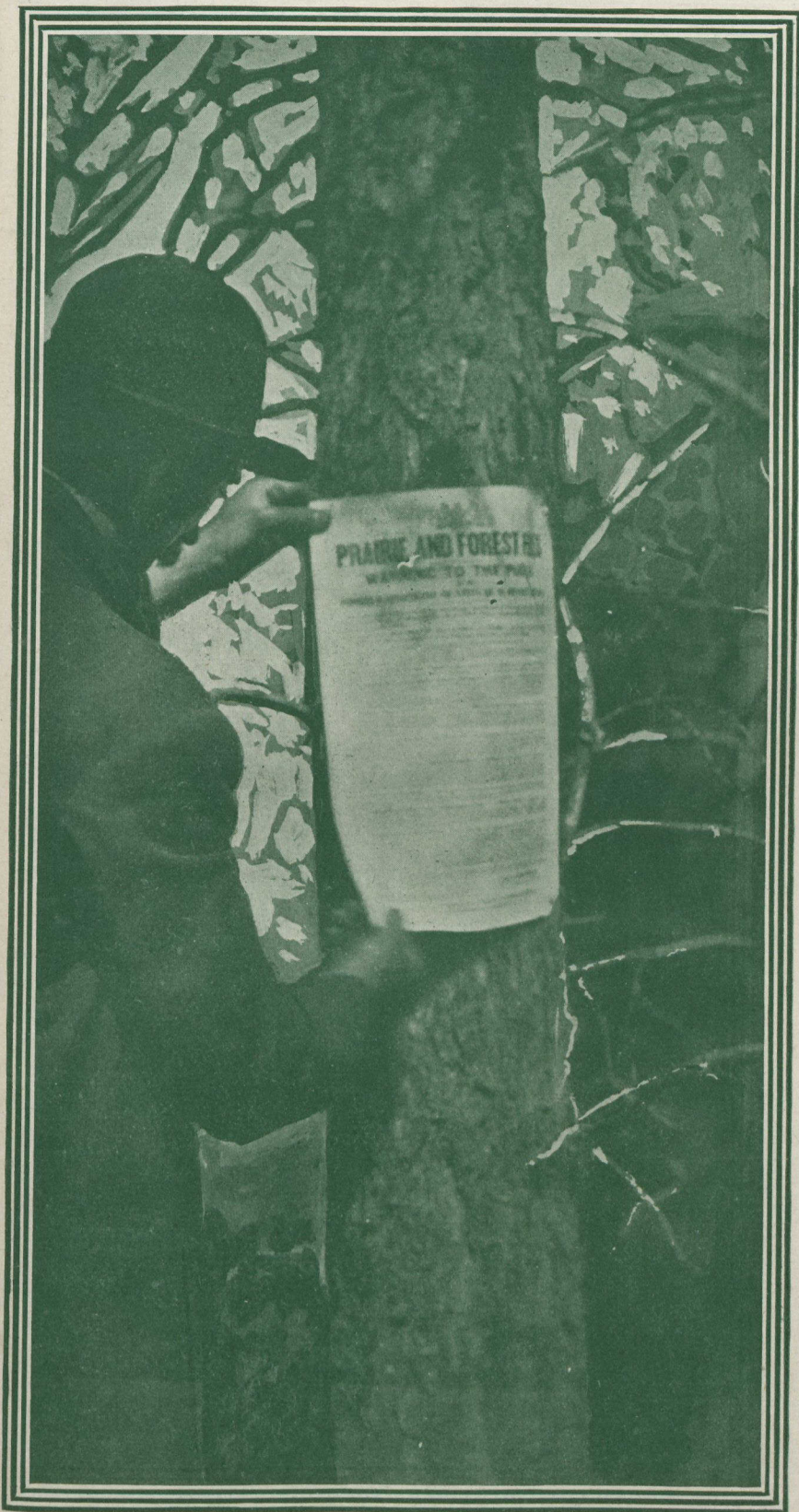


The Canadian
Courier
 THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



THE FOREST RANGER

Forests and Fires

A Chapter in Conservation

BY H. R. MACMILLAN

The Woman Who Blazed the Way

Across the Alleghanies

BY AGNES C. LAUT

The Menace of Mormonism

Last of a Series of Articles

BY NAN MOULTON

The Wildcatters

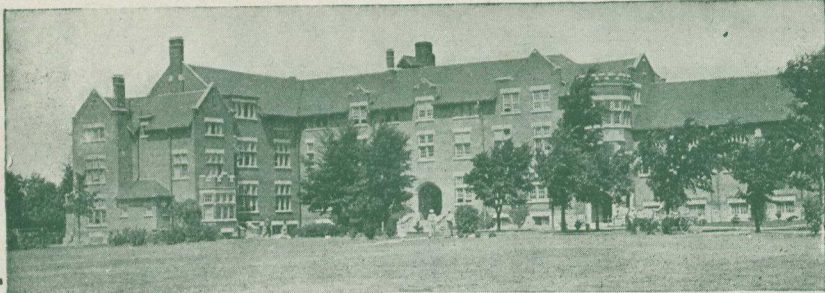
A New Serial Story

BY S. A. WHITE

Current News Pictures

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO



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"No. 10"



SCOTCH

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Published at 12 Wellington St. East, by the Courier Press, Limited.

VOL. X.

TORONTO

NO. 10

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Editor's Talk

THE present issue begins "The Wildcatters," a new serial by S. A. White. We believe this will be the most popular story ever serialized in "The Courier." Perhaps "The Woman Who Blazed the Way," by Agnes Laut, will prove as interesting. This is truth with the quality of fiction. H. R. MacMillan's article on "Forests and Fires" may not be romantic, but it's a live subject treated in a live way.

Next week a number of biographical sketches will be the chief feature of issue. The week following another Woman's Supplement occupies its monthly place. Another week and our yearly Industrial Number comes along. This special number will be a real contribution to the interest in our manufacturing welfare. It will be the most ambitious special ever attempted by "The Courier," and it will be the news weekly style of handling what is usually considered a trade paper subject.




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INVEST A LITTLE money to-day for future benefits.

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More and more women are using our bank for their personal savings. The bank not only offers safety from theft or loss, but removes the temptation to spend money foolishly. There is no way to accumulate the money necessary to purchase some desired article like depositing small sums from week to week.

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European plan. 150 rooms, with baths
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continent.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

A Poet's Way.—He had the poet's instinct for leaving practical matters to others. But his father-in-law to be did not know this.

"Look here, young fellow," he said, "I think it's about time the date of your marriage with my daughter was fixed."

"Yes, perhaps," the young man agreed. "But I am leaving that entirely to Ermytrude."

"Ah! Is it to be a quiet or a stylish wedding?"

"I think, sir," answered the young man quietly, "I can leave that safely in the hands of Mrs. Bullion."

"Yes; quite so!" nodded Mr. Bullion. "But a young fellow generally has some idea with regard to the expense—bridesmaids' gifts, you know. And—by the way, what is your income?"

"Well, that, sir," said the young man modestly, "I am leaving entirely to you."

* * *

So Say We All.—"They say that when an ostrich is surprised he hides his head in the sand."

"I wish to thunder he'd everlastingly hide his tail there," observed the man who had just settled a heavy millinery bill.

* * *

"Of Two Evils," etc.—"I'm going to the dentist's to have this tooth out. Just mind the baby till I come back."

Husband (with alacrity)—"You mind the baby, Jessie; I'll go and get a tooth pulled out!"

* * *

Chivalry and Profanity.—Chivalrous Mr. Jones purposely dropped a 50-cent piece at the foot of a poorly dressed woman who passed through the subway turnstile loudly lamenting that the ticket agent had cheated her out of half a dollar, then he picked the money up and gave it to her.

"Excuse me, madam," said Mr. Jones, "I think you dropped this."

"Oh, no," she said, "it can't be mine. Perhaps you dropped it yourself."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Jones. "It is yours, I am sure. I picked it up just as you passed."

She took the money, and hurried after another man who had passed at the time the money dropped.

"Excuse me, sir," she said, "I think you lost this."

"Thanks," said the other man, and jumped aboard a train that was ready to start.

"———!" said chivalrous Mr. Jones.

* * *

Deadly Nicotine.—Some years ago in Indiana one of the questions in an examination was: "What is nicotine?"

The answer given was: "Nicotine is so deadly a poison that a drop on the end of a dog's tail will kill a man."—Everybody's Magazine.

* * *

Speedy.—A disheveled citizen rushed into a Boston police station one afternoon and shouted for vengeance.

"The automobile that hit me five minutes ago was No. 41,144," he sputtered. "I can prove that he was exceeding the speed limit, and I want—I want—"

"You want a warrant for his arrest?"

"Warrant nothing! What good would a warrant do me at the rate he was going? I want extradition papers."

* * *

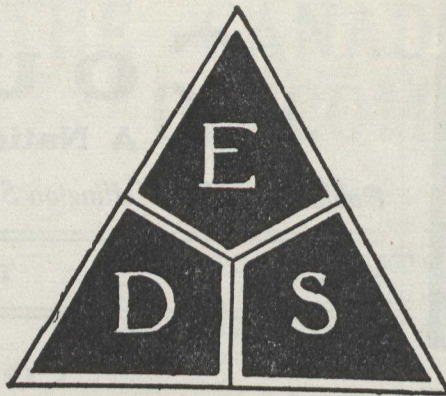
Meaning of Names.—Jeraldine: "William means good; James means beloved, I wonder (blushing) what George means?"

Mrs. Fondhopes: "Well, daughter, let us hope that George means business."—Life.

* * *

Encouragement.—He: "I suppose if I kissed you, you would never speak to me again?"

She—"Why do you always look on the dark side of things?"



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You have to give her a day off from the hot kitchen. The cook's "day off" is generally an "off day" for the entire household. It is a day of short rations and unsatisfied hunger. It need not be an off day if you have

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127

It costs no more than inferior grades and our reputation is behind it.

Packed in 1 and 2 pound cans only.

CHASE AND SANBORN, - MONTREAL.



THE

Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Vol. X.

August 5, 1911

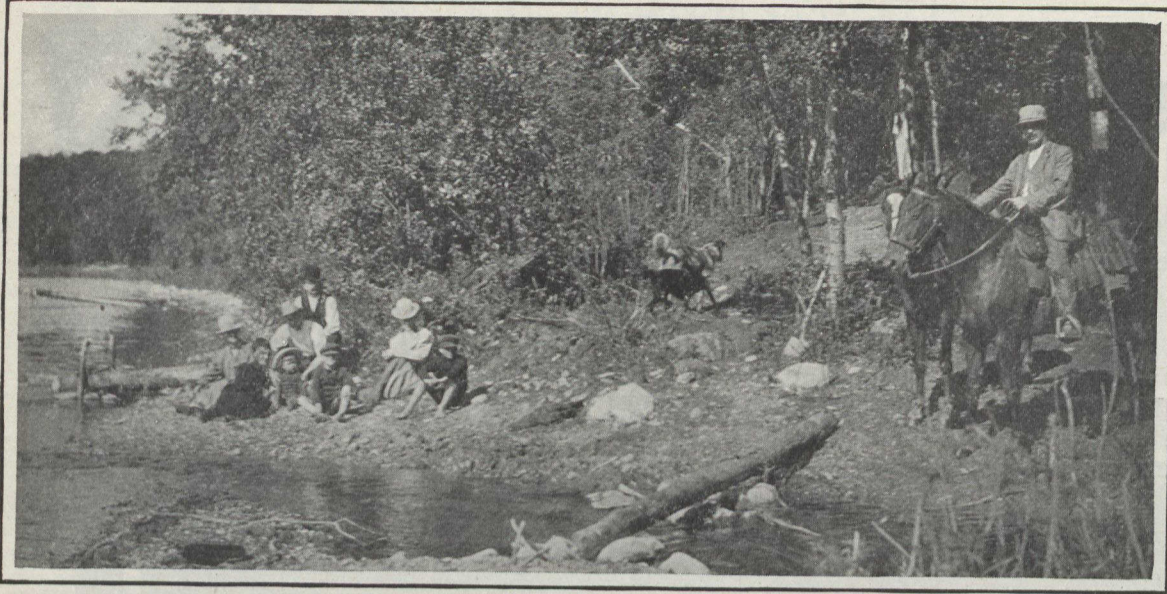
No. 10



PRINCESS PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT

"Princess Pat," the darling of the British people, will be the "glass of fashion" for all Canadian society girls from Halifax to Dawson City. Every debutante in the Dominion has read of the celebrated beauty and charming social qualities of Canada's princess-to-be. In Europe the lady who is coming to our democratic Capitol, has been the heroine of more than one royal romance and has spurned the thrones of kings.

Photograph by Madame Lallie Charles.



Forest ranger visits a party of campers at Moose Mountain, Saskatchewan.

FORESTS AND FIRES

The Great Task of the Official Protectors of Canada's Timber.

By H. R. MacMILLAN

FOR every foot of timber that has ever been cut in Canada by lumbermen at least seven feet have been destroyed by fire. That is one of the statements made by Mr. H. R. MacMillan, the author of the following article, in his report to the Government on "Forest Fires in Canada." The conservation of the forest is one of the big problems in national resources. The disaster in Porcupine and the recent half-million-dollar blaze in British Columbia have impressed its importance upon the country. In his article, Mr. MacMillan discusses as an expert the causes of forest fires and suggests methods of preventing them.

THE forest areas of Canada lie unbroken across the continent full three thousand miles from east to west and stretch tracklessly four hundred to one thousand miles northward from the utmost fringe of settlement. Officials seek, with three or four hundred thousand dollars and a few hundred men, to keep fire out of



Party of Rangers with camp outfit laying out a season's work.

that vast inflammable area, and always they are partially successful in that great task.

The world's greatest stretch of forest under one system of fire protection is that administered by the Federal Forest Service of Canada. This comparatively new department numbers among its duties the elimination of forest fires from an area extending westward from the Albany River and Hudson's Bay to the Pacific Ocean, and running away northward a two months' journey to Great Slave Lake and the head waters of the Thelon River, where begins the caribou-inhabited tundra. Altogether there is here a wooded area of about 700,000 square miles, almost totally devoid of thoroughfares, excepting the winding, connecting maze of rivers and lakes. This area is practically empty of people excepting the semi-permanent red and white population which centres around the trad-

ing-posts, the drifting dribbles of pioneers, who every summer thread the water courses through the forest on the lookout for trade, timber, minerals, fur or sport, and the homemakers whom the tide of immigration is forcing from the prairie into the woods.

Fire protection came almost too late to this territory. Field men of the Forest Service covering 203,300 square miles of land, all originally heavily timbered, reported in 1909 that only seventeen per cent. of it, 34,384 square miles, still carries timber, and that there is positive evidence that twenty per cent., about 54,700 square miles, has been devastated by fire within the last forty years. Still another officer, who spent last summer estimating the timber on about 10,000 square miles along the proposed line of the Hudson Bay Railroad reports that the whole region has been burned and reburned to a desert condition, and that only about ten square miles of the original 10,000 are now covered with merchantable timber.

The destruction of such a large proportion of the timber has made the protection of the remainder still more imperative, and, as the forces available for the policing of this wooded empire are ridiculously inadequate—\$62,000 was spent and 96 men employed in 1909—the most efficient organizing of the protective force has required some generalship.

During the ten years that the fire police have been on duty it has been learned that, while fires are prevalent from snow-melting to snow-fall, they are most frequent in early spring before the vegetation becomes green, in the hot, dry spells in mid-summer and also after the first frost in the fall.

Of 653 fires reported in 1909, railroads caused 202, settlers clearing land 177, campers and travellers 145, hunters, prospectors and lumbermen 56, lightning and natural combustion 63, and Indians 10. With the exception of lightning and natural combustion, which were responsible for only ten per cent. of the total number, the forest fires of Canada in 1909 were due to preventible causes.

Though legislation has always required that railways operating on Dominion Government lands must keep the right of way clear of inflammable material, plough fire-guards on each side of the track and carry efficient spark arresters, experience has always proven that nearly all

the timber tributary to the line was burned before the road was completed by fires emanating from the construction camps. What was not burned then was sure to be burned when the road started operating, for government fire-rangers were not empowered to inspect locomotives, and there were too few of them to inspect the condition of the right of way along the 1,650 miles of railroad operating through timber on Dominion Lands. Consequently the provisions of the law were rarely observed, the engineers and firemen poked holes in the fire-protective screens, the right of way was left covered with debris, dead timber and dry grass, fire guards were not constructed, and all through the summer every heavily-loaded train showered forth its hail of sparks and left behind it a few acres or square miles added to the growing Canadian desert.

The chief difficulties in the way of preventing fires from railway construction and operation have been overcome. All railroads building through timber on public lands are now required by law to follow the instructions of the Forest Service in the handling of fire and inflammable material, and to pay half the cost of the protective system maintained by the Forest Service. This policy was first tested on the Grand Trunk Pacific, where 180 miles of line were constructed through timber west of Edmonton. The construction work was divided into twenty-mile beats; on each was a ranger who patrolled the beat once every day during the fire season, and in control of the whole construction work was an officer of the Forest Service who superintended the work of the rangers and notified the contractors when and how they must burn their brush and slash. The construction of this 180 miles of railroad lasted three years. The route lay all the way through inflammable forest and the right of way had to be cleared by fire, yet so well was that fire kept in control that only about forty acres of forest were injured by fire. This record in Canadian railroad building cost only about \$100 per mile, half of which was paid by the Government, half by the railroad company.

Certain officials of the Forest Service have received from the Dominion Railway Commission power to inspect locomotives at divisional points, and others have been appointed to inspect the condition of the right of way through timbered land. The using of fire-protective devices, and the clearing of the right of way, which will be required by these men, will greatly decrease the number of fires starting from railroads. Some fires are sure to start as long as coal is used for fuel, and the Forest Service is arranging to employ sufficient men on patrol along all railroads traversing timbered country to extinguish fires in their incipient stages.

After the railroad the dangerous element is the settler. Now that homesteading is not confined to the prairie, but is becoming more common in the timbered districts beyond the prairie, settlers by the clearing of their land and by general carelessness constitute a serious menace to the neighbouring forest. Legislation has been secured in each western province which prohibits the setting of fire unless the means be provided for restricting it to private lands, which provides a fine for allowing a fire to escape control and which specifies certain dangerous seasons during which land may not be cleared by fire. The Forest Service undertakes that every settler, whatever be his origin and



The dead forest. Timber along railroad construction lines is usually dead before the work is finished.

language, shall be kept informed of these laws, and that everyone, whatever be his respect for Canadian law—which is new to most of our settlers—shall be taught that to observe it is salutary and economical. Linen notices, setting forth the law in many languages, are each year tacked up in conspicuous places in every settlement from Le Pas to Spirit River and from Athabaska Landing and Vermillion to Port Moody. From the Dominion Land offices, to which every settler first and last must go, are distributed circulars in which eight different languages point out to the newcomer the value of the forest, the damage wrought by fire, and the safest methods to be followed in clearing land.

There is practically no wilful setting of bush fires, and such carelessness as is not overcome by educational measures is prevented by the fire rangers, who are chosen in each district from those of the settlers best acquainted with the country and are most capable of tactfully and efficiently administering the law. These men are temporary appointees who travel their districts throughout the dry season, teach the law to all newcomers, supervise all brush-burning, and take charge of all fire-fighting. When it is necessary to arrest offenders to secure general observance of the law, the fire rangers do so; twelve different persons who set fires on public lands were arrested in 1909, eleven of them were convicted and fined a total of \$514 and costs.

The other common causes of forest fires, campers, travellers, prospectors, hunters, lumbermen and Indians, are, because of the immense tract over which they are scattered—the whole 700,000 square miles of timbered Dominion lands—more difficult to

reach. To insure that they shall all be reached the Forest Service has divided the timbered lands into about ten administrative units and placed in charge of the fire protection of each a permanent employee, thoroughly acquainted with the country, whose chief care it is to watch every development within his territory. Whenever a road or stream shows signs of becoming a thoroughfare for travellers or campers a fire ranger is appointed to patrol it, wherever a prospecting boom breaks out a fire ranger is stationed, wherever lumber operations are undertaken a fire ranger is placed on duty. In this manner the patrolling force is located so as to cover best the dangerous situations. All fire rangers appointed are instructed to keep warning notices posted at conspicuous points, to meet all the inhabitants of their territory, solicit their support of the fire laws, to see all travellers, visit all exploitation works and see that everywhere all possible precautions against fire are enforced. April to October of every year now sees these scattered servants of the Government—14 in Saskatchewan, 45 in Alberta, and 37 in British Columbia—patrolling all scenes of forest activity, even to such outlying regions as Churchill River, Lac La Rouge, Athabaska River and Peace River.

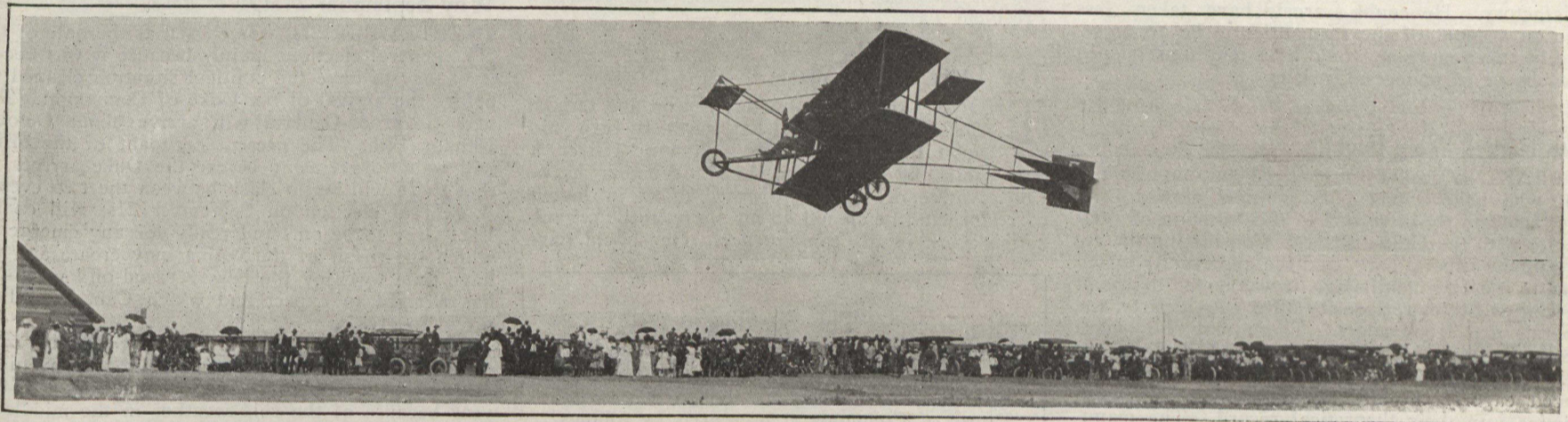
What type of men the forest rangers are in Western Canada and how well they do their duty, may be judged from the following paragraph by a prominent Canadian author and traveller, now residing in the United States: "A thousand miles north of the British line one has seen a fire guardian, the only officer of his kind in a section of country hundreds of miles in extent. A splendid, quiet, self-respecting chap this man was, too; one

whose word was law and unhesitatingly accepted as such by red and white. One day during a steamer voyage this fire guardian saw smoke rising on the horizon far inland from the river on which we were travelling. He stopped the boat at once, got his pack together and went ashore. As he figured it out this fire was forty miles away, probably at the edge of a certain large prairie surrounded by heavy woods. He would reach it in the afternoon of the second day on foot. He would carry most of his camp kit on his back until that night; then he would cache some of it and would leave yet more of it mid-day of the next day, cached against his return to the river where he could get supplies or find the trail in and out of the country. He did not know who had started the fire or what shape the fire itself would have by the time he got to it. All alone, a sturdy and self-reliant figure—representing the law, representing civilization even in the wilderness, representing a decent regard of organized society for the organized society that is to follow us—he set out on foot for his wilderness journey across an untracked country. In all of one's experience with outdoor men rarely has one met a better, simpler, nobler figure than this one."

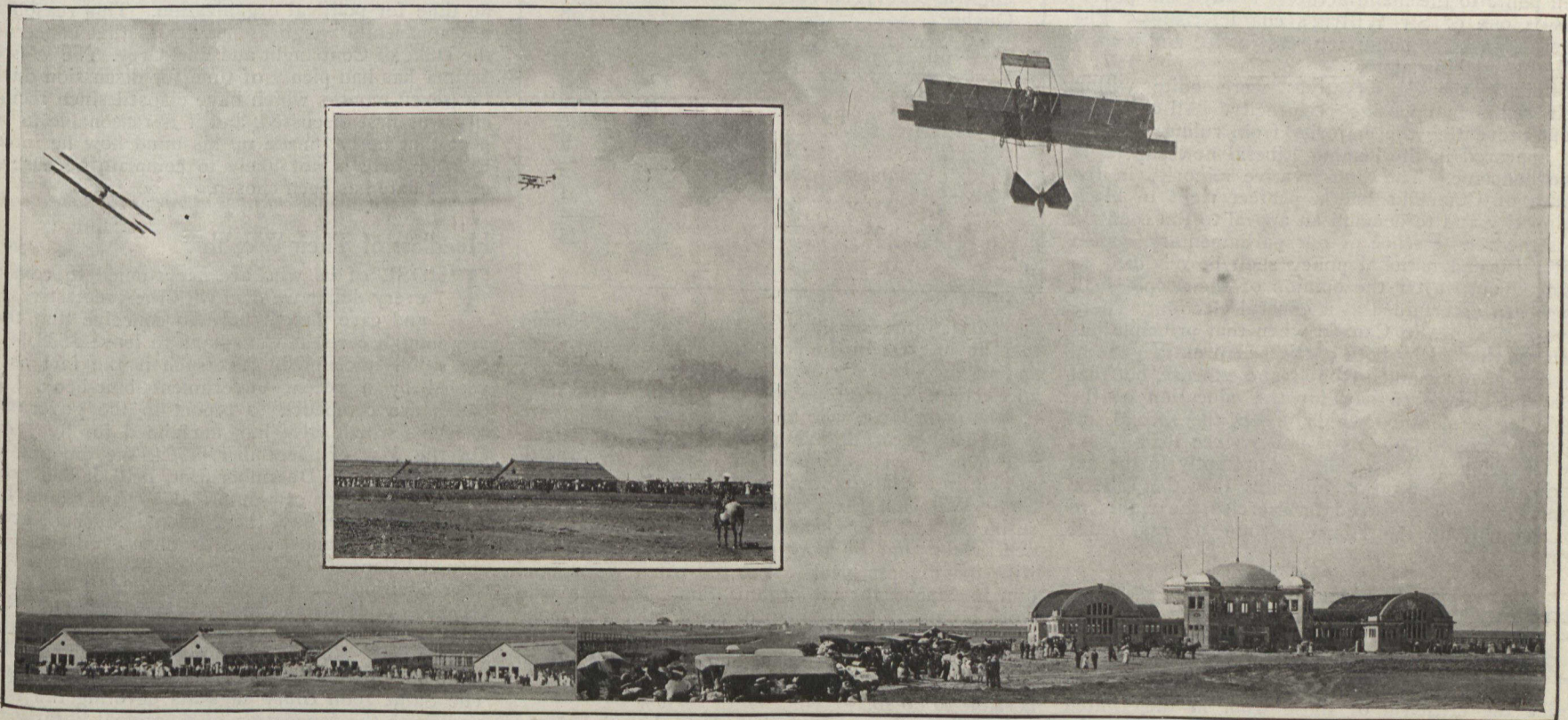
The work already accomplished has been done under great difficulties. There has been a lack of public support, a dearth of public money and a great scarcity of trained men. These desiderata are now coming forth more generously, and the Forest Service intends to establish forest reserves upon all public lands unfit for agriculture or other productive uses and to manage those reserves as national forests upon which will be grown timber which will be so urgently needed by inhabitants of the prairies.

THE ART OF FLYING---AS THEY HAVE IT IN THE WEST

Eugene Ely Performs Aerial Manoeuvres at Lethbridge, Alberta.



Ely in his Curtiss Eiplne as he left the starting ground at Henderson Park Fair Grounds on July 14th



The picture to the right shows Ely getting away to a good flight over the handsome Exhibition Buildings at Lethbridge. On the left he is seen "banking" his machine at an angle of 45 degrees in the spiral glide which has been the last feat of some flying artists. The middle picture depicts the envy of the mounted policeman as he watches Ely at a height of 700 feet. As Lethbridge is 3,000 feet above sea level the light, dry air made it possible to get a speed of 65 miles an hour.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

The Expected Was Unexpected.

GUARDED well was the date of the general election. Of course it may not have been decided upon until the morning of the day it was announced. There was a long Council meeting that morning and the decision may have been arrived at suddenly. This is not likely. The date was probably as good as decided several days ago, but no newspaper reporter got a chance to make even a "shrewd guess."

Yet the secret could not have been more than a week old. The United States Senate approved of reciprocity on July 22nd. That event was necessary, before the Canadian Government could make a decision. There was no necessity for arranging for a general election on reciprocity in Canada until the United States decision had been made clear. The United States decision was made on the 22nd; the Canadian Government made its announcement on the 29th. Only a week elapsed between the two events.

Emphasis is laid on these facts because they explain in a general way why the Canadian Parliament could not have been sooner dissolved and why an earlier announcement was not made. It would have been foolish to announce a general election here, with all that such an event means in human effort and in monetary expenditure, until the decision of the United States was clearly given. That Sir Wilfrid delayed only one week before giving notice of an appeal to the country is extremely satisfactory. He could scarcely have taken less time on account of the formalities to be arranged. Had he taken more he would have laid himself open to a charge of unnecessary delay.

* * *

Both Parties Were Right.

SPEAKING purely personally, I am one of those who believe that both political parties have acted fairly in regard to this question of reciprocity with the United States. Considering the record of the Liberal party and the opportunity which came to it a few months ago, it was bound to accept the United States reciprocity offer. As a party, the Liberals are free-traders. There may be more theory than practice in their free-trade notions, but their opportunities have been limited. They embraced eagerly the first opportunity to get more practice into their theoretical record. The manufacturers and other protectionists have no right to be angry with the Liberal leaders. Sir Wilfrid has been polite to the manufacturers always, but politeness is one of Sir Wilfrid's characteristics. The Liberals gave the manufacturers justice and always will—but nothing more.

Similarly the Conservatives were quite within their rights in opposing reciprocity. All this talk about preventing the majority from ruling, such as has appeared in the leading Liberal newspapers, is pure buncombe. The Conservative minority in the House of Commons had a perfect right to block reciprocity and to demand an appeal to the country. It is the very essence of our parliamentary system that no broad national policy shall be modified or changed until after the opinion of the people shall have been ascertained at a general election. There have been times in Canada when that principle has been overlooked by both parties. An extra general election involves much trouble and expense, but that is a small price to pay for the education of the public on a measure which makes the second important change in our fiscal policy since 1878. That the Government has yielded so promptly to the demand of the Opposition indicates that the Liberal leaders are not prepared to exercise the rights of the majority in the House beyond a reasonable point.

* * *

Some Analogous Criticism.

DEALING further with the question of the right of the Opposition to demand an appeal to the people in such a situation, it is interesting to notice the criticism of those who, in the United States, are opposed to reciprocity. For example, *Paper*, a trade journal published in New York, in the interests of the paper manufacturers, complains that Canadian reciprocity originated in the Executive, a branch of the United States Government which is supposed only to enforce laws and make recom-

mendations to the Legislative branch. This journal says:

"Reciprocity, however, did not come to Congress as a recommendation. It was reduced to concrete form and accompanied by what was in effect a command that it should be enacted into law. Then when the regular session of Congress failed to approve it, an extra session was called and the demand renewed, with a still more emphatic declaration of authority.

"The President was not content to give his orders directly, but took the stump and urged the people to apply the lash, practically charging that every member of Congress who refused to vote as the President dictated was untrue to his trust.

"If we are to accept the doctrine that Congress is loyal and useful only when it obeys the President, then why burden the people with the cost of maintaining the institution at all? Why not abolish Congress and permit all laws to be made and unmade by the imperial edict of His Majesty?"

In the United States Constitution there is no provision for a general election whenever it may be deemed necessary, as there is in Great Britain and Canada. Those opposed to reciprocity could not ask for a general election, but the quotation given shows that they came as near as possible to taking the same attitude as the Opposition in Canada. Moreover, Sir Wilfrid Laurier is using his majority and his influence in a less czarlike way than did President Taft.

* * *

The Duty of the Citizen.

THOUGH this is the holiday season and though the weather is somewhat warm, there is laid upon the intelligent and patriotic citizen a duty which he should not shirk. Whether he be Conservative or Liberal, opposed to or in favour of reciprocity, he should do his share in the organization work in his constituency. He should have

The Standing

PARLIAMENT is dissolved and a general election takes place on September 21st. The present standing of the parties in the House of Commons at present is as follows:

	Con.	Lib.
Ontario	50	36
Quebec	12	53
Nova Scotia	6	12
New Brunswick	2	11
Prince Edward Island	1	3
Manitoba	8	2
Saskatchewan	1	9
Alberta	3	4
British Columbia	5	2
Yukon	0	1
Total	88	133

his part in the selection of the candidate, should take an interest in the scanning of the voters' lists and in the general campaign work which precedes an election. If the reputable citizen shirks this duty it falls upon those who are less reputable and there is more danger of an indulgence in corrupt practices.

Too many of us consider it beneath our dignity to help in a campaign and in constituency organization. We want the candidate to be a man above suspicion, to be so elected by the free and independent voter that he may go to Ottawa filled only with the highest ideals. Yet too often we compel him to depend for his organization upon men who work because they are paid to work, men who make a practice of "bleeding" the candidates, and men whose delight it is to spend money illegally and to frustrate the will of the electorate whenever it is possible to do so.

Especially in constituencies where there is a large percentage of ignorant or "foreign" voters, it is necessary that influences which make against corruption should be active. During the next two months more than a million dollars of campaign funds will be spent and the duty lies upon the best

citizens in both parties to see that the money is spent legitimately.

* * *

Campaign Funds.

THERE have been numerous rumours that the tariff reformers of Great Britain are sending funds to help in the fight against reciprocity. Personally, I do not believe those rumours. I believe that the tariff reformers have more sense. They should recognize that interference on their part will do more harm than good. Every dollar they spend here will mean another ballot in favour of reciprocity. Canada will not tolerate partisan interference by British politicians.

It has also been rumoured that there will be funds supplied by the opponents of reciprocity in the United States. The doubtfulness of this is even more manifest. In the first place, the "interests" of the United States have had plenty of opportunity of spending their money at home if they desired to defeat reciprocity. They have spent very little. They have not been accused of maintaining an unusual or extravagant lobby. They are too shrewd not to realize that any interference on their part would arouse Canadian suspicion and would accelerate the advance of free trade sentiment in both countries.

Each side will have its campaign fund, but these will come from the usual sources. Just whence they come few of us will know with any degree of definiteness. Until we follow the United States new law and force the parties to publish the names of the contributors, we can but make shrewd guesses. Campaign funds are necessary. They only do harm when they are illegitimately spent. It is "up to" the best citizens of Canada to use their influence against illegal use of these monies. If public sentiment is against illegal expenditures, there will be little of it in evidence.

* * *

Why September 21st?

SEPTEMBER 21st was chosen as the date of the general elections mainly because it was necessary to have the political situation cleaned up before the arrival of the Duke of Connaught. The new Governor-General will arrive about October 10th or 12th. The present occupant of the office will want to get away before the Duke arrives, so that there will be no clash between the two events. A general election on September 21st will enable Earl Grey to be on hand ready for any emergency which the result of the voting may create and yet have time to enjoy the hearty "send-off" which he has a right to expect and which Canada will be proud to give.

There was only one reason why September 28th or October 5th might have been more convenient. Harvesting in the West will be somewhat late this year because of the cold weather in the middle of July and because the harvest will be greater than the supply of harvesters. The Western farmer will have little or no time for political discussion and certainly no time for political organization. This reason did not apparently weigh as heavily as that concerning the Duke of Connaught and Earl Grey. The Western farmer has had plenty of time for discussion during the seven months which have elapsed since reciprocity was first discussed, and it is reasonable to suppose that he has made up his mind how he intends to vote. He is not likely to complain because the earlier date has been chosen.

* * *

Heedless of Their Wealth

THOSE of us who are accustomed to consider every dollar we own with the greatest respect and care, find it hard to conceive that there are enough careless Canadians to leave \$638,441 in the banks unclaimed. Yet such is the fact as revealed by a recent government blue-book. The banks are compelled to report to the government all sums which have lain unclaimed for five years. On the 31st of December, 1909, the amount was \$620,000, and on December 31st, 1910, it had grown to \$38,000. Eighteen thousand a year would be a tidy income for, say, the National Museum at Ottawa, if the banks were to turn over these unearned balances.

In addition there is an increase of \$250 in unclaimed dividends and \$5,000 in unpaid drafts. This brings the total yearly amount of unclaimed wealth to \$638,000. Eighteen thousand a year would be a fine money; why not devote it to a natural cause? The *Saint John Globe* suggests devoting the whole amount to the foundation of a national library. No doubt the banks would consent gladly, if the government were to pass the necessary enabling act.

In the meantime, if you think any of the money belongs to you, get the blue-book and see if your name is on the list.

THE MAN FROM SOUTH ONTARIO

Reciprocity as Debated on a Railway Train

By WILLIAM HENRY

WE were in the smoking compartment of a train between Montreal and Toronto. The day was particularly hot and the trip so far had been uninteresting. After lunch two well-groomed men strolled back to the compartment and, lighting their cigars and comfortably seating themselves, continued a conversation which had evidently occupied their time during the meal.

"It's a bad business, John," said the older of the two, "no matter how you look at it."

"Yes, Mr. Brown," dolefully responded the man addressed as John. "It is striking a deathblow at the industries of this country."

"The worst feature," responded the other, "is the attitude of the farmers. They are all prosperous, never more so, and that prosperity is due to the markets we manufacturers have made. Why the farmers of this country are simply rolling in money at the present prices of farm products. Wallace Nesbitt the other day coined a good phrase when in an interview abroad he said that 'the country is drunk with prosperity.' I think in this movement for lower duties the farmers have been supremely selfish. I suppose it is a dangerous thing to talk politics in public places, but I see that none of you are farmers."

"I don't know about that," laughingly answered a well dressed, clean cut young man sitting at the end of the long seat by the window. "For one, I must answer to the soft impeachment, but pray don't mind me; I am interested in your point of view."

"I did not mean to give offence, I assure you," politely replied Mr. Brown, "when I referred to the farmers as selfish."

"Oh, that's all right. I guess we are selfish enough, but don't you think that self-preservation has a lot to do with nature in the factory as well as on the farm?"

"Perhaps it has," answered Mr. Brown, good-naturedly, "but you must realize that we manufacturers have so much at stake in this question of reciprocity that we are naturally alarmed. You see, we not only devote our time to the industries in which we are interested, but our capital is also at stake."

"Well, I guess we are in the same boat again," responded the other, slowly. "I am not farming in a big way, but my hundred and fifty acres in South Ontario, with buildings and improvements are easily worth \$12,000 and you couldn't have my stock for another \$8,000, so that you see I have quite a bit of capital invested in the farm and I am by no means a prominent farmer or breeder in my county."

"I suppose you can look at it that way, but you are apparently prosperous with so much capital, and, if you will excuse me for saying so, a few years ago it would be a rare thing to see a farmer looking as prosperous as you."

"I am doing all right," replied the other. "I am not complaining a bit, but, when the capitalists of Toronto recently signed a manifesto as to their unexampled prosperity it was looked upon by us as rather unnecessary. We knew that they were prosperous before. They didn't need to put it in writing. You say we are selfish. If a desire to share in the prosperity so evident in our towns is selfishness, then we farmers must own up."

"BUT you do share in the prosperity," insisted the younger of the two manufacturers. "Look at the prices you get now as compared with a few years ago. Take your own statement of your capital; it shows your prosperity."

"But I have only made a small part of it," replied the farmer, modestly. "The rest of it was left to me by my father and it took him a lifetime to acquire it. I defy any man in the Province to make more money than I do from mixed farming out of 150 acres, and at that my average is scarcely more than a thousand dollars to \$1,200 a year net, and what is that? About five per cent. on my investment. You must understand that in this calculation I make no charge for my own services, nor do I allow wages for my family. I and my family live well, that is true; but we ought to. It is all right for you gentlemen to talk of the prosperity of the farmer, but come out with us and see how we earn our money. Up at five in the morning; sometimes at three or four when we have to drive into town; and with chores and field work hard at it until

sundown, and shortly afterwards to bed to rise and repeat the performance day after day. Would you be content to run your factory on those hours and with that profit?"

"My work is never finished," said the other. "You have little idea of the worry of a manufacturing enterprise."

"Maybe that's true," answered the farmer, "but if you were as dependent upon weather conditions, the effects of drouth, rain and frost on crops as we are, you would say that our lives are not without worry. But that has little to do with reciprocity, I am really very sorry that it injures you gentlemen. May I ask what business you are engaged in?"

"I am a shoe manufacturer," replied Mr. Brown, "and my friend is in the woollen goods business."

"Is your protection much reduced?" sympathetically enquired the farmer.

"No," answered the other.

"How much?" persisted the farmer.

"Well," said Mr. Brown, hesitatingly, "you see we are not hit at all as yet, but it is the thin edge of the wedge we are afraid of. You must realize that the country cannot stop at reciprocity in farm products. The reciprocity pact must inevitably lead to a general lowering of the duties."

"And you mean to tell me," questioned the other, sharply, "that, having accused the farmer of selfishness, although uninjured as a manufacturer, you are opposed to reciprocity because maybe perhaps, possibly, something may happen in the distant future to lower your own protection as a result of this pact going into force?" The young man turned to both the manufacturers, speaking quickly and showing by his voice for the first time the heat of debate. There was a silence for a short time and then the older of the two men spoke.

"A controversy about reciprocity involves too many details of a train discussion, but as we have started I will try to briefly state our position. The National Policy of protection is the basis of the prosperity of our country both industrial and agricultural. You on the farm and we in the city are dependent upon one another. Protection has built up our towns, and our towns have made your markets profitable. It is much better for you to sell to us than in the far-away markets; or, in other words, in the home market the farmer gets the price of his products without having to add the cost of a long haul abroad. If we kill protection the whole industrial machine tumbles down, involving both farmer and manufacturer alike in the ruin; and believe me, free trade for the farmer and protection for the manufacturer cannot live side by side in the same country. Do I make myself plain?"

"To a certain extent, yes," replied the other, "but I cannot agree with either your premises or your conclusions. In the first place we will admit readily the value of the near market and acknowledge that a large part of the cost of a long haul comes out of the farmer; but you must not forget, and as a manufacturer I am sure you will readily acknowledge, that in many cases the home market is not the near market. In the Province of Alberta the soil is well suited to the growing of oats and 100 to 130 bushels per acre and even more are common. Peterborough may be called the home market and Helena, the centre of the mining industries of Montana, a foreign market. But you would hardly argue that with equal demand in both places the home market in this case is the best market. Strange as it may seem Quebec hay has been shipped as far West as Alberta and, according to your own statement, a farmer must pay at least a portion of the cost of the long haul. You would hardly argue that in this case the home market of Alberta is better than the foreign market of the Maine lumber woods across the border line. You would—"

"But," interrupted the younger manufacturer, "I am afraid you are taking extreme cases. Be fair. Confine yourself to typical examples."

"It may seem that the two examples I have given are extreme cases, but you must remember that Canada is a country of extreme distances. It lies for several thousands of miles beside the United States, and I can readily give you, from the Maritime Provinces with water access to the great Coast cities of the United States, along Quebec and Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, out to the Pacific Coast, many instances in which the natural course of trade lies from North to South, and where the profitable and

home market can be reached by the Canadian producer only at great sacrifices. Can you blame us for preferring the near market to the home market? Now as to our being dependent upon each other—you have stated that the manufacturer has made the farmer's market, but you have neglected to point out that the farmer has made the best market for the Canadian manufacturer. It seems to me that, inasmuch as your prosperity depends upon ours, you would favour rather than oppose anything for the benefit of your good customers—the farmers of this country."

"I am afraid you are talking more fairly by the manufacturers than usual," said the younger manufacturer. "From what I know of the farmers the majority of them are out and out free traders. Take for instance Drury, who opposed Tommy Russell in debate at Beaverton. Don't his free trade views more nearly represent the farmers than the moderate protection views you have expressed? Take Rod Mackenzie, Secretary of the Grain Growers' Association, and Dr. Clark, the Member for Red Deer. How do you reconcile their position with your own? Surely they are champions of the farmers' cause and we are entitled to take their statements as representing the views of their constituents."

"There are a number of free trade farmers just as there are free trade lawyers, doctors, university professors and even manufacturers. I for one am not a free trader. I believe in a tariff for revenue and a tariff for sane protection of those industries which need and deserve protection. I will admit that there are industries which, having resorted to combinations in restraint of trade for the purpose of artificially raising prices, have forfeited in my opinion all rights to any benefit from the tariff. But in the main we farmers are proud of our manufacturers."

"Except the implement manufacturers," rather sarcastically interrupted the younger manufacturer.

"No," answered the other good naturedly and overlooking the tone of sarcasm. "You are in the wrong furrow if you think the Canadian farmer and the Canadian implement manufacturer are natural enemies. We buy heavily from them, it is true, and naturally pay some of the duty which protects them. In some cases, if I am not wrongly informed, you manufacturers are allowed to bring in machinery that you use for manufacturing purposes at low duties or entirely free of duty. We might put in the same claim for our implements. But how little have you heard of free implements since the reciprocity pact was brought down at Ottawa? The Canadian implement manufacturer has kept abreast of the times, in some cases ahead of them. We have paid him good prices, but we have got good honest-made implements."

"I thought you complained that farm implements made in Canada were sold cheaper abroad than here," suggested Mr. Brown.

"Yes, we did, but the manufacturer countered on us with much the same argument I gave you a few minutes ago about the home market. He showed us that the home market was not in all cases the cheapest market to reach, and from this you may conclude that there is nothing in that mystic term, 'the home market,' that over-rides distance with either the manufacturer or the farmer. And of course you must not overlook the fact that we get a very substantial reduction in farm implements under the proposed tariff arrangements."

"Gentlemen, I must apologize for speaking at such length. When I get warmed up to this subject it is hard to stop. As a penalty I am going to buy the cigars. Will you join me?"

"I was on the point of making the same suggestion," said Mr. Brown. "I am sure that we will accept your hospitality with pleasure, although for one I must confess I cannot accept your reasoning with the same enthusiasm."

The cigars were ordered.

Standardize Motor Horns

THE suggestion that motor-horns should be standardized—to a pleasant sort of hoot—in order that night noises in London should be less terrible sounds an excellent one, says the *Bystander*, and the only question is what should the hoot be? Cuckoo? Or Madame Tetrassini's top-note? Or the old cry, "Sweet Lavender?"

Any of these, insisted upon by the police, would give a new feeling towards motors. We should get up out of our beds at night to listen to them; we should stand in the middle of the road while the motor-bus came along; we should enjoy insomnia, and love to be run over.

Only something by which they can endear themselves should be left to the airmen. They are coming along now. They wish to do no harm. They, too, will want to hoot soon. The motorists must not be selfish and monopolize all sweet sounds.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

THEORETICAL AND OTHER POLITICS.

IT is a pity that we have not more men in Canadian public life with minds like that of Sir Richard Cartwright. I am moved to make this remark just at the present moment by Sir Richard's adventure into the rare atmosphere of constitutional politics at a time when all the rest of us are fairly choking with the dust of the arena of practical politics kicked up by "the mob's million feet." I think that last is a perverted quotation; but, in the absence of my library during the summer season, I do not like to blame it positively on anybody. Still, isn't it Tennyson? However, in any case, Sir Richard Cartwright goes calmly up to Toronto and starts a discussion on proportional representation when we are all holding our breath in anticipation of a bad collision on the line at Ottawa with many casualties. And this is exactly like Sir Richard. He has always had a detached view of politics. General elections were necessary nuisances to him—they had to be gone through to get a Parliament together for him to address. But I do not think that he ever liked them; and I think that he would admit himself that he never shone in them.

* * *

BUT his is the kind of mind which explores the entire politico-economic domain and prepares the basis upon which general elections are finally fought. We have too few men engaged in this sort of work in this country. Somebody has confined us in the cock-pits of our constituencies and bade us "fight it out"; and at it we have gone every time they called "time" at Ottawa, amidst much

scattering of feathers and shedding of "boodle"—the politician's blood—without enquiring whether this was a good thing for the country or for us, or if there might not be a better way of arriving at the collective mind of the people. There is something simple about the idea of a one-man constituency. It is the first way of doing the thing which suggests itself to any one. They want a Parliament, do they? They want us to knock off work and select members for it? Very well, then. We will take up the chore; and the easiest way in which we can manage it, is surely to divide ourselves off into about equal sections of the number of members required, and let each section choose one member.

* * *

BUT is that the best way? One obvious weakness is that a popular majority may easily be outvoted by the accident or design of "hiving" a good deal of it in constituencies where it is wasted. Another is that permanent minorities are created which never get a "look in" at selecting a Member of Parliament. I know constituencies where the minority party never think of winning—they just run a man to look after the "patronage" in case their party wins in the rest of the Dominion. Now this is not good for that particular minority. Something like alternation in responsibility is essential to good government under our system. A third objection is that we have no provision by which a member of Parliament may stand out in rugged independence against a wave of public opinion, unless he is prepared to die for his temerity. Now it ought to be possible for a "member," who is backed by an earnest minority of importance in the

country, to keep his seat, though, of course, he could not hope to rule the majority.

* * *

THEN, as we know in our cities, the smaller the electoral divisions, the smaller—as a rule—are the men they choose. That is what the epithet "ward politician" means. It means a politician who has his strength in a ward—a small body of voters; and we regard that simple statement of fact as an expression of contempt. If it were not admitted that smallness is transferrable from the constituency to the representative, there would be no more disgrace in being called a "ward politician" than in being described as a "national politician." An illustration of the advantages of large constituencies is that a man has, at all events, got to be better known in our cities to be a Controller than to be an alderman; and it is a wholesome influence to require that a public man so live that he can be seen over a large area and yet not suffer by the necessary elevation.

* * *

THEN the small constituency lends itself to the triumph of the Personality. This is not always or altogether a bad thing. Personality tells in Parliament; and we should be influenced by it in selecting our representatives for that body. But with the carelessness which exists amongst our people regarding issues and public policies, it is dangerous to give a winning personality of the minor order too great a chance. There are men who are so well loved in their immediate neighbourhoods that they would get hundreds of votes on "any old platform" or as the candidate of either party. They would only have to stop their friends on the street, say—"I am after that Parliament job down at Ottawa—give me a hand," and they would get every last vote in that district, except from some party cranks who had an eye on a local post office berth. Now this is lovely and human and all the rest of it, and speaks well for the possessors of this magnetism; but it is not always the best way to select a statesman. Let it work for what it is worth; but do not make your constituencies so small that such a genial character can practically round up most of the voters in them and win an election by his fund of good humour.

* * *

HOWEVER, all I started out to say is, that we should not make a fetish of our existing political machinery. We should encourage men like Sir Richard Cartwright to study it with a critical eye and see if they cannot suggest improvements; and then we should consider their suggestions from a national and not from a partizan standpoint. Sir Richard hardly received fair play this time, I think, from the Conservative press. They were inclined to talk as if he were proposing a deep and dark scheme for making two Liberal votes spring up where only one properly grew. Yet he was doing no more than discussing, with local applications, a world movement for proportional representation. Still I suppose that if I were to express my preference here and now for the Continental "group" system of political combinations, some one who chanced to know me—and to know what a bitter partizan I am—would begin to worry his brains to find out in what way this idea could help my party. I say "my party." It has a friendly sound. But I wonder which party it is. And, by the way, you might think over that "group" system idea. You will see how much better it would represent the various sorts of opinion in the country than our present wooden, bi-partizan arrangement in which every man must either be a Liberal or a Conservative—or an Ismaelite.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Association of Canadian Clubs

THE third annual conference of the Association of Canadian Clubs, held at Winnipeg recently, seems to have been a decided success. Representatives were present from a great number of places throughout Canada. Some resolutions were passed and should have a good result if followed up.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Hon. President, Chas. R. McCullough, Hamilton; President, W. S. Carter, B.A., Chief Superintendent of Education for New Brunswick, Fredericton; Vice-President, Mrs. C. S. Douglas, Vancouver, B.C.; Prov. Vice-Presidents, Nova Scotia, D. McGillivray, Halifax; New Brunswick, H. A. Porter, St. John; Ontario, Gerald H. Brown, Ottawa; Quebec, Geo. E. Lyman, Montreal; Manitoba, R. H. Smith, Winnipeg; Saskatchewan, Chas. Hodgkins, Regina; Alberta, R. B. Bennett, K.C., Calgary; British Columbia, D. Von Cramer, Vancouver. Honourary Secretary, Amos O'Blenes, Moncton, N.B.



THE CANADIAN CHAMPIONS AT BISLEY

Private Clifford, winner of the King's Prize, and Corporal Trainor, who won the King's Prize Bronze Medal for second place, being chaired round the camp. In the background veteran John Deslauriers, mascot of the team.

ONCE MORE AN ELECTION

FOR the first time since the Commercial Union agitation of 1887-1891, a Canadian election is to be fought on the issue of reciprocity. The pact which has been passed by both Houses of Congress and signed by President Taft will be made the basis of an appeal to the people; which many Conservatives and some Liberals claimed it should have been in the first place. Side issues will be the Canadian navy, true vs. "ultra" Imperialism, and majority vs. minority rule—with the Grand Trunk Pacific as an



In Fighting Trim.

entree. The Conservative party will oppose reciprocity, condemn the Grand Trunk Pacific, belittle the Canadian navy, and put a premium on what the Liberals call "ultra" Imperialism. Both parties claim to be Imperialistic. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's taciturnity at the Imperial Conference has been offset by his eloquent Ottawa eulogy of a Royal Gubernatorial Family. Mr. Borden and his party behold in the reciprocity pact a standing menace to the cause of Empire. Seriously, perhaps, neither party believes that ultimate annexation is the sting in reciprocity's tail. And it will be difficult for the Conservatives, even with the revival of "separatism" from the navy debate of last session and the insistence on "continentalism" as suggested by reciprocity, to brand the Liberal party with anti-Imperialism.

A retired Liberal Cabinet Minister, himself a strong Imperialist, argues that the reciprocity pact is a contribution to Imperialism, and that a turn-down of reciprocity by the people would be a black eye to the British connection. The basis of his argument is wheat. He assumes that the West is able to produce 500,000,000 bushels of wheat. The expectation for 1911 is 200,000,000. But Great Britain, our present chief customer for export wheat, cannot consume half of that amount, even with a preference on Canadian wheat as against Russia and Argentina. The population of Great Britain cannot economically increase. It may decrease. If Canada is to get British and foreign population on to her unoccupied wheat lands, she must guarantee a reasonable market. The best market is the United States, whose wheat

production has reached a maximum and whose consumption is heavily increasing. Therefore, reciprocity in natural products is a straight contribution to the building up of Canada on Imperialistic lines.

A counter argument contends that in all Britain there are only half a million farmers, and that it is flatly impossible to teach a British townsman how to raise Canadian wheat.

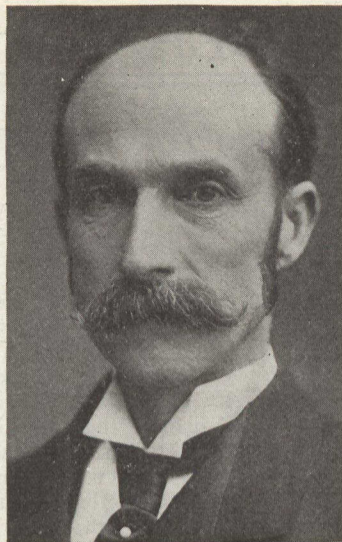
At all events an election based upon this many-headed propaganda is sure to contribute more to the enlightenment and the patriotism of Canada, than either of the recent Free Trade vs. Unionism elections in Great Britain—with the reformation of the Lords thrown in.

The stock familiar argument against reciprocity is—"We are prosperous now; why try to paint the lily?" The inference being that the pact is more in the interests of lowering prices to the United States consumer than in benefiting any

class of people in Canada. A still further deduction is that the whole business has been engineered from Washington by President Taft, who had to do something more effective than imitate his predecessor by threatening to curb the trusts. Out of that again you have the argument that Ottawa is manipulated from Washington for the sake of United States politics; and that reciprocity was snatched up by the Liberal party because it looked like a good, safe play in the interests of the West, a very large element of which have been clamouring for reciprocity as a matter of business letting sentiment severely alone. Now according to the shift of the political wind it looks as though there has been some Western reaction against the pact, which obviously makes it better policy to bring on the election before the redistribution that will give a largely increased membership to the West.



PRESIDENT TAFT
Who does not expect Annexation.



LORD LANSDOWNE
Unionist Leader in the Lords.



VISCOUNT MORLEY
A Rational Reformer.

Lords
who
Agree

REFORMING THE LORDS

REFORMING the Lords has become the recognized business of Government in Great Britain. For the first time in the history of British Parliaments the House has refused to listen to a Prime Minister. Mr. Asquith intended to say, "You live under an unchecked and undiluted single-Chamber government. With a Liberal government in power you would have a House of Commons fettered beyond all its predecessors in regard to finance; and in all cases where an irresponsible and non-representative body independent of both Houses should so determine, every deadlock will be settled only by referendum."



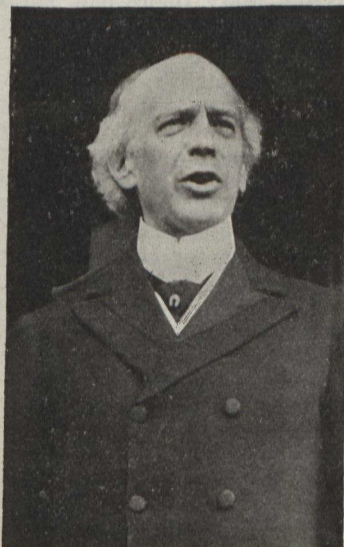
A "Last Ditcher."

He was talking on the amendments made by the largely Unionist House of Lords to the third reading of the Veto Bill, which seeks to delimit the power of the Lords. In a previous letter to Mr. Balfour, the Prime Minister, said: "In the circumstances, should the necessity arise, the Government will advise the King to exercise his prerogative to secure the passing into law of the bill in substantially the same form in which it left the House of Commons, and his Majesty has been pleased to signify that he will consider it his duty to accept and act on that advice."

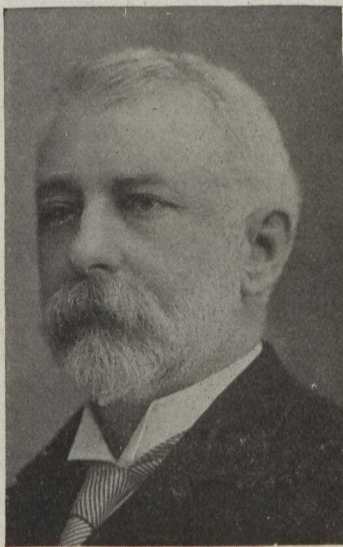
Which, of course, means that the King might create new Peers enough to carry the Bill. This Mr. Balfour stigmatizes as "dragging the Crown in the dust." The moderate element in the Lords represented by Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Morley, stand for the acceptance of the Bill shorn of the Lords' amendments. The Extremist section, represented by hot-headed Lord Hugh Cecil and the veteran Lord Halsbury, "stand to the last ditch" against the measure. "The people do not know," said Lord Halsbury, with the vehemence of 86 years, "that the constitution and the Court are in peril as well as the lives of His Majesty's subjects. It is an attempt of one House to abolish the other."

Liberals claim that the creation of fifty new Peers would no more than restore the balance of Liberals in the Upper House—so far rather neglected by the Government. But as annexation of Canada to the United States is not seriously considered as a logical outcome of the reciprocity pact, neither is the abolition of the House of Lords a necessary sequel to the action of the Asquith Government in their attempt at reforming the House of Lords. The Peers will be reformed; because the most cosmopolitan government and people in the world demand it.

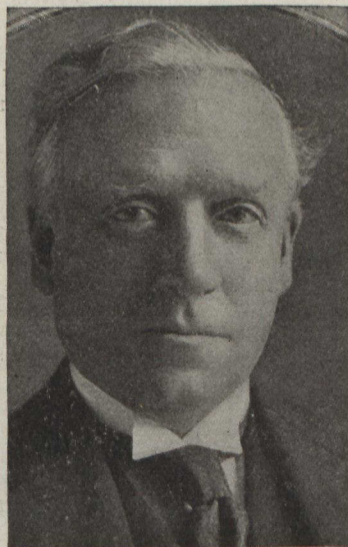
But the reform of the Lords has nothing to do with any basic revolution in the British people, and nothing to do with any sign of democracy more than has been inherent in the race since the days of Magna Charta.



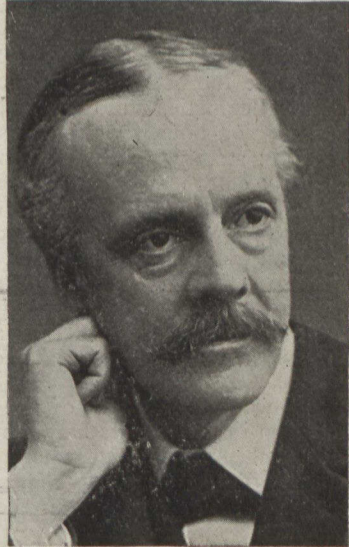
SIR WILFRID LAURIER
Happy in the Turnoil.



HON. W. S. FIELDING
Likes to be Interrupted.



PREMIER ASQUITH
No Orator, but a Fighter.



HON. ARTHUR J. BALFOUR
Writer and Unionist Leader.

Canadian
Colleagues

British
Rivals

THE WOMAN WHO BLAZED THE WAY

How Her Courage Met Difficulties of a Seemingly Impossible Flight

By AGNES C. LAUT

HERE is probably no prouder claim among American citizens to-day than belonging to the F. F. V.'s—being a descendant of the First Families of Virginia; but a lot of mushy, maudlin sentiment has got mixed up with the modern idea of those grand dames who presided over the households of the Old Dominion. People who trace their lineage back to the Old Dominion will draw forth from their family stores little old-fashioned morocco-bound household expense books with inventories of mahogany furniture and teakwood cabinets shipped up from the West Indies; of old silver sent out from London; and of laces and silks brought from the Continent in the Master's own tobacco sloops of a value exceeding all the slaves on the old plantation. Then they will lead you across to the family portraits where you can see how the ivory faced beauties must have looked in these laces and silks, and can construct for yourself a mental picture of luxury lolling in satins and slippers beneath punka fans of wild turkey tails wielded by pickaninnies servile as Turkish mutes.

That picture is all very well as far as it goes; but it doesn't go far enough. It's the *thing* all right, but it's the *thing* with the iron extracted—which brings up the old explanation of why the diamond is better than the charcoal, though they are both the very same thing.

Very grand and gracious were these early dames; so grand and proud and unbending they would have boxed your ears if they had caught you reclining to lean on the back of a chair, though it was permissible to loll if you did it gracefully to show off your hands and your slippers and your gowns. These parts of the picture no one denies; but the one thing that made these women different from any other beautiful women done up in the luxury and the trappings of good breeding, the thing that put iron in their courage and gave the glint of the diamond to their brilliancy, the thing that gave the wings of daring, the unerring instinct of high flight, to their spirit—that thing we have forgotten altogether in our mental picture of their past; and the result is very much the same as when Bridget thinks she can transmogrify into a lady by putting on airs and a dress.

What that thing is, I'm not going to name. You can read this life and then you can guess it. But I'm fairly sure if that thing had not gone down in the blood and the character of Virginia and Kentucky and Tennessee and Ohio, the F. F. V.'s would have become a tawdry myth like any other tinsel sold for gold, or veneer for mahogany.

It was in the early days—twenty years before the Revolution. Boone had not yet gone west of the Blue Ridge. In fact, he could not have been more than twenty years of age. Braddock, the British general, was swaggering and blustering and bullying his way down the Monongahela; and the French from Quebec with their Indian friends were lying in wait; and all the tribes of the Ohio were in the pay of France and swarming in the passes of the Alleghanies and the Blue Ridge like harrier hawks.

But these things did not disturb the gay life of the Old Dominion. From the James to the St. Lawrence seemed such a far call, no one guessed that the war could invade the homes of Virginia. Nearly a hundred thousand people now the Old Dominion numbered. Families had pushed far from the sea-coast up the James and the Roanoke over the Blue Ridge into the beautiful valleys within the shadows of the Alleghanies and the Cumberlands. Long, low rambling log houses went up as if by magic on the mountain streams, with slave quarters to rear; and presently cotton and tobacco fields were waving in the little clearings; for with the help of the slaves, these pioneers made quicker progress towards comfort than pioneers in the North. In fact, it was one of these settlers west of the Blue Ridge that began shipping cotton abroad at this time, and so laid the foundations of the great banking house of Brown, Shipley, and of the great cotton commerce of America.

Life was not so bare of the graces and joys of living up in the valleys between the Blue Ridge and the Cumberlands as elsewhere among the pioneers of America. Men prospered fast enough to enjoy life in the *Now* and not in the *Next*; and the big Fall Hunts marked the joy of the year at its zenith as they do to this day. By September all invitations had been sent out. A month later came twenty or thirty guests with bedding, cook, wines, string of

dogs, and among numerous coloured servants, some who could play banjo and fiddle. Day after day to the winding of the hunter's horn and baying of the eager hounds at day dawn the pleasure-seekers would set off to hunt till five in the afternoon. A different lot of dogs was used each day, thus keeping all fresh. Dinner was served early, soon as the guests could change their hunting suits, the ladies doffing riding costumes for those silks and laces and ample skirted gowns we see in the old becurled portraits to-day, the gentlemen putting off hunters' green for a change of high chokers, silk waistcoats and knee-buckled breeches, the hair or wig tied short at the neck. Then dinner of game with big apple dumplings and wine would be served by the blacks with music by Sambo. I don't need to add that there were high play and deep drinking after dinner till the tall cuckoo clock in the walnut case at the end of the central hall sang out the hour for apple-jack toddy and for the hunters to go to bed. One can guess there was sound sleep in the high poster mahogany beds with eider-down quilts and goose feather mattresses literally in hills and valleys from pillows to foot pan. And while the masters were following their pleasure inside, outside back at the slave quarters banjos were twangling round a bonfire at a husking bee or a roasting of the day's hunt for the help. One day the pack would follow the scent of a fox; another day would be given to deer hunting. Then there was always a turkey shoot. Old flint locks were the weapons used, so that we need not expend too much sympathy on the quarry. The man who got a deer with an old flint lock deserved it. Ordinarily the hunting lasted ten days—long enough jollification to provide happy memories till the next re-union and meat for a winter.

"It won't keep," remarked a new-comer about piles of venison brought in.

"Then *jerk* it as the Indians do," answered the southerner, meaning dry it and smoke it in strips like pemmican. As it cost a shilling to send a letter to the eastern settlement each plantation of the upper valleys had to be an independent establishment. On each farm were usually a blacksmith, a carpenter, a shoe maker and servants who understood spinning, beside the regular field labourers.

SUCH was the life in the upper valleys; and it was over these valleys that the hostile Shawnees of the Ohio, bribed by France to stem the tide of English settlement, circled at the mountain passes like harrier hawks. Danger from the Indians? Nonsense! With General Braddock marching north with the biggest army of regulars ever sent to America! One can hear the soft-voiced laugh of incredulity from the haughty faces in those old portraits.

Among the planters who had moved from the eastern settlements to the upper valleys were Thomas Ingles, a wholesale merchant with three sons, and the Drapers, with like family of sons and daughters who settled on New River near Blackburg and Smithfield, on what has ever since been known as Draper's Meadows. These were the first two families to settle west of the Alleghanies. A little north, near what are now called the New White Sulphur Springs, was Adam Harmon's plantation; but one can guess that the planter's pace beat the hoof from house to house along the narrow wilderness trail following the river bottoms, for Mary Draper becomes noted in the valley for her fearless horsemanship. Before she was eighteen she could mount any horse unaided and master him unsaddled and unbridled. That of itself tells you of something in her makeup besides a good pose for a portrait. And William Ingles must have been a bit of a dare-devil wilderness rider also, for the two youngsters had married and set up a plantation of their own at Ingles or English Ferry before either husband or wife was twenty-one.

The next five years saw two boys added to the youthful Ingles family. Then suddenly rumours of Indian war and French invasion west of the great blue ridged mountains disturbed the peace of the upper valleys. And Braddock went blustering north with his regimental bands playing jigs for his ponderous provision wagons to dance to on a wilderness road never meant for other than moccasined travel. Virginia merchants with traders in the west country sent out messengers to call them back and met them with convoys of protection be-

yond the gaps in the mountains. On the second week in July of 1755, Col. Patton, of Augusta County, Virginia, had come to the upper valley to meet some of his men from the mountains. He paused with his black servants for Sunday at the Draper Meadows. Dinner over, the blacks had wandered to the fields, the gentlemen gone strolling and the women of the households retired from the day's heat. Col. Patton hadn't disguised the fact that he considered the mountain gaps pretty dangerous spots just then—he was frankly uneasy about his men, and no doubt called the young Ingles family's attention to the fact that the Harmon store houses up at the Springs had been repeatedly raided of their furs.

HOW and when did it happen? There is no authentic record left; but the eagle eyes watching at the mountain gaps had seen Patton come in with fresh horses and ammunition and provisions for his absent traders. From the fields, young William Ingles saw smoke suddenly burst from the buildings on his plantation. Instantly and instinctively he knew what he dared not let himself think. He hallooed for the scattered servants and dashed like a madman for his home. What he dared not think took visual form across his path. Colonel Patton lay dead on the ground. The bodies of Mrs. George Draper and her children had been thrown across the trail. Other bodies there were, but of these he had no thought; for the Shawnee warriors had rounded up Patton's horses; loaded with plunder and tied to the horses were persons being carried off captive; Leonard, a neighbour, Mrs. Betty Draper, his wife's sister-in-law, and—his heart stood still—on a third horse was strapped his own young wife with her two baby boys clinging in her arms. Young Ingles was unarmed; but before he could collect his senses a score of painted Shawnees had caught sight of him and came down the trail with a whoop. Ingles dodged for hiding in the woods of the river. Arrows sang past his ears. Old flint locks crashed fire and missed aim. Amid peppering of bullets, he heard the shout of a fellow in close pursuit. Zig-zagging Indian fashion and dodging into the thick matted forest, William Ingles thought to throw the fellow off his track when one foot caught in a root and down he floundered full length with a crash into a tangle of ferns and cane-brake. He had only time to crouch close beneath the broad girth of a fallen tree-trunk when a naked form leaped through the foliage, went over the log at a bound and off down to the river in hot pursuit. William Ingles did not wait for the enemy's return. He doubled back on his tracks like a harried hare and circled another way for the river that tells no tales of tracks. But what of his girl wife and the other prisoners?

To ascend the mountain gaps at any time was hard travelling; but to ascend them at a gallop strapped to a saddleless horse with two babies in arms along a trail that ran so close to the river cliffs one mis-step would send horses and riders to instant death, was an experience to bring out the yellow streak, if there was an atom of it in a woman's nature. Something in Mary Ingles' horsemanship or in her fearless bearing aroused the Shawnees' admiration and kept their hands off her. Perhaps the fact that she was high-spirited and well-born excited the rascals with prospects of big ransom money when the prisoners were delivered by treaty over to the French. That the young mother expected another member added to her family almost at once did not mend matters; but it would have mended them less to show the white feather. If any woman on earth ever had a right to feel sorry for herself, Mary Ingles had, but she wasn't. She was too busy keeping those two baby boys from falling out of her arms.

Crossing New River at English Ferry, captors and captives turned their faces squarely towards the setting sun. "As the sun went down," wrote Mr. Draper, a descendant of those settlers of the upper valleys, "the long shadows of the mountains coming out as if to meet them used to terrify the captives." But into the chill folds of the long purple shadows noiseless but for the roar of the mountain brooks, passed Mary Ingles and her companions. Rifted shafts of sunlight aslant the blue, and deepening shadows but emphasized the loneliness, the darkness, the solitude of the enfolding forests. She must have realized where they were being led, this daughter of the wilderness pioneers. It was down New River across the Great Flat Top Range down to the Kanawha, the wilderness trail of the savages of Virginia to the great Shawnee town opposite the Scioto on the Ohio—the same trail that Capt. Ab. Wood's explorers had followed away back in the seventies of the preceding century, when he discovered the overland route to the Ohio and the Mississippi. Indeed, that same discovery

of Ab. Wood's in the sixteen-seventies had indirectly led to the present war. For when the English began going overland from Virginia to the Ohio the French stirred up the Indian warriors to bar the course of the Virginian traders. But Mary Ingles and Betty Draper were undoubtedly the first women to cross the Cumberland Mountains into what is now Kentucky.

Betty Draper had been badly wounded and the first night out Mary Ingles persuaded the Indians to unbind her so that she could wait on her wounded relative. The third night out she gave birth to a little daughter—the first white child born beyond the Alleghanies. Do you wonder that the true F. F. V.'s consider there is something of iron courage born in their very blood?

Dr. John P. Hale, a descendant of Mrs. Ingles, and Dr. Draper, whose unpublished manuscripts are the best collection of data on the Virginia-Kentucky country, do not agree definitely as to where the two women were separated. At all events, Mary Ingles and her two baby boys and her infant daughter were carried forward from New River across to the Bluestone and on down the Kanawha to the Ohio. Pause was made on the Kanawha to boil brine for salt, and the white women won golden opinions from the warriors of the camp by sewing shirts out of the flannel and calico raided from Colonel Patton's convoy. As the warriors moved down the Ohio to the Lower Shawnee Town opposite Sciote River, other war parties joined them with prisoners from Pennsylvania. All the prisoners except young Mrs. Ingles were welcomed to the Shawnee Town by the terrible ordeal of running the gauntlet. Then the prisoners were divided. The little boy Thomas was given to warriors bound for Detroit. The baby, George, was sent off with tribes going to the Mississippi. Only the sickly infant daughter was left with Mrs. Ingles. As long as she had her children, Mrs. Ingles never quailed before fate; but on the Scioto, the baby pined away and died. Then the warriors moved one hundred and five miles westward to the Big Bone Lick of Boone County, Kentucky, where game was always plentiful round a swampy morass of ten acres where saline waters oozed sluggishly through a stunted growth of brittle grasses. On the edge of the swamp the Shawnees camped for the winter using

the bones of the pre-historic monster which we now know must have been the mastodon for their lodge poles. Daily French hunters came to camp boasting of Braddock's bloody defeat. The future looked dark for Virginian traders and captives beyond the mountains. While the warriors hunted, Mrs. Ingles and a captive Dutch woman from Pennsylvania were kept making salt and hunting the woods for medicinal herbs. Both women must have realized the added danger to themselves from the defeat of the English in the wars. Another move of camp and they might be whisked to the Mississippi forever beyond reach of help.

One day when they were out together, Mrs. Ingles proposed that they try to escape, but the old Dutch woman laughed the suggestion to scorn. How could two lone women find their way back to the eastern settlements? It was over eight hundred miles to the nearest colony and they had neither food nor fire-arms and winter was already setting in. Besides, how could they live on the way? Mrs. Ingles doubtless pointed out that by the roll of the mountains you could always find your way down to a river, and by following the river up eastward you must come to the Cumberlands or Alleghanies. It was better to die trying, than to die not having tried at all. That last argument appealed to the wooden-headed old woman and she at last consented to follow Mrs. Ingles, though a half-willing reluctant partner on such a venture was worse than no companion at all. One morning when the hunters were absent, the two women left camp with hatchets in hand as if to search the woods for roots. A degenerate Frenchman, for whom Mrs. Ingles had sewed shirts, sat cracking walnuts at a wigwam door. The Virginia woman noticed that his hatchet was new and sharp. She signalled a trade, and tossing him her own dull knife as a nut cracker, walked coolly off with the new axe.

Provided only with their hatchets and the blankets worn over their heads Indian fashion, the two fugitive women struck through the leafless autumn woods to find the Ohio River. Warriors passed and re-passed on the game trail hunting, but the Shawnees never dreamed of the two captive women attempting to find their way home through eight hundred miles of wilderness. Then Mrs. Ingles struck away from sign of trail altogether. All day

they kept on, and when the darkness of a clouded sky prevented farther travel, both crept under a great walnut tree where the leaves had drifted in heaps. Eating what nuts and paw-paws they could find, they lay down and covered themselves completely from view with the leaves. That night when the two white women did not return to camp, the Indians concluded their captives had lost the way in the woods, and sent couriers out firing guns to signal the path home; but the leaves hid Mrs. Ingles and the old German from discovery, though one may fancy how much they slept with gun echoes ricketing through the lonely forest.

First peep of chill gray dawn saw them again on their way, and through the leafless forest flashed the broad waters of the Ohio about fifty miles below what is now the city of Cincinnati. The Virginian's heart leaped with hope, for an Indian trail to the Cumberland Mountains led up the Ohio Valley; but on a travelled trail was constant danger of discovery, and Mrs. Ingles led the way through the lifting mists, alert of eye and ear as a mountain panther, pausing only to snatch food where the wild grapes hung from bare vines or the hickory or walnut trees had showered down a store of nuts which the travellers could carry along in their blankets. Once from the distance they heard the shout of a band of hunters. Both women fled from the trail to some hollow logs and never once stirred for the rest of that day. Past what are now Covington and Newport and Foster and Augusta, on up the Ohio River with its countless windings, they hastened finding the trail broader and plainer as they approached the Shawnee Town opposite the Scioto.

Their first great check had come at Licking River. It was too deep for a ford. The water was ice cold and neither of the women could swim, as they were inlanders. So they ascended the swollen river for a couple of days to a shallow place bridged with drift-wood, crossed and came on down the other side of the Licking back to the valley of the Ohio. The detour had at least taken them away from the danger of the main trail. As they neared the Shawnee Town, they began to travel by night and hide by day, keeping only near enough the river not to lose their way. Through the leafless forest they could see the camp fire of the Shawnee Village on

(Continued on page 23.)

THE GREAT SUMMER FAIR AT WINNIPEG

WINNIPEG'S Annual Exhibition, which closed a few days ago, is the second largest in Canada. The receipts this year amounted to \$135,000, or about sixteen thousand more than last year. Perhaps receipts are not the best index, but they are the most convenient measure of success.

A few days before the opening date, the entire grand stand was burned to the ground, and for a few moments the people thought the Exhibition would have to be postponed. But Western enterprise and optimism rise above small obstacles. By working a big staff of men night and day, a larger though uncovered stand was ready for opening day. The accompanying picture shows that it was needed and that it was a fair substitute.

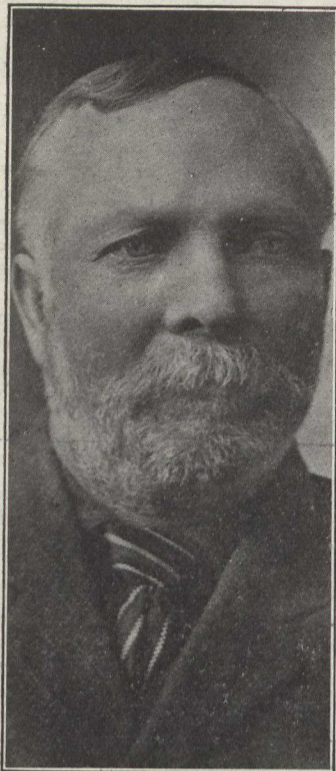
A new site for the Exhibition has been selected, and about 1913, Winnipeg will have a brand new set of buildings which will make Toronto, Syracuse and Minnesota look to their laurels. Winnipeg is now fourth on the continent, but it does not propose to remain fourth. The new grounds are practically decided upon, but it will take two years to erect a new set of buildings. The present intention, however, is to make them worthy of "The Chicago of the West."

The effect of a successful exhibition as an advertising feature of a big city is second only to the influence upon manufacturing and agriculture throughout the district of which that city is the centre. Winnipeg's exhibition is not only valuable to Winnipeg, but to the Province of Manitoba as a whole.

The Fair has already outgrown the accommodation made for many of the important exhibits, and it will be of immediate necessity to show as much enterprise looking after needed arrangements for the things exhibited, as for the people who see the show.



Sixteen thousand people were on and around the grand stand at the second greatest fair in Canada.



ROUGH AND READY

Thos. H. Woolford, of Cardston, a prominent company shareholder, dry farmer and religionist.



"They point with pride to 'C' Squadron, Alberta Rangers, mostly Mormon."

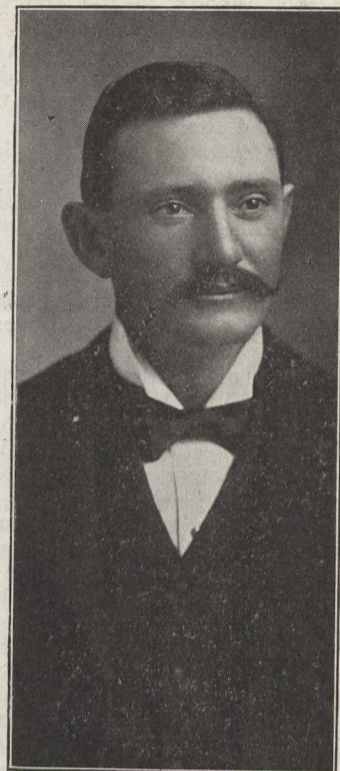
THE MENACE OF MORMONISM

IN previous articles Miss Moulton sketched the coming of the Mormons to Canada and the growth of their settlements and showed that their religion, family life, education and business are all one. It was also shown that, body and soul, the Mormon belongs to his Church—the Church of Utah—and that although the Church authorities do not advocate polygamy, the colleges systematically teach the principle of plural wives, which is a Church doctrine. The Mormon trek to Canada started in 1886, and two years later Sir John A. Macdonald told a Mormon deputation that

they were welcome to come to Canada, but that each man must have only one wife. The Mormons, Miss Moulton stated, promised to be good.

One article told of the missionary work which each Mormon must do, of the rite of baptism for the dead and of the strict system of tithing, concerning which those who are tithed receive no accounting.

The following article tells of the relation between Mormonism and politics and summarizes the ways in which Mormonism, which is very strong in the West, may prove a menace to Canada.



ALERT AND AGGRESSIVE
"Johnny Woolf," M.P.P., the enterprising member from Cardston in the Alberta Legislature.

By NAN MOULTON

combination in any faith. At Osgoode Hall, Toronto, are a Mormon student or two. And, although, at the present time, all the professional men in the Mormon towns are Gentile, the Knight Academy will soon be producing matriculation candidates, some of whom will later fill the professional openings with Latter Day Saints.

In Canada, as yet, Mormonism and politics are not closely related as they are in Utah and other States, where campaigns have been very bitter and where the Mormons hold the balance of power electing or influencing senators and representatives. Like the most of Alberta, the Mormons largely vote Liberal, the member from Cardston in the Provincial Legislature being one of themselves, J. W. Woolf, popularly known as "Johnny." On the other hand, in the Dominion elections, they send up a Conservative, Magrath, who has always taken a great interest in them and who is personally tremendously popular among them. During my visit to Cardston, Mr. Woolf was in Nevada looking after his business interests, so his brother spoke for him. "Johnny" Woolf was a member of the last North-West Parliament, his present being his third successive term. He has been on all the important committees, his brother said, and is a friend of the Premier. Once he contested the election against President Allen, and once against Bishop Harker. "He isn't much of an orator, but he is practical and gets down to brass tacks." He came with the pioneers and knows all about farming and ranching, railway contracting, buying and selling horses, driving coaches, making money and manag-

ing men. His knowledge and foresight have always been at the service of his fellows. He is a good friend, too, to outsiders. "You see, a lot of these Saints they wanted to make a regular Sunday-school town out of Cardston. Johnny Woolf is very human and knows a week-day when he sees one. So the forces rallied, Gentile and broader Mormon, and the inner church ring, supporting Bishop Harker, went down to defeat." That was a Gentile epitome of the last elections. "What is the Mormon attitude towards politics?" I asked Mr. Woolf. "One of the articles of our faith," he said, "teaches us to believe in good government. We naturally are interested in politics." "And what do you think of Mormon political influence?" I asked a Gentile—who knew. "They've got to be watched," was all he would say, over and over again, "they've got to be watched." We know that in the States the church authorities are ambitious to exercise a wide political influence in the affairs of the nation, and we know that the church is one man, and if ever for any reason, the Mormon Church desires to influence legislation in Alberta, we know that obedience from practically every voter will be prompt and unquestioning.

The Mormon relation to their Gentile neighbours has a surface and an underneathness. They themselves insist that they are good Canadians and point with pride to "C" Squadron, Alberta Rangers, mostly Mormon. The Gentiles are emphatic over the kindness and generous assistance given by the Mormons to any of the Gentiles in trouble or affliction. Many business men state that they are scrupulous in many obligations. They are cordial of manner, kind of expression, apparently simple

IN the upper hall where the men congregated, the flip of cards struck across the steady downpour of rain, but it seemed to lack the note of hilarity that usually accompanies men's games by the way. Across the little parlour sat a typical John Bull, rosy, bearded, prosperous, serious, round and sleek, unfolding, in a level flow of talk, a story of early conversion and missionary service and big business interests and prosperity. The seriousness and apparent frankness, one grows accustomed to, the flip of the cards and the roar of the rain had been the under-current to all the days, but the puzzle of the men and of what they proclaimed grew more unsolvable with each new witness.

Mr. T. H. Woolford is the manager of the Cardston Loan Company, the managing director of the Cardston Roller Mill Co., a shareholder in and director of a Nursery Co., at Coaldale, one of a company owning a coal mine at Taber, president of the Alberta U. F. A., and an enthusiastic exponent of dry-farming. Apart from the Deputy Minister of Agriculture, he is said to be the farmer in Alberta with most knowledge of modern agricultural methods and conditions. Farming and banking, double-discing and percolation, mulch and moisture, milling and markets, God and Mammon, beets and condensed milk, Utah and London, real estate and alfalfa, revelation and intensive farming, cattle and Zion—he was equally at home and articulate with all of them. He was impatient with the majority of his people who were slow to see the advantages of the newer methods, the burst of speed that has struck Southern Alberta during the past six years. He had come from England to Utah when a youth of eighteen and had argued long and stubbornly with the elders over their faith. Now he could not see room or reason for another faith, and was absolutely content. He is emphasized here as representative of a faith ethical rather than emotional, ceremonial more than spiritual, a business not an enthusiasm, a mode of life instead of a warmth, an agriculture before an exuberance, not dour but nothing blithesome, the common life all knit up with the church, the ecclesiastical heads the temporal heads in business life, and the worldly power creeping and growing and extending day by day.

Besides the milling and mercantile and creamery and wine and nursery and agricultural and cattle and land interests owned or controlled by these practical Saints, there are the Ellison mills, tall exclamation points against the blue all the way from Cardston into Lethbridge, the Sugar Factory at Raymond and the Ellison Iron interests in Lethbridge.

Of late years the Mormons have shown themselves eager for knowledge. The outstanding man of this more professional class is possibly D. H. Elton, at present studying law in Lethbridge, better known as "Dave" Elton, founder of the weekly papers in the Mormon towns, the Cardston *Star*, the Magrath *Pioneer*, and the Raymond *Rustler*. Mr. Elton is another Englishman, born in Worcester, but his earlier days were spent in Salt Lake City. Lawyer-cum-preacher-cum-editor is an unusual



Cardston, Alberta, a prosperous town; showing the school, the rolling mill, the church and the Fair Grounds.

and sincere and spontaneous. But the bitterness of the old-timers against all Mormons is of an edge and depth unspeakable, even when discounted, and what is the meaning of that wordless distaste on the faces even of the Gentiles who are silent or who praise what attributes are praisable? In a few years most of the Gentiles who are living in these Mormon towns will not be there. They expect to make enough money to go back home or on to some desired fruit farm. The Mormons have come for homes and for all time. "Tell me," I said to Bishop Hanmer, "do you truly want Gentiles to live among you?" "Would we sell them our land if we didn't?" he asked, in a final sort of tone. "Do they truly want you?" I wondered to the Gentiles. "We work together on school boards, and council boards, and boards of trade," they said, "but there are *silent fights* all the time, a sense of justice and relative values being different. Do they want us? We don't know. We just don't know. Spite of friendliness, spite of co-operation, between Mormon and Gentile is ever an *invisible curtain*."

The three towns, Cardston, Raymond and Magrath are very individual and very different from each other. When civic improvements are planned, the acre lots and scattered spaciousness are going to make the cost enormous. Magrath has a fine town hall, but no lights and not a solitary sidewalk, not one municipal plank on the crossings. The town was in a welter of mud from the so-heavy rains, the Pot-Hole Creek was pretty full—in times past it has flooded its banks—and away up the slopes were the rich green fields that are the pride of Magrath. By some quaint obliquity of pronunciation, the Saints say every "or" "ar" and "ar" "or." The big brown kindly Secretary-Treasurer of Magrath who got out his shiny horse and run-about to show me the town and irrigation ditch and farms and hundred-acre cemetery ("were going to be a big city," was his naive explanation of the incredible cemetery), told me that Magrath was the Garden City of Alberta. In memory of whom or what, I mused, until he referred to fruit and vegetables. Magrath is very proud of her perchers and of possessing "the best race-track in Alberta." Cardston gets variety from the curve of Lee's Creek fringed with cotton-woods and from the bench reaching towards the white glimmer of mountain-tops. She has granolithic walks and electric light and is to put in a gravity system of water-works. Cardston has the most friendly and progressive spirit of all the Mormon towns. It is the haven of those dear old pioneers, I think, and there are more Gentiles in Cardston than in the other towns. Raymond poses as such a frantically good town that one is doubtful over it. It spreads out over a flatness of prairie and a mad wind beats across from horizon to horizon. The Board of Trade is moribund. It is the most Mormon of all the towns. Most of the alleged polygamists live here. The Mayor is Brigham Young, the third B. Y. in direct line. Once—and only once—there was a Gentile Mayor, Dr. Rivers. Dr. Rivers is personally a great friend of the Mormons and enormously popular, but it was hinted that, granting his personal popularity, the election was a diplomacy at a time when sentiment was stirring against the sect, a proof to the world interested that Mormons were broad and tolerant. Raymond has good walks, electric light from the Knight Sugar Co. plant, and inadequate water-works, a public utility.

Apart from their religion, Mormons are "just folks," and as folks they average up pretty much like the rest of the world, some blaspheme and some break laws and some are kindly and some are clever—but then a good Mormon is never apart from his religion, and its sinister traits colour his personality and his days.

Is Mormonism a menace to Canada? Turn and gather into your vision the sign-posts passed in this journey into Southern Alberta and then answer for yourselves. There is the history of a century in the United States, Mormonism in Canada cannot be separated from just Mormonism, and whatever of warning and menace lies in that century's history is an equal warning and menace in Alberta. There is a supreme authority in Utah to which eight thousand nominal Canadians render unquestioning obedience, an authority proven to be ambitious of worldly power and political influence, an authority mysterious and unscrupulous, an authority beyond the control or influence of Canadian law, and what place in Canada is there for such an absolute spiritual and temporal power? There is the best half of a province of magnificent land owned by a practically alien people who do not blend, who never will blend, with our people, who are acquiring more land always, extending their business interests, growing imperceptibly towards influence and power and ultimate dominance, and one-tenth of all their rich gleaning goes out of the country for the fur-

therance of occult schemes. There is polygamy, an offence against the law of the land and the moral sense of the nation, not an official polygamy, but a clandestine polygamy most difficult to reach. There are the wonderful vitality, the steady growth, the spreading nuclei of Mormon influence, the enormous schemes of colonization, the unquenchable persistence and tenacity of this weird faith. There is the self-sufficiency of the Mormon settlement. There is the frank conception in Utah of Canada as a "polygamous refuge," and the elusiveness of the connection, the "underground" being useful to both sides of the line. There is the hold of the Church in even the leisure hours of the Saints, for opera, and dancing, and even sweet-hearting are all part of their religion. There is the prophecy of the Knight Academy. There are the psychological phases—the recurrent sudden ebullitions of alarm among the Gentiles when the Mormons are doing nothing more than usual, the antagonism of the old-timers, the worldless distaste on the faces of the Gentile dwellers in the Mormon midst. There is the silence of newspapers, the silence of business and professional men, the refusing to see of the politicians. There is the deification of sex. And there is always and ever that invisible curtain between.

Judge for yourselves—you who have read. For me, though a warm surge of feeling goes out to some of the Cardston pioneers, I am mighty glad to be on the shabby little train again swaying back to a glad world of clear-eyed men and un-lead-

women and children not deliberately sophisticated and a joy that has not a heavy ecclesiastical hand directing it. And over the wide plain a colossal silence settles leadenly, hardly broken by the awkward flopping of an evil-looking big dingy bird of prey.

"Kit" on Mormonism

"KIT," the well-known writer for a number of Canadian papers, makes the following comment on Mormonism and on Nan Moulton's articles in THE COURIER:—

We women of Christian creed who so keenly feel the pangs of jealousy if one of our liege lords turns an appraising eye on the charms of one younger and maybe fairer than ourselves, how would we stand for plural wives? I feel the roots of my hair growing hot at the very thought of it. Another woman, other women, with equal rights to what one is pleased to imagine her own particular property! Get thee behind me, Satan. And yet there are plural wives a-plenty in this fresh and fair young country of ours. And there are more coming in to people the spreading prairie land of our west. THE CANADIAN COURIER is doing noble service in publishing a series of articles on the growing of polygamy in Canada, and Nan Moulton, the author of this series of keen and capable articles on this subject, is doing even greater work. Her story brings the matter home to us in a very direct way.

THE PRAIRIE SUMMER AND ITS PEOPLE



Women and children in the woods at Maple Creek, Sask.



Westerners at a political meeting in Morden, Man., listen to oratory while at ninety in the shade No. 1 Hard and No. 2 Northern come to a head.



The young couples on the outskirts of the crowd may have their own opinions about reciprocity.



Red Deer has nothing to learn from the Indians in the matter of festival decorations when a big chief arrives.

EUROPE IS WONDERFUL

How John Mitchael Found Romance in the World of Business

By WARD MUIR. in *Cassell's Magazine*

"EUROPE is wonderful," said Mitchael. "All Americans say that," I ventured. "It's a mere phrase with most of us," he retorted. "We generally cap it by an assertion that America is more wonderful still." "What made you discover Europe's wonderfulness?" I asked.

"Asia," he answered, strangely. I looked at Mitchael as he lay back in the club chair and sucked at a cigar. He was still young; he represented, immensely, the American type; but there lurked in his eyes a kind of smouldering knowledge of things.

How to describe him? I cannot. Yet he was worth describing, this master of a vast fortune and an intricate business. New York respected, in him, the sole chief of "the Mitchael firm," as it was generally called; an exceedingly old banking, money-lending association, originally Jewish, now Americanized. Mitchael's grandfather had had Hebrew blood in his veins; Mitchael's father betrayed it less markedly; Mitchael himself not at all. He was an American to his finger-tips—I, who am an Englishman, can but vaguely define what I imply by "American," though its outward seeming is plain enough to me—and had begun his business career in the office in Broadway. He had not liked it. There was a streak of the artist in him. He read poetry, he admired pictures—he was, in short, by no means the normal business man. So he had fretted, chained to his desk. But his grandfather—his father died young—only shrugged his shoulders. "You will grow accustomed to it, John," he reiterated. "Give yourself a year or two, and if at the end you still want to leave the firm I will let you off and find another successor."

John Mitchael agreed to the bargain, and studied hard at economics—the economics of the commercial world. His grandfather always spoke of "Finance," and one felt that he used a capital F for the word. Grandfather Mitchael made no "corners" in anything; he had never wrecked a railroad or created a Trust. His transactions were far subtler than those of the "magnates" whose exploits flared daily in the press. He negotiated important loans, moved stupendous sums of money, like chessmen, about the globe, from Japan to Russia, from Russia to Japan, and then back to Belgium or Peru. This was the trade to which he wished to train young John Mitchael, his grandson.

The latter, in the end, had taken to it with zest. What was the cause of his change? "Europe," said John Mitchael. In the New York club lounge, over a cigar and a cocktail, he told me the following story:

There was no romance in business, I thought (said Mitchael). The alleged romance which I read about in the sensational papers nauseated me—the romance of preposterous fortunes made by gambling or by what was little better than robbery and fraud. My grandfather's business differed, it is true, from these, but it did not appeal to me. Still, when he said that he proposed to send me to his London office for a year, I was pleased. I had never been in England before, though I had visited Italy.

An antique Scotsman, MacBrayne by name, ruled the London office; the shrewdest man I think I have ever met. He was kind to me; took me into companionship immediately, with a disarming frankness. He may have been acting on instructions from my grandfather. At any rate, I was flattered and grateful.

He knew everybody worth knowing, in the City of London—not the little people, but the big ones, the really tremendous men, whose names were a by-word throughout the world. MacBrayne stood on friendly terms with them all; he lunched daily with millionaires—and not the sort of millionaires with whom one can lunch—but with whom one doesn't in the least want to lunch—in New York. MacBrayne took me with him, often, to his club.

It was on one of these occasions that we met Salmon.

He came along the aisle between the tables—a tall, thin man with a neatly trimmed brown beard, streaked with grey—beautifully dressed in a frock coat, and carrying a silk hat.

MacBrayne beckoned to him, and he nodded and joined us at our table. Having given his hat to a waiter, he shook hands and sat down. I was introduced.

"So you're Mitchael's grandson?" he said. "Welcome to London."

He had turned to the menu and now ordered a very frugal meal.

"You have already entered your grandfather's business?" he continued, addressing me. "It is a fine business—oh, a fine business."

Only then did I notice that his English was not that of an Englishman. What his nationality was I did not then know. His face told no tale. It was sallow, a shade Jewish-looking, perhaps; the eyes were large and dark, and their pupils tinged with blue. He talked easily and well, was particularly gracious to me, and invited me to call at his house in Bayswater.

I went, and spent several quiet but indefinitely agreeable evenings with him. Seemingly he was not married; no wife or child appeared on these occasions. But he "did me well," as you say, and after dinner we had a game of billiards and smoked the finest cigars I have ever met. On one occasion he took me to the opera, where he rented a box. On another we went to a music hall; and I met him almost daily in the city.

Picture to yourself this man, please: a tall, well-dressed financier of the city of London; coming from Bayswater to the bank in his automobile, dining at his club, spending the evening at the theatre. Outwardly orthodox, except for this touch of foreignness; a man you might see hundreds to match in Lombard Street to-morrow.

MacBrayne, plied with questions by me, could tell me little about him. "A big man, Salmon," was all he said. "Has Eastern interests. Is worth a million, at least. A Jew? I don't think so. Armenian, perhaps."

THE summer was passing, and on the whole I was happy enough in London. It was two months since I had left New York. Already I had begun to catch a faint inkling of the meaning of Europe, the profound difference there lies between, for instance, London and New York. But business was not interesting me much, and MacBrayne, for all his trouble, could not rouse my enthusiasm. I followed politics and the money market closely, and fairly conscientiously; but my heart was not in it.

Until one day there arose the question of the Asia Minor Development Syndicate.

MacBrayne was intensely occupied with the details of this project. German money was in it—that was the cant phrase; but to people like my grandfather and MacBrayne there is no nationality in money—no "German" money any more than there is "American" money—there is only money itself, and the raising of it. We might, or might not, be involved in the Asia Minor Syndicate. It behoved MacBrayne to study the situation very closely and cunningly.

Presently it appeared—at least, so he told me—that the value or otherwise of the scheme turned entirely on the length of the projected railway. Some of it was already built; some more was planned; but unless the railway was carried on to an inland town called Schief, its value, according to MacBrayne, would be negligible.

"Why shouldn't they continue it to Schief, if they can get the money?" I asked.

"Because between Schief and Benra lies the Holy City of Kem," said MacBrayne.

"Holy City?"

"There are more Holy Cities in the Near East than Mecca and Medina," explained MacBrayne. "The fanatics may think it a defilement to have the railroad carried past Kem. If they do, there'll be trouble. If we could find out definitely whether the road can be carried on—well, it would make a lot of difference in the firm's policy toward the Asia Minor Syndicate."

He reflected for a space. "Salmon knows," he said at last.

"How do you know he knows?"

"He's sure to know. He has got Asia Minor in his pocket, has Salmon. If I could only find out what his opinion is—"

Rather idiotically I said, "Why not ask him?"

MacBrayne looked at me hard. Suddenly he slapped his thigh. "Why not ask him?" he shouted. "After all, why not? Laddie, you have a genius for simplicity. Go and ask him yourself. Never mind whether he tells you the truth or not—just

ask him, and as you value your life, remember precisely what he says in reply, and come and repeat it to me."

I was amused. It did not seem to me a very difficult task to go and ask Salmon whether the railroad would be continued to Schief or would stop off at Benra. I put on my hat and went into the city to Salmon's office.

I remember noticing anew the little differences between London and New York, and thinking: "After all, New York is better. I am beginning to tire of London." Then I thought of my lunch, and where I would go for it, and wondered how long Salmon would keep me. "In half an hour I shall be back with MacBrayne," I thought.

But it was almost a month before I saw MacBrayne again.

Salmon was not at his office.

His chief clerk saw me. "Mr. Salmon has gone to Constantinople," he said. "We do not know the date of his return."

To Constantinople! The name was delicious. Imagine going to Constantinople! I felt inclined to laugh outright.

"We have a branch at Constantinople," the clerk went on, "and Mr. Salmon has a private residence there."

A private residence at Constantinople! I thought of Salmon's private residence at Bayswater—and vaguely pictured it planted down on the shores of the Bosphorus.

"He will probably remain in Constantinople several weeks," said the clerk.

I thanked him, and moved out into the roaring street. And suddenly I chuckled. I stepped into the nearest telephone box and rang up MacBrayne.

"Salmon's gone to Constantinople," I said. "Shall I follow him?"

I heard MacBrayne snigger. "All right."

If he had been there I could have fallen on his neck and kissed him.

"Catch the 2.20 Folkestone train," I heard him saying. "You can get the Orient Express at Paris. Don't book direct to Constantinople; go to Kustendji, on the Black Sea, and thence by the mailboat. I've always found it saved several hours."

So MacBrayne had been in Constantinople. Funny that I never realized that he must have travelled.

"I'll send down some money to the train," his voice went on. "If you want more, go to Metaltopos in Constantinople; he'll supply you. But don't come back till you've seen Salmon."

He rang off. I sprang into a cab and drove round to my rooms to pack a bag. At two o'clock I was at Charing Cross.

It was great fun to be going to Constantinople.

Four days later I was looking down on Constantinople from the Pera Palace Hotel. A fabulous sight. Here was something really new, something that America could not show. The East! We have our China towns, our Asiatic quarters; they are mere squalid adaptations of America. This was the real thing—and four days from Lombard Street! Europe is wonderful, I said to myself.

What a city! What a devil of a mess of a place! And what a mystery to Western eyes. I came back to that again and again—what a mystery.

Behind those crumbling walls, those secretive windows—what was going on? Did human beings live within? Of course, but what had they in common with John Mitchael of New York and London? Look at the streets—their squalor, their dust and dogs and sunshine and stinks—is this street, is the Galata Bridge, on the same planet as Broadway or the Strand? Incredible!

THE heat was tremendous. Boyishly I rejoiced in it, and having changed my clothes, went forth accompanied by an individual who had been provided as my guide by the hotel proprietor. My "dragoman," I ought to say. "Dragoman!" a fine word, to be sure. My guide's—no, my dragoman's—name was Ali. He was a magnificent rogue, and faithful, withal.

Salmon's place of business, surrounding a cool courtyard and quaintly different from his London office, was soon found. Another chief clerk received me most courteously. Mr. Salmon had gone.

Where?

He had gone to Damascus.

I nearly guffawed. To think of anybody going to Damascus. In Biblical days—yes; but in the days of telegraphs and the turbine—oh, it was great. Damascus! I rolled the name on my tongue.

Would Mr. Salmon make a long stay in Damascus?

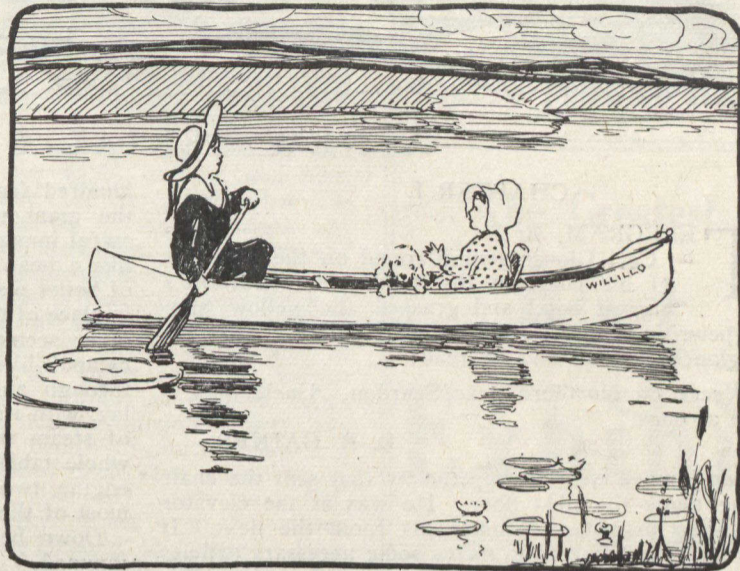
Probably, said the clerk. Mr. Salmon generally went to Damascus at this time of year. Mr. Salmon had a house at Damascus.

(Continued on page 25.)

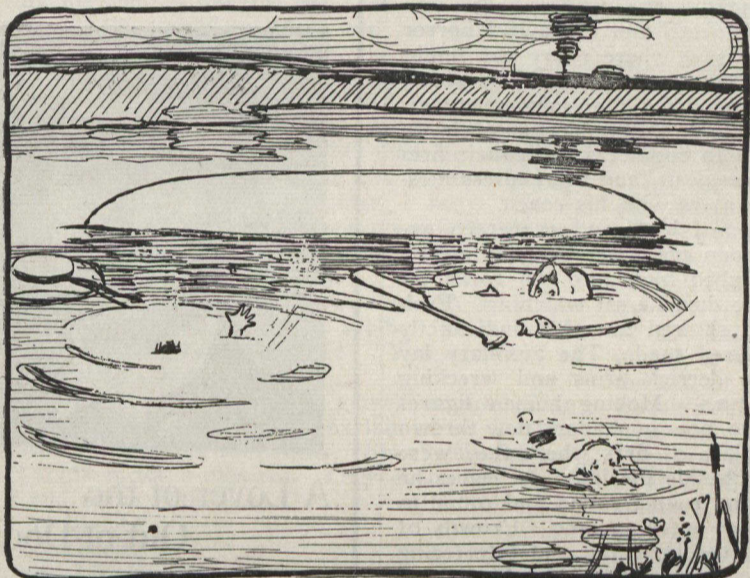
Why Willie and Lillie Were Late - By Estelle M. Kerr.



1. Said Willie, "It's too hot to walk, I'll tell you what we'll do, This stream goes very near our school, we'll go there by canoe."



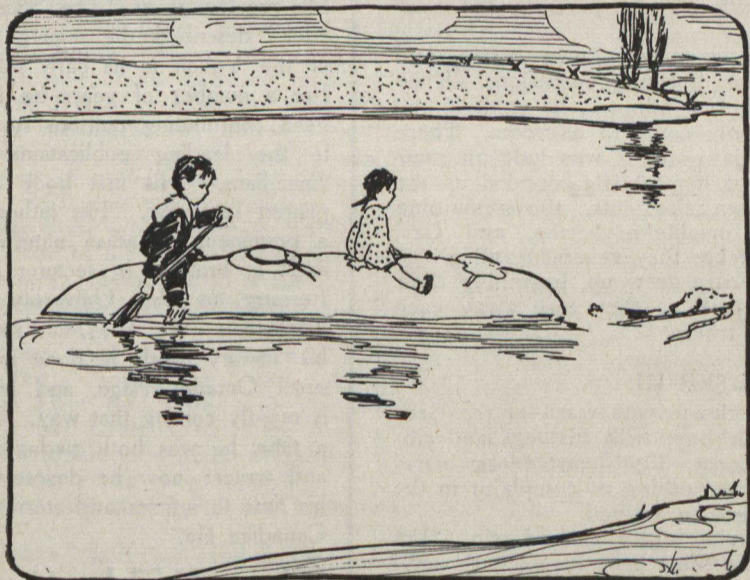
2. Said Lillie, "Oh how cool and nice, your plan is simply great! (Now Toby dear, you must keep still!)" Alas! she spoke too late.



3. For Toby saw a cat-tail move gently on the bank; He scrambled out, the boat upset, and Will and Lillie sank.



4. But pretty soon they rose again and climbed in the canoe; (I'm glad they were such little tots so it could float the two.)



5. It certainly was very hard to move that boat along, But Toby did his best to help—he knew he had done wrong.



6. And when they landed near the school, they were so tired, Oh my! They had to lie there in the sun till they were warm and dry.



7. And when at last they reached the school, I hesitate to state, That Willie—yes, and Lillie too—were 20 minutes late.



THE WILDCATTERS

A Tale of the Cobalt Country.

By S. A. White

A NEW SERIAL STORY

CHAPTER I.

"TELEGRAM, sir!"
Carl Glover swung round on the pedestal of his chair in the rotunda of Toronto's biggest hotel and grasped the yellow slip. The typewriting was for a moment illegible. Then his hasty glance cleared, and he read:

"Wreck on Northern near Scardon. Uncle hurt. come at once."

R. R. GAINES.

Glover jumped with an impetuosity that sent the chair skidding along the tiled floor. He was at the elevator shaft in an instant and inside his room the next. It took but a few moments to throw some necessary articles into a grip, to dash for the street and catch a car. The news had spread, and many people crowded about the bulletin boards.

Glover looked at his telegram again, when someone plumped in beside him.

"Hello! Carl!" roared the leonine voice of Jerry Bland, "heard of the spill?"

For answer Carl passed the telegram. Jerry's monstrous tone subsided into a muffled, "Phew! hurt, eh? Likely serious, when they want you. Who's Gaines?"

"Roadmaster. He must have been on the train. What one was it, did you hear?"

"The Express from North Bay. It struck a freight."

"Ah! And she runs fast. I wonder if it's very bad."

"Think a lot of him?" Bland interrogated.

"You've hit it, Jerry. He's done everything for me. Why, I'd be like those," pointing to a group of street-gamins, "if it hadn't been for him. When I was left an orphan down in that little village by the Humber—you know it, Jerry—he was the only living relative. Just Old Jake Graham between the Children's Home and me! But he did it, Jerry. That was before his strike in Cobalt—and they were hard days for him. Yet he sent me through collegiate and university without a murmur. Now, I'd hate to lose him just as I am getting my first chances at real life."

"Carl, I can't picture you as a waif. At Varsity we called you 'The Prince,' and you seemed to fit the name always."

But Carl's thoughts were roaming far, backward and forward, even to the little village by the Humber.

They shouldered it into the Union Station, and discovered that a special train with doctors, nurses and officials was being sent out. The telegram from Gaines was Carl's passport to it.

"Good bye," was all Jerry said, as he left him to get his own train.

"Good-bye, old man," came back in an equally husky voice.

CHAPTER II.

EVENING lay in soft shadows along the ridges above the roadbed as Glover's train pulled into the scene of the disaster. Gaines was on the steps before Carl could get off.

"It's all right," he said hastily. "That telegram has worried me. I intended to say why he wanted you, but in the rush I didn't. See? It's business—Cobalt mines or something to look after. Graham's not seriously hurt. He will have to lie up for some weeks though. He broke his leg and one or two ribs, but is not dangerous, at all. You understand?"

"Quite," Carl said, with satisfaction. A great weight had been lifted from his mind. "Is he here?" he asked.

"No, we sent him up to North Bay with the first of the rescued. He wants you up, too, as soon as possible. We will have the rest out shortly."

"I will help," said the nephew, throwing off his long coat.

"No," Gaines interposed. "There are plenty of crews at work, too many, in fact."

"How many casualties?"

"Too many——" and then the official attitude asserted itself, and no more information was forthcoming.

Gaines was off. Left to himself, Carl went farther up and mingled with the crowds. It was indeed a bad smash. Through some blunder of operator or despatcher the heavy freight was on the line when the passenger should have had it. A sharp curve, snaking through the bluffs, had hidden the two trains from each other. One

hundred feet from a fringing cover of rock evergreens the giant moguls ploughed together unchecked. The awful impact had demolished both locomotives. One lay like a heap of scrap iron, only a twisted, battered mass of boiler plates, wheel flange, rod, shaft, guard, and lever, in place of the perfect mechanical power it had been. The other seemed to have been heavier and to have driven catapult-like, on lifting from the rails at first shock, clear through and over the upper works of the lighter. It lay, with its tender, nose down in the roadbed. A cloud of steam was escaping with horrible hiss, wrapping the whole tableau in a white, filmy mist. Crushed by this engine, two cars were splintered to matchwood, and here most of the injured had been found.

Down beside the scrap iron heap another coach was jammed V-shaped against a jutting angle of rock with sides and bottom almost cut away by rescuers' axes. Only three of the passenger cars suffered in the collision. Two others were jarred off, but having ploughed along the ties, stood nearly upright. The express car was somewhere in the stream beneath and the awful horror of it struck Carl when he saw where every car might have been. Fate's hand seemed to be in it. The string of freight cars lay sprawling down the embankment almost to the river's edge, like a child's blocks carelessly thrown aside after play. Both engineers, with their firemen, had been killed at their posts, and the express messenger was buried in the waters with his coach.

Slowly the twilight gloomed bluff and evergreen expanse, and a new, white moon came trembling up among wide-eyed stars. Carl climbed high into the rocks till sounds below became faint; then he sat watching. Each chaotic mass of wreckage showed now but indistinctly upon and beside the shattered road. The auxiliary lay grimly waiting with huge derrick arms and wrecking machinery ready for its turn. Moving human figures passed to and fro, to and fro, now in shadow, now thrown boldly into relief by the glare of fires where they were burning all useless rubbish beside the line. In places he could see them go round and round, round and round in the one spot, and knew they were jacking. Crowds of people surrounded them, often impeding and interfering with the work, and Carl saw these throngs ordered back more than once by some official. It was a strange, wild panorama with the stolid gray crags and vistas of green ridges for a setting. The little stream ran as a silver dribble, mirroring its width of sky pure-clouded over quiet blue.

Getting impatient, Carl wandered down again and hunted up Gaines, who was directing operations. They hoped to be through in a few minutes, he said, if the North Bay train would only come in as soon. There proved, however, some delay, and it was half an hour before the pleasing blast of her whistle sounded up the road. When she slid down the cuts, the remaining wounded were made comfortable in berths, and Carl boarded the caboose. Quickly they reversed and glided north while the wrecking cars drew up, beginning their throb, roar, rattle, and clank as they tore away each blockading mass from the track.

CHAPTER III.

JAKE GRAHAM lay in the private ward of the General Hospital at North Bay, with his legs and ribs in bandages, yet his cheery, light-heartedness belied the pain he felt. There was nothing of complaint in the voice that hailed Carl when he arrived.

"Hello, boy!" he said, giving a strong hand-grip. "I'm used up, you see. Not like some poor beggars, though! Did you see them?"

"Only a few," Carl answered. "Some were pretty bad. But yours—is it a clean break?"

"Straight!—so Doctor King said. Two ribs are cracked, also. It means six weeks in bed and three more on the crutch. Exasperating delay! I don't mind the pain; a little does one good, but I've got this mine development right on my hands. That's why I've sent for you. Do you understand, boy? This must be looked after right away. You're to do it."

"Me?" Carl cried. "Why, I wouldn't know pay ore from slag."

"You'll learn. Freeman, the boss, knows his business, and you'll soon get the run of things. You have executive ability, and you can manage those affairs for me just A 1 till I get out again. Two months from now I'll

OUR NEW SERIAL

The Wildcatters

A Tale of the Cobalt Country

By S. A. WHITE

Author of "The Stampeder," etc., etc.

Love and life in the mining districts of Northern Ontario is the theme of the new story which is to run in the CANADIAN COURIER during the next fourteen weeks. Rita Theodore, "The Lady of the Clan" is as strong a character as ever has appeared in native fiction, while Carl Glover, "The Prince," is a typical young Canadian with the bloom of a college career still showing. These two and the "wildcatters" of Cobalt are the leading figures in a most original and stirring romance.



A Lover of the Out-of-Doors

S. A. White, the author, was in the first rush to Cobalt and knows the mining life fairly well. His previous story "The Stampeder" described the mining life of the Yukon in its early days. For a number of years he has been contributing outdoor stories to the leading publications of Canadians. His first book appeared last year. His father is a prominent Canadian naturalist, and a brother is lecturer on Forestry at the University of Toronto. Like W. A. Fraser, his literary work is done in a small Ontario village, and fame is rapidly coming that way. For a time, he was both pedagogue and writer; now he devotes all his time to articles and stories of Canadian life.

The Wildcatters

is a strong story and should prove popular with the readers of THE CANADIAN COURIER. It has plenty of sentiment, is full of action, and radiates a sustained interest. The people whom the author creates are real flesh and blood. No anæmic puppets whine in this northern country—only strong, keen, passionate men and women.

be able to walk Cobalt again. The machinery is all there; the first shaft is down and the others are begun. Freeman is directing. It will be no trouble, and you'll learn a pile. I was going to take you back, anyhow. You'll be in the new company when it is formed, so you can study conditions and get ideas—Deuce take that leg!" he ejaculated at a sudden twinge. "How does that strike you?"

"I will do my best," was Carl's answer, "though I warn you I am a mighty poor substitute."

"That's all right. I know you, and I trust you. If you are ever in doubt, follow Freeman's advice. He is an old hand."

"When do I begin?"

"To-morrow. Go right up in the morning. I was on my way to see Jasper about forming the company and floating its stock, but that will wait. I should have gone back again to-morrow morning. The work can't be delayed, so you shall go instead."

"It is settled then, Uncle! How shall I commence?"

"The plans are all there, and Freeman knows how to go on. We had started Number Two Shaft. You'll complete that, and then begin Number Three. There will be the erection of houses and perhaps the running of a few drifts. I think by that time I will be around."

"Then there is nothing really difficult? If I should spoil the development and create a depression in feeling about this location, what then?"

"You will not, Carl! There is no danger. I want you simply for a nominal head to hold the chair, as it were, till these broken bones get sound."

At this juncture Doctor King entered the ward.

"My nephew, Carl Glover—Doctor King," said Graham, by way of introduction.

Carl extended his hand rather absently. He was thinking of this new duty thrown on him, so strangely at variance with his leaning towards art. He had hoped to be a painter; in the twinkling of an eye fate had reached out and made him a miner.

"Glover, Glover," the Doctor repeated musingly. Then he looked sharply at Carl. "Why," he burst out, "you're the Varsity half—'The Prince' they called you, eh?"

Carl nodded. "Varsity what?" his uncle interrupted.

"Half," King answered, "football, you know—not your game, Mr. Graham! Yours is mines, I hear. But if you play that as well as your nephew plays half, it's luck to the mines. I saw that game with McGill. It was great."

Carl warmed to the Doctor. Here was a man who hadn't entirely lost the good old football heart in his profession. He brightened at once. "You saw it?" he said. "Yes, it was a good game."

"Your beggarly quarter lost that game," snapped King.

"That was my opinion!" Carl exclaimed in surprise.

"We debated that point for weeks. Bland and the rest wouldn't think it for a moment. They contended it was the full and scrim both."

"Who is Bland?"

"Our big centre."

"Ah, yes, I remember. He bucked the line in fine shape. But it wasn't the full back or the scrimmage, either. If the quarter had been right, it would have been different."

"Deuce take your sports!" the Uncle broke in, good-naturedly. "Look here, Doctor, this youngster isn't playing football now. He is playing with mines and goes to Cobalt to-morrow morning in place of his smashed uncle, and I want to finish my talk with him. See!"

"Ha!" the Doctor exclaimed, "glad to hear it. But say, that reminds me of yourself. I was almost forgetting my patient in reminiscences of the grid-iron. You have to sleep. I'll give you five minutes to finish. Then you must take these tablets. Come, hurry!"

And, true to his word, Doctor King allowed them but five minutes. He appeared at the end of that space with a sleeping potion for Graham.

"Sorry, he said, "but we must give the frame and those bones some rest or they will be a long, long time in healing. Your plans and preparations suddenly thwarted after this fashion no doubt disturb you considerably, Mr. Graham, but there is no use in taking any but a philosophic view of the situation. Best rest, soonest mended—that's the programme!"

"I guess you are right," the uncle admitted. "Good-bye, boy."

"Good-bye," said Carl, and shook Old Jake's hand once more.

"Just one word Carl," his uncle added—"watch the other owners. Don't let them investigate and take points on our works. And, Carl, keep away from the games of chance up there. I've played in my time, but for a young man starting out it's a bad, bad business. It was your father's one vice, you know, and we inherit tendencies. So give them the nod, boy. I hate to preach, but that's common sense. Do you hear?"

"Yes," said Carl, "good-bye!"

CHAPTER IV.

THIS was Cobalt!

This was magical, illusive, enthralling Cobalt. here was the Mecca of prospectors gathered from all

points of the continent, with the fever of years at heart and mountain-stealed muscle on limb. Knights of the pick and search, bound to an undying ambition, happy in hardship and adversity, strong in toil and trial, imperturbable amid deepest disappointment, they go shoulder to shoulder with the lumbermen in blazing the pioneer way. Right in the midst of the Temiskaming wild lies this silver magnet that draws. There is mystery in its surrounding, in itself, in the very atmosphere; something infinitely entrancing and undeniably pregnant pervades Cobalt and the wilds about. It thrilled Carl with a feeling not to be analyzed. Why should this mite of a wilderness be Cobalt, the mythical and realistic? How was it different from all other parts of that same hunters' paradise?

Through a vast region of timber, rock, chasm, and ridge, dotted with slash, low valley, stream, and lake, two twin streaks of steel bore northward. On either side the coveted ore has been bared and mines, mines, and mines dot the newly-learned townships, lands which had never awakened from their primeval sleep till the anxious pick came tapping. Coleman is Coleman now; Buck is Buck; Lorraine is Lorraine, just as York is York. Under what other conditions would the waste thus respond to the call of civilization? Only under power of hidden riches! Deep-buried, closely formed in parallel veins, uncertain, far-scattered, or missing altogether, they lure and beckon, mighty latent bodies of much good—and evil! How many moccasined feet have stood where now syndicate millions are wrapped! How many Salteaux tribes have spread their tepees over the unborn silver and never known its blessing or course! How many souls have loved this great untouched expanse for itself alone before commercial hum usurped the virgin silence! This was Cobalt, the richest silver district of the world! This was what once had been the wildest, most rugged spot in all that vast area of solitude.

How quickly changes come! Now a busy mart instead of a single camp-fire; steam-boat lines on lake and river instead of a solitary passing canoe; and thousands of toilers in place of an occasional hunter or voyageur. This was Cobalt!—a vision point for the eyes of the world in lieu of being an unknown finger spot on the map.

In those first few days Carl grasped the characteristics and individualities of the place and its men. There were scenes and incidents, hearts and lives, labours and undertakings to gladden his soul and make him love the spot. He felt the rush and thrill, the magic pulse that throbbled through every newcomer's frame, and claimed him as one of the veteran band. There was picturesqueness, romance, mystery; there was wild beauty, nature's pageant, the call of the wide places. Everywhere one felt it was Cobalt's destiny to be great. Then, as always inseparable from the love, great, and grand, there were the little blots that marred, men of uncertain character, and places of vice. Mingled together were the rich and the striving; magnate, promoter, capitalist, investor, rubbed shoulders with the card sharp and crafty plunderer. Phases of its secret life were revealed to Carl, little by little. Prodigality, from which mining camp was never yet exempt, was far more prevalent than seemed apparent at first view. For those susceptible to temptation this under life was a dangerous thing. For the strong its influence was negative and the fine upper current was the manliest character building power in the world. To do Carl justice, he classed himself as in the upper current. He had seen the evil of cities and its presence here, he thought, would not affect him.

In accordance with his uncle's wishes Carl occupied the former's house which was kept in charge of a Chinese servant, Mong Loo. Freeman, the foreman, had been staying there also, and Carl was glad of that. He found the boss good company, though not exactly a refined companion. However, that was not to be expected since, as Freeman said, he had worked in mines all his life. While engaged on Number Two Shaft the first day, he gave Carl a short account of his life in various parts, and the latter found it rather more interesting than their present task. He had never thought drilling so monotonous and was glad when the day was done; but on the morrow, when they began to get signs of ore, he warmed to his occupation.

"You see," Freeman explained, "one never can tell where to strike it. In the likeliest looking spot you seldom get anything. Now look here! We are down twenty feet and have signs. We sank Number One fifty and hit nothing."

"What!" Carl gasped, "I—I thought Number One was completed."

"So it is," the boss grinned—"a dead hole! We'll run some drifts later, but there is no silver in sight yet."

"Will this be the same?"

"It looks better."

"Suppose it isn't!"

"We'll try Number Three."

"Where will you sink it?"

Freeman showed him the location. The three shafts formed a triangle in a wooded valley between some low bluffs. This constituted Jacob Graham's holding.

Carl realized his ignorance about mining in general,

(Continued on page 24.)



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DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

And Earl Grey had to give up his fishing. Now, he'll always tell of the 'lunge he might have caught, if Sir Wilfrid had not called him to come home.

The ownership of Anticosti Island is once more being disputed. For making a handsome fuss, there's nothing like a little island.

Whales are said not to be afraid of submarine warships. They must be the lions of the main.

A student of physico-psychical phenomena, or something like that, declares that the soul has a weight, going as high as an ounce. We could tell him about several grain souls.

Nat Goodwin is forbidden to marry again during the lifetime of the latest Mrs. Goodwin. Long life to her!

Germany, in trying to secure a naval base, may be given a home run.

The Moroccan affair is beginning to put on a high polish.

"Laurier and larger markets!" cries the great party paper. "Borden and Bigger Bargains" comes a voice from the Pacific Province.

A New York journal has stated that King George has been obliged to take oxygen. This is merely the ordinary hot air from the Gotham press.

Doesn't Want to Vote.—An English woman recently arrived in Canada, an ardent suffragette, was talking over the subject of the feminine vote with a Canadian.

"I don't want it," said the latter decidedly.

"Why not?"

"The next thing we know, we'd be in cartoons. Think of what Laurier looks like in The Evening Telegram and Whitney in The Globe. Why, I wouldn't appear in one of those dreadful pictures for anything. They'd be sure to caricature our best gowns."

Before Election.

Sing a song of promises
All so brightly glowing!
We are from Missouri and—
We need a lot of showing.

Successful Diplomacy.—They were discussing international affairs at a resort on Georgian Bay. He was from Tennessee, and she was a Hamilton girl. The subject inevitably introduced was reciprocity, and then the citizen of the United States casually remarked, "Of course, it will mean annexation."

"Nothing of the kind," said the Canadian girl briskly.

"How could you help it? We could make a morning meal of your army, before the British navy could get here."

"Indeed, you could do nothing of the kind. We should all take up arms—even the women."

"You'd only need to hold them out—and our forces would surrender. Peace with honour was restored."

He Didn't.—John Joseph Ward, a Controller of the city of Toronto, is an adept in the gentle art of jesting. He loves a joke, and he becomes almost ecstatic when he pulls off some practical joke on one of his colleagues.

His latest was at the expense of Controller F. S. Spence. As almost everybody knows, Mr. Spence is a prominent prohibitionist, and is always interested in temperance matters.

The other day Mr. Ward came to a Board of Control meeting with a neat little pamphlet in his hand. It was labelled on the cover "The Drink Question."

"Here's something you'll be interested in, Frank," he remarked quite casually to his temperance colleague. Controller Spence glanced at the

title, was interested, took the pamphlet in his hand, sat down, took his glasses out, wiped them, put them on his nose, and prepared to read. He opened the inside and saw printed there in large type, "Are You Going to Buy?"

Folding it up, he smiled a sickly smile, and handed it back to the joker.

* * *

A Song of Last Summer.

He strolled along the yellow beach
And watched the billows blue;
She sat on a verandah chair,
And did some watching, too.

At eventide, when shadows fell
Across the land and sea,
He did approach the dainty maid
And tenderly said he—

"I think that I have gazed upon
Your face in days of yore;
Oh, tell me, stately Summer Girl,
Where have we met before?"

She sighed, in wistful pensive wise,
As if to drop a tear.

"Alas for man's brief memory!
We were engaged last year."

* * *

What's the Use?—Reggie Dumps: "You know this life sometimes seems not worth living. If you'll believe me, there are times when I feel as if it wouldn't be any matter, if I blew my brains out."

Miss Cayenne: "Certainly, no gray matter."

* * *

A Modest Official.—Astonishing as it may seem, there is one man in Toronto so modest that even when he was invited to lunch with the King he refused to let a newspaper reporter publish that fact.

Probably, almost certainly, he was the only man in the city to be so honoured. He is related to the Lord Mayor of London, and the latter sent him an invitation to the Lord Mayor's dinner to the King, which was part of the Coronation programme.

Quite by accident, a reporter on a Toronto daily learned of the invitation. He sought out the invited man, who happens to be in a rather prominent civic position, and asked for further information. To his amazement the modest one refused to even let him publish the bald fact.

"Well, all I have to say is, that if it had been some other officials who had received such an invitation, no time would have been lost in sending typewritten notices, with full particulars and photographs, to all the papers in town," said the scribe as he walked away.

But the very modest man merely smiled. And because he is really and truly modest, his name is withheld in this little tale.

* * *

The Criminal's Complaint.

(A daily paper states that two hold-up men, who murdered a police chief in Western Canada and escaped, were rounded up and forced to surrender by boy scouts.)

For years I've plied my risky trade,
And seldom have been caught;
Detectives always seemed to me
A rather easy lot.

They carefully took finger prints
And photographs of me,
And wireless now is at their call
If I should go to sea.

Before such boasted schemes as those
I never used to quail,
But I'm as good as done for when
Boy scouts are on my trail.

* * *

The Man Who Wouldn't Listen.—The story is told that the man who rode the horse down the valley to Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and warned the people, afterwards died and went to heaven. At the gate, he met St. Peter, and at once opened up conver-

sation. "Well, St. Peter, don't you know me? Why, I am 'Enry 'Awkins, the man that rode the horse down the valley and saved all the lives the time of the Johnstown flood. Remember me?"

St. Peter smiled kindly and pointed to a front seat. Afterwards, every new arrival of importance was greeted by the genial Hawkins in the same way. "I am 'Enry 'Awkins, the man that rode the horse," etc.

One day, Hawkins came back to St. Peter and again opened up conversation.

"Remember me, Pete? 'Enry 'Awkins, the man that rode the horse down the valley at the time of the Johnstown flood?"

St. Peter remembered him.

"Say, Peter, I have had a good time and everybody is glad to see me, and they all want to hear about that ride down the valley. But, say, who is that old guy over there with the long whiskers? Whenever I go up to him and tell him that I am 'Enry 'Awkins the man that rode down the valley at the time of the Johnstown flood, he gets up and goes away. He don't seem to be a bit interested. Who is he anyway?"

"That old gentleman over there on the second seat, you mean?" said Peter.

"Yes, that's him."

"You ought to know him. His name is Noah."

* * *

Thinks It's a Freak.—Reciprocity was being discussed by farmers near Belleville, Ont., a little while ago.

"Belleville wants to get it," said a farmer who claimed to know that city's opinion.

A man, who is not engaged in farming, apparently had nazy ideas about the subject under discussion.

"If reciprocity comes to Belleville," he said, "I'm going to go there and see it."

* * *

The Needful.—In a certain Canadian city, there is a handsome building, in course of erection, which is evidently intended for educational use. This summer a visitor remarked on the structure and asked what was its purpose.

"Household Science Department" was the reply—"cooking as a fine art."

"It's going to take a lot of money," was the comment.

"Cooking usually calls for dough," came the reply.

WHEN THE JOKE WAS ON ME

Hon. J. J. Foy is Attorney-General for Ontario, and his brother, "Gus," is a police court clerk for Toronto.

It came to the ears of the police officials of Toronto that some of the city's Jews, who got out summonses, were making offers to the summoned ones to not press cases if money were paid to those who had got out the much-feared papers. That using of the papers as a club had to be stopped. The police officials decided that summonses would not be issued unless there was some clear evidence of the need for giving out the papers.

To "Gus" Foy fell the duty of refusing some of the men who wanted a summons. To the ones who were refused, that looked like injustice, so they got a deputation together, saw Hon. Mr. Foy and asked him to remove "that man" who refused to issue summonses. The Attorney-General listened carefully to the complaint and promised to look into it.

"Jakie" Cohen, one of Toronto's best known Jews, is a police magistrate for the city and knows well the condition of the Jews who believe they have occasion to go to the police court clerk.

So the Attorney-General had "Jakie" go to see him and explain matters.

"By the way, who is 'that man' they want removed?" asked Mr. Foy.

Mr. Cohen smiled.

"Why," he said, "that's Gus."

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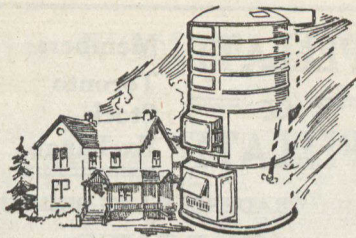
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PEOPLE AND PLACES

The Professor on the Gridiron

IN Ontario there is a schoolmaster of high distinction in romance languages who never gets credit for being an academican at all. To his students he is known as "Harry"; to a large part of the student body of the University of Toronto even more intimately as "Red." The great Canadian sporting public speak of him adjectively as "Reddy—"Reddy" Griffith. They think that they know him. But the electric, little auburn-haired man, who turns out championship college Rugby teams in Toronto is a many-sided genius.

Mr. H. C. Griffith was a professor in the French department of the Uni-



MR. H. C. GRIFFITH
The well known Toronto Rugby Coach and University Professor.

versity of Toronto. For several years he has acted as honorary coach to the college football club. So great has become his reputation in the football world, that his real academic position the public have completely overlooked. Now, that is not because Griffith does not count in the lecture room, but because fame catches a man quicker pulling off athletic stunts than examining French papers. That Griffith really after all draws a professor's salary, the public have been reminded lately. He says he is not going to teach any more French at Toronto. And that means that in a few weeks, when the leaves begin to yellow, and the gridiron squads to trot out on the campus at the Ontario University, there will be no dynamic "Reddy" Griffith teaching signals to Toronto pigskin artists. And all over the Dominion there is a sigh from hundreds of seniors and fair coeds and freshmen.

They don't want to lose him. Griffith, the student's faculty hero, has carried their interests to a grand stand finish. No man at the University of Toronto ever did more for Athletics and esprit de corps than H. C. Griffith. He has done a great deal for the uplift of sport outside of his own constituency. Griffith is an idealist in sport. In that sense he is the professor on the gridiron. At the American colleges there are professorial football enthusiasts. At Soldiers' Field you may see them sitting in boxes at the championship games. They differ from Griffith. Season after season he has given every night of his time to exhorting, cheering and teaching a bunch of raw boys punting, tackling and trick plays. He has never got a single cent for it. Highly paid professional coaches attend to the training of Harvard and Yale gladiators. The faculty look on.

Why does Professor Griffith step from the cloister and coach football teams? Because he loves the game, and he's just as much a college boy as a professor. He's a diverse personality.

There is 'Reddy' Griffiths, a short, tense figure in tweed suit and tan gloves, hatless, chasing a ball around

a field, a pack of panting youths at his heels. "Follow up, seconds! Follow up—up!" Then there is the scholar with as keen a love for hunting down slips in French grammar as has the wizard of the gridiron for uncovering bad team work. The football Griffith is a sphinx when you ask him about the team's chances. When the Dominion was on tip-toe last year just before the 'Varsity-Hamilton conflict, to the pressmen he was taciturnly polite. He loses his nerve only when the camera snaps. Griffith, the professor, is somewhat of a lackadaisical person, tripping over to Europe every summer to stroll on the boulevards and in the cafes and art galleries, and when he comes back and gets a few fellows in his room, he can keep them up all night with whimsical reminiscences of the Latin Quarter.

Griffith is leaving 'Varsity, and the worries of the Intercollegiate Union. To become a bromide? Not Griffith. He has become a master of that live prep. school for boys at St. Catharines—Bishop Ridley. He is a graduate of this school, and he has always had a hunger to get back.

* * *

Winnipeg's Great Rowing Triumph

WINNIPEG can show them all something at the rowing game. Her crews have just returned from the Northwestern International Rowing Association Regatta held in Duluth, Minn. Eight wins out of a possible eleven was the two days' work of the Manitoba men. In the Senior Doubles, Senior Fours, Junior Eights, Pair Oars, Senior Singles, Junior Four, Junior Doubles, Senior Eights, it was all Winnipeg. Immense crowds lining the course in every kind of craft from canoes to big freighters cheered the Canadian victors. Winnipeg sporting editors say that the Winnipeg eight is the swiftest in America. What about a match between Winnipeg, Ottawa and Argos? Officials of the Canadian Henley report that an effort is being made to bring Winnipeg to St. Catharines the first week in August. The Argonauts, who did so well in Philadelphia a few weeks ago, have sent in their entry. If Winnipeg can come east there will be a titanic struggle between the two champion eights. Ottawa evidently had enough of it over the pond. Their men it is unlikely will figure at St. Kitt's.

* * *

Out of the North

A STORY has just come down from the Northland of harrowing experiences which sometimes test the courage and resource of pioneer settlers.

It is respectfully submitted for the consideration of members of the medical profession. Had they been within telephone call it could never have happened. Can a layman be his own doctor? Some say not. But here is a tale of a man who is alleged to have performed one of the most delicate operations known to surgery without ever having gone to college, and carried it through.

Fort Hope is a Hudson's Bay post back in the bush far from the shriek of transcontinental engines. In the solitude of this Nepigon country recently the wife of a pioneer fell a victim to the excruciating torture of appendicitis. As his wife lay in the throes of agony, the husband became desperate. The nearest surgeon was 200 miles away.

Now what did he do in his plight but decide to operate upon his wife himself. And operate he did, gathering some Indians to assist him about the patient's rough cot in the forest. Then, with ten redmen and the invalid one, he set forth with all speed to Nepigon. Over the woodland trails for 200 miles the amateur surgeon and his dusky nurses carried the sufferer. She is now in the hospital, where she is convalescing rapidly.

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Here's a little plaster which has ended fifty million corns. It stops the pain instantly. It removes the corn in 48 hours.

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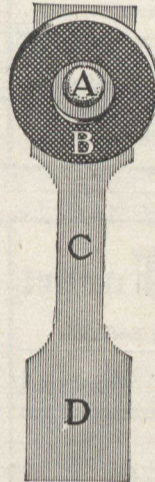
There is nothing else like it. Nothing else commands one-fiftieth the sale. Please find it out. It is dangerous to meddle with a corn.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES



Banks Securing Additional Capital.

DURING the past few days one Montreal and two Toronto banks have signified their intention of securing additional capital in order to keep pace with the demands which are being made upon them.

The Bank of Montreal is increasing its capital from \$14,400,000 to \$16,000,000; in Toronto the Sterling Bank of Canada, which has been coming along very nicely during the past few years, announced to shareholders its intention of issuing \$1,000,000 additional capital, and the Bank of Toronto also announced an increase of a like amount, which will bring its paid-up capital from \$4,000,000 to \$5,000,000.

* * *

London Negotiating for Sherwin-Williams Bonds.

FOR some time different London houses have been negotiating for the purchase of the entire bond issue of the new Sherwin-Williams Company of Canada. Approximately \$2,400,000 of bonds are being issued at the present time, and some of the London houses have expressed a desire to be able to take the entire issue.

* * *

Mr. Wilkie's Opinion.

IN an interview published in the Toronto *Globe*, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, President of the Imperial Bank, has this to say of a possible money stringency:—"Regarding the possibility of a money stringency in the autumn, I do not think it is at all likely. It is true that even at the end of June the note circulation of the banks amounted to \$88,618,699, out of a possible \$101,065,306, which is the paid-up capital, leaving a margin of only about thirteen millions to provide for the top notch. But in addition to this available amount there is the 15 per cent. upon the paid-up capital, representing a further sum of about sixteen millions. Having in view the fact that the increase in circulation last year between the end of June and the end of October, which was the highest point, was only about seventeen millions, I do not apprehend that the slightest difficulty will be found in providing the circulation to move the crops, even if they are as bountiful as has been predicted.

"But all the same there is a warning for the chartered banks that they must do their duty to the country and provide additional capital, so as to enable them to make use of additional currency, as the requirements of the country increase from year to year."

* * *

New Director Bank of Toronto.

COLONEL FRANK MEIGHEN has been elected a director of the Bank of Toronto to succeed his late father, Mr. Robert Meighen, who for a number of years was one of the Montreal directors of the Toronto institution.

* * *

Some Merger Companies Merging Themselves.

SOME of the Canadian companies which have been identified during the past year or so with re-organizations and consolidations are evidently finding that perhaps some of the benefits which applied to other consolidations might accrue to themselves, mainly through the elimination of overhead charges. It is likely that in the near future initial announcement will be made of the consolidation of some of the larger Canadian securities and debenture corporations. If the present plans carry, it will include two Montreal companies and one Toronto company.

* * *

Banks Are Calling a Halt.

DURING the past few weeks there have been indications that a number of the larger banks, which have been responsible in a large measure for the greater number of the different re-organizations that have been affected during the past couple of years, have now evidently come to the conclusion that it is time for, at least, a rest, and are not disposed to lend anything like the assistance they did. In fact, some of the banks, for the time being at least, are refusing to consider all proposals that are submitted to them. Such action is partly due to the fact that they evidently believe that there is a very large amount of undigested securities on the market at the present time. Another reason may be that they are getting ready to have as much of their money as possible available for the handling of the Western wheat crop, and on this account are curtailing rather than extending their loans.

* * *

Toronto Bank Manager Is Likely to Get Big Job.

RECENT reports seem to indicate that there is a strong probability of one of the general managers of the Toronto Bank securing the much sought for office as general manager of the new Banque Internationale du Canada, which has been organized by Mr. Rodolphe Forget.

* * *

Toronto Banks May Come Together.

FOR some time negotiations have been under way tending to a possible consolidation of two or three of the smaller Toronto banks, which are specializing in Toronto and throughout the Province of Ontario. The banks in question duplicate their branches at a great many points in the Province, and it is felt that great economies could be effected if, instead of having three different offices and three different staffs, arrangements were put through so that there would be only one office and one staff to attend to the work which is offering at different points. The proposal has met with favour by certain interests but is being opposed by others, and up to the present time the negotiations have not reached a stage where there is any certainty of their going through.

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HEAD OFFICE - WATERLOO, ONT.

THE WOMAN WHO BLAZED THE WAY

(Continued from page 13.)

the river bank. Purely by chance, as they groped their way through the woods, they stumbled on an abandoned wigwam—the summer quarters of some warrior who had moved into the central camp for the winter. As usual, a cache of food—corn and roots—had been left in the deserted lodge for the return of the owners in spring. The two women took up quarters in the empty wigwam for the night. They could see the forms of the Shawnee warriors against the camp fires down on the river bank at the Indian town. How soundly they slept that night, we may know. Towards day they were suddenly alarmed by the ringing of a bell, as if some one were coming in with pack horses. The odd German woman was paralyzed with terror. Mrs. Ingles sprang from a couch extemporized of branches and her blanket. She looked out. An old horse shivering in the night air had shambled up to the lodge. He was the wearer of the bell. The relief of the women knew no bounds. Hastily before the Shawnee village was astir, they gathered up in their blankets all the corn and roots they could carry and loading these on the old horse, took off his bell and set out at as quick a pace as they could urge the brute on up the Ohio.

TWO days found them far up the valley past what is now Ashland and confronted by the broad flood of Big Sandy River where it joins the Ohio. As at Licking River, the fording place on the Big Sandy was too deep for them, and again they left the Ohio to ascend stream to a crossing place. At what is now the town of Louisa a drift of logs had jammed. Mrs. Ingles dared not go farther up the Big Sandy lest she could not find her way back to the Ohio trail. With thwacks and coaxings they urged the old horse on to the jam of logs bridging the Sandy. Midway the poor brute had to flounder through the bridge and there he hung, legs entangled in the branches, unable to go forward or back. The women could not pause to set him free. They unloaded his pack of provisions, shouldered the packs themselves, crossed the Big Sandy and struck down to the Ohio again near what is now Huntington.

It was now almost December. Each night the cold grew tenser. Occasionally flurries of snow came down on the north wind. Winter had driven hunters from the woods, for they met no more Indians, but a more terrible peril befel Mrs. Ingles. Their stock of provisions had begun to run low, and as they toiled up the Ohio River over the wind-swept ridges of West Virginia towards the mouth of the Kanawha, Mary Ingles noticed that the old German woman had begun muttering and roving and scolding querulously as she marched. At night the danger was more gruesome. The old woman had plainly gone out of her head, and would sit up staring in the moonlight with wild threats that she must have food. And, of course, she blamed the younger woman for bringing her on this wild venture at all. Near the Kanawha, or New, or what was called Wood's River, they were lucky enough to find a half frozen deer carcass. That quieted the mad woman's craving for food, and while the German packed the meat in her blanket, Mrs. Ingles tore the remnants of one skirt into strips to bind up the feet of her companion and herself. They were now half way home. Wood's River or the Kanawha was well known to Virginia traders. Mrs. Ingles' one hope was to reach and pass the mountains before another fit of madness recurred to the old German.

Deer and quail and wild turkey they saw in abundance, but they had no firearms, and they dared not take time to pause and snare the game. As the crow flies the Kanawha River was about two hundred miles from Draper's Meadows, but by the winding of the river the distance was twice as far, and taking her courage in her teeth the brave Virginia girl led on at a run, keeping her com-

panion at a safe distance and turning only where the decrepit old German needed help up a cliff or across a stream or over a log. Why didn't she desert her helpless old charge altogether? Surely reason could have supplied good excuse to conscience. For two women to die would help neither of them. It was better that one should live than both perish. But Mrs. Ingles didn't reason that way. That's what I mean when I said that F. F. V.'s stood for something more than tinsel and veneer and pretence. In fact, it was in exactly that way that the old German woman was now talking. As they reached the towering cliffs near New River Canyon, both women became spent and half famished. The old German was raving again. Crowded against the foot of the cliff by the black waters of the canyon, they had to walk very close together and the querulous old German kept up a constant whine of reproaches.

At one place, a cliff fifteen-hundred feet high towered sheer across their path. The water was too deep for wading. They could not go forward, and it seemed hopeless to go back. The old woman was raving now with all the wildness of her spent energies, and Mary Ingles was on the verge of tears. But as Napoleon said, fifty years later, "To stand still is always to slide back." And up the cliff the Virginia girl began to scramble, dragging the unwilling old termagant after her. In places where foot-hold slithered away in crumbling clay they hoisted themselves up by the overhanging branches. Where the ledge leading up narrowed, both women crept hands and knees with freezing fear as the wind bellowed through the pass bringing up the awesome hu-s-sh of the black waters far beneath. Almost a day it took to scale the cliff, and once more they were down on the river bed following the trail past the Greenbriar and the Bluestone with the purpling folds of Peters Potts Mountains straight ahead. Mrs. Ingles knew the ground now. Could they but hold out for another week, she would reach Draper's Meadows, but the old German woman had become a terrible peril. She was raving mad, and with a flare up of last strength like the flickering blaze of a dying fire, she seemed to regain her lost energies and nightly, daily, was vociferously demanding that one of them die to satisfy the hunger of the other. The younger woman's answer was to flit like a shadow always to the fore beyond reach by day, and hide by night.

ONE night, on the upper rushes of New River, the German pounced on her hiding place with demand that they draw lots as to which would live. To Mrs. Ingles it was as if fate were playing with loaded dice, but to quiet the old creature she crushed her rising fear and lightly drew one of the proffered sticks. With the shout of a maniac, the old German cried out that was the stick which signified death, and before Mrs. Ingles could move the insane woman's hands were clutching at her throat. All that save the young Virginian was the old woman's weakness. Mary Ingles unclasped the thin emaciated hands of her mad companion, jerked free, and dashed to hiding too quick for the old German to follow. But it was plain she could no longer travel with the mad woman. The salvation of both lay in Mary Ingles reaching Drapers' Meadows quickly. As far as I can judge, she could not at this time have been more than fifty miles from home.

The lonely night wind sung down the river. The cries of the wild cats came from the forests on the mountain sides. And from the leafless trees sounded a sobbing and groaning as of a world in pain. Then the moon came up with ghost shadows. By the moonlight, Mrs. Ingles could see her way down to the river where she followed the little indurated game trail of the wild animals going to

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their drinking-place. On the river bank lay an old dug-out, but there were no paddles. Being an inlander, Mrs. Ingles had never before been in a canoe in her life, but she seized a sapling and succeeded in poling across stream. This at least put safety between herself and the old mad woman. The next morning, when the old German had come to herself and saw the young woman on the far side of the river, her contrition knew no bounds. She shouted and signalled for Mrs. Ingles to show her the way across, but the Virginian only hurried on up stream signing the old woman to follow on the other side, and the two presently lost sight of each other where New River narrows between precipitous cliffs through a rift in Peters Mountains.

Within almost a day of home, Mrs. Ingles suffered her bitterest trial. It had begun to snow. Her feet were bare and cut. Her clothing was a mere remnant of shreds and tatters hidden beneath the blanket. The wind roared through the mountain pass like a bellows tearing at her blanket, driving the storm in her face, covering the trail. Suddenly a shadow loomed through the snow-fall. She looked from her blanket to see dark oily waters of unfathomable depth curling at her feet, and straight in front of her cutting up into cloud line a cliff sheer as a wall. She was weak and famishing. The last barrier was too much. She sank at the base in shelter from the wind prepared to die, but she didn't die. That's what true metal in the blood means. In an hour or two the wind sank. She had rested and got her second breath, and when she looked up the cliff there were places where one could get a catch with hands and feet. She began to climb. Half way up came a sensation which no one knows till it has tested them—a sensation of wanting to go over, to throw yourself from a height. She had made the disastrous mistake of looking back and down when she was high up on a narrow ledge. The swirling black waters below increased that peculiar hypnotic power that sends suicides over a Niagara. Only by quick effort of will did she keep from letting go, and by a quicker effort she hoisted herself up beyond temptation. I cannot identify the exact precipice she climbed, but Dr. Hale, her descendant, declares it was right opposite Caesar's Arch and Pompey's Pillar. Once on the crest of the cliff she looked down on the other side, and I think she must have wanted to shout. It was only a few hundred

feet down to the other side. She had crossed the divide and was back in Virginia.

A few hours later, Adam Harmon heard the halloo of a voice in his corn field. He listened with staring hair. Then he seized his rifle and ran.

"That's Mary Ingles' voice," he shouted to his colored labourers. When he came to the corn patch Mary Ingles lay insensible. She had fainted with joy. For forty days she had seen neither house nor shelter nor fire nor face but that of a mad woman.

If you know black helpers, you may know the commotion that prevailed on Adam Harmon's place for the next few days. An ox was killed for the brewing of beef tea. Couriers went off hot-foot for Kentucky to find her husband who was searching for her there. Other messengers went back down New River for the old German woman, whom they found in a deserted hunters' lodge, clad in a hunters' leather suit, making herself glad over a gorging meal of turnips and pemmican. It is pretty well understood that the corn patch where Adam Harmon found Mrs. Ingles is the Clover Nook of to-day.

Within a few years William Ingles succeeded in ransoming both his boys from the Indians of the interior and Detroit—the boy Thomas growing up to be a great friend of Jefferson and Madison and Monroe. As Colonel Ingles, he was one of the founders of Knoxville; but Betty Draper was not ransomed from the Kentucky tribes till 1761. William Ingles and his wife soon moved back to Ingles Ferry, where they had a fort built; and Mary Ingles often spent whole days moulding bullets for her husband's warfare. Then, in 1775, the Boones moved over the Ridge; and by 1790 thousands of settlers had gone over into what are now Kentucky and Tennessee and West Virginia by that same trail which Mary Ingles had traced on the journeys to and from her captivity. Mrs. Ingles lived till the good old age of eighty, and even after she had passed the mile-stone of three-score and ten she was often to be seen riding her favourite white horse, "Bonny," erect as of old, on the way to the Presbyterian missionary services thirty miles from her plantation; for captivity among the heathen has a curiously inspiring effect on the placid Christian. As a Canadian governor once said when he came back from a long sojourn with the Indians and evinced a sudden new piety—"I'll be blanked, gentlemen, if I can allow pagans to be better Christians than I am!"

THE WILDCATTERS

(Continued from page 19.)

Cobalt in general, and Cobalt mines in particular. When word had come to him from his uncle that he had secured claims in Coleman township near the railway route—claims which promised immense returns, Carl took for granted that there was nothing to be done but install machinery, lift out the precious rock and ship it. That was why he had told so many that his uncle had struck it rich. Now that he was himself on the silver ground, things did not seem so clear; the riches were not lying in piles for the lifting. This property was right in the heart of the silver district. Everything promised well, but that could not dispel the uncertainty. Number One Shaft yielded no ore. The wealth was still to be unearthed. So Carl forgot everything in the project. From that moment he resolved to have the location in a condition that would be valuable when his uncle returned. The hazy dream of his with regard to it would be a strong reality. There was silver there, and he would find it. Therefore he threw himself body and soul into the work. Monotony and listlessness vanished. All alert and eager, his big form could be seen aiding, advising, engineering new trends, or following Freeman's plans with unflinching nicety of execution. Indeed, the foreman found it hard to hold the nephew, and there came a time very

shortly when Carl understood what was to be done almost as well as Freeman, while the men looked to him as manager of everything.

Before two weeks ran out, the second shaft was down to nearly the depth of Number One. As they got deeper and deeper, Glover's high hopes grew fainter and at last ceased. This shaft was no better than the first.

Sick at heart, he knocked off work that Saturday night and discussed the situation with Freeman over their evening meal, served by the vivacious Mong Loo. Unknowingly the servant opened the subject Carl was most anxious about.

"Vellee much silver?" the Chinaman asked after bringing in the soup.

Freeman slyly winked at Glover. "Nice pile!" he said. "Got good mine, Mong!"

"Me heapee glad. Keepee me job with Mistal G1-a-a-m longee time."

"Yes, you're good for a year or two yet, Mong, if that opium pipe of yours doesn't kill you off."

Mong Loo grinned sheepishly, and half shut his almond eyes. "Me no smokee for two weeks," he said.

"That means you'll smoke for two solid weeks if you do start. See here, Mong, I'll flay you alive if you go off now when we are in the thick of this shaft business. Do you hear?"

"Me hearee. Me no smokee at all

A Great Triumph at Bisley for The ROSS RIFLE

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(Canadian Associated Press.)
Bisley, Eng., July 22.—The greatest feat ever performed in the history of rifle shooting at Wimbledon, or Bisley, was that performed by Private Clifford, of the 10th Royal Grenadiers, Toronto, this afternoon. On Wednesday last the Canadian marksman won the second most valuable prize of the meeting, the Prince of Wales £100. To-day he added to it the blue ribbon of the meeting, the King's Prize of £250. Never before have these two rich prizes fallen to the same man.

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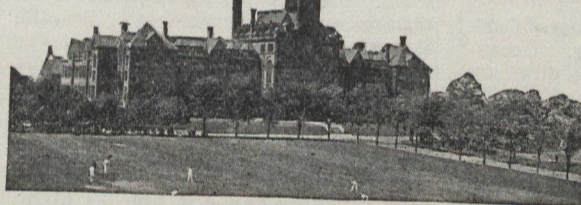
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if Charlie Ling no come for me."
 "By George, I'll break his bones if he comes sneaking round here. You see," he explained to Carl when Mong had retired to the kitchen, "they have the habit here. This rascally laundry man, Charlie Ling, keeps all these Orientals smoking off and on as well as some white fellows. Just before you came, Mong had a round of a full week, and he hasn't been out since. It plays the dickens with the meals and housekeeping when they vamoose like that."

"Why did you misinform him about the mines?" Carl asked.

"Just as well not to let him know! Those things spread."

"People can't help but understand our condition."

"They don't know anything about it."

"Don't you ever have visitors?"

"No. We are not on the market. When we are, the investors will come pottering about, but we will be ready for them then."

"How will you make ready?"

"We will have samples for them."

Carl shook his head despairingly. "It looks blue," he said.

"Well, we have more chances yet."

"I must give this thing more study," Carl said with emphasis. "We simply have to win. I'll probe those min-

ing manuals till midnight."

"Knock off for to-night!" Freeman advised. "You have pored over them all week. It is Saturday night, too, and all the boys will be in town. Come down and have a look round. Why," he added on sudden thought, "you've never seen Cobalt by night. George! and you here a fortnight!"

It was true. Carl had been so bound up in his scheme to force success in the mining enterprise that he had given it all his thought and time. He worked all day, and at night studied treatises on mining, seeking new ideas and fresh practices, and giving every scientific fibre of his keen brain to the mastering of the undertaking now before him. He felt rather fagged and was inclined to take a night off with Freeman in seeing the town. So when the foreman urged, he consented.

On leaving the house, Freeman gave Mong Loo strict commands not to go away. "If Charlie Ling comes round," he admonished, "you tell him to make himself scarce or I'll have his pig-tail to-morrow morning. Do you hear, Mong Loo?"

"Me hearee," said the Chinaman.

"And remember, too," was the last order. "We will be in at eleven."

"All litee," Mong Loog gurgled and shut the door after them.

(To be continued.)



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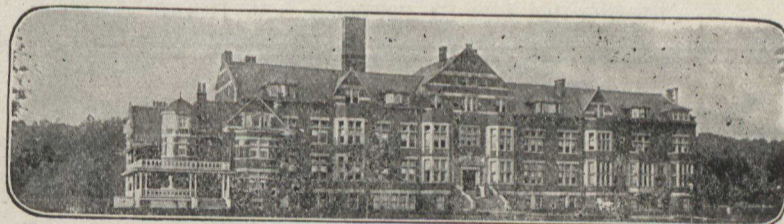
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2146

EUROPE IS WONDERFUL

(Continued from page 16.)

"Ali," I said to my guide—no, my dragoman—"Ali, I want to go to Damascus. At once."

"Ver' good, sir," said Ali. "Steamer to Beirut leaves this afternoon. From Beirut on horseback. I will come."

I struck a bargain with him. A few hours later we were passing the Dardanelles in an excessively uncomfortable steamer. Ali was visibly swollen with grandeur.

At Beirut we bought a pair of fairish horses, and plunged inland on the great caravan track which—before the railroad—joined that seaport with Damascus. And as we trotted, I could have sung. This was the East—this was, too, in a sense, Lombard Street and the Mitchael firm. We stretch long tentacles, we Mitchaels. I had never realized it definitely before. A train of camels passed us, padding along, rolling like ships, chewing criss-cross with their monstrous lips, and carrying swollen loads of merchandise. Now that I came to think of it, those camels might belong to Mitchaels, through some series of obscure and roundabout mortgages and loans. Odd! I rode most of the time in a stupor.

At last here was Damascus, spread out, a tangle of little flat roofs, of minarets, and mosque domes.

Behold, when a kindly consul had guided me to the vast and inscrutable mansion of Salmon (it was here that I began to gather that to half the world his name was Suleyman)—he was "not at home." He had gone, it seemed, to El Alad, a village some hundred miles south, where he owned what appeared to be a country residence. He generally spent a few weeks of the autumn at El Alad, we learnt.

The consul pressed me to stay. He would show me Damascus. I declined. I was on my mettle now. I would find Salmon or die in the attempt. Before dawn next morning Ali and I were riding out of Damascus and on to the desert under a velvet heaven of stars.

Never, to the end of my life, shall I savour another experience so fresh, so poignant, as that. The journey—it took two days—was a revelation. I felt as though I were off the planet. The world simply could not contain New York and this. I am a business man, not a poet; I cannot attempt to describe to you that absorbing journey. It had its small discomforts, its small unpleasant mishaps. To me it was one long delightful thrill. And when finally, topping a ridge, we looked down across the stony sands to an oasis of palms where nestled a village, and I was told that this was

El Alad, I could have shouted for sheer joy, not at having found my goal, but at having seen so unbelievable a spectacle. I had been to Rome, to Florence, to other show places—they had not moved me as that dirty oasis-village moved me.

A large house, white and windowless on its outer walls, stood at the outskirts of the village. It was Salmon's. Ali, the dragoman, brought me to it, and formally intimidated my arrival to the doorkeeper.

We were taken in, and passed through a lovely quadrangle in which pomegranates and oranges hung their shining fruits over a fountain basin. A moment later I was being announced at an inner apartment.

I moved forward into a rather dim light, and found myself in a spacious room. Round the walls were cushions, on which squatted a dirty regiment of Syrians; at their head, on a larger cushion, sat a finer figure.

I was stunned when I saw him. Somehow I had never expected this. There he sat, or rather crouched, the mouthpiece of a hookah—a narghile—a hubble-bubble—I don't know its proper name—between his lips. His attire was loose and flowing. On his head was a turban. His feet were in loose slippers.

Salmon—the man I had seen in London wearing a frock coat and top hat! This crouching creature was Salmon—

I blinked, then pulled myself together and advanced, bowing with as much ceremony as I could compass.

His eyes brightened; he held out his hand to me, then waved me to a seat at his side. I crouched uncomfortably.

Salmon called aloud, in a foreign tongue, and immediately two negroes appeared, carrying trays. I was offered unnameable sweetmeats, sherbet, coffee. I took the last.

The men round the room regarded me with polite interest, and kept silence. Salmon said something to them at length and they rose and, with innumerable bowings to each of us, quitted the room.

"Well?" said Salmon, in English, turning to me.

"You must pardon this intrusion," said I. It was banal, and I felt it.

"I am joyful to see you," he returned. "This house is yours as long as you care to stay."

"It is kind of you to say so," I replied. "In common decency I must explain the object of my visit. I came to ask you whether the Asia Minor Syndicate's rail will be continued as far as Schief."

He laughed gently. "You are West-

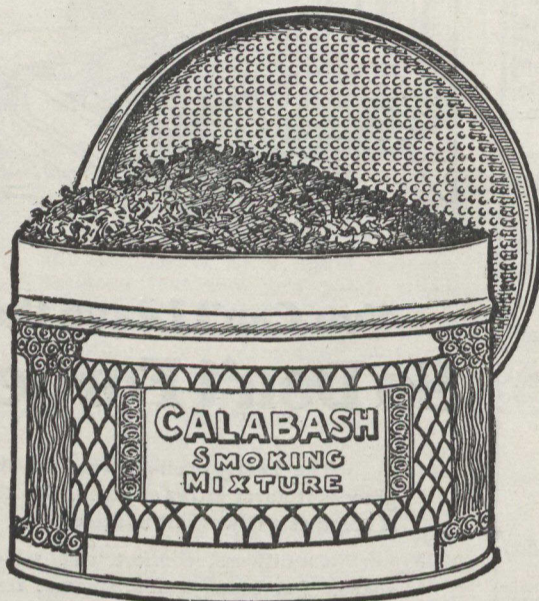


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TENDERS



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster-General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 1st September, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week each way, between WOODVILLE and WOODVILLE from the Postmaster-General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Woodville, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, Mail Service Branch, G. C. Anderson, Superintendent. Ottawa, 15th July, 1911.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday, 18th August, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, 6 times per week each way, between JERSEYVILLE P. O. and T. H. & B. RY. STATION and ALBERTON and TRINITY (RURAL MAIL DELIVERY), from the Postmaster General's Pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Jerseyville, Alberton, Trinity, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, Mail Service Branch, G. C. Anderson, Superintendent. Ottawa, 5th July, 1911.

ern," was all he said.

I felt crushed; and it was only later that I found that he meant the remark sincerely as a compliment.

"Come with me," he went on, and rose. "I will show you your apartments."

Salmon showed me the whole of his house in detail—a strange and beautiful place, cool in the blazing sun, and looked down on, at night, by a moon of gold.

I was free of his house, he indicated. Servants—slaves, I guessed them to be—would attend to my wants, under the direction of my own dragoon. In the meantime I was invited to repose.

I did repose—for many hours, wakening only to hug myself, from time to time, and gloat gleefully on this bizarre escapade.

Next day I once again joined Salmon at his audience with the local Sheikhs, and there was much coffee-drinking and many exchanges of wearisome courtesies. When the Sheikhs had retired, Salmon took me for a ride in the desert, upon magnificent Arab horses. As I watched him flying across the burning sands, I again had a vision of Lombard Street and his top hat. Amazing!

That evening I insisted on broaching, once more, the subject of the Schief railway. I told Salmon that I could not linger. MacBrayne would be wondering what had become of me.

Salmon stroked his beard. At last he spoke. "I will tell you. The railway will be extended to Schief."

That was all he would say. I thanked him for the information, privately made a note of his exact words, and a day later started back for Damascus and London.

"So now you see what converted me to business," said Mitchael.

"Europe," he went on, "is wonderful, and you Europeans don't know it. To put the thing crudely, Europe is stuck on to the East. That's the explanation in a nutshell. The air of the East blows across Europe. The East tinges Europe. You do not see it; I never saw it until then. Salmon opened my eyes. I went back to business a new man. If this was business, it was also poetry; it was art. For it had precisely that quality which I imagined business lacked—it had mystery."

"What came of the Asia Minor Syndicate? Was the railway extended to Schief?"

Mitchael grinned. "I think that was what finished my conversion to a life of business," he said. "As soon as I got back to London MacBrayne asked me what Salmon had said; and when I told him, he at once wrote a cable to my grandfather. It was a code cable, of course, but the gist of it was this: 'Don't have anything to do with the Asia Minor rail.' And MacBrayne was right. It was never extended to Schief. It never will be."

"Salmon had lied to you, then?" I queried.

"Well," Mitchael demurred, "he had said, in El Alad, what he would never have said in London. He knew that the rail wouldn't reach Schief. But—well—at El Alad he couldn't say that outright. So he said the opposite. It sounds queer to us, but really it is absolutely trite. MacBrayne spotted this. He knew that Salmon would pervaricate, at El Alad; he knew that Salmon was the soul of honour at Bayswater. Oh, MacBrayne converted me to the beauty of our business nearly as much as the journey did. We saved a million or more by not going into the Asia Minor thing."

Explained.—Keeper—"Do you know this water is preserved, sir?"

Angler (of little experience, still awaiting a bite)—"I thought there was something the matter with it!"—Punch.

* * *

A Few Stock Headings.—"Joined in June" is the way a Southern newspaper heads a wedding report. This suggests a few other alliterations, as, "Fastened in February," "Mated in May," "Attached in August," "Spliced in September," and "Divorced in December."—Boston Transcript.

Summer Time Table

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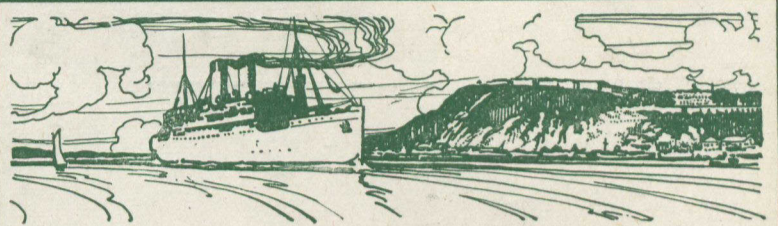
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