

# THE SUNSET OF BON ECHO



**FLORA MACDONALD, EDITOR**

APRIL - MAY, 1916

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Via C.P.R. to Kaladar



# WALT WHITMAN



By Albert E. S. Smythe

Oannes, Lord of wisdom, time and toil,  
The Word in man, incarnate, evermore,  
Name above all, Amen, on Nilus' shore,  
None other under heaven on Christian soil,  
In India OM, from Whom the worlds uncoil,  
The Shepherd Krishna's Song, blind  
Homer's Lore,  
Gautama's Secret, and His Love who bore  
The Cross, annointed King with David's oil:  
These of the Elder Brethren dwelt on earth.  
And, God becoming man, raised Man  
to God—  
God-voices calling Peace from age to age.  
And later came, through the strait gate of birth  
The World-Word, by sea-sand and  
prairie sod,  
With Leaves of Grass, simplicity most  
sage.



It is a Delightful Automobile Trip to Bon Echo Inn.

## Sunshine

If I ever attempt to write my creed, I shall say "I believe in so much that I can hardly expect to express my faith in one statement. I am all the time believing in something new. But there is one thing that I most heartily believe in now, and have believed in ever since I was a child, and that is SUNSHINE—external and internal and eternal sunshine.

Sunshine is the joy of the universe, and joy is the sunshine of the heart. Let us be happy—let us give to the world the sunshine of our hearts.

Marilla Ricker





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Vol. 1

APRIL-MAY, 1916

No. 2

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*"The institution of the dear love of comrades."*

—WALT WHITMAN.

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## The Whitman Club of Bon Echo

Founded by FLORA MACDONALD

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*"Neither master nor servant am I."*—WALT WHITMAN,

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THE SUNSET OF BON ECHO is the official organ of the Whitman Club, edited by Flora Macdonald.

For the idea, and the why; who was Whitman; what and where is Bon Echo, and who is Flora Macdonald—see Number 1.

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## Whitman

Have you a favorite Poet or Author?

I have found comfort and solace, joy and delight and inspiration in "Leaves of Grass."

It being the best book I have found, I would fain pass it along. The last number of the "Sunset of Bon Echo" is responsible for many volumes of Whitman finding their way to the study table of folks who had not known him.

The earnest of life is to learn and pass it along.

Having had the joy of reading Whitman over and over and over again, I conceived the idea of making Bon Echo a monument and symbol of his Democratic Ideals.

The urge to get busy—to crystalize my experience and knowledge into a definite, concrete work, seems more and more imperative as the days go by. One must work with the tools at

hand, and so because I write I will write of "The Open Road"—of the grandeur of the great out-of-doors.

Because I speak—I will tell of the joy of health, of the ideals of the Brotherhood of Man that should be but is not always—of the evils of snobbery in all its serpent-like windings about the heart of humanity. I will speak of unjust caste conditions with a view of adopting higher standards.

The great unrest caused by the war or which caused the war is a big question mark, and the Whys must be answered and better ideals lived up to if we would progress.

If—here and there I can assist in putting you—"whoever you are" en rapport with Whitman as with the highest interpretation of Nature, I will have done a little for myself and you.

"We help ourselves, only as we help others."

Imagination, Faith, Love, Hope, Sunsets, Waves on the white sand beaches, The Big Rock, The Old Owls—a Porcupine or a Squirrel—a Giant Pine and The Soul's joy in being part of it all.

"Great is Life—Real and Mystical  
Wherever and Whoever."

—*Whitman*

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Princetown University would not ask Billy Sunday to preach to her students.

"No—no—our boys must not be demoralized—the dignified tradition of Jonathan Edwards our first President, must be respected."

Jonathan Edwards said:—"The floors of Hell are paved with the bones of infants not a span long."

Billy Sunday would have to get two alcohol rubs before his lecture to beat that.

Not until we do away with the cursed wall that  
money builds between folks who ought to know each  
other, can we talk about a pure democracy.



## Bon Echo

Nature has been lavish in its picturesque grandeur at Bon Echo. Away up on the very crest of Ontario's Highlands—a massive Gibraltar of old Laurentian granite rears up its rugged face from beautiful Lake Massanoga.

A quaint rustic Inn, rustic cottages, tents, and cottage tents built on a lower shore opposite the mountain—make this beauty spot into a comfortable and charming summer resort—which has been visited by people from all over the United States and Canada.

The health giving climate, the bathing beaches of white sand, a spring of water absolutely pure as by Government analysis—are all points to be considered when choosing a summer's resting place.

More and more do the dwellers in cities realize that to keep well it is necessary to get back to nature for a few weeks or months each year. There is something altogether inspiring, invigorating and joyful in the outdoor life afforded to the guests at Bon Echo Inn. While all modern conveniences, splendid service and excellent table leave nothing to be desired of comfort inside—the outside is one ever-changing panorama of beauty and delight.

To climb the mountain, pick huckleberries, fish, tramp through interesting woods or open fields is to forget pain, symptoms and worries.

The big out-of-doors is balm for both body and soul.

In the evening folks from different parts of the country fraternize and swap yarns around the big stone fireplaces—which just blaze away because of the hospitality they exude.

Some play cards, some dance and many sing.

Tennis tournaments—swimming—boating are all part of the day's fun, and a glorious freedom pervades everything.

Romance and tradition are in the very air for on this spot was the stronghold and fortress of Indian tribes and old paintings commemorating an Indian battle are still to be seen on the face of the mighty cliff. Artists and writers have found both pictures and stories in this land of primeval forest, of glorious sunsets.

Come to Bon Echo and see it all for yourself.

## Altered Personality

By Flora MacD. Denison

*Journal of Psychosophy Feb. 1899.*

HE was the old schoolmaster—not extravagant in his ideas or tastes, yet the pink of perfection in cleanliness and neatness. The small amount of remaining grey hair was combed and brushed, each particular hair doing double duty in trying to cover the would-be baldness.

The iron-grey beard was slick and smooth; the coat, whether new or old, was brushed and buttoned up. When he wanted to know the time he unbuttoned the two lower buttons, showing his neat vest, gold watch and chain. After looking at the time he again buttoned up his coat.

He began the day with mathematics and ended with literature, which perhaps accounted for his seldom getting to the school till after nine, nor leaving till after four—in fact, we have seen it nearly six before he finally left the school-house, and then he was surrounded by pupils.

In the morning he was dignified, calm and collected, and called all the young ladies Miss. In the literary class in the afternoon they were Annie or Nellie, Mary or Jane.

When he taught arithmetic, algebra, or euclid, he took the ruler and chalk much as a surgeon takes his instruments to perform a surgical operation, and proceeded to hammer the information into the heads of his pupils. It was a long, long hour, and he and his pupils were ready and anxious for recess. The grammar class was little better, and many times the coat was unbuttoned and buttoned up, and often the watch looked at, and the time never told, only that the time was so long. History, geography and languages also “dragged their slow length along,” the hammering-in process continuing. But it is nearly three, and all seem in a hurry to begin the literature class.

The old schoolmaster sits down, smacks his lips, and perhaps picks up a copy of Scott’s “Lady of the Lake”—not that he needed a text-book. He knew it all by heart. He begins to talk. One pupil asks a question, another answers it; before long many have told little stories in their own way, and told them well, whereas had it been suggested that they were to tell



a tale, not one in the class would have opened his mouth. The schoolmaster unbuttoned his coat, but does not look at his watch, nor does he button up his coat again. He rushes his hands through his hair, not knowing nor caring that a bald spot has remained uncovered. Even the neatly tied bow is untied, and on occasions we have seen him take his collar and cuffs entirely off. But he did not know it, nor did the pupils think anything about it. Why should they? Were they not wandering by the side of Loch Katrine with the beautiful Lady of the Lake, or watching Fitz James and Roderick Dhu fight the fatal battle, or catching the soul-meaning of the splendid metaphors so nicely woven into Scott's rhythmical numbers?

One hour slipped by and the closing bell rang, but no one heard, and often five o'clock struck and no one cared. Master and pupils were learning and living and knowing things and truths they never knew before. All were interested, all were at home, all were pleased, all were happy. There was no such thing as time or age, for the old master was as young as Helen Douglas, and the youngest pupil was as wise as the old master. They were one and all on the "Royal Road" to learning; they were drawing from the great reservoir of information about them as it appealed to the intelligence within. They gave it out, and it was more than text-books taught and easily comprehended.

Other novels were planned and other heroines pictured and other adventures described till each pupil became the embodiment of a great poem, but the old master's beard was dishevelled past recognition.

When some one mentioned the lateness of the hour the literary class tumbled out of the school house. The methodical primness and neatness were gone, the master's hat was back on his head, and the girls and boys still chatted and crowded round him.

The old man wondered why his pupils were better in literature than anything else.

He did not know, but others have since learned, that the secret of successful teaching is to get the pupil in harmony with his subject and the surrounding elements, and then draw from him what he gets or what he knows. In other words, to develop

what the pupil already has, instead of trying to hammer in ideas that he himself only gets out of half-written text-books.

The old man never knew that he had solved a great problem when he left his coat unbuttoned and threw his collar off. He never realized that a wiser and more knowing consciousness was acting, but here and there a pupil knew more than he ever dreamed of teaching. And beneath the mathematically precise and trim exterior they recognized the dashing romance of Idealistic imagery, which is quite as real and much more fascinating than the idea that two and two make four, or that five dollars is equivalent to one week's board. So let us not be afraid to creep away from the cold, hard facts of materialistic reasoning and sun ourselves in the soft phosphorescent light of our own imaginations.

We may some day imagine a truth that will revolutionize all recognized theories.



When a crisis comes—when a supreme decision is to be made—then you must know that you must face the thing with yourself.



You are your own Great Companion—you are the supreme test—you must try out the truth.

**Give me the whirlwind of thought and action rather than the dull, dead calm of ignorance and peace. Banish me from Eden when you will, but first let me eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge.—Ingersoll.**



## Mrs. Pankhurst---Premier Hearst

What a difference whether one is for or against the Government.

Before the war the world was ringing with the name of Mrs. Pankhurst, because she had the courage to defy the British Government, break its laws, get imprisoned, hunger strike, thirst strike and sleep strike, and do all manner of outrageous and difficult things—get herself punished so that she was time and again at the very doors of death. And all for what reason?

For Democracy's sake—that she might have a say in the Government which made the laws that governed her.

Her daughter Christabel, had passed her legal examinations, but could not practice her profession because of her sex.

Mrs. Pankhurst was acknowledged by all to be a woman of the rarest ability. Refined and gentle, but with volcanic force and fire that swayed vast audiences to do and dare and sacrifice for her cause.

Surely she had a real grievance—the British Government not only denied her the right to vote, but had even denied her the right to petition. The boasted democracy of Britain was but a name when it came to her women. They were being flung in and out of prison—ghastly victims—under the “Cat and Mouse Act.”

Then war is declared against Germany—why?—because of German Autocracy—because German ideals are “might is right” and England says “right is might.” England calls upon her sons from all the Empire's colonies to help fight for Democracy—to help keep the flag of Freedom waving.

Help—and the Empire rallied round the flag.

Then Mrs. Pankhurst—English first and Democrat afterwards—called a truce. She was pardoned and she has been with and for the Government ever since. Twice before Mrs. Pankhurst had been in America—she loomed large, both in Canada and the United States. She gave an impetus to the cause of “Woman's Suffrage” that all must acknowledge and that nothing can now stop—but her very name was anathema in Governmental circles.

To-day she is in favor with the Government—she is fighting for them and not against them.

It is an easy role that she is playing now.

But is the British Government any less guilty to-day in its attitude towards women?

Premier Asquith says:—"Two years ago we did not know we had such wonderful women."

He knew right well (no one knew better than he, just how wonderful Mrs. Pankhurst was)—but did he give her the vote then or has he given the women the vote now, after acknowledging the country's debt to them?

British Prussianism is just a little worse than German Prussianism, for Britain has had the ideals of a Burns, a Cobden, a Carpenter and a Tennyson, while Germany has had Bernhardt and Nietzsche flaunted before them. Germany believed that the Kaiser could do no wrong—England questioned the Divine right of Kings and relegated it to the people (Women excepted). And what has all this to do with Premier Hearst?

Well, the other day the Canadian Suffrage Association waited on Premier Hearst.

The deputation was received graciously (whatever that may mean).

Dr. Margaret Gordon was armed with forty referenda, including Toronto—in favor of granting married women the vote on the same basis as widows and spinsters.

Dr. Stowe-Gullen showed conclusively that the organized women of Canada wanted the vote, there being only one dissenting organization in the whole Dominion.

Dr. Margaret Johnston—a staunch conservative—wanted this Government to do the big thing—since Ontario women had done such noble and self-sacrificing work.

Mrs. Flora MacD. Denison reminded the Premier of how eulogistic the men were about the women since the war broke out, and to parody Mr. Kipling's Tommy Atkins:—

"It's women here and women there  
And women get away;  
But it's thank you Mrs. Pankhurst  
When the band begins to play."

The Premier, replied that Mrs. Pankhurst had done more to popularize the cause of Suffrage since the war than before, and that he would give more for unorganized opinion than organized opinion.



As a matter of fact, if Mrs. Pankhurst had never been known before the war anything she has done since would simply have made her one of thousands, instead of one in millions.

No, Mr. Premier, it was the martyrs' voice from Holloway jail that made her the power she is now for the Government since the war.

Why do we not hear of Mrs. Millicent Fawcett—brilliant scholar and the leader of all the constitutional Suffrage Societies in England, while Mrs. Pankhurst never had but a handful of followers?

Mr. Asquith always praised Mrs. Fawcett's ladylike demeanor, but did he ever give her the vote?

He refused Mrs. Pankhurst the right of petition, and Mrs. Pankhurst made him a laughing stock for the whole world, dodging down coal shoots and over back fences, trying to escape her.

When she needed help for her democratic ideals he threw her into jail. When he calls for help for his democratic ideals, she calls a truce and helps him.

And it is not that England is right but that Germany is more wrong.

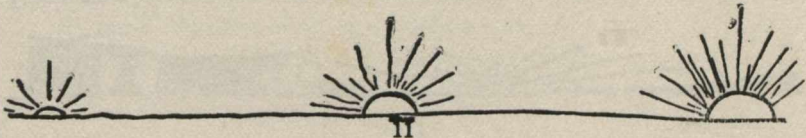
Germany is more unjust to her women than England, and of the two evils Mrs. Pankhurst chose the least—that is all.

As for Mr. Hearst thinking more of unorganized opinion—that is funny—where would Mr. Hearst be without the organization back of him?

Now, if the women of Ontario are what Mr. Hearst and his colleagues say—why is it that under our Caste System of title prizes none of the valiant workers in the Patriotic League have received recognition.

Mrs. Stearns-Hicks, Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, and Mrs. Plumtre surely deserve titles, but these women are not even given a vote, and the two last are pronounced suffragists, while Mrs. Stearns-Hicks has worked harder than if she had a real paid job and was obliged to mark time.

No—we do not want to shout too loud about Fighting for Democracy till we have a little more of it at home.



## Luncheon

At a luncheon given to Mrs. Pankhurst, Miss Boulton was Chairman, and Mrs. Huestis, seconded the vote of thanks.

Miss Boulton is a "family compact" suffragist and believes that the vote should be extended to take Miss Boulton in. A case of

Me and my wife, my son John and his wife,  
Us four and no more.

Mrs. Huestis has not even seen the necessity of suffrage for herself, content with using the indirect influence of petitions, memorials, feeble minded exhibitions, etc.

Rather funny to hear the flattering eulogies to Mrs. Pankhurst by these two women. What a difference since Mrs. Pankhurst's first visit, but of course, Mrs. Pankhurst is now with the Government.

I wonder what will happen after the war is over.



At a dinner given by the "Intellectual Club" to discuss the "Meaning of Government" it was noticed that:—

Sir Robert Borden's coat was cut slightly longer in the shoulder than was fashionable last season. He did not wear a wrist watch, but his tie though elaborate was quite *comme-il-faut*.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier wore black with a slight hairline of white.

The lapels of his coat had half inch stitching—which must be *au fait*.

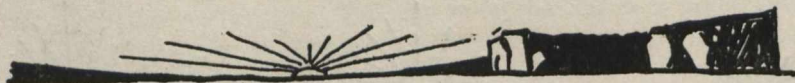
His hair was worn in its usual attractive style.

Sir George Foster's pants were creased slightly to one side so as not to accentuate his height.

This will probably be the *raison d'être* for this very chic style being generally adopted.

Sir Sam Hughes was quite *à la mode* in low cut vest with an invisible piping cord to add to the tout ensemble of his rather ultra costume.

Editorial Note—We had no time to wait for the speeches as the important part of the proceedings had to go to press early.





## Heroism

It takes great strength to train  
 To modern service your ancestral brain;  
 To lift the weight of the unnumbered years  
 Of dead men's habits, methods and ideas;  
 To hold that back with one hand—and support  
 With the other the weak steps of a new thought.  
 It takes great strength to bring your life up square  
 With your accepted thought and hold it there,  
 Resisting the inertia that drags back  
 From new attempts to the old habit's track.  
 It is so easy to drift back—to sink  
 So hard to live abreast of what you think.  
 It takes good strength to live where you belong,  
 When other people think that you are wrong;  
 People you love and who love you, and whose  
 Approval is a pleasure you would choose.  
 To bear this pressure and succeed at length  
 In living your belief—well—it takes strength.  
 And courage too—but what does courage mean,  
 Save strength to help you face a pain foreseen?  
 Courage to undertake this lifelong strain,  
 Of setting yours against your grandsire's brain;  
 Dangerous risk of walking lone and free  
 Out of the easy paths that used to be,  
 And the fierce pain of hurting those we love,  
 When love meets truth, and truth must ride above?  
 But the best courage man has ever shown  
 Is daring to cut loose and live alone.  
 Dark as the unlit chambers of clear space,  
 Where light shines back from no reflecting face  
 Our sun's wide glare, our heaven's shining blue,  
 We owe to fog and dust they fumble through;  
 And our rich wisdom that we treasure so  
 Shines from the thousand things that we don't know.  
 But to think new—it takes a courage grim  
 As led Columbus over the world's rim.  
 To think—it costs some courage—and to go  
 Try it. It takes every power you know.

It takes great love to stir a human heart  
To live beyond the others and apart.  
A love that is not shallow—is not small,  
Is not for one or two—but for them all.  
Love that can wound love for its higher need;  
Love that can leave love—though the heart may bleed;  
A love that asks no answer, that can live,  
Moved by one burning, deathless force—to give.  
Love, strength and courage: Courage strength and love  
The heroes of all time are built thereof.

—Charlotte Perkins Gilman

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## Crusts and Crumbs

By Albert Ernest Stafford.  
*From Sunday World, March 12, 1916*

AS a Nation we do not possess great mentality. We discourage anything original or heterodox, and glory in our average development and attainments. As a result we have an undue development of snobs, for those who find themselves different from the average are thrust into a separate class, to be worshipped or abused, instead of being counted into the average, and permitted to modify its mediocrity. It is no disgrace to be of the average, and one may conceivably be proud of such average stature. The evil comes when one is proud of not being something better. I hear people boasting that they do not like Wagner, and cannot bear Shaw, and loathe Whitman. The flour is very good, but when it objects to the leaven which makes it bread, it is trespassing on account of ignorance, for which there is only one cure, and the cure must be accepted voluntarily. These truisms are always necessary in stereotyped and conventional communities where the majority of people live as they do and think, when they do think, because their fathers did so before them. Perhaps my own sympathies are too much with the leaven, the yeast of the spirit that is hid in the three measures of body, soul and mind, which is to leaven our social flour into good wholesome community bread. But what I want to emphasize is the fact that the leaven exists. Small in quantity though it may be, it will effect its purpose. And we have all to determine whether we belong to the leavening principle or to the material that is incapable of being leavened.



## By Blue Ontario's Shore

The postman came.

I wish he could know the thrills of joy held in the envelopes  
he so lightly throws in at the door.

This letter was not from an old friend—but from "Blue  
Ontario's Shore."

A comrade seemed established before I read its contents.

A subscription to the "Sunset of Bon Echo" and an invita-  
tion to have tea with folks who must love Whitman.

It was Sunday afternoon.

A long, long, ride in the street car and a short walk to the  
lake.

Blue Ontario was cold and dreary, the waves dashed against  
the shore in regular cadence.

The wind soughed through the white birch trees.

The rise and fall of sounds weird and pathetic, seemed to  
blend with my thoughts of the war.

This was no mood in which to receive hospitality, and so I  
waited and wondered before approaching the artistic little  
home in it's beautiful setting.

But—Belgium, Brussels, Bruges, Waterloo—our boys—  
trenches—blood—slaughter—starvation—and the waves became  
louder and the war more terrible.

I must banish these thoughts and replace them with:—  
"Over the carnage rose a prophetic voice—be not disheartened:  
Affection shall solve the problem of freedom yet,  
Those who love each other shall become invincible."

—Whitman

The door opened and "a peace which passeth understanding"  
was within the threshold.

Beauty, order, comfort, quiet—dignified, and satisfying.

Not a discordant note, only an harmonious blending of color.

One could imagine Tennyson being the Patron Saint of  
such polished surroundings—but never Whitman.

Yet there Whitman was—pervading everything—exuding  
from everything. Whitman cared for and looked after.

Scores and scores of photos of Whitman, paintings of Whit-  
man, bas-reliefs of Whitman and books, books and books of  
Whitman.

Notes about Whitman.

The hours and hours of care and study.

The correctness of data.

The information stored and catalogued, systematized, and labeled.

Books re-printed and re-bound.

All a magnificent tribute of head, hand and heart.

A splendid tribute to Whitman and Democracy—Future generations will the more appreciate such a tribute.

And here "By Blue Ontario's Shore" I listened to the "Poem of the Road" read by this lover of Whitman.

I was glad and overjoyed.

But the day's rare treat was not to end here—the 'phone rang—Horace Traubel had arrived in Toronto.

Just a few days before, Dr. Watson, Poet and good Whitmanite, had sent me a copy of his "Conservator."

A Buffalo friend had told me that Horace Traubel wore Walt Whitman's watch, and was his literary executor.

I was now to meet this man.

At the home of a mutual friend we found this modern Horace.

Greetings between Horace and Henry and Albert and Roy and Host and Hostess. All so familiar and friendly.

I felt apart—I was an outsider in a coterie of rare worthwhilers.

But I was privileged to listen.

Horace Traubel is an heroic figure.

I had heard that he was indifferent as to the cut of his clothes—I do not even remember the color.

I guess he was stout and I fancy not as tall as the other men.

He sat so that I saw his profile. His head was wonderfully classic and statuesque.

Strong, natural, original, he bumbled along in an easy conversational way.

Flashes of wit, an occasional damn and a deep low laugh suggested Mark Twain.

He talked of the War, and I remember that he said:—"I am glad that I am an American, because America gives a man a chance or two which no other country gives a man—but even at that, it is a hog sentiment,—I've got no right to have any bless-





## The Friend I was Looking For

Loneliness had taken possession of my very soul.

I sat in my room lighted only by the street lamps that made deep shadows on the ceiling.

Streaks of light were also on the ceiling but I saw only the shadows, for my friend had failed me.

I had worked hard and had achieved.

I had endeavored and had accomplished.

I had been praised and blamed, disappointed and pleasantly surprised and whether approved or disapproved of it was all in the day's happenings and I was philosopher and student enough to know from the very nature of my work that this must be so.

The boosts that letters containing subscriptions to the "SUNSET" or contributions to the "Whitman Club" cause, gave me were very encouraging. The "knocks" that came from folks who did not understand were laughed about and turned to boosts by saying "they will some day know."

The glorious faith that Wid had in me and the absolute faith I had in my own work, the feeling of joy at having at least started—that the Open Road stretched before me, and that the journey was bound to be filled with splendidly difficult tramps, with soothing rests by the wayside, with hills to climb, with marshes to cross, with folks to meet going in the opposite direction, and folks to catch up to and pass or help along, with folks catching up to me and passing me—with folks, ever folks shaking me by the hand—

The Good Days and the Good Byes had already been worth while—then why this loneliness?

A week and my friend had not appeared.

No letter —no message—no visit.

This friend on the highest pedestal I had ever reared to friendship.

This friend whom I had told about my hopes and longings.

This friend with whom I had discussed my aspirations and inspirations, who knew my motives and my sacrifices.

This friend who might be pleased or pained, but with all my faults would love me still.



This friend, who would praise one page and criticize another who would say this was wise and this was foolish.

But this friend had not come and I sat long and long, and only saw the shadows grow deeper and blacker and wondered.

Had I followed a will-o-the-wisp? Had I pinned my faith on friendship and friendship was not?

To break the spell of utter loneliness that each moment deepened, to forget the ONE who had failed me in success or failure (Who can say what is success and what is failure?)—I pushed a button and flooded the room with light.

The much marked and worn copy of "Leaves of Grass" was on my desk. I picked it up and superstitiously let it fall open and mentally wondered what message the opened pages would have for me.

I first read:—

"I announce a life that shall be copious, vehement, spiritual, bold,

And I announce an old age that shall lightly and joyfully meet its translation."

Copious, vehement, spiritual, bold—at once the words filled me with strength, and the lonely feeling was replaced by an urge to do.

A scored line on the opposite page read:—

"Once more I enforce you to give play to yourself—and not depend on me—or on anyone but yourself."

An urge to be—at all hazards to be—caused an exultant buoyancy to creep over me.

Again my eye caught the printed page:

"I announce natural persons to arise,

I announce justice triumphant,

I announce uncompromising liberty and equality."

I was back at Bon Echo, I was building stone fences with the boys? I was carving mottoes on pieces of birch bark—I was designing a gateway of granite and on the splendid sweeping arch was carved the words:—

"The Institution of the Dear Love of Comrades."

Again my eyes looked at the open book:—

"I announce adhesiveness—I say it shall be limitless; unloosened.

I say you shall yet find the friend you were looking for."

I was assured, my faith was restored—I pushed the button and the room seemed dark.

I sat down and closed my eyes—I saw nothing—I was content. I opened my eyes—I looked for the deep shadows on the ceiling, but I saw only streaks of light.

A picture of Walt Whitman hung by my dresser. A ray of light played on the bearded face of rugged strength—the slouched hat blended with and was a part of the wondrous head.

The eyes looked into mine and smiled. A soft yellow halo, with scintillating colors played about the frame.

I was awed by a delicious feeling of rest and peace.

A friendly spirit showed me her purple light—comrades were with me.

I was no longer lonely, I was filled with hope and certainty.

And “The Friend I Was Looking For?” I may meet again at the next bend in the Road.



Others shall sing the song,  
Others shall right the wrong;  
Finish what I begin,  
And all I fail to win,  
What matter I or they,  
Mine or another's day;  
So the right word be said,  
And life the sweeter made.

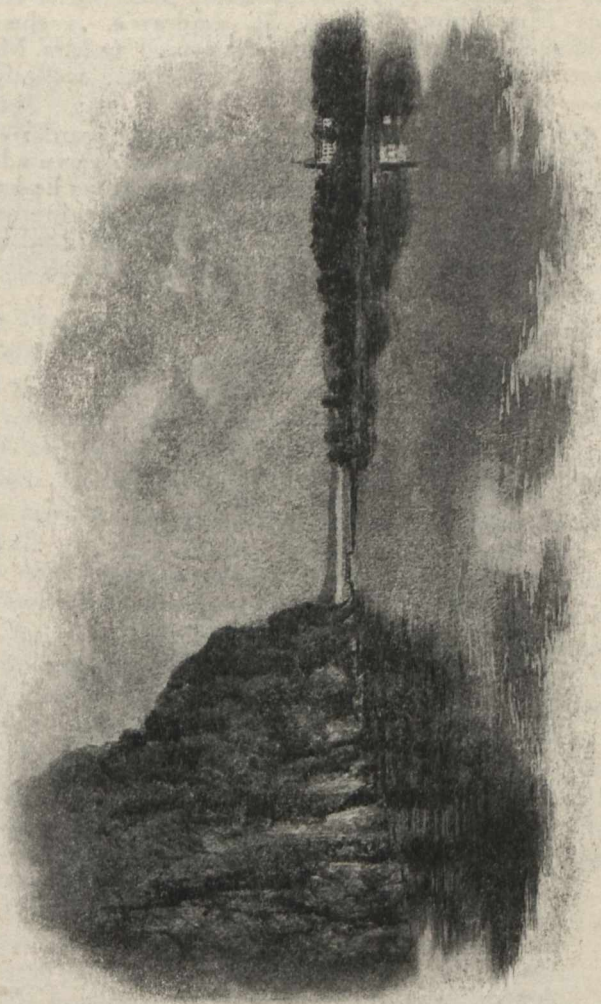
**Learn every possible lesson from this war;—Learn to say “The World is my Country.”**

**“Rule Britannia” and “Deuchland Uber Alles” has made a sad mix up.**



THE SUNSET OF BON ECHO

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A GLIMPSE OF BON ECHO

## Burns' Tribute to Title

IT is seldom in these days, says The Dundee Courier, that a hitherto unpublished poem of the great poet Burns comes to light. But Mrs. John Moffatt, St. Andrew's, is the happy possessor of such. The poem below was copied by Mrs. Moffatt's grandfather, the late Mr. Edward Sanderson, well-nigh 100 years ago.

The verses are prefaced with the following words:—"Composed by Robert Burns, and presented to the nobleman addressed upon being called up from the servants' hall (where he had been sent to dine along with them) to add to the entertainment of his company, along with which company he had been asked to go on an excursion to the Bass Rock. On presenting which he put on his hat, turned on his heel and retired."

The verses are as follows:—

"My Lord, I would not fill your chair,  
 Tho' ye be proudest noble's heir.  
 I came this night to join your feast  
 As equal of the best and least!  
 'Tis true that cash with me is scant,  
 And titles trifles that I want.  
 The King has never made me kneel  
 To stamp my manhood with his seal.  
 But what of that? The King on high  
 Who took less pains with you than I,  
 Has filled my bosom and my mind  
 With something better in its kind  
 Than your broad acres, something which  
 I cannot well translate to speech.  
 But by its impulse I can know  
 'Tis deeds, not birth, that make men low.  
 Your rank, my Lord, is but a loan!  
 But mine, thank Heaven, is all my own!  
 A peasant, 'tis my pride to be;  
 Look round and round your hall and see  
 Who boasts a higher pedigree!  
 I was not fit, it seems, to dine  
 With these fox-hunting heroes fine.  
 But only came to bandy jests  
 Among your Lordship's hopeful guests.  
 There must be here some sad mistake—  
 I would not play for such a stake.  
 Be a buffoon for drink and meat,  
 And a poor Earl's tax-paid seat!  
 No, die, my heart, ere such a shame  
 Descends on Robert Burns' name."



## Pateeka

### A Romance of the Northland

By Flora Macdonald

*Sunday World, Nov. 1907*



LIVINGSTONE had been left motherless when very young, but as her father was a very wealthy New Orleans gentleman, she had all the advantages money could give her.

General Livingstone felt that his daughter must be exceptionally well educated to take a prominent place in the social fabric of his city.

To this end, not only governesses and tutors had been engaged, but she had spent three years in Paris and three in Berlin. So, when at eighteen she "came out," it was as easy for her to converse in French and German as in English. Grace was now twenty-one. Three gay seasons and many suitors had been hers. Her first season in her own city had been crowded with many proposals, and though her father would have been satisfied had she married Fred Grant, a promising young editor and politician, she had refused one and all.

Her next "society whirl" had been in London, and after being presented at court, invitations to swell functions were not lacking, for Grace Livingstone was not only accomplished in music, art and language, but she was physically one of the most beautiful girls it was possible to see. A Grecian chisel might have traced her fine delicate features and her bundles of slightly tinted golden brown hair were the envy of many a less fortunate sister, who had to resort to the hair dressers' art to fill out. Young lords and dukes had been but little more than Tom and Charlie with her, and she was neither over-awed nor spoiled by the flattery of titled men.

Her third season had been in Berlin and Paris, and she had enjoyed every minute, but now it was spring.

She and her father were back home and the heat of New Orleans was beginning to be felt. The old general looked anxiously at Grace. He adored her every move. She was so like her mother who had died of that dread "white plague." They had lingered over the breakfast table, for Grace looked paler than she should, and though it was nothing but a slight hacking every cough went through the general like a knife.

"Grace, my darling, are you feeling well?"

"To be honest, dear, I am not very well. I feel so tired and unambitious. You think I miss my friends in Paris and Berlin, but no, I am glad to be home."

"I am getting old, Grace, and sometimes I wish you had decided to marry. I would not have you give your hand without your heart, but it seems strange that you have never fallen in love. Southern girls usually have many love affairs before they are your age."

"You dear old goose, have I not, too, had dozens of love affairs? Do you suppose that all the proposals I have had were not preceded by love-making, and many of them I did love till I thought of spending a life time with them, and then—well, father, it was not 'la grande passion,' that is all."

"Where do you want to go for the summer?"

"Why, I was talking to Nellie Wren yesterday, and she has advised me to go to Canada. She spent a month last summer in a place called Muskoka."

"Capital, my dear, capital! I was in Quebec some years ago. It was very quaint and charming there. Muskoka is farther west, I believe."

It was soon decided, for each day Grace's cough seemed worse and her father's anxiety increased. She hunted through magazines for articles on Canada which was in her mind a synonym for Indian romance, though she could hardly tell why it was that she owned a copy of "The White Wampum," and "The Song My Paddle Sings" had so fascinated her that she had memorized it.

"Will you take ole mammy or Cynthia with you, my dear?" her father had asked.

"I will take neither, father, darling, I only need a maid to do up my frocks when they are tight and buttoned in the back, but this year I am going to live in walking skirts and shirt waists. I have had enough of gowns and jewels. We will live the simple life this summer."

"Very well, dear, whatever you feel like doing. Your old father wants to see you strong again." Even then Grace started coughing. It was a long journey. A few days' rest at the Falls and then across the lake to Toronto.

General Livingstone had letters to several prominent Toronto people, but Grace begged him not to bother hunting them up, as she preferred getting out into the wild woods where Indians



paddle their birch bark canoes. Upon enquiring about different places it was found that Muskoka was infested with up-to-date hotels a la American plan. This was not Grace's idea of the wild woods of Canada at all. Her father found that the bold mountain region, or, as some called it, the Highlands of Ontario, was probably more what they wanted, so, after a day's journey by sail and livery rig, they found themselves on Marble Lake, a short distance from the famous Massawaga. Although Grace's wardrobe was limited to shirt waists and short skirts, the Livingstone luggage took a team some time to bring it from Kaladar station, for the general had brought two complete campers' outfits from different firms, saying:—

"Well, darling, what one lacks, the other will have, and we must not run any risk of being without things."

The caretaker of the big "Gold Star" mine was consulted by the general and he proved so affable, they accepted his hospitality till such time as they could pitch their tents and secure a guide.

The "Gold Star" was shut down—a fifty thousand dollar plant lay idle, and why?

"Well, stranger," said the caretaker, "it's not for the lack of mineral, for the quartz got richer and heavier every blast, but you see the big fellows in the 'Gold Star' are New York millionaires, so they are just laying low till the little chaps get discouraged and drop out. It seems the way of the world, stranger, but the little fellows do the work and carry the load and the big ones spend the profits."

The general did not reply, but Grace thought to herself, "What work have I ever done? What load have I ever carried? And yet what money I have spent!"

Being very comfortable at the "Gold Star," General Livingstone took the advice of his host.

"Rest for a few days. The girl looks most fit to be abed. I'll paddle you to Massawaga and Sawatis is the man to guide you if that is what you want—to climb around this rough country. He knows every rock and tree and deer trail. He talks to the white owls and wildcats. He knows the deep holes for lake salmon and the rock beds for black bass.

"A night's fishing for eels and mudcats is the sportiest kind of sport, with a story of the days when Iroquois warriors with their squaws and babies and wigwams, inhabited these parts, thrown in."

But when Sawatis was interviewed he looked quite solemn and silent. The general wanted some one all the time, someone not only to guide them, but a constant help and companion.

"No—me too old," said Sawatis. "Me only guide men; me no good for take care girl—me no young blood."

Then he brightened up.

"Ah—Pateeka! Pateeka! He young, strong, good shot, good cook, quick. Sawatis old, much trouble—joint stiff."

So Pateeka was interviewed by Sawatis in the Indian tongue. All the listeners could judge was by their faces, which were very expressive.

At first Pateeka evidently objected to the girl; but just then Grace, who was very tired after her cramped position in the canoe, glanced up from her seat on a carpet of dried pine needles and smiled a rather pathetic smile at Pateeka.

Pateeka softened just as many a titled aristocrat had softened before her at that wonderful sympathetic sunny southern smile.

Then he turned to the general and in good English said: "If I understand, my father, you wish me to take you round these parts; pitch your tents, help cook, look after supplies and such like."

Grace had been watching the stalwart young Iroquois, who had reverted to Indian type and showed nothing of the trace of French ancestry that he really had.

He stood over six feet and as straight as a young forest sapling. Expressions changed rapidly on his handsome face, and if one moment she thought she had him, the next, she was afraid. She got up, and shaking the pine needles from her skirt, gave a frightened scream as a small garter snake moved gracefully towards some underbrush. Pateeka saw what had frightened her, gave a quick leap and the snake was under his foot. He picked it up by the tail, and snapping its head against a tree, threw it limp and dead into the thicket.

"This is a bad part of the country for you to be in if you are afraid of a little garter snake," he said.

"O, no! I just love it all. The snake only startled me," and she put her fair little hand on his bare brown arm:

"Do come with us. I will not be frightened at anything if you will only stay with us."



"All right, but I guess you'll be sick of it in a week."

So Pateeka was not to be the first man to refuse this petted daughter of the south what she wanted.

After three days of exploring, Grace decided to camp on Buck Island in Buck Lake. It was a small island that she could walk around in an hour, even though there was much underbrush to fight through and many rocks to climb over. Marble Lake was beautiful, Massawaga was grand; but Marble Lake had the Gold Star plant and some shanties on its shores, and Massawaga had a summer hotel, a few cottages, and a few farm houses, but Buck Lake was by itself, nestled in the forest reserves and not a habitation of any kind to be seen. Unused raceways, dams, skidways and tramways made interesting bits in creeks and rivers which branched to Dyre Lake and Horse Shoe Lake.

Why, she could be monarch of it all with only her father and Pateeka. And Pateeka—what a difference—she had in some way connected an Indian with a negro, and when contemplating an Indian guide and general utility man she had thought of telling him to do things much as she would have her father's old faithful servant, George Washington.

Instead, from the first, Pateeka was the one to tell them what to do, and the general found himself obeying Pateeka's commands and, strange to say, it seemed quite right and proper. Pateeka copied the general and called his daughter "Grace," the same as he did.

The general soon saw that Pateeka could fish and hunt with a skill he had hardly thought possible, and instead of pitying the Indian's lack of education, he found Pateeka politely excusing his own and his daughter's ignorance, saying, "I do not suppose you have had much chance to learn things." Pateeka knew the language of the squirrel, the chipmunk, the porcupine. He talked to the loons and the whip-poor-wills, and caught humming birds just to show Grace the tiny, brilliant specks.

Some days Grace was very tired and hardly felt able to walk or canoe. Then Pateeka would cut balsam boughs and make her a bed on the sunny side of the island and amuse her by shooting at marks. At night he made camp fires and burned pitch pine knots, and the resinous odor was splendid and invigorating.

Pateeka got milk and eggs from farmers near by, and he al-

ways stopped to see his squaw mother, Sawateene, and Sawateene was kept busy picking berries and hunting farms for spring chickens, and Pateeka was getting so fussy about his clothes.

The beautiful summer days went by so quickly.

The general took a new lease of life, for each day he saw Grace improving. The color came back to her cheeks, and now she swam races with Pateeka, and often tramped miles through the woods and over the rocks.

On moonlight nights Pateeka would take her out in the canoe and paddle for hours and Grace felt free and happy and sang songs of the sunny south, sang songs of old England, sang songs in German, that she learned in Berlin, and beautiful bits of Italian opera. Pateeka would hum a tenor to her songs and she would applaud his efforts.

What days and what nights!

The strawberries, the raspberries, the long blackberries, and the huckleberries had come and gone and Grace had delighted in this wild outdoor life, growing stronger every day.

"It will soon be cold weather, Grace. I must take you to a cranberry marsh to pick cranberries before you go back to New Orleans."

Then Grace, who was always a chatter-box, was silent and let the young Indian talk.

"I have traps to set for mink and otter, beaver and bear.

"I will soon have to get ready for the trail.

"I want to give you the nicest mink skins I trap this winter, Grace."

"You are a dear, Pateeka, and I owe you now so much that I feel I can never repay you."

Now Pateeka was silent and paddled on and on in the moonlight.

Grace took it into her head to give a party before leaving the island, so Sawatis came with his fiddle, and Sawateene wore her best beads and blanket, and Loti and the younger boys, who had been named after big chiefs at Ottawa, John A. Macdonald and Wilfrid Laurier, also came.

Weeta did not come, and Grace was disappointed, for she had heard of Weeta's beauty, but had never seen her.

The party was a great success, and Grace sang song after song, sang when Sawatis played and sang when Pateeka hummed. After all had gone the general went to Grace's tent with her.

"My darling, I never saw you so happy in all your life. You sang better, you looked better. Canada has done so much for you that I feel like endowing a hospital or college, or something."

"You old dear, Canada is grand and beautiful, and it has been a glorious playground for us all summer long, but, father, do we not owe much to Pateeka? Do something big for him, father."



"Anything you say, Grace; anything you say, darling. Your life has been spared to me and I thank both Canada and Pateeka."

Still they lingered on. Cold days came, and then warm, hazy Indian summer days, when the leaves had turned red and yellow and fallen.

The general hated to go, and Grace hated to go, and Pateeka was silent.

It was a black, cloudy night. Neither moon nor stars were visible. Pateeka built a fire at the door of the main tent, and opened the whole end, so the heat poured in and made all comfortable.

Then he asked Grace to sing the "Swanee River," and Grace obeyed. She never refused when Pateeka asked her to sing.

"Well, Pateeka, we must leave tomorrow. You may have the tents and traps about here. My daughter owes her very life to this summer in your beautiful country, and I would like to do something for you to show how I appreciate your services. What would you wish me to do?"

Grace had slipped close beside Pateeka.

How magnificent he looked! His dark skin glowed in the firelight, he stood like some splendid young giant, haughty and proud.

"Ask for something big, Pateeka. Think of your future and what you would like to be. Ask for something big."

He put his brown hand on Grace's beautiful hair, his eyes flashed—he breathed hard.

"You say to ask for something big, Grace. I obey. General, your daughter is the biggest thing in the world to me. Will you give her to me?"

The general started, gasped, looked at Pateeka, then at Grace, and Grace kept getting closer, closer, till the great brown arms were wound about her.

"Grace! You love this man?"

Then Grace went over to her dear old father.

"Yes, father; I love this man. He is not a graduate of Yale or Oxford, but he is a graduate of the great university of Nature, and belongs to the old aristocracy of this continent."

Then the general led her back to the arms of Pateeka, and slipped away to his own tent.

A northland camp fire never burned and flickered and cast shadows for a happier pair of lovers, and Canada's backwoods' midnight never before saw so splendid a picture.

"We'll come back soon to Canada, for remember, Pateeka, you promised me the best mink skins you trapped, and I must wear them when your country is frozen and snowclad."

"Then it will be your country that is frozen and snowclad," and he kissed her goodnight.

## Personal Liberty

The whirlwind Temperance wave which caught Ontario, ended in a breaker which threatens to drown the vested liquor interests of the province.

Quietly, persistently and tenaciously have the temperance women and men done the spade work of educating public opinion.

The evils of the liquor traffic have been rehearsed from every platform and many pulpits.

The medical profession have condemned it as a habit forming drug.

Moralists have proven that it deadens the sense of morality.

Social betterment workers say that poverty and squalor and wretchedness follow in its wake.

Wives tell of ruined husbands and husbands tell of degenerate wives.

Neglected children cry to the powers that be, to protect their helplessness while politicians answer back that the tax on liquor is a great source of revenue to our country.

The brainiest and most capable of our men have cursed its effects after days and nights of snake-seeing and delirium.

Every sanitarium, asylum, and prison in the country have their tragic tale to tell of ruined lives.

Hospital beds add their quota of evidence and even the scaffold draws its black cap down lower while strangling the poor victims of a licensed traffic.

The genius is caught in the alluring mesh of convivial temptation and Robert Burns and Edgar Allan Poe call to us from premature graves to heed the lessons which their frailties taught.

With facts and figures, with evidence so circumstantial that no argument seems needed, with Lloyd George telling the whole world that rum is England's greatest enemy—with the Czar of Russia banishing Vodka from his nation at one fell stroke—with states and provinces and countries going dry, it would seem that at last a mighty Niagara of public opinion had worn a gorge so deep and lasting and forceful in its tremendous power, that every liquor shop and bar must be swept into the whirlpool of the past.

But Hark—above the half-mile banner in the ten mile prohibition procession held in Toronto, March the nineteenth, to



carry to Parliament a monster petition from the Province of Ontario—comes a clear call that makes even that great course of men and women listen.

The call is PERSONAL LIBERTY.

The arguments of vested interests and country's revenue were easily answered, but Personal Liberty is another thing.

When the Barons made King John sign the Magna Charta, that was the first great stroke for Personal Liberty, and every page of British history that stands out clear and brilliant is one which tells of battles fought for Personal Liberty.

From the time that Cromwell called a halt on King Charles, till Asquith announced the declaration of war against Germany, Personal Liberty has been the *raison d'être* of action.

The Tea Party in Boston Harbor, was a little pleasantry to celebrate Personal Liberty, and the crown of all Lincoln's achievements was Personal Liberty.

Personal Liberty is a Statue standing on a foundation of such tremendous dimensions that no earthquake of tyranny can ever shake.

Personal Liberty carries in its hand a torch that has lighted the path of every reform movement the world has seen.

Then is it any wonder that the Great Procession halted, that our Legislator hesitated, that even the boys in khaki, when a handful of men with millions of dollars at their command cried out to the advocates of Prohibition—Halt—PERSONAL LIBERTY blocks your pathway.

The war is on Personal Liberty versus Prohibition.

The oldest Distillers in the world came forth and said that they are serving their King and Country, and your Prohibitionists would ruin our commercial interests. We need the protection of Personal Liberty, to carry on our business.

But our King and Country say—"We must conserve our resources if we would win this war—you, oldest Distiller, you are making harmful intoxicants out of the grain that the starving women and children of Belgium and Servia need.

"You are keeping an army of men raising grain, filling cars, and transporting the raw material to your distilleries—another army is manufacturing an efficiency-destroying beverage, another army is distributing and selling, while yet another army is being destroyed by the liquor traffic.

"Your King and Country need the grain for bread.

"Your King and Country need every available car and ship to transport food, munitions and other necessities.

"Your Personal Liberty stops where the Personal Liberty of your country is endangered, because of your woeful waste of resources necessary to your business."

Again grandiloquently says the master of the Palace:—"Shall my Personal Liberty to serve wine on my table be taken away from me," and Palace doors swing open and prohibitionists enter and present their arguments, and titled wealth, shaken to the soul, bows in meekness and says "never again shall wine be served here when it means taking away the Personal Liberty of thousands of women and children in lesser homes."

The club man comes on the Prohibition platform and says "I am not a tee-totaler, I want my cock-tail before dinner, I want a glass of ale when I am thirsty, I want the pleasure of a social glass with my friends, I have always had these things and they have done me no harm—but my friend was not so strong as I am—he was a brilliant writer, he was slated to be premier—but whiskey got him, and his pen no longer writes telling editorials, his voice no longer thrills audiences, his wife is a nervous wreck and the lives of his daughters and nurses have been made horrible, waiting on his beastly helplessness.

"The pleasure I have received through life from the convivial joy of stimulants, is as a drop in the bucket when compared with my friend's misery. I am for prohibition out and out."

"But you women in your limousines, with your furs and silks and satins—surely you would not deprive an old man and woman of the only joy they have in life, their bit of 'hot toddy?'" said an old man decked out in Personal Liberty League mottoes. O—No, said a woman doctor, "I'd give you a medical prescription," and even the old man was silenced.

Let us be honest—it is not Personal Liberty that is the inspiration of The Personal Liberty League—it is vested interests.

Distillers, liquor dealers, saloon keepers, many of whom are too decent to be in such an obviously destructive business.

But of all illogical arguments of this Personal Liberty League it is "Our country must not be deprived of its revenue in War time."



Would all the revenue that has come to us through the taxes on liquor pay one-tenth of the bills contracted through the jails, asylums, feeble-minded institutions, hospitals—made necessary through the use of alcoholic stimulants—to say nothing of the heart-broken women, children and relations left in the trail.

No—Personal Liberty League, you are sailing under false colors—you have adopted the wrong name—remember that your Personal Liberty stops just where society's Personal Liberty begins.

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## Sayings Clipped from Sunset Letters

"It has undoubted charm and burbles with delightful naivete in places. For you to burble with naivete—to be naive in your soul—is an astounding tribute to the ultimate hope."

"I like your Sunset and to criticize it would be like finding fault with a real sunset, because it had a patch of cloud too much here and not enough there. You have drawn a delightful picture and may it be framed with success."

"Your dream stuff is immense—how did you think it all out? Bon Echo—the Modern Olympus—the birthplace of L'Art Democratique. Good luck to you. Dream stuff has materialized before."

"You should have waited till after the war is over before launching an enterprise so problematical."

"Flora MacDonald—you must have had some pretty even breaks of luck in your wanderings through the ages, because you have the ungodly faith which only comes after having gone through many pretty black adventures and come out with the flag of victory nailed to the mast-heads of your Karmistic flag-poles.

"Your magazine should have been called the Sunrise—there are plenty of people just waiting to receive the inspiration in their lives that your Sunset gives."

"You scored some of your 'Short Story' folks pretty badly. This is very dangerous—you should be careful."

"The Sunset is too obviously an advertisement for Bon Echo. Still, if it is such a good thing, I suppose there is no harm in passing it along."

## Transportation

1840-1916

A DIP into the Minutes of the Honourable, the Hudson's Bay Company records (1840), will interest the reader taking his ticket by the Canadian Pacific Railway to-day to some northern point. The following excerpt is worth recording:—

Norway House, June 1840

"In order to afford every facility to Governor Simpson on his intended arduous journey across the continent it is Resolved, 72, that Chief Factor Rowan be directed to provide the necessary horses and appointments for crossing the plains from Red River to Edmonton."

The line of route ran: from Fort Garry to White Horse Plains, on to Fort Pelly, Fort Ellice, Carlton, Fort Pitt, Edmonton. From the latter point to Fort Colville and thence to Fort Vancouver, ending this extraordinary jaunt at Walla-Walla on Puget Sound.

The records tell of the start out at sunrise one July morning, cannon booming from the ramparts of the old Fort, the Governor, escorted by Chief Factor Rowan and a convoy of fifteen out riders. The commissariat was borne by pack—the native ponies (cayuse) laden with panniers of good fare, and, you may be sure, a flagon or two of the famous old Hudson Bay Rum to cheer the journey.

That was an imposing caravan starting out, and, oddly enough, forerunner of the route later mapped out by brainy engineers of a great transcontinental railway. It was a picturesque sight, I feel sure, and one worthy of the Artist's brush: Sir George Simpson, wearing his well remembered "stove-pipe" silk hat, his Scotch plaid, and that fearsome air he assumed to terrify the savages he met on the onward way.

Records state that seven different languages were used and so many "interpreters" taken along in order to carry on the business in hand.

Important matters took the first Governor west. The Oregon boundary question was at this date in dispute; the H. B. Co. had big interests on the banks of the Columbia river; farm lands, horses, cattle, swine, etc., a settlement of families having



been sent here to colonize; as the Company had, at that date, subsidiary agricultural company occupying certain lands.

At various points relays of fresh horses were held in readiness for the party which travelled in semi-royal state. The trip held many marvels; some savage chiefs came from afar to greet the "Great Company" in the person of its Governor; and the blunder of the guide once carried them miles out of their way through miasmatic swamps with hordes of mosquitoes maddening to new-comers!

The cavalcade of fifty horses, nineteen attendants, six carts and the officials' party made from four to five miles an hour; they came across wandering buffalo, warlike Blackfeet and skulking Crees, but there were delays common to the time and circumstance, for the Governor had to report on the several Posts—to take topographical notes of his bearings—notes which to-day might prove amusing reading, as they described what has since become the granary of the world as "No-Man's Land!"

Approaching Carlton the party became aware of trouble brewing between the Blackfeet and Cree tribes; but Sir George, depending upon the power of "THE COMPANY," rode grandly ahead of his allies, and proceeded with so grand an air and so haughty a visage, as to bring the quarrelsome tribes together like the tail of a comet!

Could Sir George Simpson return to-day to the old haunts, what a transformation scene his eyes would see! "Fort Garry" now a City Gateway opening to a land of wealth. The old "Red River Cart" in which he rode grandly ahead, an "exhibit" set up as a relic of savage times! and where the "trail" led westward a flowing sea of wheat through which a double daily train tears its way to the shores of Puget Sound.

Where silence reigned, now the hum of commerce shrieks its triumphant note; and the interesting trails have now a line of steel rails, bearing to the sea, the billions of bushels of wheat which feed the world!

Down in Bowmanville, Ontario, the writer saw (in the possession of kinsfolk) Sir George's reading chair, tea-box and sword. These, with a painting (exhibited by the Canadian Pacific Railway at the last Glasgow Exhibition) of Sir George, with his pipers and boatmen ascending the Fraser River, on this momentous journey, is all that is left to show the difference in methods of transportation, since that long ago day.

—Kate Simpson Hayes

# The Sacrament



The World was builded out of flame  
and storm.  
The oak, blast-beaten on the hills,  
stands firm,  
Stalwart and strong. The ore is broken,  
crushed  
And sifted in the fiery crucible;  
The remnant is pure gold. Brave hearts  
must dare  
The billowy surge beneath the stern  
white stars  
To net the finny harvests of the sea.  
No boon is won, but some true hero dies.

Therefore is every gift a sacrament,  
And every service is a holy thing,—  
Not unto him whose filthy pence unearned  
Buys him the treasure, but to him  
who takes  
The gift with reverence from that unknown  
Who went forth brave and strong, came  
broken back,  
But won for us a rare and priceless pearl.

—*Albert D. Watson.*



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of Bon Echo  
\_\_\_\_\_ ? \_\_\_\_\_**

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will take you for a joy ride over the  
Bald Mountains from Kaladar Station



to Bon Echo Inn

