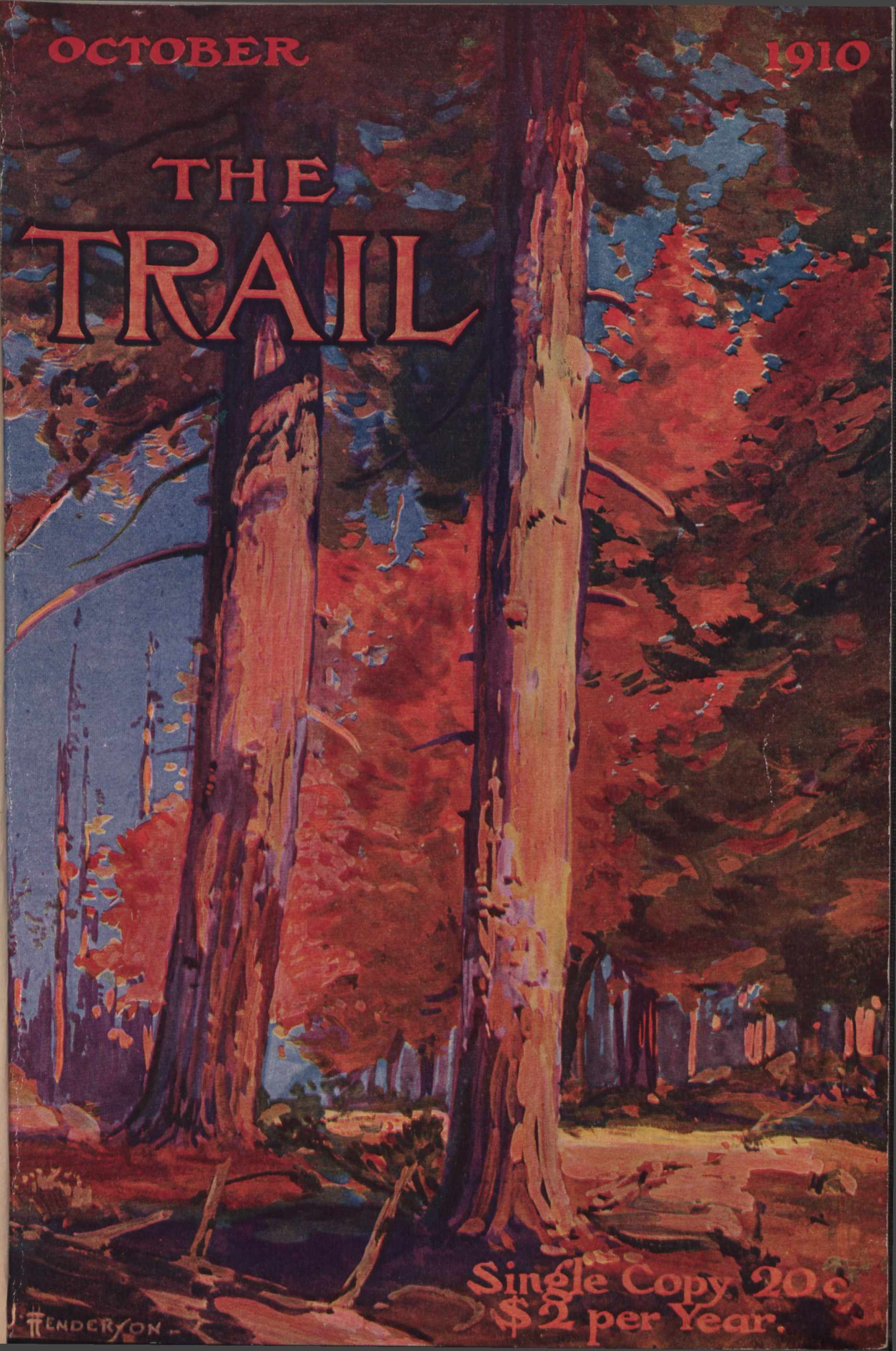
OCTOBER 1910

THE TRAIL



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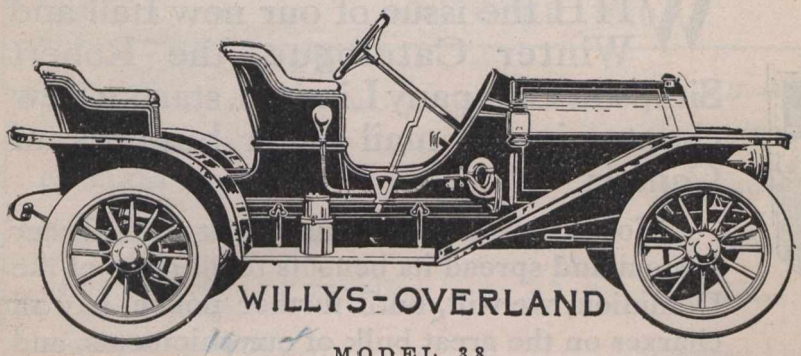

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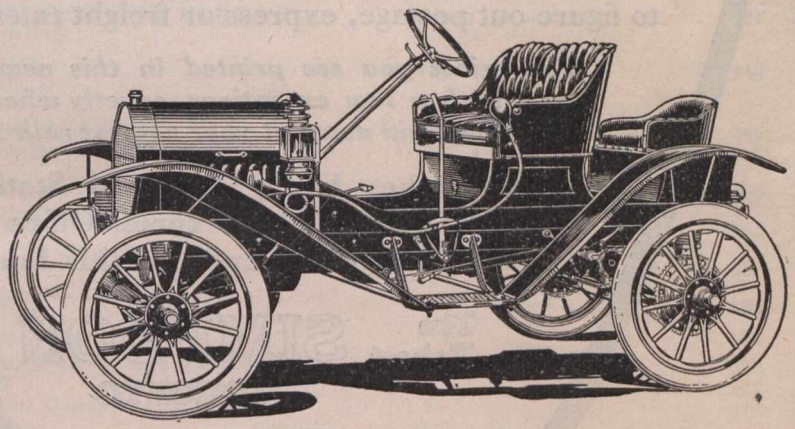

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The TRAIL MAGAZINE

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OCTOBER

Drawn by J. Henderson

"HE STEPPED QUIETLY AND QUICKLY OUT OF HIS BOX—ACROSS THE FOOTLIGHTS—"
To accompany "Careless"

The TRAIL MAGAZINE

Vol. II No. 4

OCTOBER, 1910

"Careless"

By Billee Glynn

OLD BILL was in the habit of shaking his grizzled head over it.

"He was pek-u-lar," he would say, "pek-u-lar! The hul darn thing was pek-u-lar, in fact, till it looked like nuthin' more'n as if a page or two o' that magazine the tenderfoot left behind with her picture in it 'ad somehow slipped covers an' got torn up on the trail till a feller couldn't help ridin' on romance nohow. A long trail it was, too,—all the w'y to the capital from the foothill country; but it ran like a placer stream from beginnin' to end, bright with more'n one woman's eyes and the purtiest of the hul sex at the end of it.

"None of us believed him, of course, when he come back and spun the yarn —though he did do it so out of the or'inary, gentle and reserved like. The best lie he ever told, we said, and he had let loose some. Always runnin' to imageration and head, that feller, like a buckin' broncho. But you couldn't help likin' him for wot he was any more'n you could guess wot that was goin' to be or had been. He never told us that. Just blew into camp one mornin' a little poorer and gayer'n we'd ever seen anyone afore, an' we called 'im 'Careless' on the head of it, an' set up a drink that he didn't take. Wasn't very sociable in that line—didn't need to be, I raickon, for he was a little drunk more or less alwus. Anyhow, when it come to a scrap he was his weight in wildcats, an' the beast that could buck 'im or he didn't look a picture on has yet to be bred in the foothill country. Then he was such a bloomin' kid in it all—an unroped, reckless sort of young 'un with his smile an' his kurly hair that the average woman simply went daft over 'im. At least the only average one we knew at the McTavish did, till he 'ad to fight for her, and as for the other—— Well, as I've said afore, not a soul of us hitched up to it till the newspaper come with the hul blame story headed in big black letters which made us sit up some an' take notice.'

That was Old Bill's version of it and

the man, but then Old Bill beneath his oilcloths was a poet born—just the same as Careless. Indeed if it came down to facts, it might be ascertained that the tenderfoot was a poet too. At any rate, though he had worked on the press east he was a very young tenderfoot, and described her vividly, as only a very young tenderfoot and newspaper man could. He told of the fine, fresh, virginal lines of her body, of the light in her eyes, of the siren sweetness of her voice, of the love at her lips. He told everything of her that was good and nothing that was bad, and he ended it all with the sweeping statement that both love and lips were still unclaimed —that in all the romance of her career and necessities of her art she had never been kissed, and that it was part of her fame as an actress and a woman. He *was* a very young tenderfoot truly—and Careless who heard was older only in act. He laughed his quick, musical laugh in a manner that was new and an hour later rode out of camp with a roll at his saddle and the biggest conceit he had ever tumbled on at his heart. He waved a hand to them blithely as he went.

"It's a bit of a jog," he said, "but she's worth while, stranger, if you don't lie. Toast one you fellows to the luck of the camp."

And they gave him the laugh.

"Don't break up to it so fast," remarked Slivers to the tenderfoot who was gaping around. "He's Spanish-Irish but not big enough fool for a three-hundred-mile trail to a cache he can't lift. The roll's a bluff, and he's gone down to hold hands with Nell Lowry at the McTavish. She's got lips, too, you know, if they're not exactly virgin." Slivers was no poet.

Down in the rockbed of the arroyo, the cowboy's nag was hitting fire from the trail. It was early summer, and the moonlight shook phosphorescently in a light, cool breeze. Far, far in the distance behind, mountains and night grew into one—an indistinguishable, hooded darkness—and where the arroyo went shallow and the saddle heights gave view the tumbled foothills piled back like fallen, glistening totems under the moon. For twenty miles the sharp clang of the hoofs rang out incessantly —then out of the arroyo and down the valley thudded heavily in the handicap of sand. The town lights ducked suddenly as horse and rider dipped into a gulch, and when they came again were no longer mystic earth stars bobbing poetry, but crude, spluttering reality.

At the "McTavish," Careless threw his reins over a post and sauntered in. There was an odor of beefsteak in the air, and stagnant tobacco smoke that bit at the eyes, but nowhere apparent the buxom form and full-lipped laugh of the waitress, Nell Lowry. A group of cattlemen in one corner were making a night of it, and just opposite two eastern-tailored strangers flashed diamonds over their soup. Careless swung himself to a table, rang up a boy, and sent him for a steak and the girl.

She came by and by when the steak was through—big, brown-eyed, and good to look at—and sat opposite him, her chin in her hands.

"It's four weeks," she said reproachfully in her broken, musical tones. "Where hev you been?"

"Been here for half an hour," responded the cowboy, "an' you weren't. Got another half to stay."

"If you're in sich a rush you'd better go right now."

He shoved away his plate and leaned forward on his hands also, a light smouldering in his eyes.

"You didn't mean that—you know it."

She nodded her head back slightly toward the other table where the noise had fallen to brow-bent ominous silence.

"Thar may be others that does, then," she signified, drumming one hand and holding him for a moment with the invitation of her eyes.

He covered the hand with his own and laughed carelessly. "But I care for no 'un but you, Sweet Nell, in all the world."

She smiled with a flurry of blood at her cheeks and a pretense of withdrawing from his grasp.

"You're a liar like all the rest of them, I raickon," she said, "but I guess a girl was made to be lied to, an' I rather like your style o' doin' it. Hev a care on though, an' let me loose, or you may get hurt. It's leery here."

The deviltry in Careless' eyes grew suddenly tender. "Are you a-scared, little girl, a-scared?" he queried.

"No—but what about that?"

The spluttering enmity of the party behind had suddenly concentrated itself in a harsh, challenging voice, calling out to the waitress an order in drinks. As she half rose, and attempted to free herself to comply however, Careless drew her back and coolly ordered the boy to attend instead.

"CARELESS"

"Are you a-scared, little girl,—a-scared?" he queried again.

She resigned herself with eyes askance at the red-faced vexation of one of the strangers, and laughed softly at the luxury of the situation.

"You're a divil," she said, "if thar ever wus one — an' sich a kid. Why you're no more'n a kid, are you?"

He met the doting of her look with one as melting, and leaned so close that their breaths mingled —that in the beating passion which encompassed them the menacing stir of feet and growl of voices behind past unattended.

"Nell," he said, "you've never kissed me in yer life. Will you do it now — here — just once? Are you game, girlie, are you game?"

"Game!" She drew back a fraction and met the full career of his glance, then laughed again with a sudden break to it. "Oh, you kiddie," she sighed, "you little kid!" Then dropped her chin forward on her hands again,

her full, virile womanhood open to the caress.

Simultaneously almost and in response an oath ripped forth like the crack of a revolver and with the crash of an overturned table the big light that lit the room went suddenly out. The boy with an eye to trouble had reached it just in time and the frenzied rush of half-drunk cattlemen broke noisily on chairs and impeding furniture.

Careless with an arm to the girl's waist slipped quietly out the side door. It was but a moment to his horse and the girl stood watching him at the bottom of the front staircase as he mounted.

"You're a-goin' to get hurt some time," she warned in raised tones, "if you don't hev a better care on."

"Then you shouldn't make it so worth my while," he parried, as he dug in the spurs and threw back a kiss at her. "S'long."

The next minute the hurtle of pursuit flung itself out on the verandah, and a six-shooter snapped up the road in vain distemper. The girl hurried up the rickety stairs and watched him out of sight from an upstair window. She wondered vaguely why he had ridden in the wrong direction—away from the cattle ranch.

It was a good eighty miles and in the evening that Careless came up with his next amour. He had slept a stretch back farther and seen to his horse, so that man and animal were comparatively fresh and there was really no need to stop—but the sight of the camp, nestling snugly at the roadside with the brown smoke curling through overhanging poplars, was too much for aesthetic cowboy tastes and he drew rein.

They met him in the manner of gypsies—the men with grunts and sullen looks; the women with calm, inquisitive, speculative eyes. They asked him no questions, however, and he asked them none. The supper on the stained oilcloth cover was a quiet, psychic affair; but afterward when he had crossed with silver the palm of the eldest of the three women and had her tell his fortune, they began to take an interest in him.

Careless, on his side, with the brown glow of the coffee he had drunk in his veins, was only too glad to be genial. With eloquent lips, eyes, and hands, he told them stories of the cattle country—touching lightly but significantly on his own exploits. And by and by when warmed up to it, he threw back his curly pate and laughed like one perfectly at home and held out a frank, sparkling camaraderie to them. He did all this—did it dramatically—and as he went on the wholesome, weathered, nut-brown youth in the face of the youngest of the women crouched closer at him across the fire, taking on and reflecting a part of his ardor—till she seemed to be dreaming there.

Unconsciously, perhaps, as he continued he addressed her more particularly as his best auditor—then suddenly in a pause in the narrative they found themselves alone in their interest with the others regarding them.

Careless glanced at the chief who smiled back at him grimly. He had heard the jingle of coin in the cowboy's pocket, and was no fool at the then stage of the game to mar financial possibilities through over-haste in anger. The others were scowling and a heavy swarthy fellow with a red kerchief at his throat moved over and plucked the woman savagely by the arm, saying something in the gypsy argot. With the blood flaming at her cheeks she yanked herself fiercely away, hurling an epithet at him between her closed teeth—but heeded his warning none the less, for she remained afterwards with downcast eyes, looking into the fire.

Addressing the chief this time, Careless was about to proceed as though nothing had happened when a welcome

interruption ensued. A short distance away, around the bend in the trail, the quick nervous outbreak of a horse's hoofs swung suddenly to them—and one of the women uttered in high, shrill tones, "'Ere's Mag!"

It was the immediate signal to the circle about to fall into waiting and silence.

A moment later and the rider had come up and dismounted with a leap, displaying in the twitching, tongued half-light a three-quarter skirt and a comely form. Then, having loosed her horse with the celerity of long practice, she moved over to the fire, whip in hand.

Met with a jargon of greetings and questions, she stood staring around at them and blinking an extremely lovely pair of eyes at the light—then her glance suddenly fell on Careless and darted back to the others with swift inquiry.

The chief answered her for some short time in his own tongue, during which she darted bright little glances at the cowboy who had risen to his feet with a profound doffing of his sombrero; then as if accepting the introduction she bowed in a friendly way, and motioning him to sit down while she placed herself opposite, proceeded to inspect him thoroughly—the vital, clear-cut face with its power of eye and the lithe, graceful buckskinned form. His frank admiration evidently bothered her not a bit, and she met it at length with a little of her own that was quite as frank.

She was nineteen or twenty, probably, with features inexpessibly charming in their natural invitation; dark with a clear skin and a cloud of hair, and of medium height though queenly even in her unfashioned skirt. The masterly, passionate turn of the lips seemed to haunt the whole face and the eyes gleamed out at times with just the slightest frown.

"So you're a cowpuncher?" she interrogated in a somewhat harsh though rich voice when her inspection was over. "You mayn't alwus hev been that though, hev you?"

Careless shook his head retrospectively, in the manner of one looking back through infinite tragic experience and laughing up again.

"No, I mayn't alwus hev been that," he signified.

"Wot do they call yeuh?"

"Careless, just!"

The girl threw back her head and laughed a round throaty gurgle that caught the cowboy's tenor. "Well, yeuh do look it," she emphasized. "Yeuh do look it."

Then suddenly the whole camp became infected and laughed too—laughed with its eyes on Careless and with the firelight making its widespread faces ghoulish,—all but the chief who still retained his grim, hovering, statuesque silence.

With a swift glance in his direction the girl the next moment leaned forward with a quick change of tone.

"Yeuh ben't gawing to stay here all night, I raickon," she suggested with a covert meaning in her eyes that Careless in the noonday of his chivalry failed to heed.

"That all depends, I raickon, on the lettin'."

"Mag," growled the chief with a black look at her, "yeuh mind yer own bisness. It's free ground 'ere, I guess—an' he's got money to pay."

The girl met his gaze squarely, combatively for a moment, then with a shrug of her shoulders turned to one of the men who had come out of the shadow with a violin.

"Gawin' to scrape some, Sammy?" she drawled. "Better give it to the stranger—perh'ps he ken play?" Then catching assent in the cowboy's face, she made a precipitous dart for the instrument, interrupting the gawky, mournful strain the man was drawing

"IT'S A BIG FREE WORLD OUT THAR," HE WENT ON, "AN' WE FIT FINE—LET'S RIDE IT TOGETHER."

from the strings, and tearing it away, bow and all, handed it over to Careless.

Nothing perhaps could have been more in his element. It was one of the things on which he particularly prided himself anyway, but that night he played as he had never played before—played to a pair of lovely brown eyes across the fire, and with all the high, tender passion of his Spanish-Irish heart. From aeons and aeons far primitive unlimited things seemed to leap to his nimble fingers and into crisp, vibrant, moon-sheened air. And by and by the girl moved closer to him —and when at last he broke into the piquant vivacity of an old-time fandango, she got up and danced to his music with a free, artless grace. And of the whole camp there were only those two—the man playing —and the girl moving to the strains. Then, when it was all over she sank beside him in a breathless heap and Careless in the silence which followed, felt the soft brush of her beating body with a sense of intoxication.

The chief was the first to rouse himself from the spell of the incident. "Yeuh women better get to bed," he commanded gruffly. "Sammy take yer fiddle."

The man obeyed, following the three women out into the canvas-ghosted shadow of the rigs. He returned presently, however, throwing a sullen look at the girl, then flashed a gloomy inquiry on the chief. The latter, for the time deigned him no notice, but spoke again abruptly in a few minutes.

"Better to bed, Mag," he threw out sharply; "it's no time for moonin'."

The girl raised her head for an instant to sweep the three gypsies with a clear, steady glance. "An' wot 'er the rest o' yeuh gawin' to do?" she asked pertinently.

That was all that was said, but the question seemed to hang in the air. The silence grew ponderous with it by and by, and when the embers had died out one by one and the moon drifted behind a cloud, the darkness came in the depths of the trees to sit sphinx-like —with the heavy faces of the three gypsies looming out of it, sinister and implacable. In the midst of it and with combative cheerfulness Careless tried to whistle an air once but it died somehow on his lips, then feeling the girl's head on his shoulder, and shielded partly as they were from the others, he stole an arm around her waist. When he looked up again—it may have been hours, for the darkness had now become a smiling protection—two of the three men's heads had disappeared. He wondered where, but in his nestling state of mind cared not to bother about it. Indeed, the hope formed quickly in his heart that the chief crouched there and becoming much too apparent in the returning moonlight would go soon too.

Then suddenly he was seized by four arms from behind and a knife glittered before his eyes, while the girl sprang up with a startled scream. That very moment, however, she had covered the gypsies with the glistening barrel of a tiny revolver, fired one quick shot with a sharp command, and the cowboy stood released, his own weapon in his hand. The chief, who had risen in protest, sat down again, snarling something at her fiercely, and she answered with a hot wrath that left him silent. Then she turned to Careless—still covering with his gun at his hip the two men who stood there transfixed and grinning evilly.

"Yer pony, stranger," she said with a bright glance, "an' I'll ride with yeuh a bit. It's all right now—they're not game."

Careless turned to her and laughed in the way he had, throwing the challenge of the words at those in front.

"I like yer style a heap," he said, his eyes shining with adoration, "an' you ken ride the hul darn way if you like an' think I'm good enough."

A minute later they had found their beasts and were down the trail with the rush of the cool night air in their faces. At the bottom of the incline beyond the bend, the girl instinctively drew rein and Careless, hitching to a side seat on his saddle, pulled over till their limbs almost touched beneath the sleek, bellying bodies of the nags. The moon was out at its brightest, again turning the place into a sort of fairy scene.

"I'm sorry," she said, breaking the silence for the first time. "They're not as bad as they look, maybe—only wanted yer siller, I guess. An' the old un's real good—I ken do as I like."

"Yer old man, I suppose?"

She nodded her head.

"Still yer not goin' back?" he begged eagerly, a hand on her arm.

"W'y not?" But she waited with downcast eyes and a color in her cheeks.

He leaned so close that he caught the warmth of her breath. "Because," he said, "however you may raickon that bunch back thar, they'll never be up to you at any time, an' because I rather think I want yer myself." He swept a hand to the sky and the plain in front of them. "It's a big free world out thar," he went on, "an' we fit fine—let's ride it together."

She laughed softly, deliciously, the dream of it in her eyes, and for a moment her head rested on his shoulder and he kissed her lips—then she drew back with a sigh of regret.

"Don't yer tempt me, stranger," she said with a touch of sternness. "I'm the old un's girl an' I guess he needs me. If yeuh want to come back, though—" and her eyes couquetted the invitation, "yeuh'll find us on this trail for six weeks, I raickon, an' there'll be nothin' to be afeard of."

"But now," he insisted, stretching out a hand.

"Well, now, I raickon it's time to go!" She flicked up her pony and turned about at a walk.

He wheeled also, his body bent at her in the moonlight. "But now, Mag," he repeated earnestly, "now!"

She laughed lightly, yet with significance. "I'll be lookin' for yeuh maybe," she said. And with a challenging backward glance and a hand to her lips she dug in the spurs.

He watched her till she disappeared over the top of the incline, then rode slowly on, a dejected, spectral figure.

The trail lay wholly across the rippling prairie country after that. Mile on mile the land stretched away, clumped with poplars or an odd line of cottonwoods beside a stream, and here and there the gray sagebrush running to meet horse and rider. Always to the ever-receding bend of the horizon and with an easy loping gait the cowboy rode ceaselessly; through occasional drab villages, squatted dully in wide shambly streets that belched a cloud of dust at the horse's hoofs and on, on into time and nothing; through hosts and hosts of blue lobelias that in the morning laughed up with dewy eyes and showered their fragrance in sacrifice. Once in twenty-four hours he slept, ate, and picketed his horse, but returned to the journey with combative interest.

Then in the hot noon of the third day, thoroughly tired and worn out, he got down again and beneath the shade of some poplars fell into a long, troubled sleep—in which the same dream wound itself coil after coil about the weary fabric of his brain. The horizon receding before him, he fancied, was filled and filled with brown, lovely, gypsy eyes that lured him on and on but to which he could never never quite catch up, chase them as he might. Then at last he ran them into a great building, thronged with thousands of people, where women sat in jewels and low-necked, shimmering dresses that his pony's hoofs clawed dirtily, and where the eyes became suddenly fixed in the

face of a different woman altogether —a woman who held out her arms to him in the crowd and smiled a welcome. But always when he went to clasp her to him—the moment when everything seemed accomplished—she would change back to the horizon again and the interminable eyes that mocked and mocked at him out of their interminable loveliness.

It was in one of these shocks of failure that he sat up suddenly and rubbed his own eyes—then he rubbed them again.

Before him on the greensward and dressed in cowboy fashion like himself, a young fellow was eating a slight repast and smiling at him merrily.

"I didn't want to disturb you," he said in very good English and a peculiarly soft voice, "but I didn't think, either, that you owned all the shade."

Careless looked about to where the stranger's horse was picketed; then back at him.

He was slim and of medium height with a rather loose wearing of his clothes, and had an oval, expressive face with dark, flashing eyes. Careless was aware of an instinctive liking even before he answered his remark.

"I raickon," he said, "you can hev as much o' the shade as you want, an' if yer goin' my way I'll be glad of yer company."

As he swept a hand down the trail the young fellow nodded. "For fifty miles or so, anyway," he said. "Better draw up, hadn't you?"

Careless answered the suggestion with a hungry appetite, and they ate in silence, then rode on together. It was evening now, and the light went slowly out, leaving the billowed prairie a sea of dark that rocked gently beneath their horses' feet, and in the quick night air with a moon bowling red like Burgundy on the horizon, conversation struck a lively, genial note.

With a peculiar sympathy and adaptability to each other's point of view they mixed their philosophies of life to their hearts' content and sent many a merry laugh back at the cloyed, unfree world they seemed always leaving behind. Verily they tore systems and conditions to pieces till civilization had not a leg to stand on—or rather, the stranger did in his boyishly passionate, romantic way, and with a play of fancy and education that set his companion wondering. But in it all Careless agreed—agreed out of the infinite, if laughing, rebellion of his own heart and because—well, such a buoyant, devil-may-care comradeship on a night road was a thing to remember. On the head of it he made known something of himself and his reason for hitting the trail.

The young fellow laughed in consequence and looked him over with interest.

"I wish you luck with her," he said, "but you may not find her so very nice after all—as nice maybe as a cowboy girl you know—somewhere."

"I don't know of any," rejoined Careless carelessly.

"But you may sometime—and before long. It's one like that who would love you best—a little wild and woolly westerner, say, with a dark eye and the grit of a god."

Repeating the final phrase with unction, Careless turned suddenly in his saddle to give vent to the conclusion he had arrived at previously.

"That sounds about as much like a cattler," he said "as things you've said afore. I know 'em, all hefts an' shades, an' I raickon you don't wear the brand." Then, with a sparkle of inquisitive fun in his eyes,—"In fact I'm not just sure as you'd know a coyote if you seen it."

The other laughed with a quick, appreciating glance. "You can call me Bill," he retorted, "and it ought to be enough for you if I know a man."

Careless tapped his head with his sombrero three times in acknowledge-

ment of the compliment. "I'll double up on that, Bill."

"And wish I were a woman instead, I suppose, or I don't know a man."

For a moment bent over in his saddle Careless eyed him in close, cool scrutiny—the almost pretty but meaningful face turned straight ahead with its smiling lips, and the plump shapely body beneath its loose cowboy dress.

"You'd hev made a purty good one, it strikes me," he said, "an' I rather imagine I would hev fallen in love with you. If you've a sister, I raickon, you best keep her out o' sight."

The other laughed again—a cajoling sound. "There is one girl in our family—and only one. Looks considerable like me too, they say."

"Would I stand a show?" asked Careless recklessly.

His companion turned humorously and regarded him with a veiled, musing glance, then spoke with deliberation. "If she ever loves anyone —it —will be someone like you—I mean, I wouldn't wonder."

Careless sidled his horse till they rode close together. "Tell me something about her," he pleaded impulsively.

Once more the other laughed in his soft, rippling way. "Would you also like our address," he mocked lightly, "and an invitation to come and see me?"

"If you live in the same place," retorted Careless laconically. Then with an instinctive sense of courtesy and withdrawal. "But I meant it right, you know, an' I'm only askin' you about 'er—you needn't tell me."

His apology, however, met with unresponsive banter. "If you're going to take it so hard I rather guess I'd better—particularly as you're never likely to meet."

So with their horses reined to a walk, the young fellow half lightly, half earnestly, and with something that Careless could not understand, spoke of a girl who lived somewhere on the limits of a big city, and who with an immense income left her, spent it on the poor because she was a Socialist—but outside of society lived her own life nevertheless and was a madcap in many ways. She could ride a horse he said with any man living and sometimes did—away into the mountains when she got tired of the dross. She was beautiful too—at least men were in the habit of saying so—but she loved none of them—yet. And as Careless listened a silence fell over him—for did he not know that it was just such a girl he had—or could—have been dreaming of all his life—and as the young fellow had said, they were never likely to meet.

He interrupted at length in tones, for a cowboy, almost sadly romantic. "You ken cut it out now," he stated uneasily, "for if yer not lyin' I raickon with her as a subject an' without that invite you might say a little too much."

"For a fellow who would ride over three hundred miles to see an actress?" added the other slyly.

Then they laughed together, a rich, reckless peal, and with Careless through some unknown yet vivid instinct keeping his pony as close as was possible and travel, they rode on into the white glare of the moonlight in silence.

It was at the first gray peep of the dawn that the young stranger expressed a desire to halt and have something to eat. So, where a clump of trees by a stream afforded some brushwood and shelter, they got down and built a fire and unrolled their blankets. A rather hearty meal they made out of it there out of the necessaries they carried—a real jollification, in fact, that Careless remembered long afterward—then at the stranger's suggestion they lay down for a short nap.

On awakening about an hour later, by the token of the new day, Careless looked around to find his companion

gone. He sprang hurriedly to his feet, then catching sight of the small parcel, wrapped neatly in a silk handkerchief that had been left on his blanket, made haste to open it. In it he found a photograph and a short note that had been scribbled with a lead pencil. It was the picture of his late companion in female dress,—a beautiful, piquant girl, —and with staring eyes he read the following:

"As I am my only sister, myself, I was afraid to let you see me again in daylight—your instinct being so keen. But you have the invite in spite of the actress. Good luck with her, too—though you are bound to fail for you will find her quite as difficult to know as she is beautiful—as difficult maybe as a cowboy girl!"

A signature and an address was attached and as Careless read the note over and over again and fancied he heard the laugh at the end of it a smile stole into his eyes.

"Hang it," he broke out, "if I'd only known he was a woman!"

Then, slowly and reminiscently, he got back in the saddle, following the trail straight into the sunrise.

It was noon almost when he reached the city and down a long avenue of overhanging trees and fine residences, where people turned to look after him, he drew up at length before the poster of a beautiful woman—a woman with masses of blonde, sunlit hair and the depth and brooding of an evening in her eyes. He stared at it long—so long that the face with its perfect lips seemed somehow to give back a silent challenge; then remembering the warning of the cowboy girl he threw back his head and laughed.

"We'll see if I fail," he said; "we'll see on the showdown."

* * * *

In a proscenium box in the theatre that night, coolly, superbly on his mettle, Careless sat with the curiosity of a vast audience rippling toward him. They had smiled first, then looked with interest, then overlooked entirely the government party in the box behind and had eyes for him alone. To them in his buckskin togs—clean ones by the way—and a red silk kerchief at his neck, he represented the great untamed —the great untamed perhaps in a manner they had never quite seen it before—and with all his unscrupulous, piquant challenge Careless accepted the role and flung it back at them.

He was so infinitely "Careless" indeed, so thoroughly West and fit for anything, that he might have just been breaking a broncho back on the ranch, or making love to the waitress, Nell Lowry.

But when the curtain went up and the performance began everything went out of mind but that one woman. The tenderfoot back there had told no lie and for two acts he watched her, his youth singing in every pulse. Then just at the conclusion of the third act and her last thrilling appeal, while she stood for the moment alone on the stage and the audience still sat silent in the spell of it, he stepped quietly and quickly out of his box—across the footlights—and before she had quite wakened up to his presence, clasped her gently but firmly about the waist. For a moment—while he tried to reassure her, and the audience rose with snarls and hisses as a man at him—she struggled hotly, then her head thrown back, resigned herself with dignity. The sudden rush from behind the scenes Careless swept with the point of his six-shooter.

"Keep back you," he warned, "or someun'll get hurt—an' it wont be her."

Then he threw back his head and laughed suddenly at the richness of the situation, and half turned to the audience that hushed instantly at the sound of his voice.

" 'Cause someun told me back thar she had never been," he said, "I've ridden three hundred miles to kiss this woman on the lips an' I rather raickon I'm goin' to do it. I am a cowboy from the foothill country."

He laughed again in his devil-may-care way in their thunderstruck, gaping faces—and as if in echo with a full, free, startling note of piquant relish the woman joined him—then turned to them too.

"If he's ridden three hundred miles for one," she said, imitating her companion's speech, " I rather raickon he's worth it—and I don't mind myself."

Then while a ripple of appreciation stole over the vast audience to grow immediately after into a thunder of acclaim—she held up her face to him in the most girlish fashion.

The Western Spirit

What is the western spirit? Speak for the world would hear!

And the mountains called—

Send to the eastern sungates,
To the wild beast in his den,
Where the rud-red drops of a rising day
Leap in the veins of men;
Choose from the waking millions
Sons of their fair-browed dames;
Into their souls put a new-world dream
That will fire their halting frames.

And the cities spake—

Give to me men of purpose
Born with an iron will;
Men who have failed and have risen again,
Bound to be freemen still;
Reared from the muck of serfdom,
Sprung from the hero-germ,
Men that are steel for a nation's frame,
Pillars of granite firm.

And the prairies cried—

Go to the sires of the northland,
Beckon their sons to the sea,
Speak to the stout-limbed freeman-youth
And bid them come to me.
Back with your pallid princes,
Hold to your tainted clout—
Men of the world's best breeding
Must hew our nation out.

—Douglas Leader Durkin.

THE SCRIP SPECULATOR GLADLY TRAVELS LONG DISTANCES

The Story of Halfbreed Scrip

By Hay Stead

EDITOR'S NOTE—*The writer of this article has studied his subject from all points of view. It came to his notice several years ago when he was with the Hudson's Bay Company and was in close touch with the halfbreeds in the service. At that time it was a regular practice for scrip speculators to search the company's records for particulars regarding halfbreeds in the service. As secretary to the Commissioner, whose duty it was to distribute scrip and receive applications, Mr. Stead has been able to watch the scrip-buying business at close quarters and has had exceptional opportunities for gathering the inside facts—from both buyers and sellers.*

NOW, Sandy, listen to me. You know you promised me that scrip—"

"Promised nothing! You make me tired! You know, Sandy, that that promise isn't worth the paper it's written on. It's money that's talking now."

"But, Sandy, don't listen to him for a minute. Last spring that scrip was worth two hundred dollars only; you know a lot of them sold at that. But this year they're worth more, and although you promised to let us have it for two hundred, we're not holding you to that—we're giving you four hundred—"

"He's lying, Sandy. The truth isn't in him. You know as well as I do that if I wasn't here bidding against him, you'd have got just two hundred and not a cent more. He came up here last year and made himself out a big man and said he was going to see that you got your scrip and that his influence would fix it for you and you couldn't get it without him. I tell you he hadn't anything more to do with getting your scrip for you than I had; and if you sell it to him for any less than I'll give you for it, you're a fool and he's a scoundrel. If he wants your scrip, let him bid for it, same as I'm doing; and let the highest bidder take it. Come on now. He says four hundred. I'll give four-fifty to start it. Now, Mister, if you want his scrip, raise me."

For nearly a couple of hours the altercation went on. One would have thought Sandy had no say in the matter at all, he was so seldom consulted as to his wishes. And yet Sandy had in his own right, and by right of being head of his family, the disposal of three halfbreed scrip certificates,—his own, his wife's, and his sister's. Each certificate entitled the owner to locate and file on

A STEAMER IS PRESSED INTO REQUISITION ON THE RARE OCCASIONS WHEN SUCH A CHANCE OFFERS

two hundred and forty acres of the best land they could find in the homestead and pre-emption area of Western Canada, to become the owners of it by virtue of a Crown grant, absolutely free and without price or penalty, and without any settlement duties to perform. Such land sells, every day in the week, over the counters of the land companies and in the land departments of the railways, for as high as twelve and fifteen dollars an acre.

Sandy's was a typical case. He had applied for his scrip the year before. The buyer who had been on the spot at the time, had assisted him in the matter of obtaining birth certificates and other red tape details necessary for establishing his claim to the satisfaction of the department of the government which has such matters in hand. Sandy, grateful for the assistance so generously rendered, had without hesitation promised to turn it over to his friend in need at the then current price, $250. Two hundred and fifty dollars looked like a big sum to Sandy. He had probably never seen so much money at once in his life. Besides, his friend was willing to advance him a few dollars to help him through the winter, and Sandy was not blessed with over much of this world's goods; indeed, he was probably on the books of "The Company" for goods already advanced, and his line of credit would thus be naturally somewhat impaired.

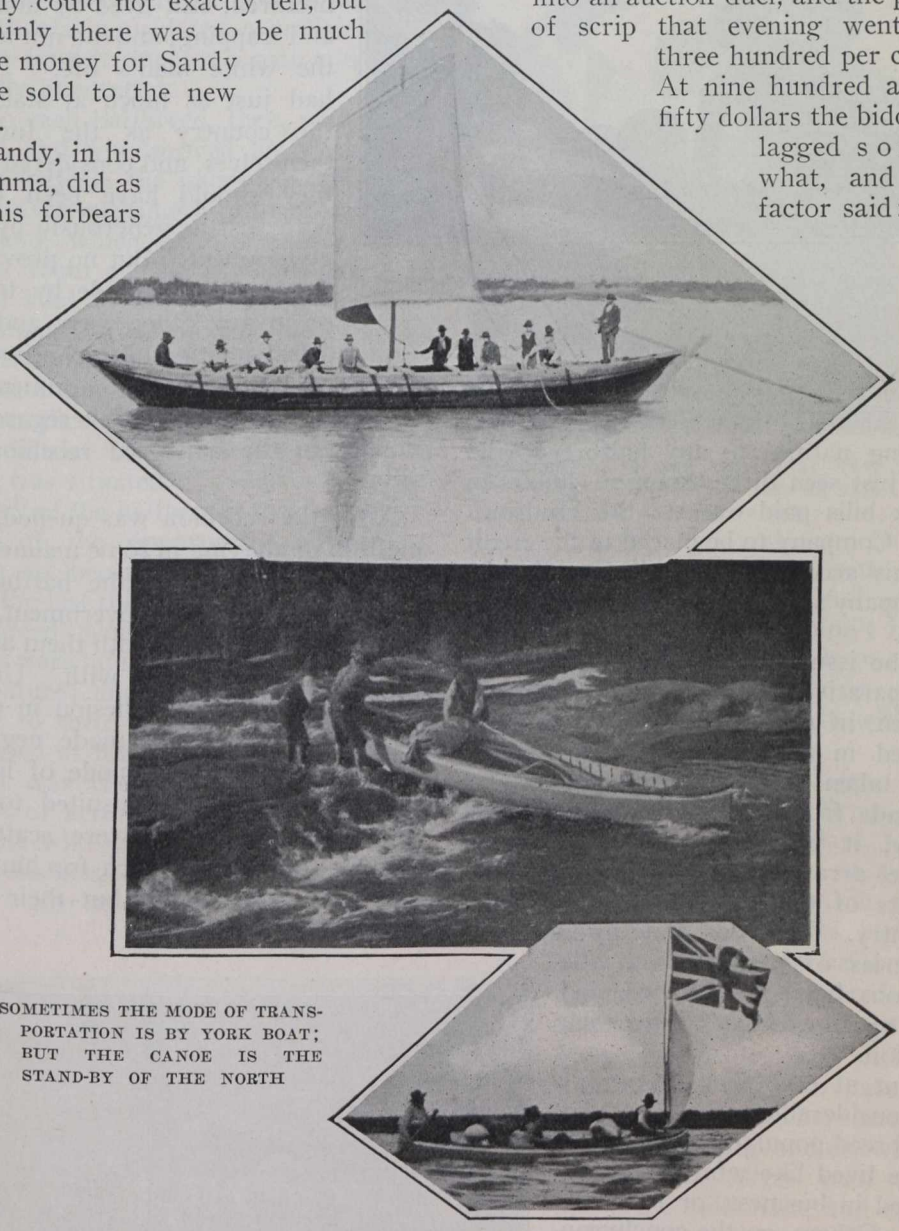
So Sandy had promised; he had even gone so far as to put that promise in writing, although, Sandy being an honest man, that was quite unnecessary. Everything had occurred according to schedule. He had received a hundred dollars or so from the buyer, on the strength of his prospects. He had passed the winter in comfort, and was correspondingly grateful. The commissioner had that day handed him his scrip, and to his wife and sister also, one certificate each.

And then the trouble had begun. Another buyer was on the scene, telling him how little the first man had really done for him, and how he was being

SOME HALFBREEDS ARE NOT AT ALL ENAMORED OF THE SCRIP IDEA. THE MAN IN THE LIGHT COAT PREFERRED TO TAKE TREATY WITH HIS INDIAN RELATIVES AT A LOSS OF A COMFORTABLE INCOME FOR LIFE

cheated out of much wealth in carrying out his bargain to sell for such a small sum. The new buyer was prepared to pay more—much more; how much Sandy could not exactly tell, but certainly there was to be much more money for Sandy if he sold to the new man.

Sandy, in his dilemma, did as all his forbears had done before him—he went to The Company. He gathered the two buyers together and marched them into the Hudson's Bay Company's office at the Fort, and laid the matter before the factor. So did the scrip buyers. They argued it pro and con, and the argument got warmer and warmer as it proceeded. It finally resolved itself into an auction duel, and the price of scrip that evening went up three hundred per cent. At nine hundred and fifty dollars the bidding lagged somewhat, and the factor said:



SOMETIMES THE MODE OF TRANSPORTATION IS BY YORK BOAT; BUT THE CANOE IS THE STAND-BY OF THE NORTH

"Well, Sandy, what are you going to do?"

"I was just t'ink, me," Sandy replied, "de oder feller,—mabbe she give me some more money."

SOME OF THE APPLICANTS ARE SCHOLARS AND SIGN THEIR OWN APPLICATIONS

He did. Sandy and his family went to bed that night with the satisfied feeling natural to any halfbreed who has just seen three thousand dollars in bank bills paid over to the Hudson's Bay Company to be placed to the credit of his account, and locked up in the Company's safe in the office before his eyes.

The issuing of halfbreed scrip is a comparatively recent development. When, in 1870, the country now comprised in the three prairie provinces was taken over by the government of Canada from the Hudson's Bay Company, it became necessary to make some arrangements to purchase the rights of the Indians resident in the country. This was done by means of a series of treaties, with the various bands which occupied the territory covered by each session.

But at that time there was a considerable proportion of halfbreed population. Some of these lived like white men, engaged in business, or in farming. Others, on the conclusion of the treaty with their relatives, chose to do as they had always done, and live with the Indians as Indians, accepting treaty and residing on the reserve. But there was a large section of halfbreeds, who, while not allying themselves completely with their darker brethren, still lived by hunting and trapping, and did not adopt the white man's life. These had just as much at stake in the country as the Indians themselves, and considered that they should have been dealt with just as generously by the government. But no provision for them was made by treaty or in any other way; and the dissatisfaction of the halfbreeds at the neglect of the government to deal with their claims in this regard led directly to the halfbreed rebellion of 1885.

After the rebellion was quelled, the question of allaying in some manner the discontent rife among the halfbreeds was taken up by the government. It was impossible to deal with them as the Indians had been dealt with. Unlike the Indians,—whose cohesion in comparatively large bands made negotiations easy, and whose mode of living invited terms totally unsuited to the halfbreeds—the latter were scattered all over the country, each for himself, and owning no master but their own sweet wills.

NEW TREATIES ARE BEING MADE EVERY SUMMER

It was finally decided that a grant of land to each individual halfbreed would meet the case, and the grant was fixed at the generous allowance of two hundred and forty acres; which was considered a sufficiently large farm to support a man and his family in comfort.

To each halfbreed, then, who applied and who proved his right to participate in the issue, a certificate was given entitling him to 240 acres of land, which he was allowed to select from all the available homestead land in the possession of the Dominion government, and for which a deed would be issued to him on presenting his certificate, or scrip, at the office of Dominion Lands for the district in which his selected land was situated.

Few of the halfbreeds took advantage of the opportunity afforded them to become farmers. Farming was the last thing to which the average halfbreed would turn his thoughts. They were hunters and trappers, rovers by nature; and their scrip certificates were to them merely an asset, to be disposed of for what they would fetch. Land was cheap; hundreds of thousands of acres could be purchased by anyone who had a mind for that kind of foolishness for a dollar an acre and less. No halfbreed with any sense would take the trouble to locate and take a deed for unsaleable land which he couldn't farm, (and wouldn't if he could,) when he could get cash, or some equally desirable product, for his piece of paper with the writing on it, without any trouble or difficulty.

APPEARANCE IS NOT THE FINAL TEST IN PAYING SCRIP.—THIS MAN IS SAID TO BE PURE INDIAN

Thus the halfbreeds fell into the hands of the speculators. Scrip was sold for ten dollars, five dollars, for a blanket, a bottle of whiskey or a keg of beer; for any old thing, in fact, which the speculators had to offer and which the halfbreed, for the moment, wanted—or thought he wanted. Fortunes have been made, time without number, by the purchase of halfbreed scrip. There are today in Winnipeg, and elsewhere through the West, men who are in the millionaire and near-millionaire classes, who laid the foundations of their fortunes, and made the bulk of them, by their dealing in scrip.

THE SCRIP PARTY FOLLOWS DEVIOUS AND LITTLE TROD PATHS—THE SHORTEST CUT FROM POST TO POST

And by no means would all of these transactions bear close

TOO STOUT TO WALK, MRS. HART CREPT TO THE COMMISSIONER'S TENT TO MAKE HER PLEA FOR SCRIP

scrutiny. Measured under the standard of commercial integrity, it would be found that wholesale fraud was practised, and that large numbers of halfbreeds were cheated out of what even they considered their due—and little enough it was. One method, easily accomplished, and adopted only too frequently on account of its ease of accomplishment, was to ply the halfbreed with liquor until he was in a sufficiently besotted state to transfer his scrip for a mere trifle—usually another bottle. That method ran its course, and died out as the halfbreeds grew wiser as to the value of their holding. Another favorite method of the scrip dealer was to look up the record of a halfbreed, secretly; and on obtaining the necessary evidence that he was entitled to scrip, to take him aside, and whisper gently to him that his benefactor was in a position to get him a certain sum of money. All the halfbreed had to do was to sign certain papers, and the machinery would be put in motion. The halfbreed argued that he had nothing to lose, and there was a chance of gain. He usually signed—and when it was all over, he got his money, and the dealer got the scrip.

In all these fradulent dealings, there was one danger to the dealer on which he had to take a chance, which he had no scruples in doing. In locating halfbreed scrip, it is necessary for the halfbreed whose name is on the certificate to appear at the land office for the district where the land is located, and to file his claim in person. But in the old days this was rarely done. It was an expensive matter to transport whole families of halfbreeds to distant points to hand in their certificates, even if the circumstances under which those certificates were obtained from them were such as to make them willing to perform such a service. So here again fraud was introduced. One halfbreed would be sent up by the dealer, and would impersonate scores of men whom he had probably never heard of before, swearing to a different name in each office he visited. It would probably be not far from the truth to say that less than fifty per cent. of the halfbreed

APPLICANTS FOR SCRIP ARE OF ALL AGES, FROM MOSSBAG SIZE UP

claims for which deeds have been granted in Western Canada have been located in person, as the law demands, by the halfbreeds to whom the scrip was issued.

Even to this day it would seem that this species of fraud is being practised. Only last year the charge was openly made by one dealer, that another had been guilty of this very practice. With this exception, however, the days of open fraud in scrip purchase are past forever. Today, the halfbreed has a much better knowledge of the value of his certificate, and a much wider appreciation of the ability of the law to protect him in his business transactions.

Yet even now, the halfbreed does not by any means get the full value of his scrip. Within the past two years, scrip has been purchased at the point of issue for from two hundred to four hundred dollars, while worth at the time in Winnipeg from eighteen hundred to two thousand dollars,—the value of a certificate for two hundred and forty acres at $7.50 to $8.50 per acre. The price asked in Winnipeg for scrip today is $9.50 per acre.

There are three kinds of scrip issued by the Dominion government. The first is comparatively rare, and unimportant. It is an undertaking on the part of the government to accept at its face value the certificate, which is given out, for services rendered, by government surveyors and other employees of the Dominion in remote places where real money does not circulate. This is called cash scrip, and is issued in varying amounts to suit the service for which it is remuneration.

The second, and by far the most desirable of all scrip, is that which is called "red-back." This is a land scrip, similar to the ordinary halfbreed scrip, for two hundred and forty acres; but it differs from the other and most prevalent form in that it does not require personal application on the part of the person to whom the scrip is issued. The possession of this kind of scrip thus does away with the trouble and expense of transporting the original owner to the spot where the entry for the land is to be made. Red-back scrip is the scrip which was issued to the halfbreeds who were proved to be entitled to its issue, but who had left the country—usually for the United States—and for whom it would have entailed some hardship to have been compelled to make the long journey back to Western Canada to enter in person for their land.

The third kind of scrip, in which there is most traffic, is that issued to halfbreeds resident in the country, with the condition that personal entry must be made when the land is located.

The halfbreeds who are entitled to scrip are not yet all settled with by any means. Every new treaty made by the Dominion government with the Indians of a hitherto unceded portion of the Dominion, finds some few halfbreeds resident in that particular territory, with whom settlement must be made on the same terms as those granted their brethren in the older portions of the West. These treaties are being made annually; and every summer Inspector Semmens, who as the senior officer of the Indian Department in the West holds the appointment of Commissioner to conclude treaty with the Indians, adds a hundred thousand or so square miles to the area in which the Indians have been brought by treaty under the care of the Indian Department.

Halfbreeds born in the ceded territory, and halfbreeds resident therein who have not previously been settled with, make their applications before the Commissioner.. Their parentage is traced back, the record of their residence in the country since birth to the present time is recorded, birth certificates or baptismal certificates are obtained, and the application, with its evidence of the halfbreed's claim on

the face of it, is forwarded to Ottawa. There the evidence is carefully scrutinized, and the statements of the applicant are compared with the records in the department. If the application is found to be satisfactory, a certificate is forwarded to Winnipeg in due course, and delivered to the applicant in person by the Commissioner.

Frequently the applicant has only the vaguest notion of the information upon which the form of application insists. An applicant will tell his age promptly, and without any hesitation. When the question arises as to where he has lived since his birth, he begins to flounder. By the time he has summed up the term of his residence at various points, it will frequently appear that he has overlapped somewhere—that the addition of these various terms makes him several years older—or younger—than the age he has already given. Then the Commissioner, the applicant, the applicant's relatives, and any other Indians or halfbreeds who happen to be handy—

A TYPICAL SCENE — APPLICATIONS ARE RECEIVED AND ENTERED WHEREVER THE APPLICANTS ARE FOUND. THE WOMAN IN THE PICTURE IS ANSWERING THE QUESTIONS PUT BY THE COMMISSIONER ON THE LEFT

COMMISSIONER SEMMENS AND HIS OLD GUIDE, JOE CHEDLEY

there is always an interested audience at these sessions—dig in and endeavor to create order out of the chaos of years and events. If the applicant is, or has been, an employee of the Hudson's Bay Company, it is a simple matter to obtain the necessary evidence; for the company keeps a full and complete record of the service of all its employees, with dates and place of residence, nature of employment, age, and character.

Another snag is the requirement of a baptismal certificate. Just what value is to be derived by the department from the production of a baptismal certificate is difficult to tell. In many cases, particularly among the old halfbreeds, no baptism has ever been performed. In many others cases, although baptised, no record of the fact is to be found in the registers; which at the remoter places in the north, have often been grossly neglected by the native missionaries in charge, themselves often able to read little, and write less. Again, baptism may have taken place at birth; or it may have been performed at any age from birth to second childhood. In many of the older registers, the age is absent from the

record; or the applicant for admission to the church has been labelled "infant" or "adult." But whatever the value to the department, this is one of the conditions of application; and it forms the most frequent stumbling block to the seeker after scrip.

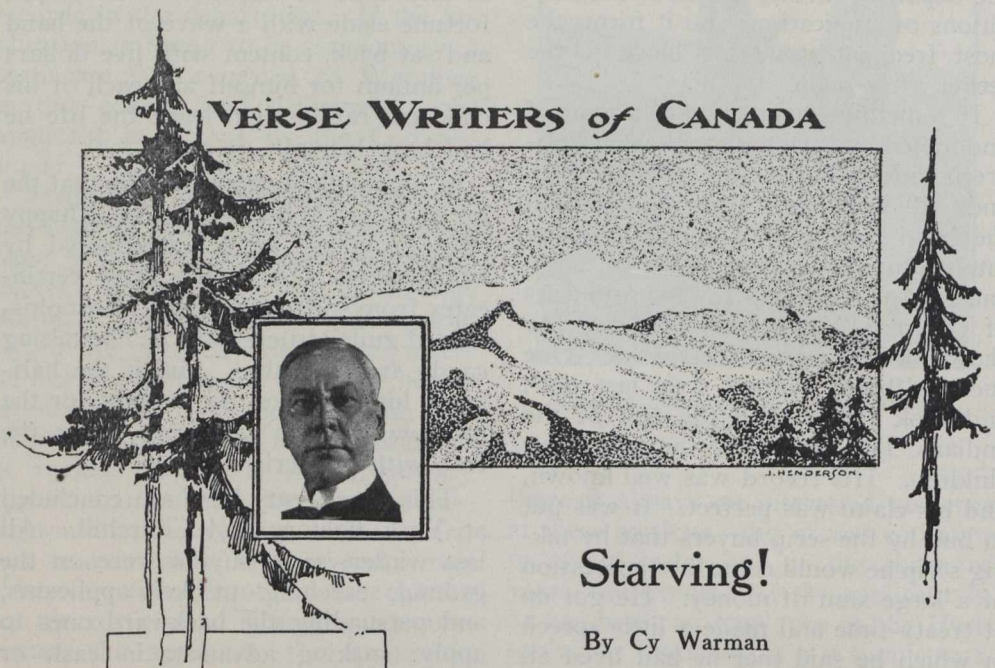
It sometimes happens that a man of undoubted and well authenticated half-breed lineage will refuse to take scrip, and will insist on taking treaty with the band he lives with. He is absolutely ignorant of the value of scrip, and totally indifferent to the arguments of the scrip buyers who endeavor to show him the error of his ways. One such halfbreed refused scrip last year, and took treaty with the rest of the Indians. This man had a family of four children. His record was well known, and his claim was perfect. It was put to him by the scrip buyers that by taking scrip he would come into possession of a large sum of money. He got up at treaty time and made a little speech in which he said that he had lived all his life with the Indians. They were his people. If he took scrip, he and his children would have to live like the white man, away from the reserve and their relations. He would live and die with his people.

That man could have had for the asking, five scrip certificates. These at the current prices in the north, were worth a thousand dollars each. They could have been sold in Winnipeg for ten thousand dollars for the five. The income of that at six per cent. would have brought him in fifty dollars a month in perpetuity. He had probably never earned a hundred dollars a year at any time in his life. Yet he put fortune aside with a wave of the hand and sat back, content with five dollars per annum for himself and each of his children, rather than leave the life he had been brought up to.

With childlike simplicity like that the lot of the scrip buyer must be a happy one—providing he is unhampered by competition. To detach scrip certificates from such specimens of unsophisticated guilelessness must be like taking candy from a baby. And if the half-breed himself takes no thought for the morrow, such is far from being the case with the scrip buyer.

This year treaty has been concluded at York Factory and Churchill. All last winter, scrip buyers were on the ground, searching out likely applicants, and persuading the backward ones to apply; making advances in cash or supplies where they would do the most good; hunting up evidence that would probably have been available anyway; and generally making themselves officiously useful—and in spite of the fact that any sale of scrip before it is delivered to the owner is absolutely illegal, doubtless wheedling out of the expectant beneficiaries a promise to deliver up the scrip, when it is obtained, to the good Samaritan who has taken all the trouble and been so kind and helpful.

VERSE WRITERS of CANADA



Most authors, after they have "arrived," have had the experience of being asked to make gratuitous contributions to publications "issued every little while" by amateur editors in the cause of charity etc.

Awhile ago Cy Warman, the well known writer of railroad stories, who resides in London, Ont., replied to one such request with the lines opposite. A look at any one of the poet's pudgy youngsters is all that is necessary to prove that Mr. Warman has availed himself to a large extent of what is familiarly known as "poetic license." The "editor" was bright enough to publish the verses.

Starving!

By Cy Warman

Dear friend, I should like to write something for you,
But there's so little here in my head;
And life is so short and there's so much to do,
And the children are crying for bread;
There are stories for Munsey, McClure and Success,
The Post, the Companion and others, I guess
For this time, a failure I'll have to confess,
For the children are crying for bread.

'Twere a pleasure to sing for the good of the cause,
(But the children are crying for bread)
And I know in your house, I'd be sure of applause
If I knew just the thing to be said;
For the women are kind as the women are fair,
And their laughter is lighter than timberline air;
If I gave them a song, they would give me a prayer,
But the children are crying for bread.

You know there are times when you can't do a thing,
When the wheels whirl around in your head;
And you must know it's hard for a fellow to sing
With the children all crying for bread.
Though my lute may be mute, you will pray understand,
I am with you in spirit all over the land,
And to you and your comrades, I'm kissing my hand,
While the children are crying for bread.

Indian Summer

By Margaret Lillian Houts

ALTHOUGH Martha Grayson had never been blessed with the love of husband and children, without which no woman's life is really complete, she could not be said to have had a lonely existence. Indeed, ever since she could remember, her days had been filled to overflowing with service for those she loved. She was one of those women who, without being especially talented in any one direction, are capable of doing a great many things well; and being the oldest girl in a family of eight children, they all formed the habit, while she was still very young, of leaning on her.

"Go to Martha," the busy mother would say, when one of the boys came in with a cut finger or a missing button. "I've got my hands in the bread now."

And so "to Martha" they all went, even the father as the years rolled on and her capabilities assumed a wider range.

Finally, one after another the brothers and sisters left the home nest. The boys bought farms of their own, or went to try their fortunes in the West. The girls married, as girls will —all but Martha. Somehow nobody ever thought about Martha's marrying; it is doubtful if she herself did. There was so much to do at home; so many to do for.

When at last they were all gone and Martha was left with the father and mother, now beginning to grow old and feeble, she felt there was renewed cause for her to exert herself. Not only was there much work to be done, in the house and out, but the old people must not be allowed to feel lonely and sad, now that the young life to which they had so long been accustomed, had passed out of their reach. So she made every effort to be lively and gay, and to make them forget that they three were alone together.

As time went on, she even looked after the farm; nor did it suffer under her direction. Those of the neighbors who at first shook their heads and prophesied that "everything would soon go to rack and ruin with a woman a-runnin' of it," were obliged to admit that Martha Grayson was an exception to the rule.

At last the dear old father passed away, leaving the mother to be cared for a few years longer, until she joined her husband on the other side. Hardly a week had elapsed after the funeral, when she received a letter from her brother William, who had been the first to leave home. He had settled in Ontario, married, and done fairly well. His wife had died a few months before, leaving a daughter twelve years old.

"I have tried to do for little Alice myself, dear sister Martha," he wrote, "but I am away from home a great deal, and she needs a mother's care. She is a sweet child, affectionate, gentle and biddable. With proper training she will grow up to be a fine woman. Without it, heaven only knows what will become of her. There is no one here to undertake it. You are alone, Martha dear. You are thoroughly capable in every respect. How well

"THE SAME OLD MARTHA"

I remember what you did for us youngsters while we were growing up. We depended on you as much as on our mother. There is no one else in the world to whom I would so soon commit the rearing of my darling child. May I ask this additional favor of one to whom I am already indebted for so much?"

So Martha took little Alice, and reared her to a useful, lovely womanhood. After teaching two or three years, she too, had gone to a home of her own.

"Come and live with us, Aunt Martha," said Alice earnestly.

But Martha shook her head. How could she leave the old homestead? How could she go to new surroundings, among new people? Besides she had a feeling that it was better for the young people to begin life alone together, without the presence of even one so near as herself.

After they had gone, Martha Grayson was really alone for the first time in her life. But she would have plenty to do to keep her from getting lonely, she told herself. She thought of a dozen ways in which her time could be occupied, to drive away the little spectres of unrest that might otherwise come slipping in. With the resolution of a strong will, she took up her tasks and found in them, as a rule, the remedy she sought. But not always! There were days when the very emptiness of the house seemed to create a sound; when the echo of her own footsteps startled her; when the ticking of the clock seemed like the ringing of church bells. She fell to lying awake at nights,—a thing she had never done before.

She fought off these feelings bravely, however. It was only in the late autumn, when the days grew short and the nights chill; when she could no longer with pleasure roam about over the hills, or sit under the apple-trees in the orchard, listening to the birds in the trees above; when, worst of all, her old enemy, rheumatism, which had admonished her with sundry pinches and twinges of late that it was in the vicinity, began to storm the citadel of her activity; it was only when all these circumstances commenced to mar the even tenor of her life that Martha began to think seriously, in the long night watches, what her future should be.

To be sure, she could go and live with Alice; but she hardly felt this was the wisest thing to do. Only one other plan commended itself to her.

In the little city of Springford, twenty miles away, was a home for aged and lonely women, such as herself. She had first heard of it through a cousin who lived near by; since then some of her friends had gained admission, and all the reports she had heard of it were very favorable. She hesitated, however, to take this step, and busied herself about her home, taking up the duties for which, day by day, she had less and less strength and inclination, now that there was no one to do for but herself.

A severe attack of rheumatism during the winter, when she was helpless for weeks, settled the matter, and in the early spring she sold her farm and personal belongings and arranged for her entrance into the Home at Springford.

It was hard, of course,—the breaking up of old ties, the leaving of familiar surroundings; but she had known from the beginning that it would be so; and with a resolute courage, reenforced by much sound philosophy and sweetness of disposition, she went through it bravely. The move once accomplished, she made every effort to adjust herself to her new environment. She tried to be happy and contented. Nevertheless, in the quiet of her own room, Martha Grayson fought out many a battle.

One night the struggle was especially sharp. It had been one of those

soft, summer days, when the air, freighted with the odors of growing vegetation and opening blossoms, blew like a caress against the cheek. To the lonely woman its sweetness and power were almost unbearable. Storm and cold, heat and thunderclap she could brace herself against. They seemed a part of the forces she must combat. But not this! This tender, gentle, balmy summer air, stealing in and awakening feelings against which she was powerless. Not only the homesickness with which she was growing familiar, but tenderer, deeper feelings, to which she was a stranger. She drew down the shades, and turning out the lights, went to bed.

Long she lay there awake; and when at last she dropped into uneasy slumber, it was broken by dreams of home and childhood; of the gentle voice of her mother; of the gay shouts and happy laughter of her brothers and sisters.

When morning came she was too weak and ill to rise. All her old energy and spirit seemed to have left her. At noon, with her luncheon, for which she had little appetite, the maid brought her a letter. Mechanically she took it up, thinking it was from Alice or some of her former neighbors. But the writing was unfamiliar,—a great, straggling, masculine hand. Who in the world,—what man,—could be writing to her? She turned to the signature—P. R. ELIOT.

"Dear Martha," it began, "I wonder if you remember 'Pete Eliot,' the harum-scarum young rascal who used to go to school with you in the old red school-house. If you do, I'm afraid you will want to throw this letter down without reading it, for you must have no pleasant recollections connected with such a person. Nevertheless I am going to venture on, for my own sake, if not for yours.

"Well, Martha, I have come home again; to what was my home over forty years ago. Great Caesar! What changes there have been around it in that time, since I ran away a freckle-faced, red-headed boy, wild to see the world. Father and mother gone, brothers and sisters scattered; old chums married or dead. Most everybody had forgotten good-for-nothing Pete. So I shall not wonder if my absence has been too long for your memory.

"I went down to the old house yesterday, where your brother Bill and I used to have many a romp under the old elms in the back yard, and hang Alice's dolls 'by the neck till dead,' while she screamed out and cried at our cruelty, and Prudence, that little blue-stocking, sat in the boughs above our heads, buried in a book as usual, and deaf to our noise and mischief, unless we climbed up and stole away her book, when she came to life very suddenly.

"Well, those days are past—long past. But I want to see you, Martha. They tell me you lived until recently in the old homestead, and are less changed than almost any one else around here. I shall not tell you all they said as to your life of unselfish devotion and care for the members of your family, lest even such a modest person as you are should become vain.

"So I am coming to call on you, and may be in Springford almost as soon as this letter. I am sure you will not refuse to see me for the sake of 'auld lang syne,' and the happy days I used to have with your brothers, now scattered and gone. At three o'clock on Wednesday I shall call at the Home where you are.

"Very respectfully yours,

P. R. ELIOT."

Well, well, well! Little Pete Eliot, the most daring, reckless, venturesome boy within a radius of a hundred miles from Martha's home. He could climb higher, run faster, swim farther, and get into more mischief than any other she knew. At school he was

always drawing ships on his slate or making boats in his copy-book, or reading stories of adventure when he should have been learning the multiplication table or studying his spelling lessons. What wonder that he ran away to sea before he was big enough to remember! They had heard of him now and then, in some far distant city through a hastily scrawled letter to his father, or some strange, foreign gift to his mother. But otherwise he had dropped out of the lives of those to whom he was nearest.

And now he had come back. She supposed he was brown as copper, be-whiskered and long-haired, like the sailors and travellers she had read of; yet, somehow, she was delighted to think of seeing him once more. It would at least be some one from the old home and circle for which her heart ached in every fibre.

And this was Wednesday, the very day he was coming! She arose at once and dressed carefully, her excitement and anticipation giving color to her face and strength to her limbs. She was transformed from the pale, listless woman who, an hour before, had not cared whether she lived or died.

She was agreeably surprised when she entered the parlor and found there a tall, well-formed well-appearing man. Red-haired he still was, to be sure; freckled and bronzed as to skin, with great hands and feet. Yet he was neatly dressed and carried himself well, and one forgot freckles and auburn locks in the kindly look of the strong, manly face.

He took both of her toil-worn hands in his, and looked earnestly into her eyes.

"It's the same old Martha," he said, "that was always making doll-clothes for the other girls, instead of herself, and tying up the boys' cut fingers. Why you look just like you used to."

They sat and talked of old days, of the boys and girls they used to know, of events that happened many, many, years ago; laughing one moment, ready to weep the next, forgetful of the time that had passed since they were children, forgetful of the moments of the long summer afternoon as they sped by. Only the ringing of the supper-bell brought them back to the present.

"Is it possible!" said Peter, as he looked at his watch. "You are a witch to make me forget the flight of time. You are happy and contented here, Martha?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, "and well taken care of. But it seems so good to see you, Peter,—to see some one from home, I mean. One can't forget, you know. Last night—" She stopped. She would not confess, even to him, the paroxysm of homesickness from which she had suffered. But he seemed to guess, and the face, which a moment before had been full of laughter, grew grave.

"Yes, I can guess. You will let me come again? Good-bye!"

And he was gone before she had a chance to answer.

He did come again, until Martha, full of old-fashioned notions of propriety and old-maidish fears of being teased by her associates, half dreaded to see him come, half feared he would not. She must have intimated as much to him, for one day he suggested that they should walk in a little park close by, and afterward that was their meeting place in the bright, summer afternoons. When it rained, or she did not come, there was sure to be a letter from him, or a book or some trifle to show that he thought of her.

In spite of her shyness and old-maidishness, Martha thoroughly enjoyed these meetings, the half clandestine nature which they had assumed only adding to their charm; for Martha had the unconscious love of the romantic which is a part of every feminine nature.

They went over and over the memories of the past. They talked of the strange lands that Peter had visited, of the wonderful experiences he had gone through, of some narrow escapes he had had, "through his own foolhardiness," he explained. He told her of his boyish longings to travel; for adventure, which had led him to cast aside all the ties of home; of how he had thrown himself with all the ardor of an intense nature, into the life which he had chosen. Of how at last, however, the old ties had asserted themselves. As the years went by he began to long for the associations of his childhood. He had saved enough, he said, to keep him the rest of his days, and now he had come back.

Martha's pulses fluttered strangely as he told her these things, and at the strange, tender way in which his blue eyes rested on her. In fact, in these days, Martha hardly knew herself. For the first time in her life the deeper emotions of her nature were aroused, with all their sweetness, all their tenderness, all their contradictions. For in all the wide world, there is nothing so deep, so inexplicable, to herself as well as to others, as a woman's heart. No wonder they sometimes fail to be understood by others, when they hardly understand themselves!

They were sitting in the park one day, half hidden from passers-by by a clump of shrubbery, when Peter moved a little closer to her and laid one of his great hands on hers. They had been sitting silent for some time, as had grown to be their custom now and then after one of their talks.

"I went to see the old place again yesterday, Martha," he said in a tone rather softer than usual, "and—I—bought it."

Martha looked up, too startled to say anything in reply. Peter was looking off dreamily at the great white clouds above the trees.

"Yes," he went on, as though she had spoken, "I bought it, for the sake of old memories, and because I want a home of my own, Martha. I want to settle down for the rest of my days. Great Caesar! What a wanderer I've been! But it won't be a home, Martha, without you. Will you come and make one for me, dear?"

But Martha was trembling so that she could not speak.

"I know it's asking a good deal," he went on, perceiving her agitation, "to ask you to leave this pleasant place, where you have everything so fine and citified and go back to the farm to live with an old fellow like me. But,—I love you, Martha; and, lately,—I've thought maybe—you could learn to care for me a little—and that—perhaps—you'd rather have your own home than even such a fine one as you have here."

Her own home! Oh, what would it not mean to her! But any place would be home now, with Peter, she thought to herself. Yet, strangely, she could not put her feelings in words; perhaps their very intensity choked her.

Then, besides, another thought had been running through Martha Grayson's mind of late; one that would seem almost inexplicable to one who did not understand the strange workings of the Puritan conscience.

When she came to Springford, she felt that it was to spend the rest of her days; that she had burned her bridges and there was no going back; that in some way she had bound herself to remain until she went out of this world. It was a sort of legal transaction, she said to herself, to which she was a party, and she felt bound to carry out her part of the contract.

And now, if she should leave, after having been there only a few months, what would they think of her? She would forfeit her entrance money, she knew, but she did not care for that;

it was the moral obligation that held her as with cords of steel.

Yet she felt dimly that this obligation would not seem so binding to others as to herself; that they might even laugh at her conscientiousness. Nevertheless, she could not rid herself of the feeling, nor decide to make any move which did not seem to her exaggerated sense of right, the correct one.

All these thoughts floated hurriedly through her brain as she sat there listening to Peter's pleadings. She felt that she could not decide at once; there was so much to be said on both sides.

"Give me a little time, Peter," she said at last, when she could get control of her voice. "I do—care—for you, and, oh, I want so much to go home, but—"

"Well, what's to hinder, Martha?" said Peter wonderingly. "You've nobody, and neither have I—that is, whose—consent we have to ask; and we're not so young that they'd refuse us a license at the clerk's office," he chuckled.

Then Martha tried to explain to him her scruples. To his everlasting credit be it said that Peter Eliot did not laugh, at least not just then. He coughed very hard once or twice, however, and his voice sounded a trifle husky when he said at last, "Why, Martha, dear, anybody'd think you'd been sent to the penitentiary for life, to hear you talk. Think it over, though. I won't urge you, and maybe by and by you'll see it different."

So they parted, Peter to return to the farm, which needed his attention for a few weeks, he thought.

Probably he could not have done a wiser thing, as he may have felt vaguely himself, than to leave Martha for a time to her own devices and thoughts.

For she missed him; oh, how she missed him, in spite of the cheery letters which came two or three times a week, telling all the neighborhood news, of what he was doing about the old homestead, and now and then a hint of his own needs and loneliness. This last was almost more than she could bear.

Yet she did not feel equal to the ordeal which her exaggerated sensitiveness pictured as lying before her should she decide to make this break in her present life. Aside from the scruples which still held her fast, she thought of the surprise of the matron and board of managers, when she should tell them that she was going away so soon to be married. She imagined the good-natured banterings of her newly-found friends; the task of preparing for the wedding, the congratulations; the jests. Perhaps they might even throw rice after her. When she mentioned all this to Peter, it was perhaps the greatest test of his loyalty that could have been made, that he respected her feelings, although they must have seemed almost childish to him.

"Martha, dear," he wrote back, "if this is all that separates us—the thoughts of telling your friends about it, of what they will say, and of having a wedding—why, then, for heaven's sake, don't have one, of the ordinary kind, I mean. Let's run away; elope. I hadn't thought of it before, but now it strikes me as just the thing to do. You know I ran away once before, and I guess it kind of runs in my blood to do things of that kind.

"You told me once that there was a good fire escape opening off your room. (I asked about it because I always was afraid of fires in those institutions). Now, what is easier, Martha, dear, than for you to step quietly out of the window some evening after supper, with your little grip in your hand, and I'll meet you at the bottom of the steps. I'll have it all fixed up with the preacher, and we'll be married without any fuss or feathers or congratulations or breaking of con-

tracts with boards of managers, or anything of that sort, and come back on the evening train to the old farm. What do you say, Martha?"

When Martha read this, she felt that a great weight had been lifted off her mind. Her limited imagination had never pictured anything so daring—or so easy—as this method of cutting the Gordian knot that bound her, yet it appealed to her fancy, too.

The days had again grown short and the nights frosty. She could hear, in her imagination, the call of the blue-jay in the woods, fast turning to yellow and brown; the rustling of the drying stalks in the corn-fields; the chatter of the squirrels, gathering their autumn stores; the soft dropping of the nuts on the fallen leaves. She saw the glistening of the pale sunbeams on the great yellow pumpkins and the striped apples lying on the ground in the orchard. She thought of how lonely Peter must be, now that the evenings were growing longer; of how careless "men-folks" were apt to be about putting on heavier clothing at this time of year. She hesitated no longer, but sent a hastily written line by the next mail,—just this:

"Meet me at the foot of the fire-escape, Thursday evening at seven o'clock."

The harvest moon, illuminating every familiar tree and fence-corner, was shining brightly as they drove up the road to the old Grayson farm-house. The air was soft and balmy with the late sweetness of Indian summer, the chilling days behind, and the piercing ones to come all swallowed up and forgotten in this charming season, which has the delicious sweetness and fragrance of old wine.

The shades were raised and the light from the sitting-room windows stretched out like hands toward them, as they stopped at the gate. Peter lifted his wife tenderly from the buggy, and, taking her hand, led her to the door, which was suddenly flung open as they approached.

"Welcome home, Aunt Martha! Welcome home, Uncle Peter!" shouted two voices in chorus. There were Alice and her husband and the new baby, blinking and waving its little hands as Alice held it up for them to see.

The table was spread with a dainty supper, and the delicate odors of the food greeted their nostrils. Martha's eyes filled with happy tears, as she leaned against her husband, and heard him shout, too, in his great, hearty voice, "Welcome home, everybody!"

A Wish of Home

No cumbrance of unmeaning lands be mine;
Just the enchantment of that wilding place,
And sown by random winds with leaf and vine,
Where I may see at eventide her face!

—*Alonzo Rice.*

The Business of Being Elected

By Arthur R. Ford

"IT IS the personality of the man, not the party nor principles which win elections," remarked one of the shrewdest of Ottawa politicians to a group of lounging M.P.'s and newspapermen one night when a momentous midnight debate was in progress. They were discussing politics and elections in that intimate, off-hand way the members have at the capital when all-night sessions are the fashion. He went over those who had fallen in the previous elections and in practically every case the defeat could be traced to the candidate himself, not to the so-called issues of the day or great underlying principles.

The Ottawa politician is right. It may not be a compliment to Canada or Canadian politics, but it is a fact nevertheless, that except on rare occasions the man is greater than his party, that the personality of the candidate over-towers all policies.

The canny Ottawa member, if his ambition is re-election, has no sooner been duly and ceremoniously introduced and signed the register, than he sets forth to devise ways and means by which he can please his constituents, placate warring factions and generally give the impression that at Ottawa he is regarded as a budding statesman and possible cabinet timber. Except for the ministers and a handful of front benchers on both sides of the house, practically every speech is made for the benefit of the folks back home. Extra copies of Hansard are ordered—the king's printer has an agreeably low price—and the member spends the time of the next few days addressing wrappers, with copies of his speech carefully marked, which a paternal government generously franks to his constituents. Visitors in the gallery at Ottawa always remark on the diligence of the members. Don't be deceived; they are simply saving the price of a stenographer.

The very knowing member, especially if he holds a doubtful seat, makes a particular study of his constituents.

He will actually know the subject in which each voter is interested. If anything turns up in the house, or if a blue-book is issued on this question it is immediately mailed, possibly even with a brief note. A friend for life is made.

The children, too, are not forgotten. There are maps, attractive Canadian atlases, etc., issued by the various departments. The wise members frank these to the children in their riding with their compliments. A couple of years ago a paragraph was inserted in a Hamilton paper to the effect that the department of the interior had issued a new Canadian atlas which could be obtained by writing to the city's member. T. J. Stewart, member for West Hamilton was simply deluged with requests. In three days he got over three thousand letters. It was a physical impossibility to begin to wade through his correspondence. He finally in desperation simply turned over his whole mail to the Department of Interior officials, who sorted out anything of a private character.

One handicap of the member at Ottawa is the length of time he is away from his constituency. A rival candidate is camped on the ground twelve months in the year. One Ontario member who represents a traditionally close riding, and nurses it for that reason with particular care, was greeted with the chance remark by a constituent who was visiting in Ottawa: "Oh, you are only a summer visitor now in our town." It set him thinking. His wife and family were at the capital. He actually sent them back home and re-opened his residence, while he decided in future to spend as many week-ends as possible in his home town. He was not going to be regarded as a stranger. He went further. His son was attending school in a preparatory college; he took him out and sent him back to his home collegiate. That's politics for you.

It is strange what petty things will defeat a member. When Hon. Nelson Monteith, minister of agriculture in Whitney's cabinet, was defeated despite the overwhelming Conservative sweep, all Ontario marvelled. The cause has since been analyzed as Monteith's silk hat. As cabinet minister he had taken to fashionable headgear. Foolishly he wore it back to the tea-meetings and township fairs of Perth. His hard-headed fellow farmers

decided that Monteith was getting too tony; he needed a taking down. It mattered not that he was a good representative and a splendid minister of agriculture. He was defeated at the polls.

The late Dr. Barr, who was member for Dufferin in both the Ontario and Dominion houses for years, was only defeated once in his career. That was when the patron movement was in its hey-day, and a farmer candidate was successful. The next election Dr. Barr was again at the head of the polls.

He used to like to tell how it happened. "The wife of the patron member," said the doctor, "purchased a seal-skin coat. It aroused the jealousy of every woman in the township. They thought Mrs. —— was getting too big-feeling now that her husband was a member.

"My wife wore a seal-skin too, but that didn't matter. She was the doctor's wife. The women persuaded their husbands to vote for me. In his home polls where the patron expected an overwhelming majority, I had an easy lead. It resulted in my return."

The Deacon's Painkiller

By L. M. Montgomery

ANDREW was a terrible set man. When he put his foot down something always squashed—and stayed squashed. In this particular instance it was poor Amy's love affair.

"No, my daughter," he said solemnly—the deacon always spoke solemnly and called Amy "my daughter" when he was going to be contrary—"I—ah shall never consent to your marrying Dr. Boyd. He is not worthy of you."

"I'm sure a Boyd is as good as a Poultney any day," sobbed Amy. "And nobody can say a word against Frank."

"He used to drink, my daughter," said the deacon more solemnly than ever.

"He never touches a drop now," said Amy, firing up. Amy has a spice of the Barry temper. But the deacon did not get angry. There would have been more hope if he had. You can generally do something with a man who loses his temper, especially when it comes to repenting time. But Andrew never lost his temper; he just remained placid and aggravating.

"Don't you know, my poor child," he said sorrowfully, "that a man who has once been addicted to drink is liable to break out again any time? I—ah have no faith in Dr. Boyd's reformation. Look at his father."

Amy couldn't very well look at Dr. Boyd's father, seeing that he had drunk himself to death and been safely buried in Brunswick churchyard for over fifteen years. But she knew the reference clinched the matter in the deacon's estimation. Amy had not lived with her pa for twenty years without discovering that when he began dragging people's ancestors from their tombs and hurling them at your head you might as well stop arguing.

Amy stopped and came upstairs to me and cried instead. I couldn't say a great deal to comfort her, knowing Andrew as I did. I'd kept house for him ever since his wife, who was my sister, died; he was as fine a man as ever lived in most respects—kind, generous, never given to nagging; but when he'd once made up his mind on any point you might as well try to soften the nether millstone.

For one thing, there was nothing you could use as a leverage, because the deacon was such a model man. If he'd had any little vices or weaknesses he might have been vulnerable at some point. But he was so good it was

almost painful. It's a blessing that he had no sons or they would certainly have gone to the bad by way of keeping the family to a natural average.

Before going any further with this story I might as well clear up matters in regard to Dr. Boyd. From Andrew's statement you might suppose that he had once been a confirmed toper. The fact was that young Frank, in spite of his father, was as sober and steady a lad as you could wish to see; but one summer, just before he went to college, he fell in with a wild set of fellows from town who were out at the beach hotel; they went somewhere to a political meeting one night and all got drunk, young Frank included, and made fearful fools of themselves; the deacon was there, representing the temperance interest, and saw them. After that he never had any use for Frank Boyd. It didn't make a mite of difference that Frank was terribly ashamed and sorry and never went with these fellows afterwards nor ever was known to taste liquor again. He got through college splendidly and came home and settled in Brunswick and worked up a fine practice. It was all no use, as far as the deacon was concerned. He persisted in regarding Dr. Frank as a reformed rake who might relapse into his evil ways at any moment. And Andrew would have excused a man for murder before he would have excused him for getting drunk.

The deacon was what his enemies—for he had plenty of enemies in spite of, or maybe because of, his goodness—called a temperance fanatic. Now, I'm not going to decry temperance. It's the right thing and I'm a white ribboner myself and never touch even homemade currant wine; and a little fanaticism always greases the wheels of any movement. But I'm bound to say that Andrew carried things too far. He was fairly rabid for the temperance cause; and the only man in the world he wouldn't speak to was Deacon Millar because Deacon Millar opposed the introduction of unfermented wine for the communion and used whiskey to break up a cold.

So, all these things considered, I thought poor Amy's prospects for marrying her man were very faint indeed and I felt nearly as bad over it as she did. I knew that Frank Boyd was her choice, once and forever. Amy is a Barry by nature, even if she is a Poultney by birth, and the Barrys never change—as *I* could testify; but this isn't my story. If they can't marry the one they set their hearts on, they never marry. And Frank Boyd was such a fine young fellow and everybody liked and respected him. Any man in the world but Andrew would have been delighted at the thought of having him for a son-in-law.

However, I comforted Amy as well as I could and I even agreed to go and argue with her pa, although I knew I should have nothing to show for my waste of breath. And I hadn't, although I did all that mortal woman could do. I cooked a magnificent dinner with all the deacon's favorite dishes; and after he had eaten all he possibly could and twice as much as was good for him, I tackled him—and failed. And when a woman fails under *those* circumstances she may as well fold her hands and hold her tongue.

Andrew heard all I had to say politely, as he always did, for he prided himself on his good manners; but I saw right along that it wasn't sinking in any deeper than the skin.

"No, Juliana," he said patiently, "I—ah can never give my daughter to a reformed drunkard. I—ah should tremble for her happiness. Besides, think how it would look if I—ah were to allow my daughter to marry a man addicted to drink—I—ah, who am noted for my sound temperance principles. Why, it would be a handle for the liquor people to use against me.

I—ah beg of you, dear Juliana, not to refer to this painful subject again and *not* to encourage my daughter in her foolish and unfilial conduct. It will only make an unpleasantness in our peaceful home—an unpleasantness that can in no way further any wishes she or you may have unwisely formed on this subject. I—ah feel sure that a woman of your prudence and good sense must see this clearly."

I was seeing red just then for Andrew's "I—ah's" had put me in a regular Barry temper. But I had sense enough to hold my tongue, although I could have cried out for very rage. I took my revenge by feeding the deacon on salt codfish and scraps for a week. He never knew why, but he suffered. However, I'm bound to say he suffered meekly, with the air of a man who knew women folks take queer spells and have to be humored.

"I KIND OF LIKE THE SMELL," HE SAID.

For the following month the deacon's "peaceful home" had a rather uncomfortable atmosphere. Amy cried and moped and fretted, and Dr. Boyd didn't dare come near the place. Just what would have finally happened, if it hadn't have been for the interposition of Providence, nobody knows. I suppose Amy would either have fretted herself to death and gone into consumption like her ma, or she would have run away with Frank and never been forgiven by her pa to the day of her death. And that would have almost killed her too, for Amy loved her pa—and with good reason, for he had always been an excellent pa to her and never before refused her anything in reason.

Meanwhile the deacon was having troubles of his own. His party wanted to bring him out as a candidate at the next local election, and the deacon wanted to be brought out. But of course the liquor interest was dead again him and he had some personal foes even on the temperance side; and altogether it was doubtful if he would get the nomination. But he was working hard for it and his chances were at least as good as any other man's until the first Sunday in August came round.

The deacon felt a bit offish that morning when he got up; I could tell so much by his prayer even if I hadn't known he had a bad cold. The deacon's prayers are an infallible index to his state of health. When he is feeling well they are cheerful, and you can tell he has his own doubts about the doctrine of reprobation; but when he is a little under the weather his prayers are just like the old lady who said, "The Universalists think all the world is going to be saved but we Presbyterians hope for better things."

There was a strong tinge of this in the deacon's prayer that Sunday morning, but that didn't prevent him from eating a big breakfast of ham and eggs and hot muffins, topping off with marmalade and cheese. The deacon

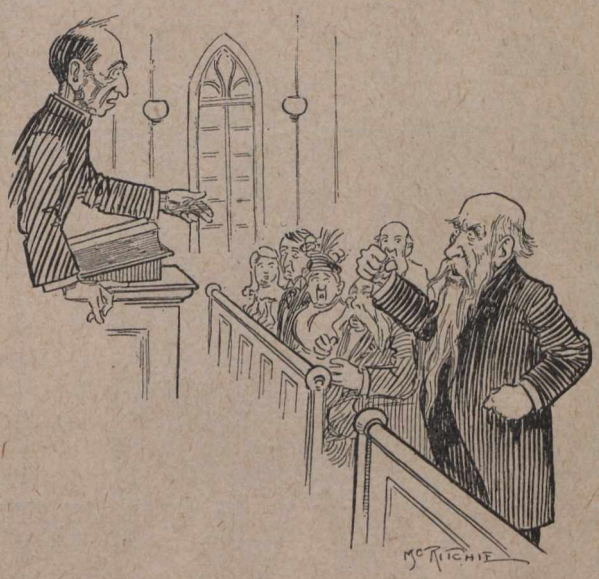
will eat cheese, although he knows it never agrees with him; and shortly before church time it began to make trouble for the poor man.

When I came downstairs—Amy did not go to church that day, which, in the light of what came afterwards, was a fortunate thing—I found the deacon in his best black suit, sitting on the kitchen sofa with his hands clasped over his stomach and a most mournful expression of countenance.

"I—ah have a bad attack of cramps, Juliana," he said with a groan. "They come on just as sudden. I—ah wish you would fix me up a dose of ginger tea."

"There isn't a drop of hot water in the house," I said, "but I'll see what I can get you."

The deacon, with sundry dismal groans, followed me into the pantry. While I was measuring out the ginger he spied a big black bottle away up on the top shelf.



"I TELL YOU, PREACHER, THAT ISN'T TRUE," HE SHOUTED.

"Why, there is the very thing!" he exclaimed joyfully. "Mr. Johnson's painkiller!—why didn't I think of it before?"

I felt dubious about the painkiller, for I don't believe in messing with medicines you don't know anything about, though goodness knows Mr. Johnson used enough of it, and it seemed to agree with him fine. He was a young artist who had boarded with us the summer before and a real nice, jolly, off-handed young fellow he was. We all liked him and he got on extra well with the deacon, agreeing with him in everything, especially as regards temperance. He wasn't strong though, poor young man, and soon after he came he told us he was subject to stomach trouble and had to take a dose of painkiller after every meal and sometimes between meals. He kept his bottle of it in the pantry and I thought him a real good hand to take medicine, for he never made any faces swallowing that painkiller. He said it was a special mixture, tonic and painkiller combined, that his doctor had ordered for him, and it wasn't hard to take. He went away in a hurry one day in consequence of a telegram saying his mother was ill, and he forgot his bottle of tonic — a new one he had just begun on. It had been standing there on the pantry shelf ever since.

The deacon climbed up on a chair, got it down opened it, and sniffed at it.

"I kind of like the smell," he said, as he poured out a glassful, same as he'd seen Mr. Johnson do.

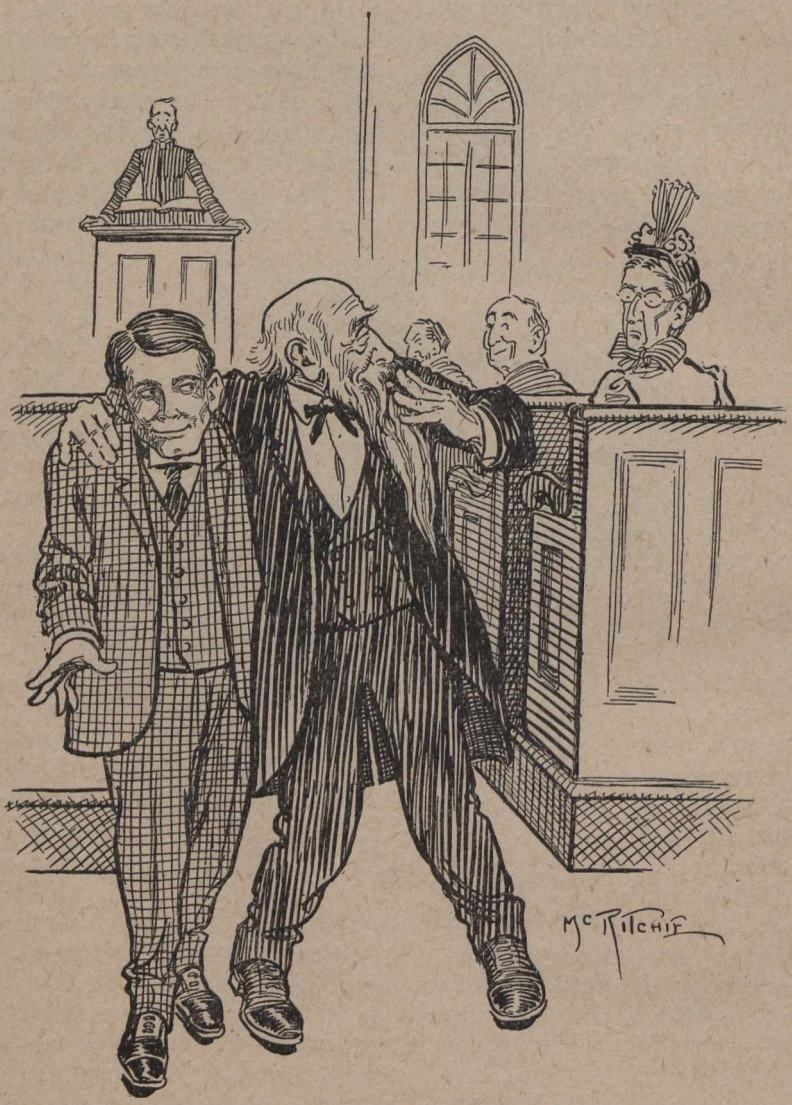
"I wouldn't take too much of it," I said warningly. "You don't know how it might agree with you."

But the deacon thought he knew, and he drank it all down and smacked his lips.

"That is the nicest kind of painkiller I—ah ever tasted, Juliana," he said. "It has a real appetizing flavor. I—ah

believe I'll take another glass—I—ah have seen Mr. Johnson take two. Maybe it has lost its strength, standing there so long, and I—ah do not want to risk another attack of cramp in church. It

"The cramp is all gone, Juliana," he said joyfully. "That painkiller is the right kind of medicine and no mistake. I—ah feel fine. Come on, let's go to church."



THE DEACON THREW A KISS AT THE OUTRAGED SELENA.

is best to make sure. I—ah feel better already."

So he went the second glass and when I came back with my bonnet on, that misguided man was just drinking a third.

He said it in a light, hilarious sort of tone as if he'd been saying "Let's go to a picnic." We walked to the church—it wasn't more than half a mile — and Andrew stepped along jauntily and talked about various

worldly subjects. He was especially eloquent about the election and discoursed as if he were sure of the nomination. He seemed so excited that I felt real uneasy, thinking he must be feverish.

We were late as usual, for our clock is always slow; Andrew will never have it meddled with because it was his grandfather's. The minister was just giving out his text when we got there. Our pew is right at the top of the church. The Boyd pew is just behind and Dr. Frank was sitting in it all alone. I saw his face fall as I went into our pew and I knew he was feeling disappointed because Amy hadn't come. Almost everybody else in Brunswick was there, though, and the church was full. Andrew sat down in his place with a loud, cheerful "hem," and looked beamingly around on the congregation, smiling all across his face. I'd never seen Andrew smile in church before—he was usually as grave and solemn as if he were at a funeral—and there seemed something uncanny about it. I felt real relieved when he stopped looking around and concentrated his attention on the minister who was just warming up to his subject.

Mr. Stanley is a real fine preacher. We've had him for three years and everybody likes him. In two minutes I was lost to all worldly things, listening to his eloquence. But suddenly—all too suddenly—my thoughts were recalled to earth.

I heard the deacon make a queer sort of noise, something between a growl and a sniff, and I looked around just in time to see him jump to his feet. He was scowling and his face was purple. I'd never seen Andrew in a temper before, but now he was just mad clean through.

"I tell you, preacher, that isn't true," he shouted. "It's heresy—rank heresy—that is what it is—and as a deacon of this church I shall not let it pass unchallenged. Preacher, you've got to take that back. It ain't true and what's worse, it ain't sound doctrine."

And here the deacon gave the pew back in front of him such a resounding thwack that deaf old Mrs. Prott, who sat before him and hadn't heard a word of his outburst, felt the jar and jumped up as if she had been shot. But Mrs. Prott was the only person in church who hadn't heard him and the sensation was something I can't describe. Mr. Stanley had stopped short, with his hand outstretched, as if he were turned to stone, and his eyes were fairly sticking out of his head. They are goggle eyes at the best of times, for Mr. Stanley is no beauty with all his brains. I shall never forget the look of him at that moment.

I suppose I should have tried to calm the deacon or do something, but I was simply too thunderstruck to move or speak. The plain truth is, I thought Andrew had suddenly gone out of his mind and the horror of it froze me.

Meanwhile, the deacon, having got his second wind, went on, punctuating his remarks with thumps on the pew back.

"Never since I was a deacon have I heard such doctrine preached from this pulpit. The idea of saying that maybe all the heathen won't be lost! You know they will be for if they wouldn't all the money we've been giving foreign missions would be clean wasted. You're unsound, that's what you are! We ask for bread and you give us a stone." A tremendous thwack!

Just then Dr. Boyd got up behind us. He leaned forward and tapped the deacon on the shoulder.

"Let us go out and talk it over outside, Mr. Poultney," he said quietly, as if it was all a regular part of the performance.

I expected to see the deacon fly at him, but instead, Andrew just flung his arms around Frank's neck and burst into tears.

"THE PLAIN TRUTH, MR. POULTNEY, IS THAT YOU WERE DRUNK."

"Yesh, lesh go out, m' dear boy," he sobbed. "Lesh leave this ungodly plache. Blesh you, m' boy! Always loved you like a son—yesh. So doesh Amy."

Dr. Boyd piloted him down the aisle. The deacon insisted on walking with his arms around Frank's neck and he sobbed all the way out. Just by the door he came to a dead stop and looked at Selena Cotton, who was sitting past the door in the first raised pew. Like myself, Selena isn't as young as she used to be; but, unlike myself, she hasn't quite given up thinking about marriage and everybody in Brunswick knew that she had been setting her cap for the deacon ever since his wife died. The deacon knew it himself.

Dr. Boyd tried to get him to move on but Andrew wouldn't budge until he had had his say. "Jesh in a moment, m' dear boy. Don' be in such a hurry—never be in a hurry going out of church—go shlow and dignified—always. Look at that lady. Blesh me, she's a fine woman—fines' woman in Brunswick. But I never encouraged her, Frank, 'pon my word. I'd schorn to trifle with a lady's affections. Yesh, yesh, I'm coming, m' dear boy."

With that the deacon threw a kiss at the outraged Selena and walked out.

Of course I had followed them and now Frank said to me in a low voice, "I'll drive him home—but my buggy is very narrow. Would you mind walking, Miss Barry?"

"I'll walk, of course; but tell me," I whispered anxiously "do you think this attack is serious?"

"Not at all. I think he will soon recover and be all right," said the doctor. His face was as grave as a judge's but I was sure I saw his eyes twinkle and I resented it. Here was Andrew either gone crazy or sickening from some dreadful disease and Dr. Boyd was laughing internally over it. I walked home in a state of mingled alarm and indignation. When I got there the doctor's buggy was tied at the gate, the doctor and Amy were sitting together on the kitchen sofa, and the deacon was nowhere to be seen.

"Where's Andrew?" I exclaimed.

"In there, sound asleep," said Frank, nodding at the door of the deacon's bedroom.

"What is the matter with him?" I persisted. I was sure that Amy had been laughing and I wondered if I was dreaming or if everybody had gone stark mad.

"Well," said the doctor, "in plain English he is—drunk!"

I sat down; fortunately there was a chair behind me. I don't know whether I felt more relieved or indignant.

"It's impossible!" I said. "Im—possible! The deacon never—there isn't a drop—he didn't taste a thing—why—why—"

In a flash I remembered the painkiller. I flew to the pantry, snatched the bottle, and rushed to Frank.

"It's the painkiller—Mr. Johnson's painkiller—he took an overdose of it—and maybe he's poisoned. Oh, do something for him quick! He may be dying this minute."

Dr. Frank didn't get excited. He uncorked the bottle, smelled it, and then took a swig of its contents.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Barry," he said, smiling. "This happens to be wine; I don't know what particular kind, but it is pretty strong."

"Drunk!" I said—and then *I* began to laugh, though I've been ashamed of it ever since.

"The deacon will sleep it off," said the doctor, "and be no worse when he wakens except that he will probably have a bad headache. The thing for us to do is to hold a consultation and decide how this incident may be turned to the best advantage."

The deacon slept until after supper. Then we heard a feeble groan proceeding from the bedroom. I went in and Frank followed me, his face solemn in the extreme. The deacon was sitting on the side of the bed, looking woebegone and dissipated.

"How are you feeling now, Andrew?" I asked.

"I don't feel well," said the deacon. "My head is splitting. Have I been sick? I thought I was in church. I don't remember coming home. What is the matter with me, doctor?"

"The plain truth, Mr. Poultney," said young Frank deliberately, "is that you were drunk. No—sit still—!" for the deacon had bounced up alarmingly—"I am not trying to insult you. You took three doses of what you supposed to be painkiller, but which was really a very strong wine. Then you went to church and made a scene; that is all."

"All! Gracious P r o v i d e n c e!" groaned the poor deacon, sitting dazedly down again. "You can't mean it—yes, you do. Juliana, for pity's sake tell me what I said and did. I have dim recollections—I thought they were just bad dreams."

I told him the truth. When I got to where he had thrown a kiss at Selena Cotton he flung up his hands in despair.

"I'm a ruined man—utterly ruined! My standing in the community is gone forever—and I've lost every chance of

the nomination—and Selena Cotton will marry me in spite of myself with this for a handle. Oh, if I only had that Johnson here!"

"Don't worry, Deacon," said Frank soothingly. "I think you can hush the matter up with my assistance. For instance, I might gravely state to all and sundry that you had a feverish cold and took a bad attack of cramp with it; that to relieve it you imprudently took a dose of very strong painkiller left here by a boarder, which painkiller, not being suited to your ailment, went straight to your head and rendered you delirious for the time being and entirely unaccountable for your words and actions. That is all quite true and I think people will believe me."

"That will be the very thing," said the deacon eagerly. "You'll do it, won't you, Frank?"

"I don't know," said Frank gravely. "I might do it—for my future father-in-law."

The deacon never blinked.

"Of course, of course," he declared. "You can have Amy. I've been an old idiot. But if you can get me out of this scrape I'll agree to anything you ask."

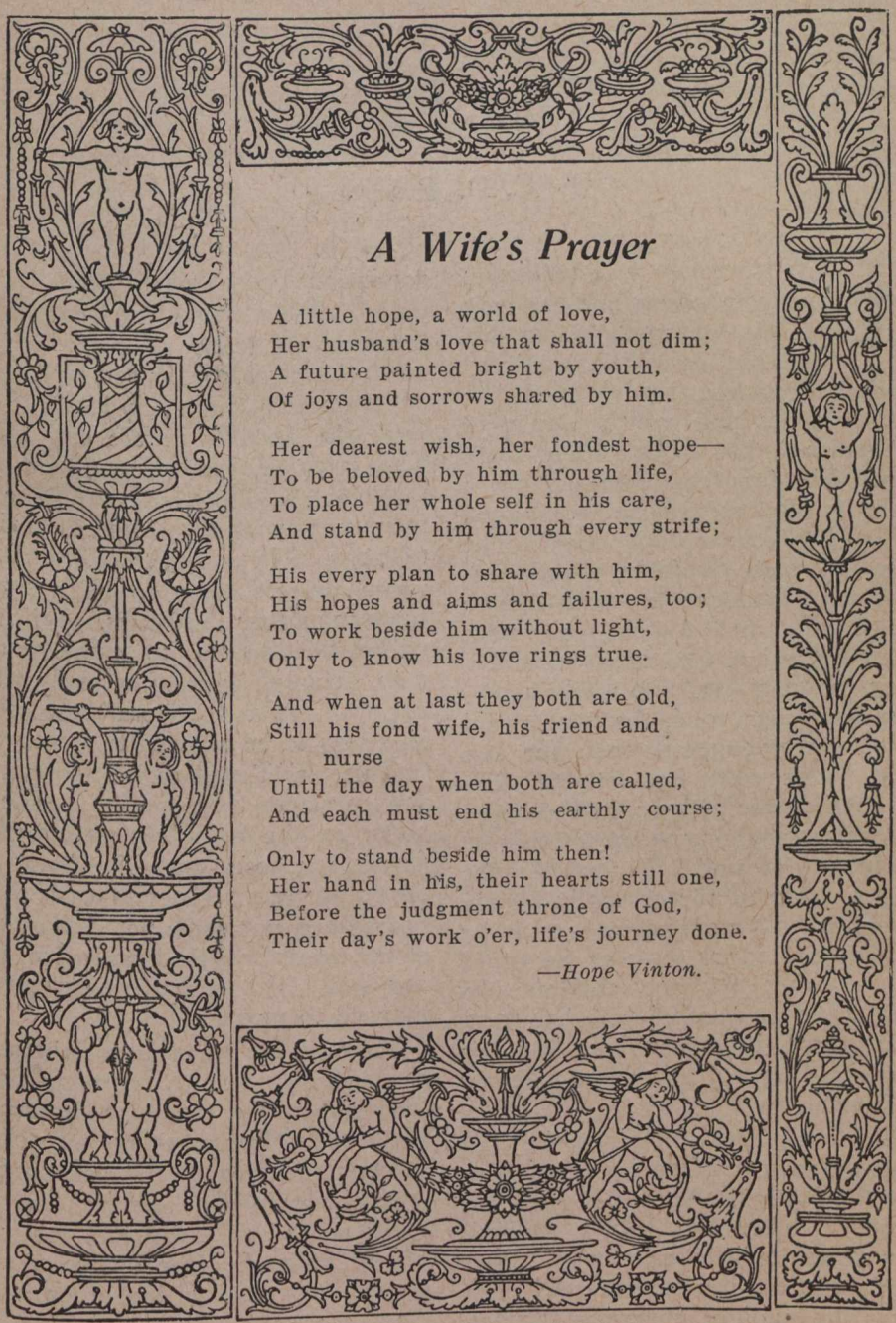
Dr. Frank got him out of it. There was a fearful lot of gossip and clatter at first, but Frank had the same story for everyone and they finally believed him, especially as the deacon stayed meekly in bed and had any amount of medicines sent over under Frank's prescription from the drug-store. Nobody was allowed to see him. When people called to inquire for him we told them that the doctor's orders were that he was to be kept perfectly quiet, lest any excitement might set up the brain disturbance again.

"It's *very* strange," said Selena Cotton. "If it had been anyone but Deacon Poultney people would really have supposed that he was intoxicated."

"Yes," I assented calmly, "the doctor says there was a drug in the painkiller that is apt to have the same effect as liquor. However, I guess it has taught Andrew a lesson. He won't go drinking strange medicines again without knowing what is in them. He is thankful he has escaped as well as he has. It might have been poison."

In the long run the deacon got his nomination and won his election, and Frank got Amy. But nowadays, when the deacon has the cramp I brew him up a good hot jorum of ginger tea. I never mention the word "painkiller" to him.

Whether it is better to be a big toad in a small puddle or a small toad in a big puddle, depends upon how clean the puddle is. —*J. Kirke*



A Wife's Prayer

A little hope, a world of love,
Her husband's love that shall not dim;
A future painted bright by youth,
Of joys and sorrows shared by him.

Her dearest wish, her fondest hope—
To be beloved by him through life,
To place her whole self in his care,
And stand by him through every strife;

His every plan to share with him,
His hopes and aims and failures, too;
To work beside him without light,
Only to know his love rings true.

And when at last they both are old,
Still his fond wife, his friend and nurse
Until the day when both are called,
And each must end his earthly course;

Only to stand beside him then!
Her hand in his, their hearts still one,
Before the judgment throne of God,
Their day's work o'er, life's journey done.

—*Hope Vinton.*

The Picket

By C. D. Robertson

HE WAS rough and unkempt; 'seedy in every line and rag of his garments from his battered hat to his frayed and shapeless trousers; seedy from the long, ragged hair which straggled from under his hat, to his soleless, rusty shoes. The bristling, week-old beard and bedraggled moustache accentuated the haggardness of his face. The strike had been on for a month. A teamster's pay does not permit him to save much, and his clothes were getting old before the strike was called. When the baby died two weeks ago—from insufficient food, the doctor said—the funeral expenses took the last cent. There were four others. His own cheeks were hollow; the little ones must have something to eat whether he was hungry or not. He stuck by the union. Some of the others had gone to work when hunger began to gnaw at their vitals, but as long as he could find anything for the children, he would not turn "scab." He had been well treated by the union, but the strike fund had given out just before the funeral.

During the last fortnight, he had fallen into a way of dating everything from the funeral. An event took place before or after the baby's funeral. How white the little casket was! How the glass in the hearse glittered! No, it was the sunlight glittering through the tears in his eyes.

"No procession of any kind shall be allowed to move with non-union drivers on the boxes." That was the resolution passed last week by the union. Pickets had been named and preparations made to carry out the resolution by force if necessary.

"No procession of any kind." There were six funerals in the city to-day. They must be picketed, sentiment or no sentiment, said the leaders. These rich men must be made to respect the rights of labor. They would win. The non-union drivers were to be prevented from mounting the boxes. When the undertaker agreed to employ union men, (enough were to be ready within easy call for each funeral) the procession was to be allowed to move.

This was the place. There were a few carriages there already. The sun shone on the twinkling spokes of the carriage wheels and the black and silver harness. He was early. The hearse had not come yet. The driver of the hearse was the man he was waiting for. The hearse was not to be allowed to move.

He took his stand across the street, a slouching, forlorn, pathetic figure. The ribbons on the door fluttered in the wind. The curtains were closely drawn; rich, heavy, damask curtains. The shades which screened the windows where his baby had lain were brown holland. One or two persons passed in, closing the door softly. Some more carriages came. He watched almost apathetically. There was nothing for him to do until the hearse appeared. Then—he would stand by the union.

He must be early; there were so few carriages. One driver bungled and scraped his wheels against the curb. The sound grated on the nerves of the man across the street. He was one of the best drivers in the city.

"I'd can that fellow," he muttered.

The sound of wheels down the street caused him to turn. The hearse at last; he will stand by the union. A police court sentence will not be very heavy; the judge is a candidate for re-election and needs the Labor vote. His time for action has come.

The driver was a burly, red-faced, beery fellow, whose black livery and tall, crape-banded hat fitted him badly. He sat awkwardly on the box and his whip-lash was tangled with the reins.

"Scab!" muttered the picket.

He drew himself up from the slouching attitude which had become habitual, pulled his hands from his pockets, adjusted his old hat nervously, and stepped from the curb. The slouch gave place to determination, and the lack-lustre eyes grew sullen and fierce. It was his opportunity and his duty.

The hearse drew up before the door. He stood still in the middle of the street. Mechanically he took off his dilapidated hat and watched while the door opened, and the casket was borne out. He saw the big, red-faced driver clamber clumsily down, tripping in his long coat-skirts and all but falling. How the glass glittered! He could not see clearly, but he discerned the details of the whole familiar picture. It had been before his eyes for two weeks. The background was different, a brown stone front instead of a frame cottage, but the picture was the same; a little white hearse; young men bearing from the door a little white casket; a sad-faced man supporting a weeping, drooping woman following. He gazed almost unseeingly; dimly and blurred, the outlines of house, hearse, and casket showed as if through tears.

The union — the resolution — the driver— He had forgotten them, but the rattle of the harness as the white horses shook their heads recalled his wandering mind. He took one step forward, and realized that what he beheld was actual and not the mental picture that was painted on his memory as upon a canvas. The haggard cheeks turned whiter under the bristly beard and the tears overflowed from the hollow eyes.

"It's white," he whispered.

He stood uncovered in the middle of the street and watched silently while they placed the little casket in the hearse, closed the door and drove away. He stood there long after the sorrowful pageant was out of sight, then turned and plodded away with bowed head.

The Autumn Artists

A nymph call'd to a laughing elf,
As he leapt from star to star,
"Come to my bower, at twelve to-night,
And we will travel far.
Come to my palace in the skies
Like courtier, handsome, bold,
And wear for me your autumn suit,
Of scarlet, green and gold."

The elf with love deep in his eye,
Arrayed himself with care,
And, ere the hour appointed, went
A-flitting through the air;
He met his fair one 'neath a cloud.
Said he: "As I was told,
I put my gayest livery on,
Of scarlet, green and gold."

Quoth she, "We'll paint the trees to-night,
While all the world's asleep;
Then, when it wakes, 'twill wonder how
Three tints can be so deep."
They took a brush and gleefully
From hill to forest stroll'd,
And when the sun arose, the trees
Wore scarlet, green and gold.

—*J. Mebourne Elson.*

SUMMERING IN THE GEORGIAN BAY DISTRICT

A Deep Waterway of the North

The Georgian Bay-Montreal Canal

By James Cooke Mills

FOR the past five years or so Canada has been congratulating herself on an industrial and commercial expansion without parallel in her history, and well it may be with a stream of humanity, two hundred thousand in volume, flowing every year across her borders. And still it is but the beginning. Listen to this. Of the one hundred and seventy million acres of wheat land in the Canadian Northwest, but three per cent. is yet farmed. The opportunities that lie waiting for the husbandman, the manufacturer, the merchandise jobber, and the merchant no one may even estimate. The whole situation spells "opportunity."

But what is the Dominion parliament doing in caring for the greatest problem of transportation? To the Canadian Pacific, the pioneer railway of the northwest, under construction twenty years ago, extending from ocean to ocean and touching the Great Lakes at Port Arthur, the Canadian Soo, and the Detroit river, the government gave $25,000,000 outright; adding 25,000,000 acres of land; and guaranteeing its bonds. The Canadian Northern, coming after, got only a guaranty of its bonds, which then was considered a sufficient subsidy. This line extends from Port Arthur, the Canadian port on Lake Superior, westward through

Winnipeg to Prince Albert, and has pushed on to Edmonton, its present western terminal. A mile a day has been this road's rate of construction for nine years. The Grand Trunk Pacific, now building, has its line east of Winnipeg to the Atlantic in New Brunswick, built by the government, and leases it for fifty years. The Pacific port of both these later roads will be about one hundred miles south of Fort Simpson, in British Columbia.

These railways with their many branches gridiron the vast prairie of rich black soil, only a fraction of which is cultivated, yet the lines even now are overburdened with the heavy traffic. In 1907 95,000,000 bushels of wheat were grown, of which the country elevators stored only 36,000,000 bushels. Great hills of golden grain were left on the ground for weeks on weeks, awaiting shipment. During the year 80,000 range-fed cattle were shipped to Europe. In the Province of Manitoba a million acres of oats were raised. In Winnipeg with a population of 120,000 (now over 150,000) $12,000,000 have been spent on new buildings. The turning of hard wheat into hard dollars is a solid kind of commerce peculiar to the prosperous northwest, and is foreign to the elements of chance.

To accommodate the rapidly increasing traffic the railways are putting forth every effort, and their main lines are operated to their full capacity. Once more the country has outgrown all prophecy. The crops threaten to swamp transportation.

With these conditions confronting the government, the Dominion parliament has again taken up the old problem of a new waterway to connect the upper Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence River. This is known as the Georgian Bay-Ottawa-Montreal Canal, a project which has been under consideration for many years. The history of this important undertaking is of the utmost interest on account of its offering an illimitable future to the lake shipping of the United States. Let us see what it is.

A little more than fifty years ago, long before the first railway was projected, or even thought of, to pierce the wilderness beyond the Great Lakes, parliament had debated the question of a waterway from Georgian Bay to the upper Ottawa River. It is significant that even in those early days in the development of Canada, government officials and far-seeing men realized the ultimate need of the waterway and, with their limited means and knowledge laid the foundation of the enterprise which, when accomplished, will be the greatest canal on the Western continent.

Then the proposition was very different from what it is today. As a first consideration, the ships of those days, sailing on the Great Lakes and plying the St. Lawrence, did not exceed two hundred and fifty feet in length, while most of the fleet of schooners and barges measured from one hundred and sixty to two hundred feet; and when loaded were of nine to twelve feet draft. The rivers and lakes of the north country, in those days, ran at flood for a considerable portion of the navigable season, thus rendering the proposition rather one of clearing out the stream of fallen timber and logs, than one of actual dredging to acquire the moderate depth of water needed.

The divide separating the flow of streams emptying into Georgian Bay and those tributary to the Ottawa, had to be dug through and the cut deepened and a number of dams and locks built; this feature of the undertaking seems to have been of the most concern to the early projectors. Considering the engineering feature, they sent a civil engineer of much note, Mr. Kivas Tully, who afterward was employed by the Ontario Public Works

SALMON TROUT FISHING IN GEORGIAN BAY

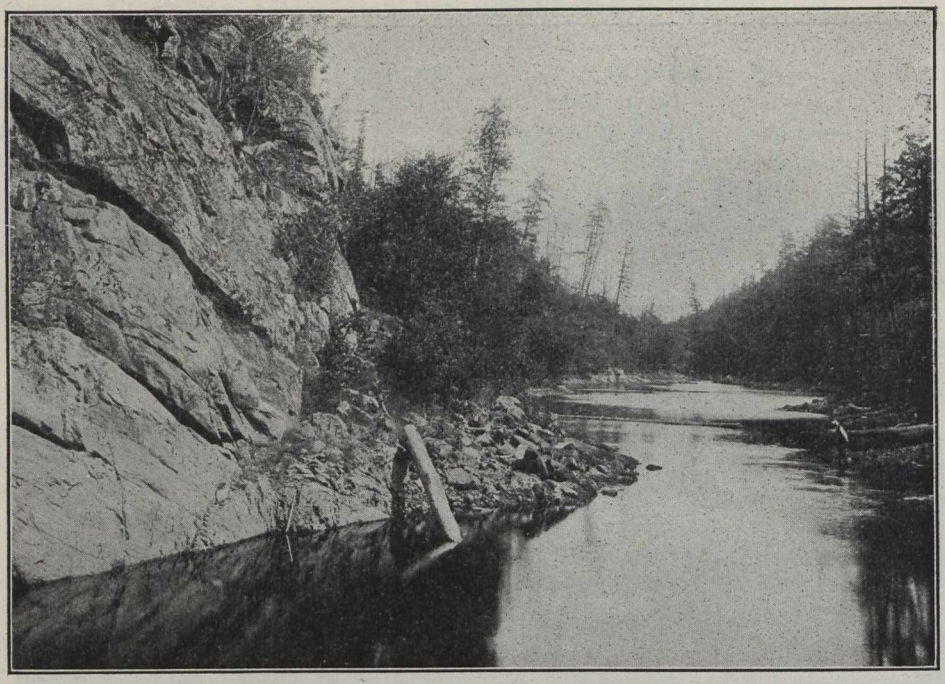
Commission, to go over the route of the canal as planned, and make a preliminary survey. Upon his return the engineer reported the route entirely feasible, and the canal as of great national importance.

With the favorable report before parliament, nothing further was done toward authorizing the construction of the canal, and the matter was allowed to drift through many sessions, but was often under consideration. The absence of an immediate need for the waterway and a lack of funds to carry out the project seem to have been about equally the cause of delaying definite action.

Drifting along for a number of years, we find the project again assuming life in a report presented to the House of Commons in June, 1896. The committee, which consisted of Maj.-General Gascoigne, the commanding officer of the Canadian militia; Marcus Smith, C.E., Ottawa; James Meldrum, London, Eng.; Ormond Higman, chief Dominion electrician, Ottawa; H. K. Wicksteed, C.E., Cobourg, was assisted by S. A. Thompson, of Duluth, who was considered one of the greatest authorities upon the waterways of America. The first paragraph of this report read as follows:

"From an engineering standpoint, those experts who have traversed the proposed route and those who have carefully examined the data supplied them, report that no physical difficulty exists in the construction of such a waterway."

The projectors at this time, fired with enthusiasm by the ringing report of approval, sought a charter from parliament; and proceeded to organize a syndicate, which they termed, The New Dominion Syndicate, Limited. After much discussion a charter was granted the following year, carrying with it the privileges of a



ON THE SEQUIN RIVER, GEORGIAN BAY DISTRICT

$50,000,000 stock issue and $100,000-000 bonding. During the past eight years the company has spent a good deal of money conducting surveys, securing fresh data, and in altering the provisions of its charter.

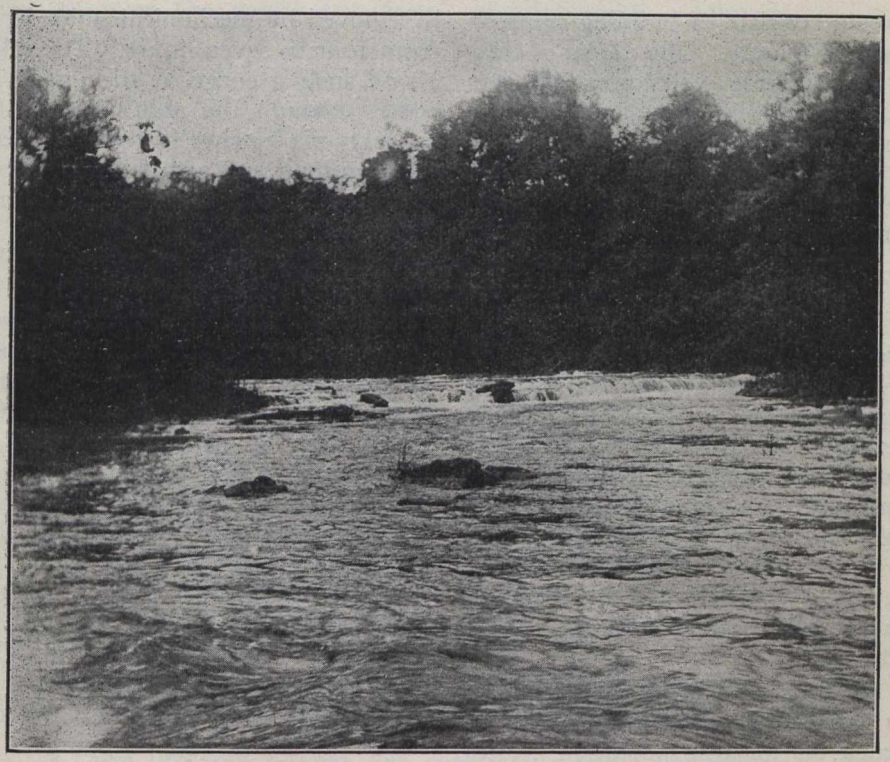
In the history of the undertaking to the present time, we note that Mr. R. W. Perks, M.P., recently stated in Great Britain, that the time had come when the company, having secured a charter in the form which he trusted would enable them to obtain the necessary capital and proceed to the work, would present its detailed plans to the Canadian government, and endeavor to secure its co-operation.

What a revelation seems this seeking of government co-operation. It looks at all events like a solution of the delay in taking up the actual work. The fact is that British capital is so accustomed to government subsidies as to be unwilling, in their absence, to undertake any enterprises of a public nature.

The government has therefore extended its encouragement to the wily projectors, bringing the canal under parliamentary control and regulations; and in Canada this means absolute control, not merely theoretical.

During the summer and fall of 1907 engineers and survey parties were active along the route of the Georgian Bay-Montreal Canal survey, and special reports have been prepared by experts, dealing with the transportation feature of the scheme. W. T. Jennings, C.E., with a large staff of men in his charge, has operated along the French River. His report, covering all details relative to earth formations, strata and so forth, has been submitted in answer to a special request from the Department of Public Works, within whose purview the carrying out of the plan has fallen.

The canal route, from Georgian Bay, lies along the south arm of the delta of French River, passing the town of the same name, and thence stretching



A TURN IN THE FRENCH RIVER

forward to Lake Nipissing; crossing the lake and the divide, it follows the Mattawa River through its course to the Ottawa, which in turn delivers its waters of the St. Lawrence, at Montreal.

Lake Nipissing is east and a little north of the mouths of French River; its level is 634 feet above the sea. The distance by the meandering stream from the lake to deep water in the bay is sixty-five miles, and the fall being fifty-six feet, the clear, cold waters which once raced and tumbled along the swift courses of the lake's tributaries, will flow through a system of canals and locks to Georgian Bay. This section of the canal route presents no problems not solved by well established engineering practice, and the preliminary work to be done is principally in clearing out the river and dredging to a depth of twenty-two feet. Government engineers estimate that $6,000,000 to $7,000,000 will complete this section of the canal; and in two years the towns on Lake Nipissing,—Sturgeon Falls, Beaucage, North Bay and others—will enjoy direct communication with the Great Lakes.

Following the ship course across Lake Nipissing easterly for twenty-three miles, we come to the section which is the canal proper This is the most stupendous part of the undertaking. It requires a cut through the divide and the deepening of a shallow course through Trout Lake into the Mattawa River, and of this stream also to within ten miles of its confluence with the Ottawa, a distance of twenty-nine miles. Below this the Mattawa, too, requires considerable dredging.

The final section is the Ottawa River and in this work the canalization of

the stream consists of building numerous dams and locks. The extent of this work is of course well known to the engineers, but to the layman the excavation of so many hundred thousand cubic yards of earth and stone and the laying of many thousand yards of concrete means but little. He can get some idea, however, from the distances. From the mouth of the Mattawa, for instance, the Ottawa stretches out for one hundred and ten miles to Pembroke, and as much further through its tortuous channel to Ottawa. What deepening of the lower river is required to make it navigable for the huge bulk freighters of the Great Lakes, or the enlargement of the existing canals and locks is not stated. The total cost of the canal is placed at $125,000,000, and eight years will be required for its construction.

A national waterway this will be when completed, international in its influence on all transportation routes of the north and west. The trend of commerce in Canada is east and west, and the opening of the Ottawa route will complete direct and unbroken navigation along the continuation of such a line for 2,000 miles into the heart of the Western continent. Think of what it will be when the 600 ft. freighters load at Port Arthur and Fort William cargoes of nearly 400,000 bushels of grain, and steam direct for European ports, through the Ottawa gateway to the Atlantic. It would only be necessary to recoal at St. Johns. On the return we would see these ships bringing Welsh coal to the eastern provinces, or maybe clear through to the Great Lakes for distribution in the Northwest.

It may not be generally known that the largest coarse freight ships in the world are now to be found on the Great Lakes; and it is a weekly occurrence for ships of this type to unload more than 15,000 net tons of iron ore, at Cleveland or Buffalo. An entire cargo is removed by mechanical unloaders in from four to seven hours. The taking on of such a cargo at the upper lake ports, through the ship's twenty-four to thirty-six hatches is accomplished in from an hour and a half to three hours. Wonderful, indeed, is the traffic on the Great Lakes.

From Port Arthur and Fort William, the twin grain-spouts of the Northwest, the ship steams through Thunder Bay, passing Thunder Cape on the port bow, and on an easterly course passes to the north of Isle Royal where the scenery is exceedingly wild, and picturesque. For twenty-four hours the heavy-laden freighter continues on down Lake Superior, the largest body of fresh water on the globe, and through White Fish Bay to Sault Ste Marie, at the head of St. Mary's river. At the two "Soos," one on the Canadian and one on the American side, are the world-famous locks and canal which float the lake shipping to and from the level of St. Mary's river. The rapids, which empty the waters of the upper lake into the river, here tumble over the rocks in a fall of nineteen feet.

Leaving the "Soo," the ship steams through Hay Lake channel with Sugar Island on the port side for seventeen miles, when a sharp turn to the east brings us into Collingwood Channel. Twisting through tortuous channels so narrow that it seems as if the vessel cannot pass, the course suddenly broadens into Montreal Channel, to the east of St. Joseph Island. Following this course for several hours, we pass to the north of Great Manitoulin Island, known to the Indians as the "Island of the Great Spirit." It is the largest fresh water island in the world, and was formerly considered sacred by all the Indian tribes of this region, it being the home of the "Great Spirit" and a paradise for departed braves. On its western side lie the 30,000 islands of Georgian Bay which are

known all over the world for their picturesque beauty. The little village of Killarney is situated on the mainland at the foot of the Laurentian Mountains, and gives a touch of civilization to the wild, rough scenes for over two hundred miles. In a few hours more we are approaching the delta of French River, and soon we enter the canal, the short cut to the Ottawa.

From Chicago the route lies northward up Lake Michigan, through the Strait of Mackinac, and by Lake Huron to Georgian Bay.

The saving in distances and time of the Ottawa way over the present routes is indeed notable, and must have a large influence on transportation east and west. The distance from Chicago to Montreal by the route in use today, through Lake Erie, the Welland Canal, Lake Ontario, and the St. Lawrence is 1348 miles. Allowing an average rate of travel at twelve miles an hour for open navigation in lakes and rivers and four miles an hour for the canal, and for lockage at the rate of one and a half minutes per foot, the time required is 138 hours. By the Ottawa route the distance is 980 miles and with the same rates of speed, ships will reach Montreal in 102 hours, a saving of a day and a half. From Chicago to New York the difference is still more surprising, the saving amounting to four days over the time taken by the present Erie canal route.

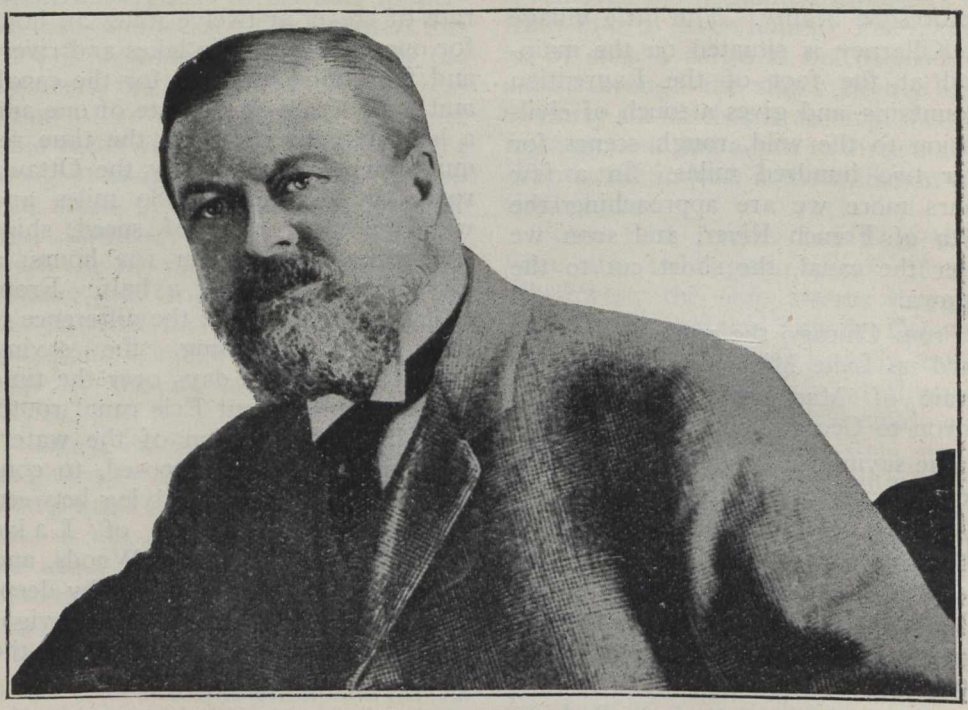
A further extension of the waterways of Canada is proposed, to connect the chain of waters lying between the westerly extremity of Lake Superior, the Lake of the Woods, and Lake Winnipeg, from which, by deepening the Saskatchewan River, navigation would be rendered possible to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains.

LATEST PRESS DESPATCH—*Ottawa, Ont., Sept. 27—In regard to the Georgian Bay canal scheme in which Sir Robert Perks is interested, it is understood that the whole matter will be left in statu quo by the government for at least another year. No legislation looking to the construction of the canal is contemplated until the national transcontinental railway is completed, and that extra drain on the country's finances removed*

Judge Not

If we, for one short hour, might lift the veil
That shrouds our neighbor's life,—if we could see
What forces there contend, what fears assail
To make him what he is—if this could be,
Methinks we should not be so quick to say,
"I would do thus or so—a better way—
If I were he."

—*Minnie E. Hicks.*



Folks Who Count

and Some Who Merely Figure

CHARLES M. HAYS, Railroad President

SOME thirty odd years ago, a young clerk in the offices of the Atlantic & Pacific Railway at St. Louis was plugging away at his desk a few minutes before the noon hour. All around him was bustle and hurry; for one half of the clerks were busy putting away their books, and putting on their coats as a preliminary to going to lunch. Others were looking at their watches or leaving for the wash-room.

Just then Mr. Talmage, the vice president and general manager of the Gould roads, blew in. He looked around at the confusion, and noticed the exception to the general rule. Stepping up to the young man, he enquired the time of day. The young fellow was apparently worrying out some knotty point in his work, and didn't hear him. Talmage put his hand on his shoulder, repeating his question. The clerk looked up, surprised to see the chief at his elbow.

"I beg your pardon, were you speaking to me?" he asked.

"Merely asked the time—that was all," said Talmage.

The clerk glanced up at the clock on the office wall, and said:

"It's eleven fifty."

"Thank you," said the general manager, strolling out.

Almost immediately after this, Talmage happened to want a private secretary and confidential clerk; and having been, as all railroad men are, a diligent reader of the Sunday-School books and "Success" stories for the young, he knew the etiquette suited to the situation. He chose the young man with the aptitude for keeping his nose to the grindstone in defiance of the superior attractions of the fifteen-cent lunch counter. And thus another railroad magnate was started on the high road to a presidency.

That young man was Charles Melville Hays, and he still has his nose to the grindstone. He himself would deprecate the idea of being called a genius, but he is so full of that infinite capacity for taking pains to be on the job at all hours of the day or night, that some of it even spills over to his subordinates on the Grand Trunk.

His hobby is work. He works at the office from morning to night, and when he gets tired and feels as though he needed some recreation, he gives himself up to his favorite relaxation—he piles in and does more work.

The president of the Grand Trunk Railway ought to be an interesting personality—but if anyone approaches Mr. Hays with the idea of gratifying that interest, he is liable to run his head against a brick wall. If you want to talk business with Chas. M. Hays, and your business is sufficiently urgent and important, you can connect with him at almost any hour of the day or night. But if you haven't any business but a natural curiosity, you might as well stay at home.

On business matters Mr. Hays is a veritable A B C code—he can say more in fewer words than anybody else in Canada. But talk about himself—nay, Pauline; not so. The clammiest clam bares its very inmost soul before a scoffing crowd compared with the way Chas. Melville takes the general public into his confidence on personal matters.

He detests publicity with the wholesouled detestation of a man who has but one interest in life,—that of doing his work and seeing that his men do theirs. The earnest seeker after knowledge for journalistic consumption, having marked down Chas. M. Hays as a prolific subject, approaches the G. T. R. offices in Montreal with an assurance born of long years of close and intimate contact with politicians and pugilists, financial and legal lights, parsons, actors, real-estate and railroad men, and "Who's who's" of all kinds—men whose highest dream of bliss is the limelight of a column in a big daily, with a big black headline and a smudge which courtesy dignifies by the name of portrait. He has visions of "Charlie" taking him by the lapel and leading him to a little table; handing him out a big fat cigar, and proceeding to unfold the story of his life. At such and such a stage in the proceedings he will spring a joke on C. M., and his nibs will "Haw, haw," and respond with some rousing anecdotes of his early railroading days—and everything will be lovely from that on. Just as he gets to the point where the President is ordering the Scotch, as a preliminary to telling how he came to leave the Southern Pacific, the earnest seeker enters the outer office in the G. T. R. building—and wakes up. One R. S. Logan waves a wand and disenchants him.

"Nothing doing," says R. S. "Personal items? A few characteristic anecdotes? I'll see what I can do. I'll write you."

He scratches his head for a week, and mails the following:

(From the Strathcona "Plaindealer," June 30th, 1910.)

"When the afternoon train pulled into here from the south yesterday, a quiet-looking man clad in a light summer suit with grey fedora hat and tan shoes, came off unostentatiously with the crowd, and standing alone near the station wall, watched the mad hurry for

the street car. This man was Chas. M. Hays, president of the G.T.P. Railway, who is returning east from attending to railway matters at the Coast. When the crowd had dispersed, President Hays moved along towards the rear end of the train and met the party from his private car. Here a little incident occurred which seemed to afford the railway magnate considerable amusement. A former railway construction contractor from across the line approached Mr. Hays and inquired as to the whereabouts of the G.T.P. President. The man plainly believed in going to headquarters for information about possible work on the grade. Mr. Hays was obliging, if amused. He very affably remarked that the president might have taken a street car for Edmonton. The conversation continued for some time and appeared to give Mr. Hays and his party keen enjoyment. The party of three were in no haste to reach Edmonton and took a walk through the north-west portion of the city before boarding the four o'clock car for the capital, where the president met General Manager Chamberlin, the party going east over the G.T.P. at six in the evening."

Now, when that is the best-and-only personal-interest story that the assistant to the president—the man closest personally to his business life—can supply; when Mr. Hays' genius for retirement can dodge public anecdotage to such an unparalleled extent, one begins to look with scorn on the shrinking violet as a publicity-escaper; comparatively, it shows up like a whole blooming ballet.

There is probably no man of such prominence in the country as Mr. Hays, about whose personality so little is known. He has very few intimates. At the clubs, where other railroad men foregather with the social and business world, he is conspicuous by his absence. He takes no part in public organizations, charitable societies, and so forth, except as a subscriber. His employees know him as a man who knows what can and cannot be done in every office and in every position on the staff of the road. And his shareholders know him as the man who can create bricks without straw—who has created dividends and an efficient railroad out of a deficit and a streak of rust.

The railroad career of Chas. M. Hays commenced in 1873 at St. Louis, where he laid the foundation of that facility for seizing opportunities for promotion, and for pocketing the excess increment those opportunities provided, which has finally landed him in the position of president of what will eventually be the longest and best-built transcontinental railroad in the world. He started as clerk in the passenger department of the old Wabash, and after a year there was promoted to the auditor's office, and later to the general superintendent's office. In 1877 he became secretary to the general manager, then general manager, and after attaining the dignity of general manager of the Wabash system, was elected vice-president in 1894.

In January 1896 he first came to the Grand Trunk Railway, as general manager, on a five years' contract. The road was in a poor state of health, and required drastic medicine. Mr. Hays spent about a year in Montreal and looked the situation over. He came to the conclusion that what the Grand Trunk needed was rails and equipment—and money. He got his own way, as he usually does, and he completely revolutionized the system. He found tradition and precedent—two bad weeds in any business field—choking up the rails along the whole right of way, and his first step was to pull them up by the roots wherever he found them. Old bridges that should long before have been put in the dump were taken down, and modern structures substituted; the road was double-tracked; the roadbeds were brought up to concert pitch; the rolling stock made the very latest and best; slow trains were taken off and flyers put on; and trained and practical men took the place of officials whose one recommendation was the extent of influence they wielded "at home."

In five years five million cold plunks was the amount added to the value of

Grand Trunk stock—one million per annum. Even the shareholders came, slowly and sorrowfully, but surely, to the conclusion that their general manager was earning his $25,000 a year.

Just about then the Southern Pacific needed a president, and for some reason or other (unkind people have been known to hint that it was because the Grand Trunk directorate did not altogether realize that general manager Hays was indispensable) Mr. Hays was available. He took the job, and soon after, E. H. Harriman obtained control of the road. It took just a year to convince Harriman that this president was different from the office-boy presidents he had been used to, and Mr. Hays took a bonus and a vacation, leaving his presidency behind him.

Just about this time the Grand Trunk people had begun to realize that they missed their little Willie, and they begged him to come back, and all would be forgiven. Willie needed some coaxing, but he finally allowed himself to be persuaded and stepped nobly into the breach—as vice-president, in addition to the general manager stunt.

Realizing that he ought to signalize his return by pulling off something out of the ordinary, he came to the conclusion that what the Grand Trunk most needed now was better western connections. So he evolved the North Bay-westward idea. Just about this time, the politicians conceived the notion of another transcontinental road. The politicians and the railroad man got together, and the result was the National Transcontinental and the Grand Trunk Pacific railroads.

To work out this scheme to a practical conclusion in spite of the difficulties and snags every railroad man runs up against when he enters the political field was in itself no mean achievement; but it was in the nature of a two-spot compared with the task of persuading the board of directors in London that because it had never been done was no reason why it shouldn't be started at once. But even this was accomplished —in time—and although Mr. Hays' oratory may not be altogether Bryanesque, this incident proves that it certainly delivers the goods.

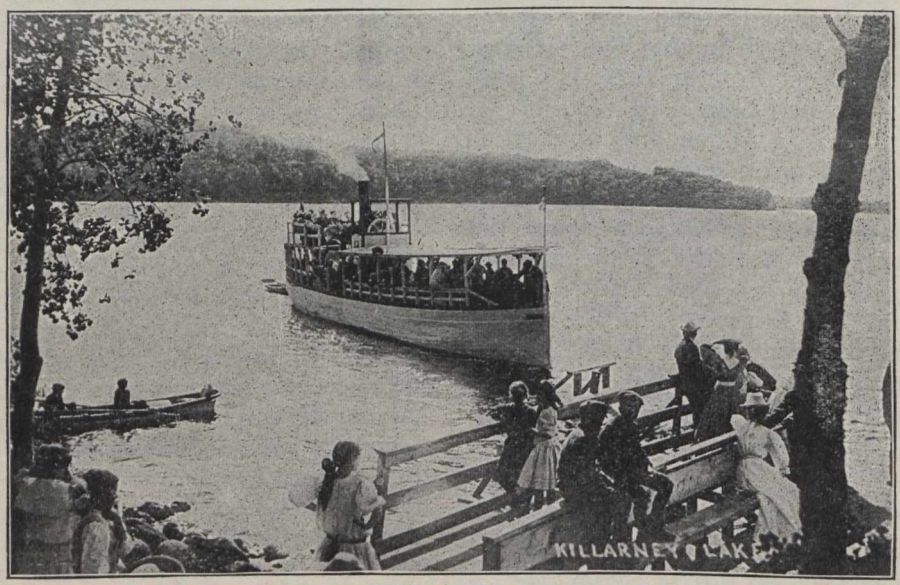
Right here Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson, the president of the Grand Trunk, having made up his mind that this strenuous young man was going to run things his own way whether or no, decided that railroad life on the American plan was too exciting, and abdicated. Seeing that the position was vacant, Mr. Hays just naturally took it. It came easy to him, for he has been taking positions all his life.

Since then he has been busy acquiring or building additions to his pet system. Only a few hundred miles remain to be filled in before the Grand Trunk roads will stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and when that is completed, Mr. Hays will have cut the journey round the world by a week. In addition, the map-makers of Canada will be eligible for the asylum, for it is becoming next to impossible for them to get down to the draughting room in the morning without finding two or three new railway branches, thrown out over the country and totally upsetting the drawings they have made the day before.

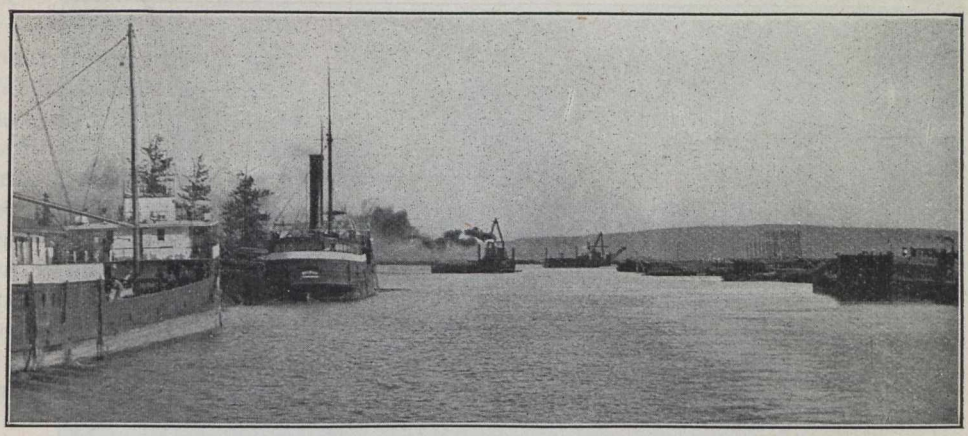
Just one thing is lacking in Mr. Hays to make him a completely satisfactory Grand Trunk president. He has departed from custom and tradition in many ways since the inception of his connection with the Grand Trunk, but in no way more calculated to bring tears of sorrow to the eyes of the old country shareholders than the manner in which he has so far dodged the almost hereditary "Sir" which has been wont to prefix the names of previous presidents. Whether Mr. Hays is too democratic a republican to fancy a handle to his name, or whether he con-

siders it—from a business point of view—as a fictitious asset, of no intrinsic value, and therefore a useless incumbrance, is not quite clear. And Mr. Hays, as usual, refrains from expressing himself.

—*Hay Stead.*



PLEASURE BOAT ON KILLARNEY LAKE



FORT WILLIAM

Little Kodak Journeys in Canada

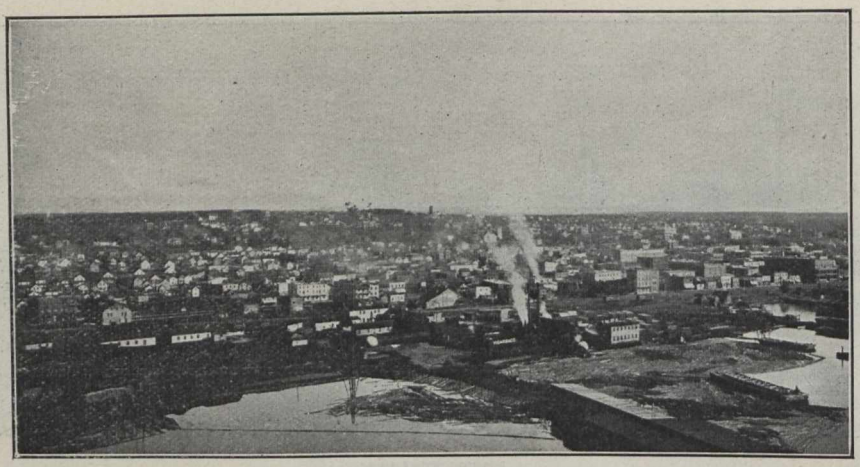
By Gratiot Bale

No. VII.---Fortunate Fort William

"The cities are full of pride,
Challenging each to each—
This from her mountain side;
That from her burthened beach."
—*Kipling.*

TO THE north-east as you enter Fort William's harbor, you will see a long uneven ridge against the sky line, bearing a marked resemblance to a human figure stretched full length. It is "Thunder Cape" projecting out into Lake Superior and Thunder Bay; for many years the Indians have surrounded it with their fanciful legends, and called it Nanna-Bijou or "The Sleeping Giant."

But it was Fort William's original Industrial Commissioner, Herbert W. Baker, who constructed a clever publicity idea out of the name. Upon our arrival at the station in Fort William, a long wooden box upon the platform, awaiting shipment to the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition, was fairly "over run" and "run over" by every urchin who was near enough to take in the show; big men and curiously inclined daughters of Mother Eve drew cautiously near, to discover that the box was about fourteen feet long and four feet wide, bound with heavy iron bands, and the lid held down with three massive padlocks. Enough to excite the most morbidly curious, but, for the salvation of such, one side was printed with big black letters, so that all could see: "This box does NOT contain "The Sleeping Giant of Thunder Bay" but giant pictures of the "Young Giant" of the Great Lakes, Fort William, Ont., who is *not asleep* but very much awake. Through his left hand



PORT ARTHUR

pulsates the prosperity of the Canadian prairies, while his right hand is extended to Eastern Canada and the world." I was at the Winnipeg Exposition afterward and saw the artistic display made with the wonderful examples of photography that were used to show Fort William as it really is, with its docks, elevators, railroads and scenery.

From Winnipeg to Fort William over the Canadian Pacific Railway it is more than four hundred miles. You pass over a wild lot of scenery, rugged and intensely picturesque and interesting. Immense rocks and cliffs of granite formation surround little gems of lakes, with green trees and vines giving color and life to the picture. The only towns you remember on the way are Kenora and Keewatin. The Lake of the Woods separates them by a narrow inlet. To a dusty traveller on the hot and stuffy train, the cottages and camps on the lake front were attractive, and the water was covered with gay parties in launches and sail boats. The typical Indian canoe shot in and out among bunches of green trees that grew in little islands near the water's edge.

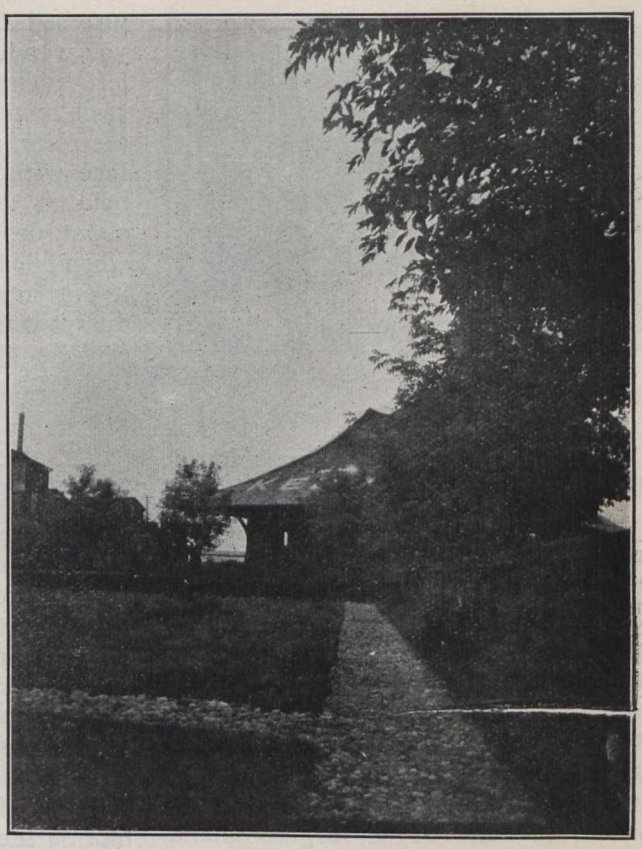
The Lake of the Woods is the largest and most important body of water on the main line from Lake Superior to the Pacific Coast. At Keewatin, the Lake of the Woods Milling Company have one of the best equipped flour mills in Canada. From Kenora to Fort William, it is a succession of timber, brush, lakes, rivers and muskegs —some of it valuable land for lumbering and mines.

If Winnipeg, is the "Golden Buckle of the Wheat Belt," the twin cities on Thunder Bay, at the head of the Great Lakes, are assuredly the outlet for the product of that zone. They are double swinging gateways, opening for the West to transport her produce to the East, and in turn, bringing into the West the products of the Eastern markets.

Years ago, before either Fort William or Port Arthur had begun to show what great possibilities they contained, Lord Lorne, then Governor-General of Canada, gave the Thunder Bay District the title of "The Silver Gateway of the Northwest." As you enter the Harbor from Lake Superior, (that great "hidden sea" of Indian lore,—) its application is certainly a good one. Before you is the bay, lying between its guarded coast line, forming an entrance similar to a gate or portal. It is not a small one; it is large and generous, as it would have to be to admit the monstrous ships that sail into

the open door. The harbors of the two cities lie about four miles apart, and over their thresholds pass all the freight and traffic that enter the Prairie Provinces from the East and over the seas, to be carried into the West by one of the three great railroads that have their terminals in Fort William and Port Arthur.

All the surge and multitude of emigrants from the older provinces and the far lands beyond the seas, pass through the Cities by the Lake, out to new homes in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta —many immigrants going farther to the west, in British Columbia. Every product of the West that goes to Eastern Canada and England must pass out of these cities, and either by steamship or railroad find its eastern market.



STATION AT KENORA

All along the docks are the elevators that receive and store the wheat crop of "The Belt." They rise on all sides like New York skyscrapers, and are Mt. McKay's only rival on the horizon.

The western terminals of the C.P.R. and G.T.P. are in Fort William and the long yards of tracks, full of cars; the roundhouses and freight sheds, all indicate the immense amount of business that passes over them.

On the Mission River are the buildings of the old Indian Schools, founded years ago by the French Jesuit "Black Robes" from Quebec. For many years they were the most important Catholic Schools in the west, but they are now owned by the G.T.P. for offices and storage buildings. The church has been removed, but on the spot where it stood, a large cross has been placed, telling the passer-by that it was once a sacred spot, and holy ground. Just beyond the old Mission house is the

CAMPERS AT LAKE OF THE WOODS

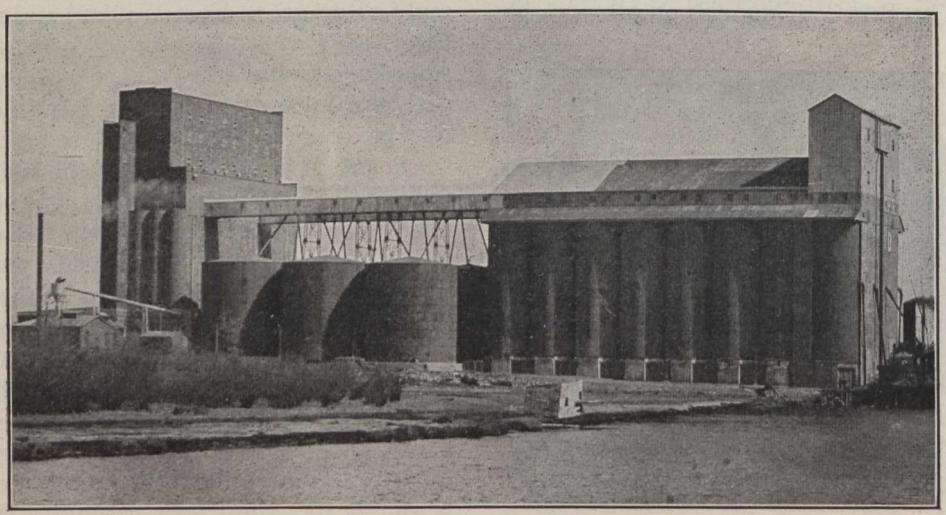
MT. MCKAY

G.T.P. Elevator; this being without dispute the largest one in the world.

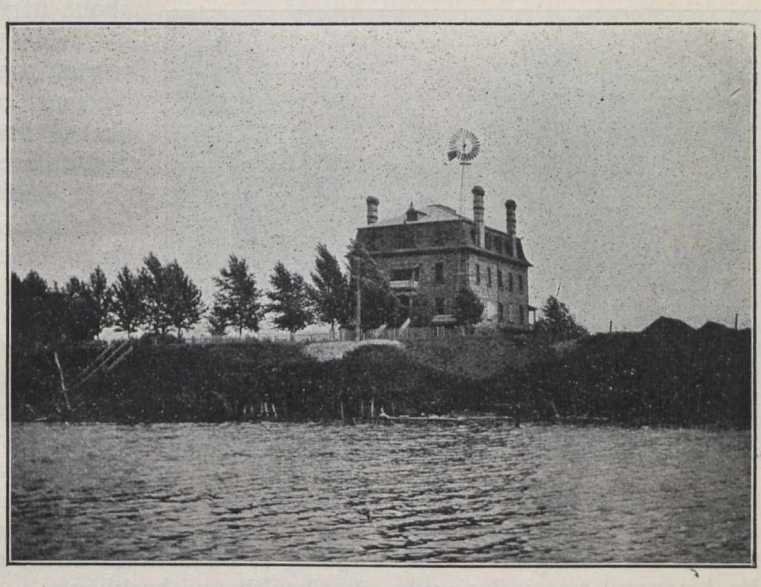
At the present time the harbor is a most unique one. It is so situated that it has absolute protection from storms and tidal waves, and is twenty miles in length. Often forty to fifty boats are in port at the same time. The Kaministiqua River, with its three mouths emptying into the Bay, forms this wonderful port, and after the work now under way by the Government, is completed, it will be the largest inland harbor in the world. The great dredge boats are daily enlarging the mouths of the McKellar, Mission and Kaministiqua rivers, and after you have watched the operations for an hour, you wonder if there will be any bottom left. The gigantic derrick opens its steel mouth, sinks into the depths of the river, and slowly comes to the surface with sixteen tons of mud safely held in its grasp. It slowly swings about, deposits its load on a scow, and when filled, a saucy little tug-boat takes it out into the deep lake waters and dumps it for keeps. Imagine this "mud elevating" act being repeated 400 times each day, and you have a conception of the work accomplished by the Great Lakes Dredging Co.

Along the north bank of the "Kam" river, are the longest and largest coal docks in the world. They belong to the C.P.R., and surely the landscape is not made more beautiful by this long black pile; but the Fort William coal consumer grins a beaming grin, when he figures his coal bill, and finds that he pays $4.00 less per ton than his friends in the west are compelled to give for the same necessity; so, thrifty "Williamites" do not object to the unsightly blot on their river front.

But, on the river bank, I saw a picture that was not a blot on the landscape—a field full of clover, buttercups and daisies, and from their mass of



C. P. R. ELEVATOR ON MISSION RIVER



OLD MISSION

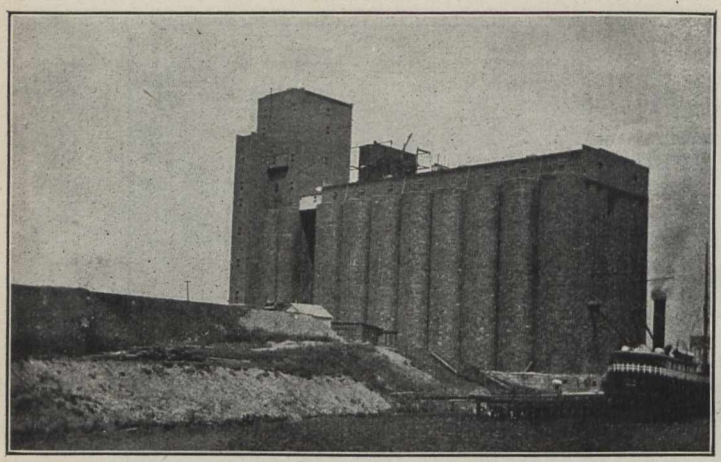
bloom the face of a little "Williamite" looked up with a bewitching smile; while her sister trudged along with a basketful of gathered blossoms.

Down between the mouths of the rivers are two wooded islands; they are called No. 1 and No. 2, and the first thought upon seeing their position and natural ornamentation, is "what a place for a park!" Nature designed it for a beauty spot, but alas! Fort William is advertising for factories and manufacturing plants, not for landscape artists.

The place impresses you with its commercial spirit from its dock to its limits. In the heart of the city, the only attempt I noticed to beautify it was a well kept garden and lawn about the City Hall. They have fine churches and schools, excellent and up-to-date shops, and some very massive brick homes; but I would remark on their size and architecture, rather than the grounds about them. They are so keenly alive to the progress of the young city, its growth and rapid development that they really do not resent your saying "Fort William is not beautiful," if they know you fully realize its importance as a centre of transportation and distribution, and if they have impressed upon your mind that it has "more business in one day than Port Arthur has in a week."

The rivalry existing between the two places is keen and sometimes not really brotherly. Port Arthur is three miles away, connected with Fort William by a fine interurban line. It is younger by many years than the Fort, and its growth and importance has made "old William" sit up and take notice of "young Arthur."

Down to the south-east, as if standing sentinel over the Kaministiqua river, is a mountain that both cities claim as their especial property, belonging to the rugged, uneven land that edges the coast. West Fort William spreads itself along the north bank of the river, and the G.T.P. and C.P.R. tracks form a net-work to the water's edge. The G. T. bridge crosses the river at the foot of Mt. McKay, which rises almost 2,000 feet above the level of the river. Three hundred and eighty feet up the side of it, Loch Lomond



G. T. P. ELEVATOR

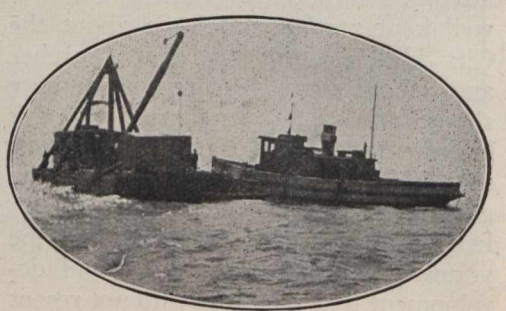
lies glittering in the sunlight—a lake twelve miles long and two miles wide with an inexhaustable supply of soft water, which is piped to Fort William, eight miles away, giving them city water, that is unequalled this side the mountains.

The lake region is a resort for the sportsman, both hunting and fishing being there in great abundance. Moose and deer often come down the mountain side, and wander on the confines of civilization with apparently no fear of their destruction; till a loud shriek from the whistle of a passing boat sends them scurrying up the mountain, as if chased by demons.

Several miles up the river, is Kakabeka Falls, that supply the "power" for the city. If only more accessible, they would be a great resort, for they are beautiful and equal anything in the western mountains.

The Indian reservation is along the base of Mt. McKay, on the south side of the river. Originally it included the mountain and a large tract of land, but the Indians are selling it to the white man, and it will not be many years before their homes are scattered, and their stamping ground, part of modern civilization. Their village nestles at the foot of the mountain. There are about fifty log cabins, which bear little resemblance to the "Tepee" of the Crees and Sioux. Some are on the river bank, with a little plot of garden about them. One home had a modern go-cart in front of its door and a young Ojibway mother proudly displayed her papoose, uncomfortably propped up on the seat; she intended her offspring to be civilized at the expense of his health and backbone.

It does not take you long to begin to people the old landmarks with the turbulent Indians and *Voyageurs* of years ago; for, like all the new places in the West, the pioneer history dates back not years, but centuries. Only since 1892 has Fort William been incorporated as a town, and now it is the metropolis of North-western Ontario. The French were the first to plant the site of Fort William. In 1669 De Lhut built a trading post, calling it Fort Kaministiqua. Later, the Hudson's Bay had a post, and the Fort was the headquarters for the Northwest Fur Company, when most deadly hatred existed between them and their rivals, the Hudson Bay Company. During some of their warfare, the original



DREDGING BOAT

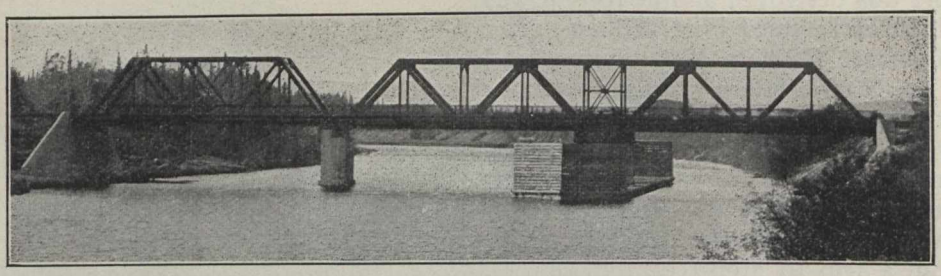
Fort was destroyed and in 1805 it was rebuilt and named Fort William, after Honorable William McGillivray, head of the Nor'-Westers. When it was the headquarters for the "Nor'-Westers," it was the scene of many wild gatherings. One has gone into the history of the west as a tragedy—and victory.

In 1813 Lord Selkirk was returning from a trip to Montreal and Quebec. He had left his brave struggling Red River colony, almost on the verge of despair and famine but away in the east he had heard of the troops from the Old Land that had been paid to assist Canada in the war of 1812, and they were now ready to come and fight the Indians in the West. He at once set forth on a long voyage to bring them to the Red River as protection for his colonists, and after they had passed the Sault Ste. Marie, came the awful news of the disaster and battle of "Seven Oaks"; and that his colony with their Governor was massacred and destroyed by the hands of the Indians, Metis and Nor'-Westers.

Filled with horror and indignation, he made his way to their rendezvous at Fort William, and found them gaily and drunkenly celebrating the defeat of the "Red River Pork-eaters," when 134 settlers,—men, women and children—had been killed. It was a motley gathering of women, soldiers, voyageurs and Indians; brandy and rum, with wild meats were on the banquet board. Right inside the Hudson's Bay fort they held their fearful revel. In the midst of it, when not one sober man was on his feet, the Earl with his fine band of soldiers, (consisting of parts of the De Muron and Wattville regiments,) took them unawares, and so completely were they awed by the appearance of the uniforms and bayonets that they yielded without resistance.

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES

In the "Romance of the Empire" is the following description of their subjugation:



G. T. P. BRIDGE ON KAMINISTIQUA RIVER

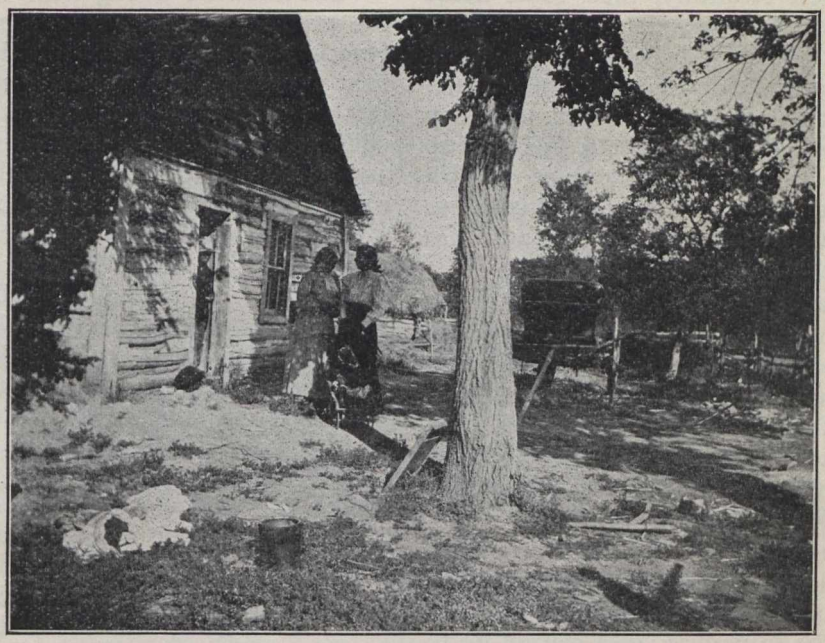
"Fort William and the Nor'-Westers, together with about two hundred French Canadians and half-breeds, and sixty or seventy Iroquois Indians in and about the fort, had been captured by Lord Selkirk. He had become possessed, to use his own words, "of a fort which had served, the last of any in the British dominions, as an asylum for banditti and murderers, and the receptacle for their plunder; a fort which nothing less than the express and special licence of his Majesty could authorize subjects to hold; a fort which had served as the capital and seat of government to the traitorously assumed sovereignity of the North-West; a fort whose possession could have enabled the North-West Company to have kept back all evidence of their crimes."

The heads of the evil-doing were summoned to stand their trial in the east. But the Nor'-Westers were bitter against the Earl who had dared to plant a colony in the midst of their hunting grounds.

"That canting rascal and hypocritical villain, Lord Selkirk, has got possession of our post at Fort William," wrote one of the aggrieved partners. "Well, we will have him out of that fort," he pursued amiably, "as the Hudson's Bay knaves shall be cleared, bag and baggage, out of the North-West."

But although no man was destined to see this part of their prophecy fulfilled, yet Lord Selkirk a few weeks later evacuated Fort William. No sooner had the Earl and his forces left this great post than the sheriff of Upper

LOCH LOMOND



A MODERN INDIAN HOME

Canada arrived, took possession of the fort and the Nor'-Westers, and restored it to its original owners.

But it is the Indian that gives the atmosphere of romance to the Lake regions. The mountains, capes, islands and bays all have their own legends. The one told of the little Chapel on the first ledge of Mt. McKay seems most fitting to carry away as one leaves Fort William and its stately guardian behind.

As all good legends start with "Years ago," we begin this narrative in the orthodox manner: "Years ago, a famine had devastated the land, and winter found the natives ill and desolate. At the foot of the mountain lived an Indian, named Nuska, with a beautiful daughter, Min-o-kee-gee." In "The Keeper of the Gate" a collection of Indian tales and legends, by Miss Stafford, I find this story so well told that I give it in her own language, as she has often heard it from the Indians themselves:

"Nuska had been ill. They said it was the famine fever. He would come home with his hunting bag empty, and then sit in the wigwam, silent and moody, until the younger children were afraid of him. Min-o-kee-gee had tried to snare birds and do what she could for her family until one day her father's brother, Quabeet, named because of his likeness to a beaver, came to the wigwam and said: 'Rise up Nuska, and go to the woods and hunt.'

"The Indian rose up and said, handing his brother a tomahawk: 'Here, kill me or I will kill you if you do not,' and the glare in his eyes showed that he meant what he said. It was but the work of a moment for Quabeet to draw the ax and a blow upon the head soon ended the sufferings of Nuska. He was carried out and laid upon a tree in the forest.

"The family went on snaring and trapping what they could catch of the hungry animals. Not long afterwards it was seen that Quabeet would visit

the forest stealthily, then come home moody and silent. It was the custom of the Ojibway tribe if the husband died that the eldest brother was expected to take care of the family, and they now looked to Quabeet to help them. Finally the famine became so terrible that the children would beg Quabeet to go hunt, and for answer he said: 'Go eat of the beast in the forest.'

"That evening they followed him and saw that the body of their father had been taken out of the tree and parts had been cut away. A fire had been kindled and buttons off the clothing lay upon the ground. The Chief believed that Quabeet had eaten his brother and become crazy.

"The next day, Quabeet came to Min-o-kee-gee and said: 'You saw me kill your father, and now you must kill me in the same way, or I cannot go to the happy hunting ground.' She had heard the conversation between her father and his brother which ended in her father's life being taken, and she accepted it as her right.

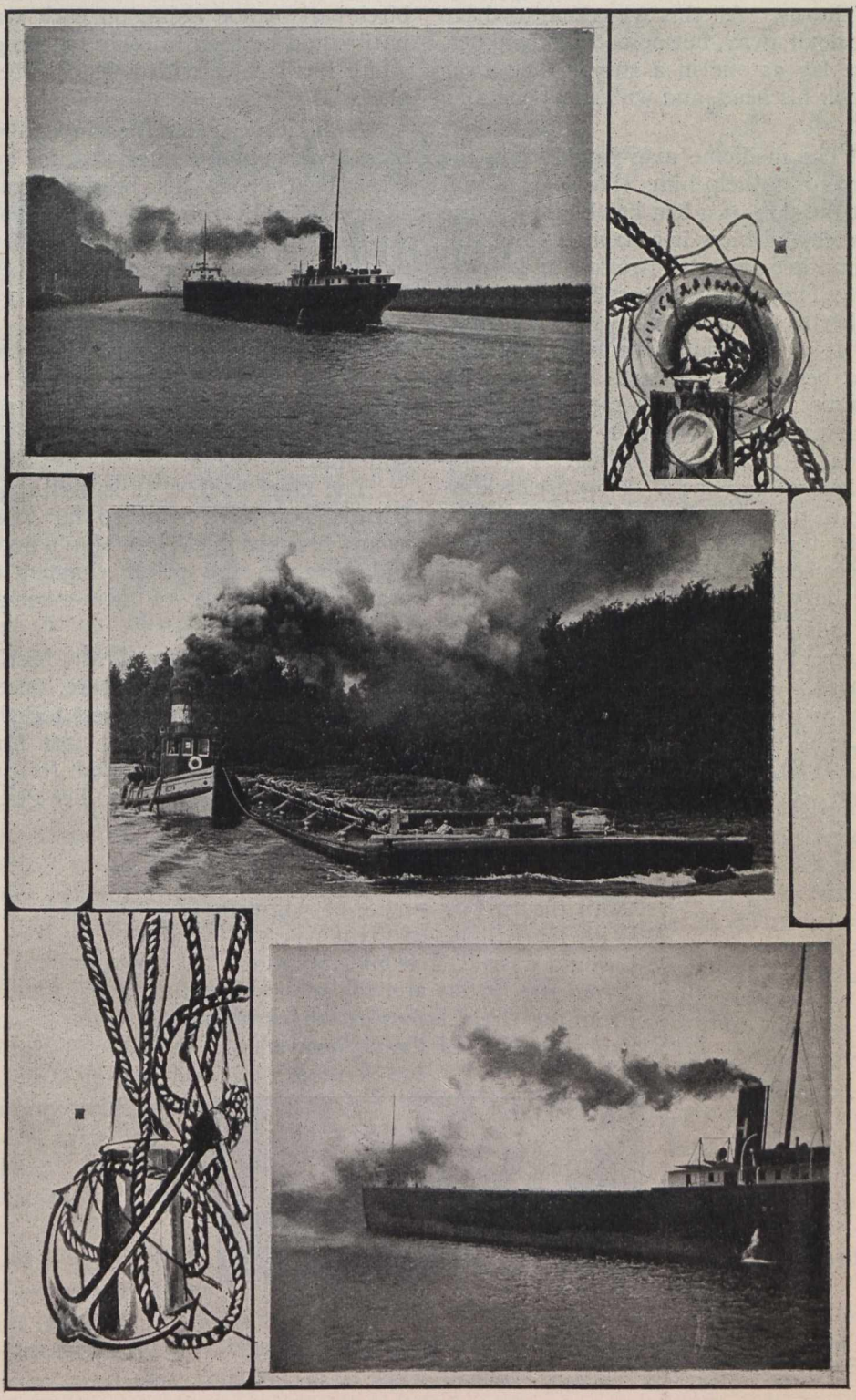
KAKABEKA FALLS

"She knew no wrong when she took the ax and gave him one strong blow, severing his head from his body. The next morning there was nothing to eat in the house and her mother and the children were still asleep. She did not awake them. She grasped the fatal ax and started for the head of the lake. Here the forest was roofed with ice and snow hung on all the branches. She strapped her snowshoes on tighter and sprang over the treacherous ice. As she paused to listen she could hear the howling of wolves and the waving of the great pine trees. She chose a spot upon the ice she thought was thinner than any she had passed over. Then she halted, and wielding the ax with her young strong arms until, joy! water could be seen. It was but the work of a moment for the girl to pull down her legging and cut a slice from the calf of her leg. She felt no pain, this was something that had to be done, and there was no murmur came from her lips as she caught the bleeding piece of flesh to the hook and trolled it down into the icy waters. Ah! a tug upon the line, and she pulled a big fish out of the water, soon another and another lay quivering upon the snow. With her arms filled, and almost fainting she arrived home and laid them down at the feet of the starving children.

"Then she turned. Her lover stood beside her. He had been away with the young men of the tribe on a hunt. She knew by the look of his face he had seen the bodies of her father and her uncle in the forest and her voice was almost a whisper as she said: 'I killed him as he killed my father.'

" 'Oh, mighty Manitou,' he screamed, 'I will not marry you; you would kill me.' And he fled through the forest.

"She sank to the ground with loss of blood. A medicine man was brought who gave her a magic drink. The tribe came and beat their drums and



shook their rattles, chanted singly and in chorus. All this was done to drive the devil away, but none could help her. She lay as one in a stupor; her lover shook his head, and walked as one afar off.

"The medicine man called upon the serpents to help him. He said: 'I will get the skin of a hen-hawk and a white beaver and blow her strong.' But still Min-o-kee-gee grew weaker and weaker. They all whispered and looked at her as if she was a mysterious being.

"It came spring time and the woods had begun to bud and blossom with beauty as Min-o-kee-gee lay in the doorway of the wigwam. One day she said: 'I can see something. I see my father and my uncle. They are beckoning to me. At the mouth of the river near the Sleeping Giant,' she said, 'there seems to be somebody coming in the hazy distance.'

"Something loomed high upon the water, floating and flying, it came nearer. Min-o-kee-gee shaded her eyes with her thin brown hand. Was it the White Goose, *Wawa* or the Heron, *Shuhga,* with the water flashing from its feathers, or the Pelican, *Shada?* It was none of these, but a birch-bark canoe rising on each wave until could be seen in early morning a white faced chief with a black robe, a priest of Christ.

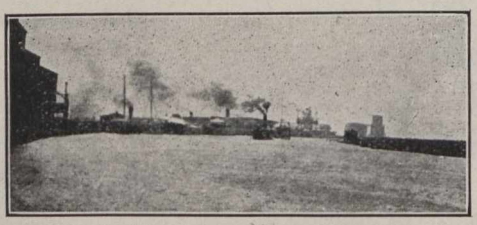
"As he leaped from the canoe all the tribe knelt in prayer, and with the gold cross held above his head he said: 'Peace be with you and your people.' As the tribe gathered around to listen to the words of the priest, he gave to Min-o-kee-gee the message of the gospel of peace and forgiveness.

"Min-o-kee-gee lay with the cross upon her breast, whispering: 'I am going to my people; listen to the truth he tells, for the Master of Life has sent him.'

"The chief said: 'It is well. Oh, friends, you have come so far to see us and brought the White Man's Book,' and here, as the priest chanted the prayer, the spirit of Min-o-kee-gee fled.

"High upon the top of Mt. McKay was built a chapel, and there, once a year, the different tribes meet together and pray to the mighty Manitou for a blessing upon the crops and forgiveness for the sins of Min-o-kee-gee."

"Should you ask me whence these stories,
Whence these legends and traditions,
With the curling smoke of wigwams
With the rushing of great rivers.
I would answer, I would tell you:
'From the forests and the prairies
From the Great Lakes of the Northland
From the land of the Ojibways.' "



BOATS IN DOCK

EDITOR'S NOTE—*Next month the series of "Kodak Journeys" will conclude with a description of Port Arthur.*

Books---How They Hit Us

"Janey Canuck in the West"

THERE blew into camp the other day an attractive volume, carrying the above title-brand. The creator of *"Janey Canuck,"* as everybody knows, is "Emily Ferguson," which, also as everybody knows or ought to, is the disguise of Mrs. Arthur Murphy, who now resides at Edmonton.

Mrs. Murphy says she chose a nom-de-plume because she was a sky-pilot's wife and was afraid of the Bishop; being a preacher's son ourselves, we sure are quite willing to let it pass in this instance, though ordinarily we haven't much use for the author who hides behind an alias unless his name is John Smith or Bill Brown.

Well, anyway, this is the third Janey Canuck book and we rise to remark that it can stand right up alongside *"Janey Canuck At Home"* or *"Janey Canuck Abroad"* and join freely in the singing without feeling at all out of place. Anybody who has not yet met "Janey" in the West will have a very pleasant evening to spend with her and the "Padre."

For "Janey" is jolly, joyous—a cheery person of delicious whimsy, wit and wisdom. The trails she travels wind to many a funny incident—to many a choice thought and word picture. She has obeyed the scriptural injunction concerning those that have eyes to see and ears to hear and the result is many an interesting bit of information, well worth the gleaning.

The charm of the book is the spontaneity and hob-nob of its comradeship. You are right there with "Janey," seeing what she sees, feeling what she feels, smiling with her and (if you're a man) perhaps at her once in awhile—just as you'd smile at any person so delightfully feminine. It is like jogging along an unknown trail which winds at random through the country with the lure of new interest lurking just around the next turn, hidden in the bluffs. Whether sitting at a fireside, listening to a tale of pioneer days; whether it is a homily on the beauty of a pig or the sting of a mosquito; whether it is "Dirty" Dodson or "Anna" the Swede housemaid at whom you are smiling; or a Dukhobor household, or the trial by fleas, or any of the hundred other things that entertain you—Janey herself is there to drink it all in with you, to condemn or laud, to make excuses or help you cuss! (Quite *sotto voce,* of course, and entirely on the Q. T., woman fashion, —most justifiably withal.)

We imagine it would be great to go off on an exploration jaunt with this same "Janey" and the "Padre" for

company. We have a "hunch" that we'd have a mighty good time and see more than mosquitos and muskegs and thoroughly enjoy the sandwiches in the basket.

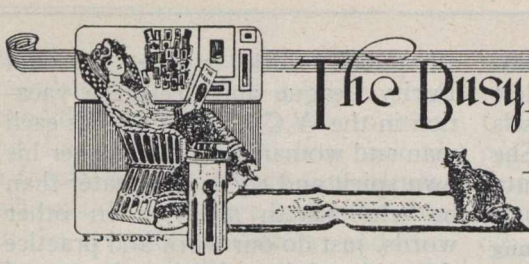
Our sombrero to Janey and the best of good luck.

"Janey Canuck in the West"—Cassell & Co. Ltd., Toronto. $1.50

"At Molokai"

We are in receipt of a neat little collection of verse by Robert J. Shores, entitled *"At Molokai."* The volume also contains *"The Rubaiyat of The Flat Dwellers,"* the humorous nature of which is indicated by the title.

Mr. Shores is the editor of *"The Idler,"* a monthly magazinette of ideas for idle people, which is very fresh and interesting. It is "published and perpetrated" at East Orange, N.J.



The Busy Woman's Easy Chair.

Edited by Emma P. Dale

A Thought for Canada's Thanksgiving Day

"There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
In the midnight black or the midday blue:
The robin pipes when the sun is here,
And the cricket chirrups the whole night through;
The buds may blow and the fruit may grow,
And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sere
But whether the sun or the rain or the snow,
There is ever a *song* somewhere, my dear."

—*Riley.*

Florence Nightingale

It seems to me that her name is the most musical one any woman of passing generations has borne. You cannot even thoughtlessly speak it, but it suggests her character. Florence—full of life and blooming. Nightingale—melody, harmony and gentleness. Such a combination of gifts and characteristics made up the life of this great soul, who left the earthly life a few days ago. To the world it makes but little difference, whether she is still living in her English home, a beautiful, thoughtful, kindly old lady, or whether she has passed into the beyond, away from human sight, for Florence Nightingale is immortal. Her work and life will never die. Generation after generation will benefit from her deeds and achievements. The world and humanity has been made better by her life, her thought, her influence. This year, on the 14th of May, when his own grief was so recent, and a nation's sorrow was surrounding him, King George sent to her a telegram of congratulation and good wishes on her 91st birthday, showing his regard for the "Angel of the Crimea," in the kindly expression of his message.

During the Crimean war, a dinner was given where the guests were all officers. Each one was requested to write on a slip of paper the name of the person whose services during the war, would be longest remembered. It was not strange that the name of the nurse, Florence Nightingale, was on every slip.

In England a few years ago, a popular girls' paper took a vote on who was the most beloved heroine of modern times. There were fourteen names given, and the preference was for Florence Nightingale out of three hundred thousand votes taken.

At the close of the Crimean War and upon her return to England, she gave the Testimonial Fund of £50,000 (which was a gift to her from the people) for the founding of the Nightingale Home and training school for nurses, in connection

with St. Thomas Hospital in London, and it is there that her modest statute stands clothed in a nurse's garb and holding a tiny lamp. She is so described in Longfellow's Santa Filomena:

"On England's annals through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song
That light, its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land
A noble type of good
Heroic womanhood.

Reformer Reform Yourself

"The Fra" often gives us food for our reflection. The following should cause us to wonder if there is not much for the ardent reformer to do—for himself—as well as for others:

"Out in the seething world women occasionally walk off the dock in the darkness. Society jigs and ambles by with a coil of rope, but before throwing it, demands of the drowning one a certificate of character from her Pastor, or a letter of recommendation from her Sunday School Superintendent, or a testimonial from a School Principal.

"Not being able to produce the document the struggler is left to go down to her death in the damp.

"I think I'll start a crusade for the reformation of reformers, I am fully persuaded that our besetting sin, as a people, is neither intemperance nor grafting, but plain pretense. We are not frank and honest with ourselves nor with each other. The disposition to cheapen and adulterate and get the start of our fellows by Number Six Bluff and Gruff is the universal habit of Church and State. We are copper cents trying to pay for half dollars.

"My suggestion is that for a whole year we let the heathen rest, resign all public work in the Personal Purity League and declare a vacation in the W.C.T.U. Then let each man and woman set a guard over his own spirit and try to be greater than he who taketh a city. In other words, just do our work and practice the old, plain, simple virtues of gentleness, charity and honesty, doing unto others as we would be done by. By this method we should not have to talk so much and do so much, and so could think and rest and dream and love. I'm sure it would be better for our nerves that are getting outside of our clothes—and possibly just as well for the heathen and drunkard. Stop this violent running to and fro and be simple and honest—only for a year! And then possibly at the end of that time we could sit in the presence of each other and be silent without being uncomfortable.

"Let us try being gentle in our judgments—just kind—and see if we can't reform more wrongs than by going after folks who have made mistakes, with come-alongs and the loud ballyhoo and a brass-plated bazoo. Let us be kind—something the world has really never tried."

American "Palatines!"

The searching after lineage and groping back in musty old records for an ancestor with a title, is the latest "stunt," some of "The Snobs of America" are undertaking. It does not matter much if the ancestor was a manly man, if it can be proven that he was a *"gentleman"*—a Cavalier!—that is the one necessary record to place his descendants upon the high and aristocratic ladder of democratic America's "New Aristocracy." "To be a Palatine, one has to be a lineal descendant of a Cavalier who settled in America prior to 1650, and who

has a son, or grandson, or himself a member of the British nobility. The candidate must be also able to trace his lineage in a direct line back to a forefather of Cavalier antecedents, who was a personage of importance in the seventeenth century, and also to one of similar status in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries."

Titles, and gay and highly embellished coats of arms are not always a credit. There are many noblemen on this side of the water who can testify that they are happier with their rightful title hidden from the world, their coats of arms forgotten and dust covered, than they were when striving to live up to a line of dead and useless ancestors. A clergyman in the United States has prepared an exclusive ist of American leaders in social life. True, he has excluded the names of some of the great Americans, who can not find a Cavalier hanging on their family tree (some of them did hang; but they were aristocratically executed), but as a matter to be noted, many of the names in his authorized version, appear frequently in most exciting and interesting yellow yellow journalist escapades, and divorce cases.

Every American should be proud of his ancestry, (which is more often Dutch, German, French, Irish, Scotch, Swedish or Norwegian, than it is English.) Some of the most prominent Americans can trace their lineage to the nobility and aristocracy of others nations than England. It makes one laugh to think of an Amercian snob endeavoring to create an exclusive aristocracy in a Republic, where "all men are born free and equal," and the sons of a Jewish street vendor of shoe strings may become the greatest power of the financial and social world; may become governors and senators—yes even might be the President of the United States. In the great "melting pot" of the nations of the earth, that an aristocracy with ancestors from one nation should dominate all others is absurd, and emanates from such narrow minds that it can have a following only of its own kind.

England's New Queen

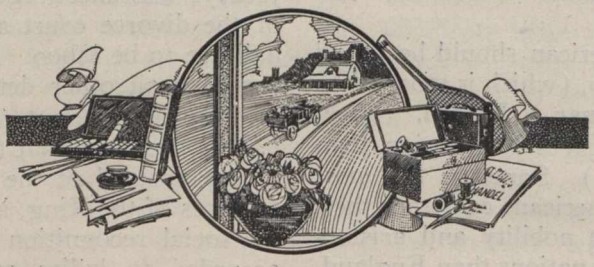
Queen Mary seems to be a most seriously inclined woman and it is predicted the court of George V will even exceed the decorum of Victoria's reign. In *Current Literature* the following opinion is given of her character:

"The revolution at the court of St. James's has, in truth, already begun and many of the flippant peeresses who ornamented the last reign have gone into obscuration. Fashions, it is announced, are to be serious and sober. Presentations at court will henceforth entail much elimination of ladies with a past. Religion will again become important. Manners well cease to be free and easy. Bishops will be more in evidence and jockeys less encouraged. Heroines of the divorce court and the music hall are to be taboo. More important than all other details combined is the evident fact, as the Paris *Figaro* deems it, that the will of the Queen, instead of the personal preferences of the King, is to determine the social recognition and standing accorded to ladies and gentlemen making up what is called society. Smartness has lost the importance it had while Edward reigned, and impeccable respectability has attained a value it seemed altogether to have lost while the late sovereign held sway. Birth and blood are not to be disregarded, but they are to

count only when reinforced by virtue of the domestic description."

The Queen is strict in her attendance upon divine service and equally strict in impressing their religious duties upon the members of her immediate family circle. During the lifetime of the late King, the royal lady appointed all the spiritual advisors of the family, or at least that is what the French papers print. Edward VII never felt the least interest in theology and it is said that George V is comparatively indifferent upon that subject, but his consort deems theology says, the Paris *Figaro,* a matter of the first importance. It will be extremely difficult to elevate to the bench of bishops any clergyman suspected of heterodox views, for the new sovereign has all the piety of Anne and a decided taste for the discussion of trinitarian doctrines. She has read much upon these themes, it likewise appears, and she pays much attention to those of the clergy whose religious views seem to her to be sound. It is predicted that bishops will be more popular at court than they have been for the last ten years.

She will listen with pleasure to very long sermons about her duty to God and when she asks questions of the ladies in the court circle they are as likely as not to have reference to their religious views. Flippancy is never tolerated from anyone. Sunday is always spent seriously and piously, nor are family prayers omitted. Grace is said both before and after meals.



ALKALI

A stuttering salesman had tried for several hours to sell his goods to an irritable merchant.

Failing in his attempts, he was about to leave, when the merchant remarked in a sneering tone:

"You must find that impediment in your speech a drawback."

The salesman, who hated to be reminded of his speech, but replied:

"Oh no! You s-see almost e-e-everybody has some p-p-peculiarity, and that is mine."

Then after a pause he asked, "Which hand d-do you use to s-stir your t-tea with?"

"With my right, of course," answered the puzzled merchant.

"Well that's your p-p-p-peculiarity," said the salesman, "most of p-people use a t-teaspoon." (Hurried exit.)

Mark Twain was once travelling on the train and fell asleep in the cars.

After a while a porter came along, and shaking Twain by the shoulder he said, "Wake up sir, you are snoring."

"Who says I am snoring?" queried Mark Twain indignantly.

"I say so," answered the porter. "I heard you."

"Young man," said Mark Twain gravely, "don't you believe all you hear."

When he sows his wild oats,
'Tis plain to be seen,
His dad should get ready
The Threshing Machine.
—*J. Kirke*

Mark Twain once paid a visit to some people who believed in cremation. In different rooms of their house they had urns, containing the ashes of dear departed friends. Mark was quite aware of this. He arrived late in the evening, and next morning came down to breakfast looking very mournful His hostess said, "Aren't you well, Mr. Clemens?"

"Yes," said Mark in a very sad tone, "I'm quite well, thank you."

Just before they rose from the table, he turned to his hostess and said:

"That's very queer tooth-powder you keep in your bathroom."

"I don't think so," said she. "Where did you find it?"

"In a small jar on the shelf over the window," replied Mark.

"Mercy on us!" said his hostess, "that's not tooth-powder, that's Aunt Jane!"

Remember the owl. He gets a good deal of credit by keeping still and looking wise.

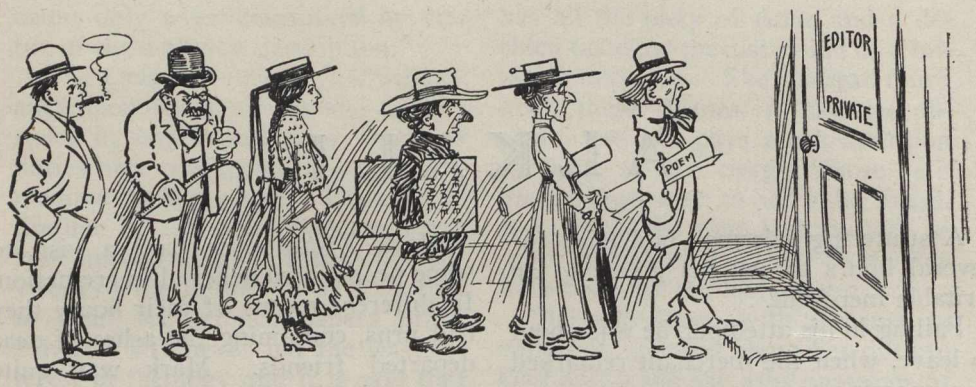
It is not wise to tell a strange fact. Your imagination rather than your veracity is given the credit.

Distance may not always lend enchantment, but proximity often brings disenchantment.

Taking time for regrets, only retards the new start.

A soft answer turneth away wrath, but a hard punch prevents a reckless display of it in the future.

—*J. Kirke.*



Inside

Well, people, how do you like our cover this month? We have christened it, "The Spirit of October." We think it's pretty good. But *wait* till you see the November cover—*and* the December design! And our artist says he *hasn't got started yet!*

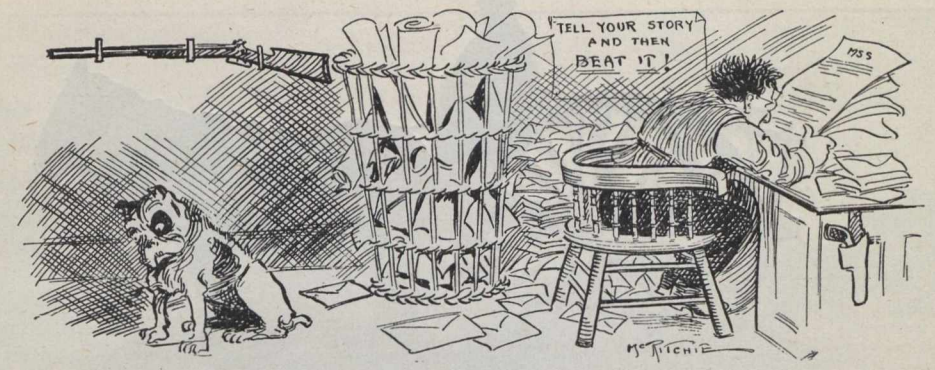
Neither have the rest of our bunch. Why, stranger, when we think of all the good things we're lining up to hand out to you for your tiny *ten cents,* we get a glow all over and look so kind-faced that when we go out on the street, homeless dogs follow us for blocks, thinking the trail leads to a plate of meat! Be as friendly to us as we deserve and we'll ask for nothing better.

Now, about next month. The first thing that will greet your mild blue eye on lifting the napkin from the picnic-basket will be an exceedingly clever article, entitled, "UNDERGROUND WIRES AT OTTAWA," dealing with the gathering of "news" at the capital. We got *Paul Bilkey,* the well-known Ottawa correspondent of "The Toronto Telegram," to tell us what he knew about conditions down there where they drink tea with the little finger daintily cocked above the eggshell—and Paul sure is good leather.

"Many things happen at the seat of Government that never get into print at all" he says, for example. "Rich red stories of the manners and customs of the Member of Parliament away from home, narratives which would cause each separate hair of his confiding electors to stand on end—these are heard from session to session on Parliament Hill but never find their way into the newspapers. When a member who is a pillar of righteousness and sobriety at home on his own mud-heap, bursts into the House for a midnight division with a brilliant facial illumination and an uncontrollable inclination to sing 'The Holy City,' nobody ever mentions it."

And so it runs on in jolly vein for 2,500 words or more and if you miss this crackerjack article for lack of ten cents—but you'll want it, we feel sure.

Just as much as you'll want to read *Harvey J. O'Higgins'* story in the next month's TRAIL. You know O'Higgins, of course. He used to live at London, Ontario, before he went to New York and made a big name for himself as a writer for American publications. He once told us what he thought of Canadian magazines and



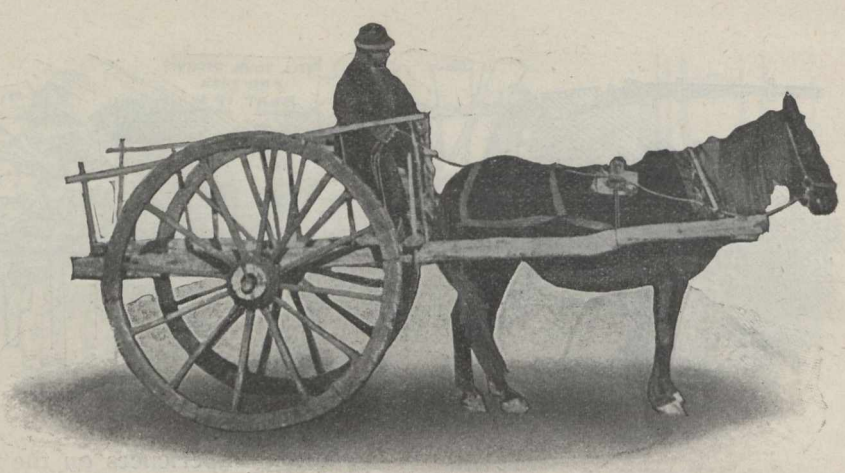
the Corral.

their prices for original matter and the word was a synonym for "rotten." Incidentally, he thereby uncovered the reason why all our Canadian writers beat it for the States the minute their stuff is selling. (We'll sing you a little hymn about these things some day when we have more time.) The lesson we would have you gather from this passage is that the TRAIL is after the big writers and we have a habit of getting what we go after, as you will be quite ready to believe when we've become better acquainted. Mr. O'Higgins' story is one of his cleverest. It will appear under the title, "THE MAN WHO COULDN'T COME BACK."

Next month will also see the start of a rattling good series called "ABIE'S LETTERS HOME," written by *Ed. Cahn.* Abie is a Jewish drummer who starts out on a "transcontinendedal" trip with blouses and hair-goods—travelling out of Montreal. Crude and "green" but game to learn and determined to win, his adventures as told by himself in his letters to "Becky," are enough to make a mummy wake up and laugh. You'll want to hear how he avoided being "skunked" in Toronto, of his funny experiences on the train, of his impressions and philosophy and the man for whom he had to order five "Jim Rickettys"; quoths Abie: "For them kind of bums a man don't got to be a salesman, but a Keeley cure!"

You'll laugh. You'll chuckle and grin and laugh over these letters and holler for more or we'll eat all the yellow soap in the chuck-waggon. If you are a commercial traveller, you'll recognize all the authentic little touches that make these adventures so realistic and you'll come to the conclusion that they are written by a man in the business. They are. Mr. Cahn is to be congratulated on the creation of "Abie" who will win his way straight to your fifth rib and sell you sure.

Then, of course, you've heard of *E. Pauline Johnson,* the Mohawk poet-entertainer, the grace and charm of whose writing has already won her a place in the affection of many Canadian readers. Her Indian name is "Tekahionwake." She has written a story for us, entitled, "HER MAJESTY'S GUEST" that will greatly please you next month. She tells us that the story is founded upon actual incidents in the life of her father, who was Forest Warden on the Indian Reserve. It goes back to the seventies and has to do with the whiskey-traders. You'll like it.



IN THE DAYS OF '72.

Winnipeg's Past, Present and Future

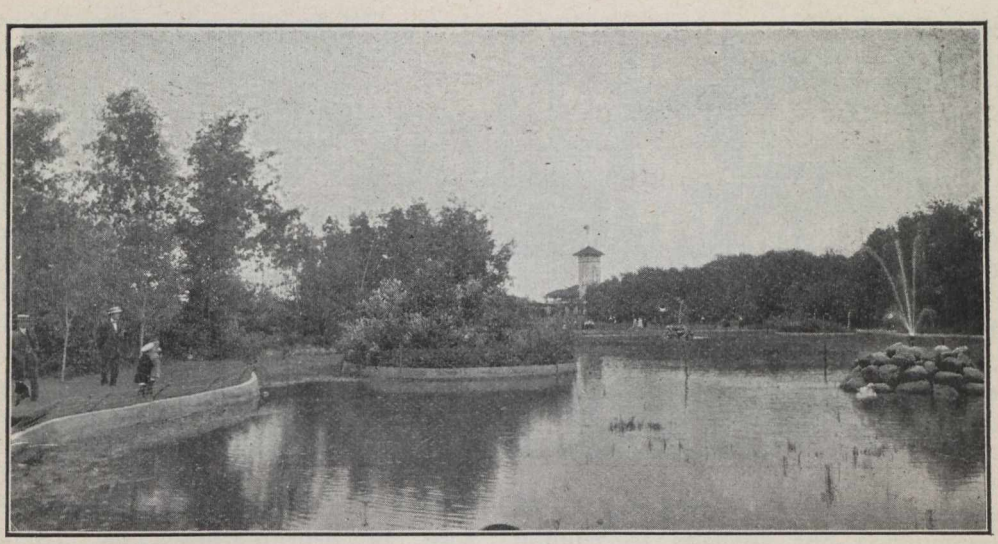
By Charles F. Roland

Secretary of the Winnipeg Development and Industrial Bureau

BY REASON of its location and perhaps even more by reason of what it is, Winnipeg is, and must be, a big factor in the growth of the last and best West. It may be that some far-future day will see much larger cities than Winnipeg in Western Canada. Because of its situation at the head of the lake, Fort William may outstrip all other cities of the West and Vancouver, with trade traffic washed to its feet by the waves of the Pacific Ocean, may be the greatest city of all Canada. Again, it may be some other point of the West, to which population and progress will gather and build up the greatest city of all the thousand towns that are here or that shall be. All of this is possible; none of it certain.

At present, Winnipeg is by far the largest of Western Canadian Cities and no presage or promise of future development warrants the belief that she soon will be deposed from her place at the top; in fact, as swift and sure as is the growth of other cities of the West, that of Winnipeg keeps full pace with it and speeds along the path of progress in record time, each year setting a new mark far above that of any preceding cycle.

It is a fact admitted, that there seems to be no primary reason why Winnipeg should have grown so fast and so far. There is nothing particularly striking about the location of the city as there is in that of some other cities. Building materials even must nearly all be brought some miles—much of it a great many miles—and it is a patent fact that there was not, in the sum of primary causes that have made a big city at the junction of the Red River of the North and the Assiniboine, any outstanding reason why Winnipeg should excel in industrial and commercial development.



THE "CITY BEAUTIFUL." IN WINNIPEG'S NEW "CITY PARK"

But theories are useless lumber when one has facts for his construction material and the facts are all with Winnipeg. From being one of the chain of the Hudson's Bay trading posts, that connected the Northwest, Winnipeg has advanced to the position of a city of 150,000 people in less than forty years; its mud trails have become asphalted streets of splendid width; the shacks outlying the old stone fort of the Hudson's Bay Company have been succeeded by fine blocks and buildings; the creaking Red River cart has given way to the tracks and rolling stock of five great railway systems; a score of banks are here and one of the largest department stores on the continent; industries foregather and trade rolls up; the biggest grain market in the British Empire has been established; churches, schools and colleges flourish; a great city has been born and has grown to the stage of a strong, flourishing centre of trade, commerce and industry in a space of time that usually suffices for the laying out of a town and the institution of a form of Government several sizes too large for the place it is supposed to fit.

There is no denying the fact that the making of Winnipeg is nothing short of phenomenal. In 1870, the census of the place showed no more than 215 people and it is most unlikely that any were overlooked in the count. In a single day of this year, five thousand people have come to Winnipeg and while it is true that many of these went farther west to locate, it is a fact that Winnipeg takes heavy toll of the throngs who come here even though these may nearly all intend to make the city merely a passing point in their journey.

Even so recently as 1881—when the Canadian Pacific Railway entered the West in spite of dismal prophecies that it never would pay—there were no more than 66,000 people in all the country between the Great Lakes and the Rocky Mountains; alone, Winnipeg has more than twice that number less than thirty years after. The directory census taken at the end of the year 1909—shows 173,000 people living within the practical city limits—limits which include St. Boniface and St. Charles, two suburbs that adjoin the city proper. In five years from 1902 to

IN ONE OF WINNIPEG'S BIG IRON INDUSTRIES

1906, inclusive, Winnipeg more than doubled its population, the figures being 48,411 for 1902 and 101,057 for 1906. In the single year between the 1905 and 1906 counts, more than 20,000 were added to the city's population and 20,000 people make a fair-sized city by themselves.

The justice of so high a valuation upon Winnipeg property is made apparent by building records for the past six or seven years. During the six years from 1904 to 1910, there were new buildings erected in Winnipeg to the value of $54,167,825, a record probably never excelled by any city of like size in the world. Remarkable as this record is, however, it is certain to be surpassed in its largest total for any one year by the record that is in the making for 1910. Up to the 15th of August permits had been taken out at the Winnipeg City Hall for $11,500,000 worth of new structures and there is no apparent falling off in the insatiable demand for new houses, new business and apartment blocks, new buildings of all sorts. The best building record ever made by Winnipeg for a single year, was that of 1906, when $12,625,950 was put into new structures. There is every reason to believe that this mark will be topped by at least a million dollars this year.

The growth of the city's trade and general business has been equally remarkable; that reliable indicator of business rise or fall, the bank clearings, shows an unparalleled increase in Winnipeg business. So lately as 1902, the yearly sum of these figures was $188,370,003, a large amount by itself but not at all large beside the aggregate for last year—$770,649,232 and this tremendous total becomes in its turn, comparatively low when placed against 1910 figures which thus far show an increase over 1909 of nearly two hundred millions or more than the total bank clearings of the city for 1902. With a fall trade of normal volume, Winnipeg cannot fail to enter the billion dollar banking centres of Canada, that exclusive class heretofore monopolized by Montreal and Toronto.

Industrially, Winnipeg has advanced to the position of the fourth city of Canada in volume and value of its factory and shop output. Here, too, the city has set at naught the suppositious disadvantages of a city far from its base of necessary supplies. The industrial workers among the city's people number over 16,000. It is not possible

to determine the value of Winnipeg's factory output but the most reliable information that can be gathered on this point warrants the statement that their valuation may be placed at $25,000,000 without exaggeration. The city is growing rapidly in this respect and the installation of power from the big municipal power plant at Point du Bois, will give a great impetus to the industrial growth of Winnipeg by placing at the command of the civic government, a very large amount of power at low price and in convenient form for large or small industries. The big City power plant will cost between $3,500,000 and $4,000,000, when completed, and will furnish at least 60,000 horse power when the final installation is made. Within a year, 18,000 horse power will be delivered in Winnipeg from the City's own plant and it will be possible to offer industrial firms that are seeking a location in Western Canada, inducements of a very substantial nature. Already, the advantages of being at the very door of a market which is one of the richest fields in the world for trade exploration, has made a strong and compelling appeal to the manufacturers of Eastern Canada and the United States, whose attention has been drawn to the West by the sharp demand made by our market for supplies of all sorts.

Among the several features of the remarkable growth and progress made by Winnipeg during the past quarter of a century, none is more clearly defined than the trade growth of the city. Great wholesale houses have sprung up here in large number to meet demands that have proceeded from farther west with each succeeding trade cycle. This westward march of the Empire of Trade has brought about the establishment of branch houses in the cities west of Winnipeg but the rapid filling up of intervening territory has forced the growth of local trade to a remarkable extent. One hundred million dollars worth of goods were handled by the wholesale houses of Winnipeg in the year 1909. This year's trade has been extremely heavy and wholesale dealers place their advance over last year at from thirty to forty per cent. No doubt the crop shortage in some parts of the West will reduce the year's total somewhat but the gain for 1910 will be very large, nevertheless.

Educationally, in the matter of churches, for sports, for amusements, and for all conveniences and functions of social, business and domestic life, Winnipeg is excellently well supplied. There are thirty-three public schools in the City, six colleges and a large number of business and commercial schools. There are many churches all well attended and in good financial condition.

For sports, it is doubtful if there is another city of like size that provides such a quantity of sports as Winnipeg does. The city is made up of people from many parts of the world, each division bringing its games and sports, to some extent, to its new home. Therefore, baseball, cricket, football, tennis, lacrosse, lawn bowling, horse polo, basket ball, distance running, horse racing, rowing and canoeing; trap shooting, field shooting, hockey, curling and some lesser games and pastimes, fill the field of sports in Winnipeg with a number and variety of sports to suit the most exacting and the most catholic taste. The winning of the Stewards Cup, after seventy years retention of the trophy in England, by a Winnipeg four-oared crew this summer, marks a high point in Winnipeg sports—one of many made by the athletes and sportsmen of this city although none other, perhaps, so signal as this.

In the light of what has been done by this splendid city of the plains, growing out of a tiny trading post on the frontier of civilization only forty years ago, who shall say what the

RESIDENCE OF D. C. CAMERON

future may not bring to Winnipeg and the West of which it is a part.

Great has been the progress made by the Canadian Northwest during the past twenty-five years, the progress of the future bids fair to be far greater, and not only will Winnipeg develop into a mighty city of like size and importance with Chicago and New York, but other cities must grow out of the trade and commerce which will follow the putting under civilization of the almost illimitable stretches of prairie land that still lie untouched by the plow, untraversed by the reaper and binder.

In the three provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta there are 357,016,778 acres of land and of this land at least one half or 178,508,389 acres is good for farming. Of all this vast quantity of productive soil the comparatively insignificant area of 11,679,743 acres or less than one-twentieth, has been brought under cultivation; an amount so comparatively small besides that which remains for the work of the farmer to convert into broad fields of growing grain and pastures where herds of cattle and sheep shall outlie and make rich the country in which they live, that a diagram showing the cultivated land of these three provinces of Western Canada in comparison with that which is spread invitingly before the newly arrived settler, makes the area already under cultivation look absurdly insignificant. Just so will the Canada of to-day look absurdly small, beside the vast empire of rich farms, thriving towns, big cities and the population of many millions that will live and prosper where but 1,150,000 are now kept busy in trying to meet the sharp and insistent demands made upon them for work, and more work, and yet more as the people flock into the country, railroads spread their arms abroad in a thus far vain, though mighty effort, to keep up with the transportation needs of the country with agricultural, industrial and trade riches as yet but scratched

upon the surface; the possibilities of which stretch into incredible figures.

Immigration into Canada has advanced by leaps and bounds. In 1902, 62,379 persons came into the Western provinces from all sources. The next year 128,364 came, and in 1907, 252,038 immigrants betook themselves from other countries of the earth to the Canadian northwest, and during 1909, 200,000 of the best type of money making people came in, with the avowed intention of taking up their residence here. Taking the average of increase in the population of the three provinces, from immigration and other sources, for the period of five years, just preceding the year of 1908 as a working basis, the resultant figures show that in ten years, in 1918, the same country that now has less than two millions of people will have more than 20,000,000 people. By that time, figuring from the average increase of land under cultivation for the past seven years, there will be as much as 50,000,000 acres cultivated of that great block of land which extends for 1,000 miles east and west between the Rocky Mountains and the Great Lakes and north 400 miles from the United States boundary.

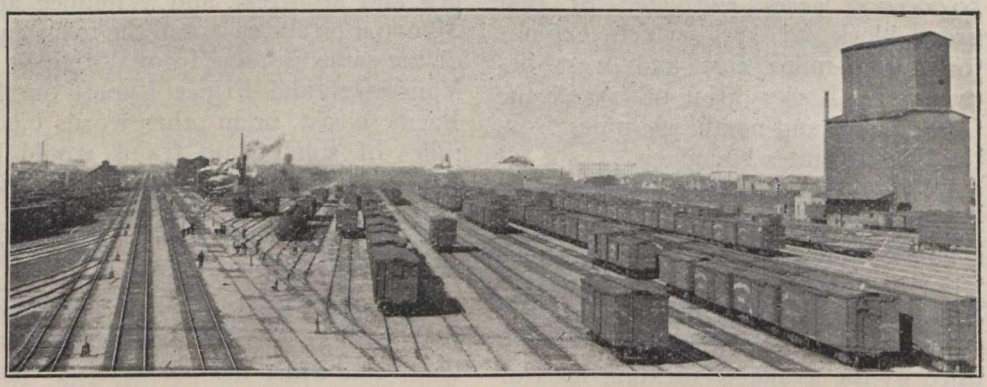
The present grain crop from the land already under cultivation, gives a reasonably accurate line of expectations from the crop of that time when the land under cultivation shall be increased to 50,000,000 acres or less than one-third of the available farming land of this country and the needs of the farmers in the way of tools and labor can be arrived at with accuracy. Eighteen bushels of wheat to the acre is considerably less than the average crop produced by the rich prairie soil of this Western Canadian country, and oats and barley produce enormous crops with flax, reliable reasonably productive. Figured upon the basis of wheat alone, the product of 50,000,000 acres of land would be the vast amount of 900,000,000 bushels of wheat. The harvest this crop, absolutely certain to be raised on the wheat fields of Western Canada within the next twenty years at the outside, will take no less than 625,000 harvest hands, whose pay for the gathering of one crop will count up the tidy sum of $35,000,000. 325,000 self binding machines and 40,000 threshing separators, with the same number of engines, will be required to deliver the crop to 3,500 elevators, nearly all of which must be built for the reception of this future wheat crop of Western Canada. 20,000 trains of 40 cars each,—the average wheat train has thirty cars,—will be required to move the crop, and if it were possible to ship the whole crop at once with Winnipeg as the central shipping point, the cars that would be required to convey the wheat crop would fill every foot of track of the main lines of the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Pacific between Winnipeg and Montreal, and Winnipeg and Moncton on the east, and the main lines of the same systems from Winnipeg to Vancouver and Prince Rupert on the Pacific Coast, or in other words 6,000 miles of solid grain trains would be necessary. At an average selling price of 80 cents per bushel, this crop will make a return to the country from which it comes of $720,000,000.00.

Much of the land classed as not good for farming will be excellent grazing land, and while the taking up of land for wheat growing is going on there is sure to be a great deal of cattle raising in progress. But one steer fattened each year to every 40 acres' portion of the available land would make a total of 1,250,000 cattle worth at least $37,500,000 to the trade each year. Allotting 20 head to the car, 15,500 trains of 40 cars each would be required, and this would mean no less than 53 trains loaded with cattle each working day of the year.

Development Section.

30,000,000 acres of land of Western Canada, at least, are suitable for sheep and hogs. One sheep and two hogs to each ten acres of this land would give the stupendous total of 9,000,000 head of sheep and hogs which when loaded in double decked cars would fill 2,000 trains of 30 cars each to be handled annually by the transportation companies.

The possibilities, the absolute certainties of manufacture and trade which must follow in the track of such partial development of the resources of the last and the greatest West are too manifold and too marvellous to even approximate by calculations made now. Certain it is, though, that many towns and cities must be made, hundreds of factories and shops spring up and flourish, miles upon miles of railroad built, and the whole land made populous with millions of busy and prosperous people when less than a third of the wheat growing resources of Western Canada shall have been turned to account.



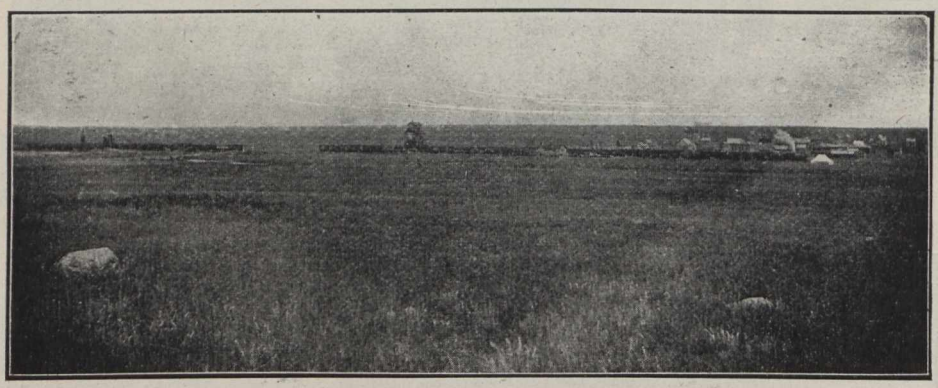
THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY YARDS, WINNIPEG. THE LARGEST RAILWAY YARDS IN THE WORLD OWNED BY A SINGLE RAILWAY CORPORATION.

Views of Weyburn, Sask.

WEYBURN—THIRD STREET, LOOKING NORTH FROM RAILWAY AVENUE.

ROYAL HOTEL, WEYBURN, SASK.

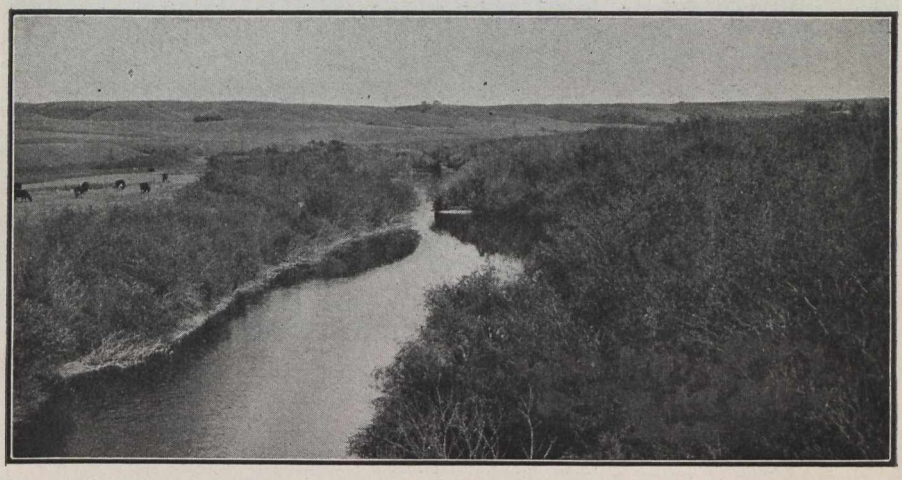
WEYBURN—CORNER OF RAILWAY AVENUE AND THIRD STREET.



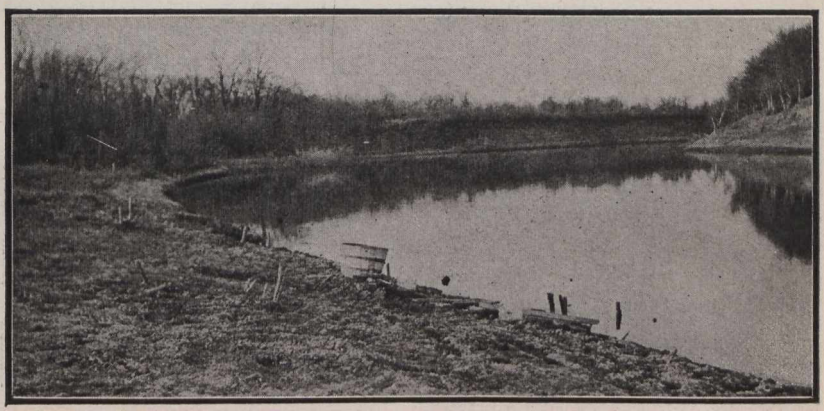
WEYBURN, SASK., 1902.

WEYBURN, SASK., 1910—TAKEN FROM THE TOP OF THE WATER TOWER.

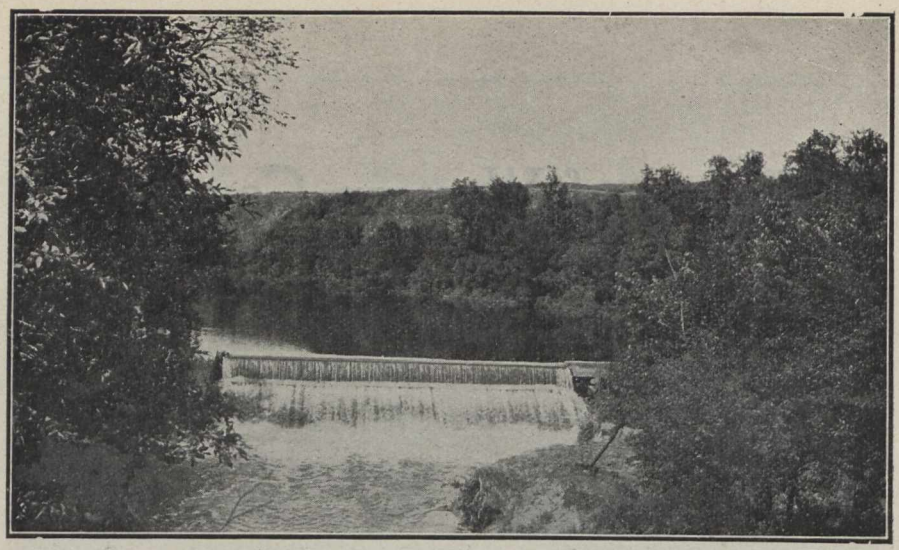
Views of Western Canada



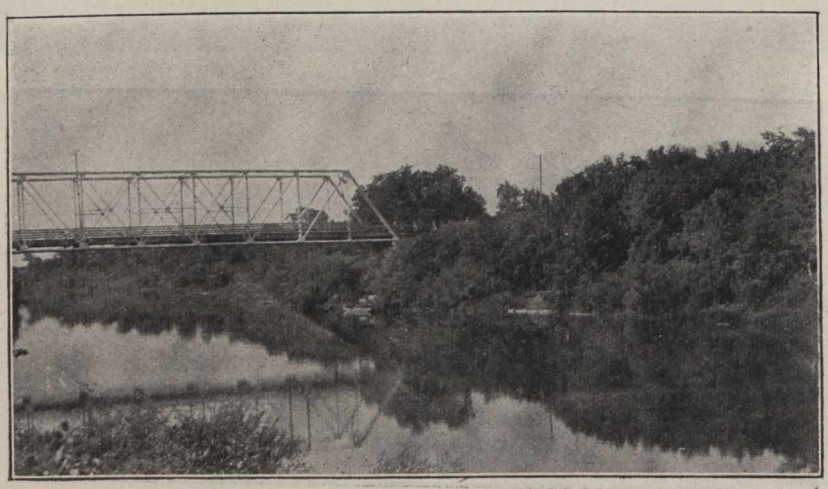
SOURIS RIVER, OXBOW, SASKATCHEWAN.



WATERING PLACE, NEAR EMERSON, MANITOBA.

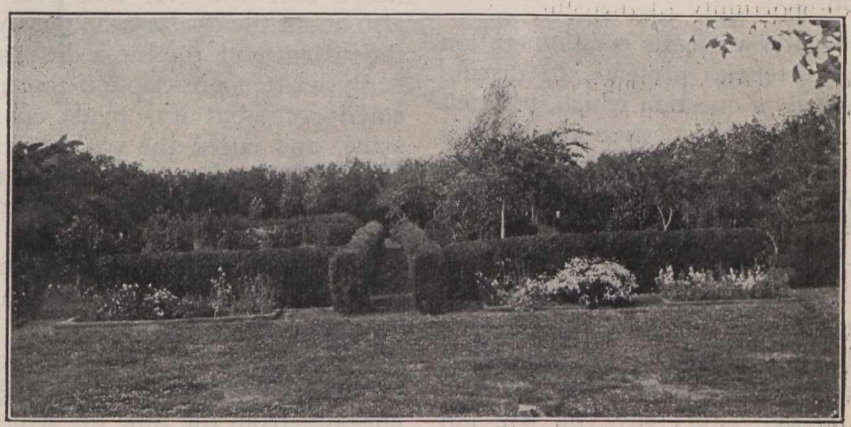


SOURIS RIVER DAM, OXBOW, SASKATCHEWAN.



CROSSING SOURIS RIVER, SOURIS, MANITOBA.

MAPLE LEAF PARK, NAPINKA, MAN.—ILLUSTRATING THE PROGRESSIVE STEPS BEING TAKEN BY EVEN THE SMALLER TOWNS IN THE WEST, TO BEAUTIFY THEIR HOME SURROUNDINGS.



GARDEN OF G. C. HARVEY, INDIAN HEAD, SASK.

Under Fire

If you like the turkey, say so; but if you think it's more like buzzard, holler. The man who stands on ceremony is no friend of ours.

THE TRAIL is beginning to make a noise like a magazine already. We are beginning to receive no end of letters, most of which we are glad to say contain nothing but praise—glad because we wish to please our readers and the only way we can feel the public pulse is by a frank expression of opinion from said readers. Dig up the hatchet and come after our scalp if we've made you mad. Drop a line if we've pleased you. Whether it's sugar or the spur, it will help us to travel faster.

Dr. A. Moir, of Lenore, Man., objects as follows:

THE wretchedly written article "Is Medicine a Humbug?" which has been given such a pretentious place in your September issue has at least succeeded in causing merriment among members of the Medical Profession and among intelligent people generally.

One would scarcely dignify the article by a reply were it not that some unwary reader might wonder if the writer were at all a representative of the existing druggist type and so we take this opportunity of dispelling the delusion.

The writer with his conglomeration of inconsistencies pretends to discuss exhaustively a question which, to intelligent people is no question at all. One might as well ask "Is Watering Plants in Dry Weather a Humbug?" or some other such undebatable question.

Our friend the writer insinuates a father's guardian care over physicians, pharmacists and the public in general, and thinks his treatise so exhaustive and convincing, that he rings in as a grand finale "Don't say you will not stand for medicine any more," when all the while the reader is wondering what sort of medicine would be best for the poor fellow himself.

His attempts at public enlightenment are so pathetic and again so ludicrous, that one is apt to take the whole article as a huge joke, and I'm afraid most of his "fellow druggists" would like to treat it as such, for the little yarns will remind many of them of the time they also were druggists' delivery boys, and thought it fun to ape the doctors by scrawling off a professional looking prescription for ice cream soda or some such thing. And the cute little joke about 2 cents profit of the druggist that "yelled seventy-five cents." Every youngster around a drug store has heard that one over and over again, also about the doctor who nearly killed the patient with too big a dose, and the badly written prescription that nobody could read, but was made up all the same, and cured the patient, and the amazing shot-gun prescription written by the funny man in the middle of the page.

These old friend jokes do make us feel young again when we think of laughing over them years ago, when, with feet high up on the prescription counter we recalled little drug store episodes from the time the senior clerk gave us a whiff out of the ammonia bottle, to the day Aunt Samantha called

for a package of "boneset" in case of accident at the Jonesville Fair. These, our friend the writer forgot to mention, and others just as familiar to druggists and just as hackneyed as the yarn you know about the athletic young farm hand, who coralled a bunch of jackrabbits in mistake for lambs.

But we are charmed by the article, when we think of it as a literary production. When he begins blowing those bubbles, with the things swimming in them, we all stand aside for we cannot make out who he means to have on the swallowing side of the counter. Many of his sentences are nothing short of wonderful. Genung will have them in his New "Principles of Rhetoric." Listen! "Words are the speech of the Doctor and the image of the thing signified. Therefore, whatever wonderful effect is intended, the doctor adds words to signify such will or desire."

How clear and concise! What wonderful things are words!

But our friend reaches the very pinnacle of oratorical excellence when he decides for all time and for all people that "Drugs are theoretically and practically deleterious to the organism," and that "Your bottle of medicine is a humbug, but no more a humbug than a talisman, an amulet, a charm, runes, incantations and matras."

Were it not that we know our friend to be so busy with those thousands of prescriptions from the pink medicine men we would feel like accusing him of reading the almanac in his spare time, for there's nothing like keeping up with the times and getting posted on spells, and especially on matras, whatever they might be.

Our poor friend with all his labored attempts to explain why a prescription is written in Latin never so much as suggests the real reason, and judging from his pathetic inconsistencies, and references to the "Doctor who truly understands his art" and to wonderful results from a dose of the beautiful "Lily of the Valley," we still think he may have some vague idea of the efficacy of medicine.

We do not apologize for taking so much space in this issue, for if as you claim yours is a magazine for the people it must then be representative, and the article of last month was so far from representing the attitude of physicians and druggists in general as to require this well meant criticism.

We do not know your last month's contributor and therefore bear him no ill will, but whoever he may be, we wish him to know that the intelligent readers of the Trail Magazine know full well that it takes more than one swallow to make a summer, so also does it take something more convincing from our friend before physicians and druggists will have to depend on incantations and perhaps matras to make their drugs effectual.

DR. A. MOIR.

When we published the article above referred to, we expected it to attract some attention, but we were scarcely prepared for the widespread interest which it has aroused. With the exception of two letters all comments have been commendatory; Dr. Moir's running-mate is a druggist at Zealandia, Sask., who says he isn't worrying any because people will still go on taking medicine. He further states that the doctor who adhered closely to colored water would be a good man to go to. Many druggists have enjoyed the article immensely and the number of folks who have been keenly interested in it are legion.

If you haven't read the article, it is scarcely fair to judge it by Dr. Moir's criticism alone. If you cannot obtain the September number at your newsdealer's, we will mail you a copy direct on receipt of the price; our supply, however, is very limited and will be entirely exhausted within a very short time.

NOW

Nowhere in Canada, or elsewhere, is there greater evidence of agricultural prosperity than throughout the Saskatoon district. This is the surest possible proof of the quality and productiveness of our lands.

Within the last six years, the population of Saskatoon City has increased about 10,608 per cent., a development without parallel in the whole annals of the British Empire.

Not only is Saskatoon located right in the middle of the Canadian West, but also in the very heart of the most extensiv and most productive wheat area in the world — Saskatoon is the only City in Central Saskatchewan. There is no other large point near us to dispute or divide up the vast surrounding territory; we have competitive railway facilities and distributing freight rates to control it absolutely. On carloads shipped in, Saskatoon's distribution is about 45,000 square miles, now embracing 150 thriving towns and villages. On goods manufactured locally, such as flour, Saskatoon controls an area extending to upwards of 70,000 square miles within which there are now 220 bright young towns and villages. There are now nine different operating railway outlets from Saskatoon—and more to follow. Crop failure is unknown in Saskatoon district. It is a good year every year for every intelligent farmer. Seeing that so many have succeeded, and are succeeding in Saskatoon and her district, the dread of failure will not restrain you—if you are the man we want.

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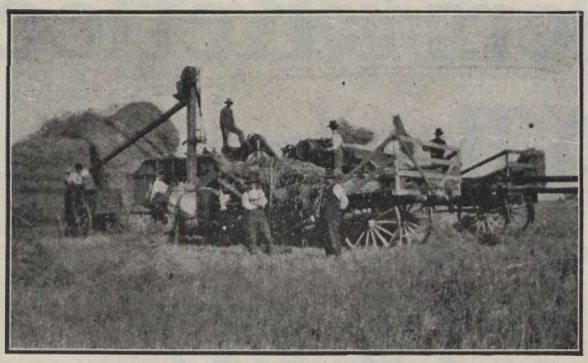

Threshing on the Doull-Banbury Farm near Stoughton.

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offers the prospective settler some mighty strong incentives for the selection of this country as a home.

Recent developments in the railroad world have brought this town into direct connection with the great transcontinental and international railroad systems.

Fertile acres in the Stoughton district are being sold at fair, honest prices, and the terms are most liberal. Big advances are certain to come. Buyers will reap large profits.

If you can, arrange to make a trip to Stoughton, and see for yourself. Come to Stoughton and we will gladly take you over the town and district, and prove to you every statement we make.

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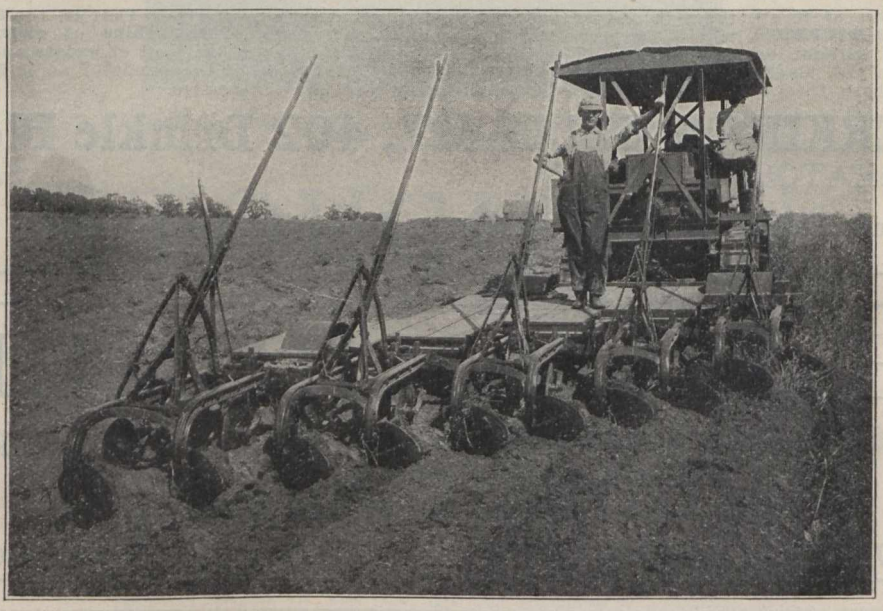
The HOLT "CATERPILLAR" Traction Engine

There have been numerous Gasoline Traction Engines designed, many of them never going beyond the experimental stage. The principal difficulty has always been the lack of sufficient tractive power. In our type of Gasoline Traction Engine, the power developed at the draw-bar more nearly equals the power of the engine than in any other design of Traction Engine, owing to the large tractive surface of the "Caterpillars." This device has the same tractive surface as a wheel approximately 100 feet in diameter.

As you increase the size of a round wheel, in order to obtain sufficient tractive surface, you must necessarily increase the weight of the wheel. This excessive weight, which is dead weight, the engine is called upon to carry around at all times—a heavy drain, therefore, on the initial power of the engine; furthermore, it is a detriment in plowing soft, wet land, because it packs the land.

The "Caterpillar" will not pack the ground under any conditions, as it acts the same as a man laying down a board and walking on it. Being spring mounted and having such large surface on the ground it will travel on the road or rough fields with practically no jar either on engine or gears.



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For use on any land suitable for plowing, this type of Gasoline Traction Engine is without a peer. Actual demonstrations as to its efficiency have been made on ALL classes of soil.

The results have been entirely satisfactory in every case.

The number of plows the Engine is capable of hauling depends, of course, on the nature of the soil and the depth of plowing, ranging from 10 to 15 feet in width.

In plowing adobe (gumbo) which contained old alfalfa roots up to 1½ inches in diameter, the land having been pastured for six years, the Engine hauled without effort 100 inches of plows running eight inches deep.

On peat lands we have plowed twelve feet and pulled the harrows and seeders besides.

In sandy loam, the engine will take care of 15 feet of plows when plowing to a moderate depth.

THIS TYPE OF ENGINE MAY BE USED AT ANY TIME, WITH NO FEAR OF PACKING THE LAND OR GETTING BOGGED DOWN

It must be remembered that this Engine is and has been in successful use in California and throughout the territory west of the Rocky Mountains for several years, having been thoroughly developed and perfected at a tremendous cost in the factories of the Holt Manufacturing Company, Stockton, California, oldest and largest builders of traction engines and agricultural machinery on the Coast. It comes to the Middle West as a finished and complete machine, ready for use on the road and in the field, and welcomes comparison in every point necessary to perfect work.

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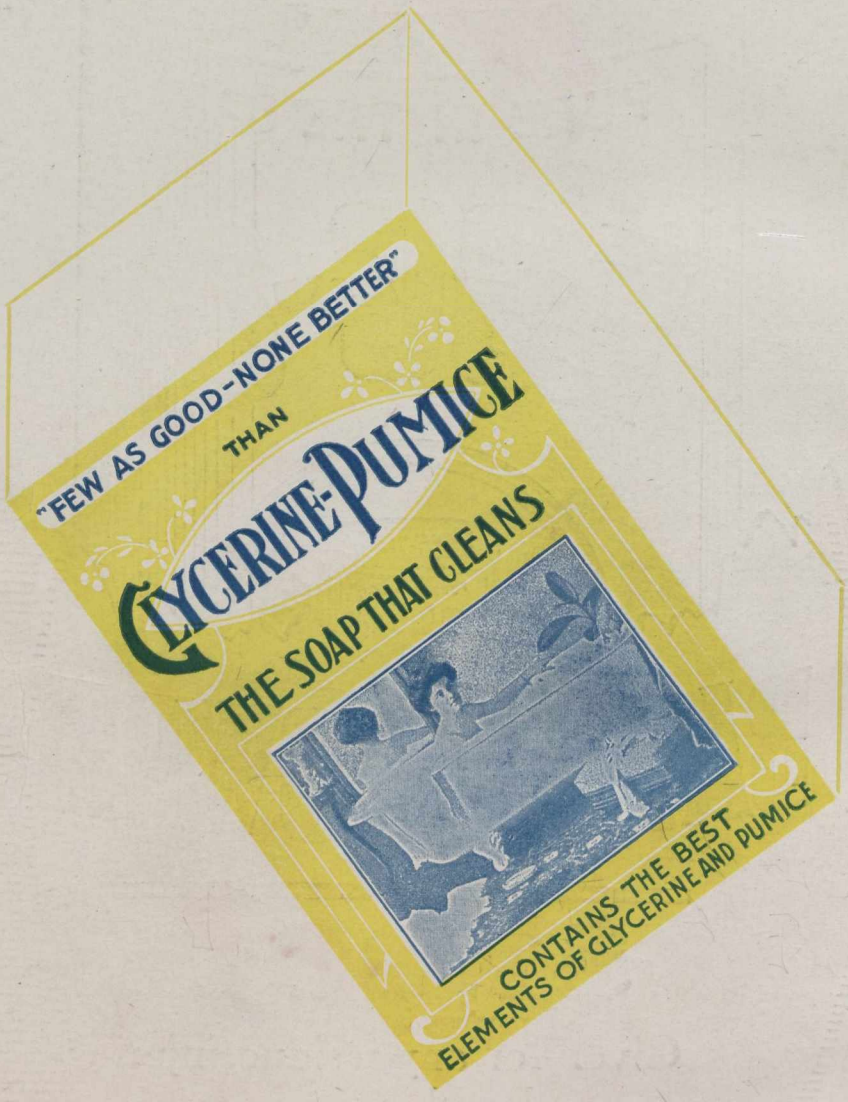

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