being made... children in the...  
Port... Port Williams... a full report was... Institute, who ar... edly the defects in... the lighting syst... 105 children ex... condition of the... the throat need... tal care; 25 defec... of these cases ar... ing of the schoo...  
Lower... A visit was pa... school and four... should like to... for their kindnes... year: to Dr. Elliot... Grant, who have... wherever required... whose work has... I.O.D.E. for help... lists of the town... Mrs. Simms, Mis... Mrs. McRae, Mis... Mrs. Milner, Mrs... Mrs. Calkin, Mr... ing, and others w... with gifts for the... and also the Chri... parcels of clothi... but no name att...